CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE

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"DEAR LOVE, FAREWELL."

CASSELL'S

FAMILY MAGAZINE.

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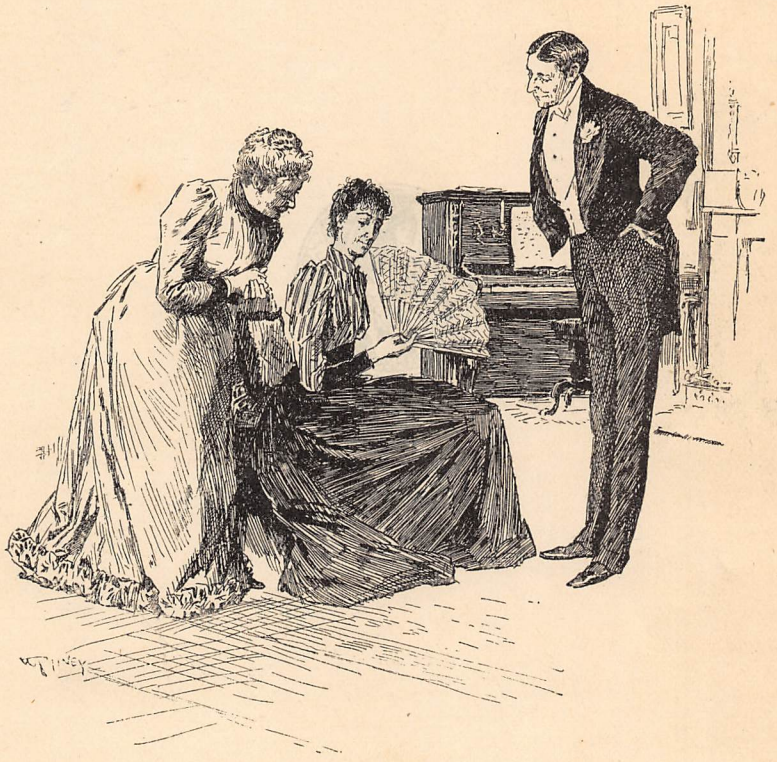

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Principal Contributors to this Volume.

Authors.

JAMES BAKER, F.R.G.S.
THE REV. C. N. BARHAM.
FRANK BEDDARD, M.A., F.R.S.
RAYMOND BLATHWAYT.
S. SOUTHALL BONE.
GEORGE B. BURGIN.
A. J. BUTLER, M.A.
E. CROSSLEY.
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E. DOBRÉE.
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LIZZIE HERITAGE.
F. MORELL HOLMES.
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C. J. CUTCLIFFE HYNE.
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THE REV. THOMAS KEYWORTH.
THE REV. ARTHUR LEWIS.
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E. LOWE.
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J. ORLEBAR PAYNE, M.A.
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J. W. STEEL.
J. F. SULLIVAN.
LILIAS WASSERMANN.
C. E. C. WEIGALL.

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R. ERNEST BRYSON.
GERARD F. COBB, M.A.
J. W. ELLIOTT.
THE REV. W. J. FOXELL, M.A., B.MUS.
THE REV. F. PEEL, B.MUS.

Artists.

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FRED. BARNARD.
E. F. BREWTNALL, R.W.S.
IRLAM BRIGGS.
GORDON BROWNE.
HAROLD COPPING.
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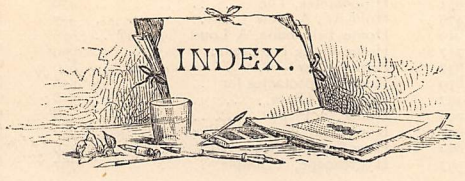

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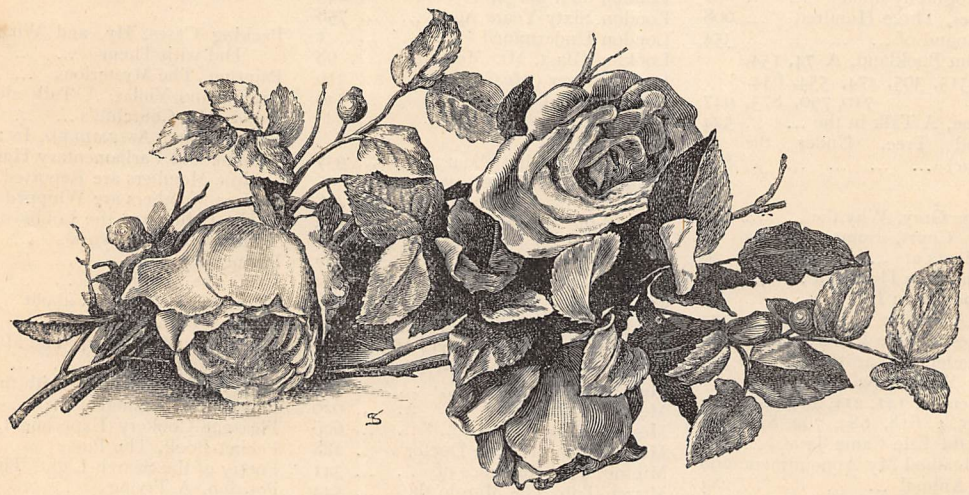

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Cassell's Family Magazine.

LONDON UNDERMINED.

A COMPLETE STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

DR. KINNEAR sat in his study somewhat later than usual to-night, and seemed to be more than ever absorbed in his task of writing the great paper which was destined to cause such a sensation at the forthcoming meeting of the Philosophical and Scientific Society. Now and again he paused in his labours, and, rising from his chair, paced the room with an air of nervous excitement, stopping occasionally to watch the progress of his experiments, or to re-adjust some complicated piece of apparatus. What a little, dry, shrivelled-up old man he looked, as he buried himself again in his leather chair, and fell to writing with renewed vigour, interrupted only by occasional pauses to turn over the leaves of some of the musty old volumes which lay heaped up around him. Here was, indeed, a splendid example of the enthusiasm of scientific research, and of the happiness which fills an active, intellectual mind, when absorbed in the labours of some patient and interesting investigation.

Not that the doctor was exactly the ordinary type of a scientific specialist of the present day, devoting himself exclusively either to the microscopic study of diatoms, or to a search after microbes and bacilli, or to the chemical investigation of the α and β products of various organic compounds, with names too long to pronounce or even write in full. He had wider sympathies and a more extensive knowledge of men and things, and did not care to confine all his energies to a single branch of a special subject.

But at the time of our story he had become intensely interested in a phenomenon which was absorbing a great deal of attention in the scientific world. Some great geological changes were apparently working in the strata immediately beneath London, which called forth much speculation as to what might be in store for the metropolis in the not very distant future.

Dr. Kinnear was essentially a practical man, and while not caring very much about contributing to scientific knowledge for its own sake alone, he yet took a very keen interest in a matter like this, which threatened to bring all London tumbling about his ears.

For some long time he had been working out a hypothesis which, to his mind, explained the cause of these phenomena, and although his views had not been hitherto received with much favour by the scientific world, he had now, after patient research, so far elaborated his theory and proved his facts, that it seemed to him his paper, when published, must carry conviction to the most sceptical.

From this engrossing occupation the doctor was aroused by the entrance into his study of a young lady, whose prepossessing appearance and intelligent countenance at once claimed more than ordinary attention.

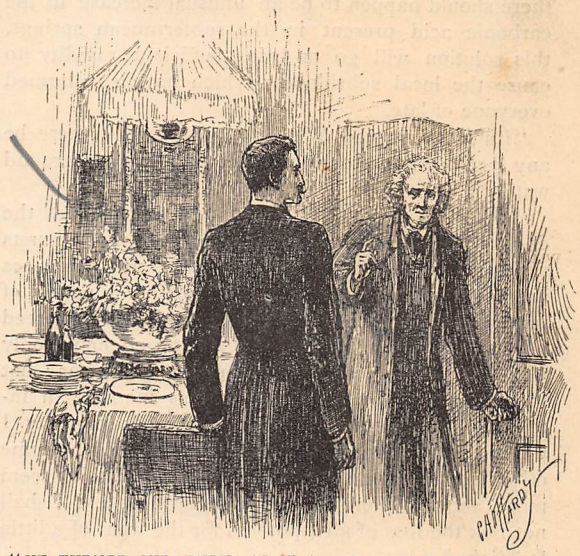
"Did you not hear the gong, father?" said she. "Charlie has arrived, and dinner is waiting."

"I am coming immediately, Laura," replied the doctor, rising from his chair, and half reluctantly preparing to leave his work to follow his daughter.

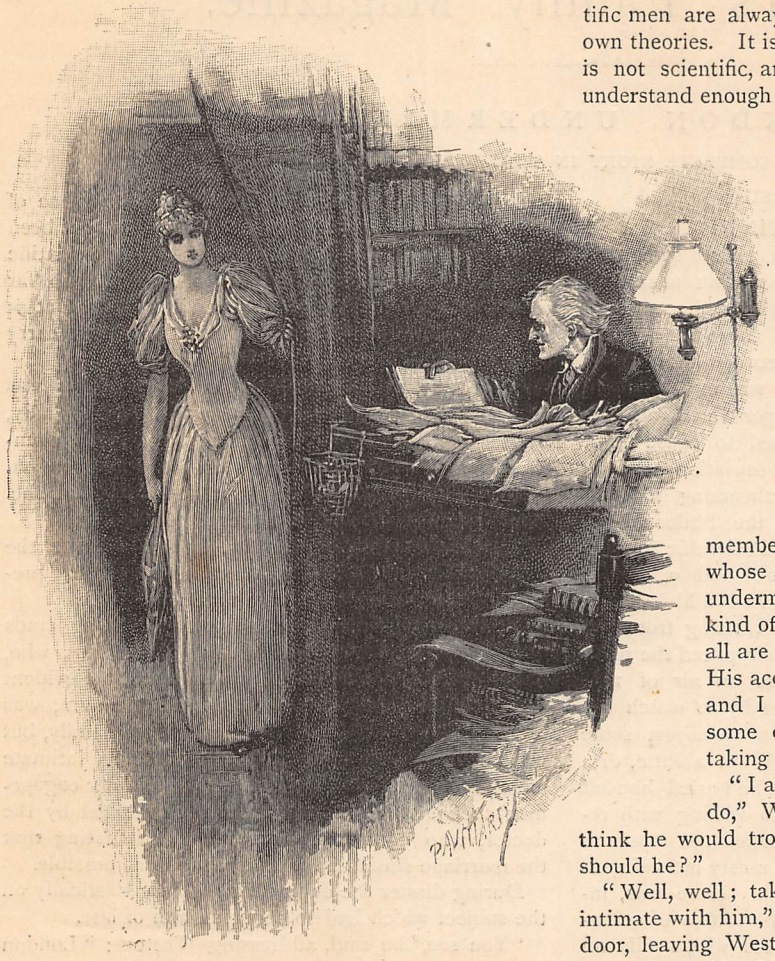
"How do you do, Weston?" said he, shaking hands with a young man of about five-and-twenty, who, judging from his free-and-easy manner and the evident signs of his complete subjugation by Laura, was apparently not only an old friend of the family, but was destined sooner or later to become an intimate member of it. In short, Charles Weston's engagement to Laura was already openly recognised by the doctor, who contented himself with stipulating that the marriage should be delayed as long as possible.

During dinner the doctor talked enthusiastically on the subject which had so occupied him of late.

"You see," he said, addressing Weston: "London is situated upon a thick bed of chalk, covered by later deposits of sand and clay. Now, it has long been known to geologists that chalk dissolves rapidly in



"HE TURNED SUDDENLY, AS IF A THOUGHT HAD STRUCK HIM (*p.* 2).



"'DID YOU NOT HEAR THE GONG, FATHER?'" (*p.* 1).

water charged with carbonic acid. If, from any reason, there should happen to be an unusual increase in the carbonic acid present in the subterranean springs, this solution will go on with sufficient rapidity to cause the local subsidences which have so alarmed everyone of late."

"But," interrupted Weston, "why should there be any increase in the carbonic acid in the underground water?"

"Probably from volcanic sources," replied the doctor. "There have frequently been volcanic outbursts within the region of the British Isles, and evidences are not wanting that we are approaching a period of renewed activity. Of course these changes proceed very slowly, and at present we are experiencing only what may be termed the premonitory symptoms; but if, in course of time, these symptoms increase in intensity, I shall certainly dispose of what property I possess in London, and invest the proceeds in some other locality where the subterranean conditions seem more secure. Forewarned is forearmed, and I shall not risk the loss of all I possess for the want of a little foresight."

"It seems to me," replied Weston, "that you scientific men are always frightening yourselves by your own theories. It is lucky for mankind that everyone is not scientific, and that people in general do not understand enough of these things to believe in them."

"So much the worse for mankind in general," said the doctor, rising to go again to his study to resume his task.

On reaching the door, he turned suddenly, as if a thought had struck him.

"By the way, Weston," said he, "I want to warn you of that man Roberts. I hear you have recently made his acquaintance, and I think you should know that he is a dangerous man. He proposed some time ago to Laura, and was refused point blank. He is now a prominent member of a powerful secret society, whose aim is to overthrow everything, to undermine society, and to establish some kind of socialistic commonwealth in which all are to be equal in wealth and position. His acquaintanceship can do you no good, and I cannot help feeling that he has some object in view in thus suddenly taking you up."

"I am not afraid of anything he can do," Weston said; "besides, I do not think he would trouble himself to injure me. Why should he?"

"Well, well; take my advice, and do not get too intimate with him," said the doctor, as he closed the door, leaving Weston to enjoy a few minutes' conversation with Laura before departing for the night.

Their conversation dwelt mainly on the subject of the doctor's warning. Weston did not feel at all disposed to give up an acquaintance because he held socialistic views. His own opinions were more than half in sympathy with the socialists, and he had even given a partial promise to Roberts to join his society himself. He wished the doctor would confine his attention to his theories about the underground solution of the chalk substratum, and leave him to choose his own friends. He had been much struck with Roberts's power of argument, and felt for the moment a little angry that the doctor should have been so suspicious of him.

Laura, on her part, did her best to soothe him, and begged him, for her sake, to do as her father wished. Finally, she dismissed him, after extracting a reluctant promise that he would cease his intimacy with Roberts forthwith.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

CHARLES WESTON went home to bed, and, with the incidents of the evening still on his mind, soon fell asleep. He had not slept long, however, when he was conscious of being roused by a voice which he

at once recognised as belonging to no less a person than Roberts himself.

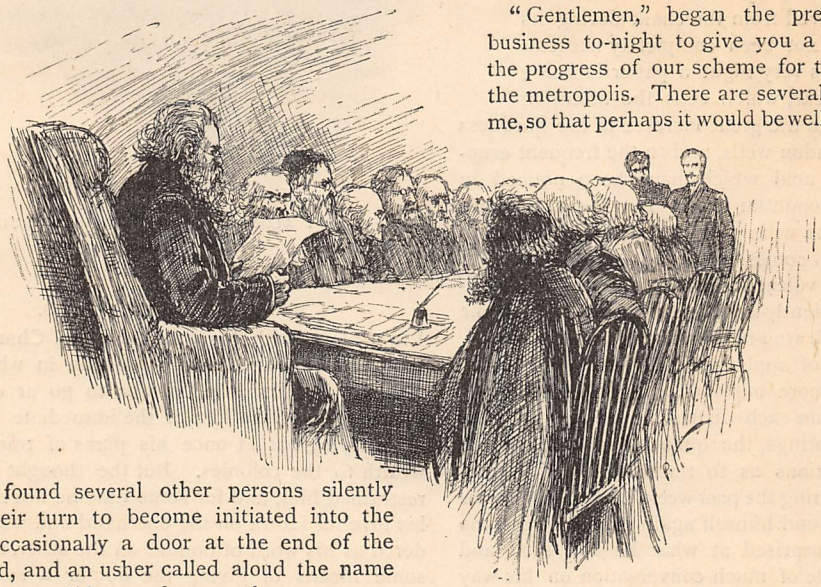
"Get up, Weston," said he, "and come with me. There's to be a great meeting to-night, and several new members are to be admitted into the Society. No excuses, now; you promised you would join us, and I have made all arrangements for your formal introduction this evening."

After some further persuasion, Weston arose, dressed himself, and followed his companion into the open air. The streets seemed to be quite deserted, with the exception of an occasional policeman, or a solitary cab taking home some midnight reveller. After walking along interminable streets and turning innumerable corners, the two young men at length stopped before the doorway of what looked externally like an ordinary private dwelling.

Touching the button of an electric bell, the door opened slowly, and admitting them into what seemed in the darkness to be a moderately large hall, closed again behind them.

Roberts here muttered some unintelligible words, and, taking Weston's arm, followed the sound of the footsteps of a third person, whose figure was indistinguishable in the darkness.

After traversing a long passage, they reached a small room, well illuminated by several small electric lamps.



"HE SOON FOUND HIMSELF IN THE PRESENCE OF THE SOLEMN CONCLAVE" (*p.* 5).

Here they found several other persons silently awaiting their turn to become initiated into the Society. Occasionally a door at the end of the room opened, and an usher called aloud the name of one of the candidates, who was thereupon conducted into the presence of the executive to take the oath and undergo other formalities of initiation.

At last Weston's name was called, and he was led in, in company with Roberts, who was to introduce him to the president and council of the Society. Here the scene was solemn and impressive. A grave and venerable old gentleman was seated at the head of a long table, around which were gathered at least a score of others, resembling him, both in the gravity of their mien and in the dignity of their bearing. Although there were no signs of pageantry, no soldiers in uniform, nor officers with drawn swords at the doorway, there was something about the look of this solemn conclave which struck Weston with a strange feeling of awe.

The president took but little notice of Weston's entry, except to look him straight in the face with a glance which seemed to penetrate his inmost thoughts and thus addressed him:—

"Charles Weston, you are anxious to become a member of this Society. Our rules are few, but they must be implicitly obeyed. The penalty for their non-observance is simple: it is death. Do you accept the conditions?"

Although somewhat surprised at the serious turn things seemed to be taking, it was now too late for Weston to retract. He had not the courage to say that he was not aware of the desperate nature of the Society, and that he would not join it upon such conditions. So he answered as boldly as he could, affecting a great deal more indifference than he really felt, in order to hide a certain amount of absolute fear, and ended by signing his name in a large book and taking a most solemn oath, the awful nature of which cannot be adequately expressed.

After the ceremony of initiation was over, the next business was a short address by the president, detailing the progress of the Society. This took place in a larger room, which was filled with older members, as well as the new ones just admitted.

"Gentlemen," began the president, "it is my business to-night to give you a short account of the progress of our scheme for the destruction of the metropolis. There are several new faces around me, so that perhaps it would be well if I explain again, for their benefit, the mode in which we propose to accomplish so great an end, without the use of dynamite or any other violent agency. We are simply taking advantage of the laws of Nature by assisting the solution of the chalk substratum beneath London. By its slow and imperceptible removal we shall in time bring about such violent subsidences of the surface that every building in the metropolis will be shattered. I

need only remind you of what has already taken place in the salt-mining districts of Cheshire to enable you to understand the process which we are carrying out. There, as you know, the removal of salt from below has caused such a sinking of the surface as to lay several towns in ruins. In some parts of the Continent the solution of calcareous rocks by natural agencies has resulted in the formation of large lakes, and we intend to produce similar results in London by the gradual removal of the chalk from below. Our method is very simple. For many years our large Society has been systematically at work, and we have now more than one thousand borings in different parts of London, into each of which several gallons of strong acid are daily poured. The chalk is thus dissolved, and carried away by subterranean drainage. Already our seismographs show that the crust is getting considerably weaker, and the success of our plans seems to be within a measurable distance. The extreme delicacy of our instruments will give us ample warning before the final crash comes, and we shall be able to get safely away, and contemplate from a distance the destruction of the wealth and power of our hated aristocracy. Of course, we have not succeeded in eluding the vigilance of men of science. In spite of every care to absorb by chemical means the carbonic acid evolved from the chalk during its solution, we have not been completely successful; and even this very night a paper is being read by Dr. Kinnear, which calls the attention of scientific men to the great increase in the hardness of water from London wells, and to the frequent eruptions of carbonic acid which have been noticed in parts of the metropolitan area. But the real cause of these phenomena will never be suspected, and even when the final ruin comes, it will be ascribed rather to earthquakes and volcanic agency than to the long-waited-for and patiently-expected result of the scheme of retaliation which we are all striving to carry out."

A low murmur of applause followed these remarks, and after some more business, consisting chiefly of reading reports from each district as to the progress of the different borings, the quantity of acid poured down, and calculations as to the number of tons of chalk dissolved during the past week, the meeting broke up, and Weston found himself again in the street, too much dazed and surprised at what he had seen and heard to be capable of much conversation on his way home with Roberts.

He felt angry with himself and angry with his companion. He felt that he had been entrapped into joining a Society of Nihilists against his will; but he was too much a man of his word to retract now, and too proud to confess that his own weakness of mind had prevented him from boldly refusing the oath. Roberts, too, did not seem comfortable. There seemed to be an estrangement which was as unaccountable as it was sudden between these two young men, and each was glad when the time came for separating, on arriving at Weston's lodgings.

"LEFT ALONE AMIDST A SCENE OF RUIN AND DESOLATION" (*p.* 5).

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

LEFT alone with his own thoughts, Charles Weston soon realised the awkward position in which he was placed. His first impulse was to go at once to Dr. Kinnear, and warn him of the immediate necessity of his carrying out at once his plans of transferring his wealth to the colonies. But the thought of his oath restrained him, and for some time he hovered between his love for Laura on the one hand and what he considered as his word of honour on the other, trying to find some means of giving the doctor a sufficient hint, without compromising an allegiance which he regretted more and more every moment.

At last he determined to send an urgent message to the doctor, imploring him to lose no time in disposing of his City property, but giving no explanation whatever of his sudden change of attitude.

"I laughed at him last night," he said to himself, "but this very thing will make my message seem all the more serious in his eyes. He will know that I have some good reason for warning him, and will be content to wait for my explanation until I choose to give it."

Thus soliloquising, he wrote a short letter to the doctor, and hurried out himself to post it, determined not to retire to rest until he had accomplished this act of duty towards Laura's father.

Scarcely had he dropped his letter into the nearest pillar-box than he was accosted by two strangers, one of whom gave him a note, requesting his immediate presence at an interview with the president on business of importance. They likewise stated that they themselves had received orders to conduct him there without delay.

Weston, wondering what new surprise was in store for him, accompanied them accordingly, and soon found himself again in the presence of the solemn conclave which had so shortly before inspired him with so much awe.

"Charles Weston," said the president, on his entry, "every act of a new member is closely watched, and the slightest suspicion of treachery is at once investigated. Our detectives find that you have posted a letter, evidently—from your extreme haste and disinclination to wait till the morning—a letter of some importance. The contents of the pillar-box have been abstracted, and now lie upon the table before you. Take from them the letter you posted, that the others may be replaced without further delay."

Weston obeyed mechanically, and, trembling with apprehension, saw the other letters removed at once from the room.

"Read the contents of your letter," resumed the president, "and satisfy us that it does not in any way concern the welfare of our Society."

Weston hesitated, but immediately one of the detectives who had brought him to the room seized the letter, broke it open, and read aloud:

"DEAR DR. KINNEAR,—Lose no time, I implore you, in selling your City property. Its destruction is imminent, but I cannot now tell you more. From yours sincerely, CHARLES WESTON."

The sound of this man's voice, as he read the letter, at once proclaimed him to be Roberts himself; but so completely disguised that Weston with difficulty recognised him.

The president's face grew darker and more stern. He consulted for a few minutes inaudibly with his colleagues, and then held some conversation in a low tone with Roberts.

"It is our unanimous opinion," said he at length, addressing Weston, "that this letter was written with treasonable intent, and by the rules of our Society your life is forfeited. Our interests are too great and the issue too serious to allow of any relaxation of our rules, and you will accordingly——"

What the president would have said was destined to remain unknown, for at this moment Weston felt the ground beneath his feet heave convulsively. For a moment he felt sick and dizzy, then with crash after crash everything was suddenly in ruins. The council-chamber seemed to be buried in *débris*. The president and council had disappeared from sight beneath great heaps of rubbish. Weston himself was saved by a miracle, and was left alone amidst a scene of ruin and desolation, which for a time seemed to paralyse him with fear.

Still the noise of falling buildings kept thundering around him: still the subsiding earth kept heaving beneath his feet; and yet he remained unharmed, the only visible living witness of this great catastrophe.

After some moments, which seemed like hours in his suspense, there seemed to be a temporary lull, and although the sound of distant thunder still denoted that the devastation was not yet over, Weston began to recover somewhat from his alarm, and thought of moving from his position.

But which way to turn, how to escape from the ruin around him? In the place where, a few minutes before, had existed the level streets and regular lines of houses, there were now steep hills and deep valleys, rugged with the fragments of broken masonry.

Climbing with difficulty to the top of the hill near him, he gazed round in awe at the scene of destruction which met his view. Where were the former inhabitants of this great city? Were they all buried deep beneath the fallen walls of their dwellings? No, not all, for here and there he saw people endeavouring to escape—saved, like himself, by the strange caprice of

"THE MIGHTY FABRIC OF ST. PAUL'S TOTTERING IN THE GREY MORNING MIST" (*p.* 6).

Providence. As far as he could see in the still imperfect light of early dawn, nothing but rugged piles of shapeless ruins were visible, while every few minutes low rumbling sounds and distant clouds of dust marked the still-extending wave of subsidence, as fresh buildings were added to the ever-increasing area of destruction.

The vengeance of the Nihilists was complete ; but their seismographs had failed to give them sufficient warning, and, like Samson, they had perished in company with their foes. Roberts, who had betrayed him, had paid the penalty of his perfidy, and now lay, with his companions, buried in the ruin he had helped to cause.

Presently a louder crash resounded through the air, growing thicker and thicker with the dust of crumbling brick-work, and, looking up, Weston was just in time to recognise the mighty fabric of St. Paul's tottering in the grey morning mist, and suddenly collapsing as if overtaken by an earthquake.

* * * * * *

At this point Weston suddenly awoke, and found himself in bed in his own familiar quarters. The noise still continued, but the crash of falling buildings and tottering cathedrals now gave place to the more ordinary sound of someone beating upon his bedroom door, while the well-known voice of Dr. Kinnear called him aloud by name. Receiving at length a somewhat doubtful response from the still bewildered Weston, the doctor entered the room.

"Come, make haste and dress," said he. "Laura is waiting below. We have come at this early hour to take you out for a long excursion up the river ; but you look unwell. Not ill, I hope?"

In response to these anxious inquiries Weston explained to the doctor that he had been dreaming, and gave him a brief outline of his imaginary nocturnal adventures.

"It is a very curious instance," said the doctor, "of the way in which our ideas become mingled during sleep. The warnings I gave you of the rivalry of Roberts and of the Secret Society, together with my own views on the solubility of the chalk substratum, have woven themselves in your sleep into quite a complete plot. But although, happily, only a dream, such an end may no doubt come, one of these days, to this proud and wealthy city. Every gallon of water from the chalk carries away with it some thirty grains of the foundations of London, and sooner or later the time will come when those foundations will be so completely undermined that, either suddenly or by slow degrees, the surface will yield to the inevitable result of geological changes."

With this prophetic utterance the doctor left Weston to contemplate, while dressing, the unpleasant possibility of his dream even yet being realised. Nor was it till some hours had elapsed that Laura succeeded in restoring his over-excited mind to its accustomed tranquillity and repose. VINCENT ELSDEN.

ABOUT GLASS CLOTH EMBROIDERY.

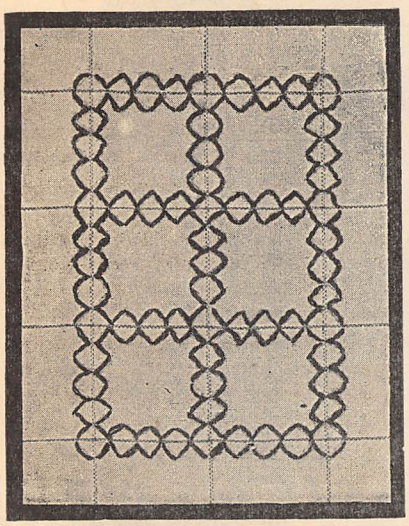


FIG. 1.—SIMPLE PATTERN IN TWO COLOURS.

THE difficulty of procuring the necessary materials away from London is often a serious drawback to the execution of some of the prettiest kinds of fancy needlework, but glass cloth embroidery can be recommended to those who live in the country, as the linen can usually be had from the general shop of any village. The linen is the ordinary kind used for glass and tea-cloths, and is divided by fine lines of red or blue into squares sometimes large, and at others quite small. In some makes of linens these squares are marked out by double instead of single lines. The material is to be had for about sixpence a yard and upwards, and it is perhaps needless to say that the better the quality of the linen the more satisfactory the work, as the squares are more regularly woven and there will be no fear, as is sometimes the case, of getting a row of oblong spaces here and there instead of what should be a row of squares. In the commoner linen too, the worker cannot always depend upon finding the material woven absolutely straight. Amongst the patterns given here, will be found some to suit most of the varieties of linen. The threads with which the embroidery is executed are, like the linen, procurable everywhere, but most workers have a store of stray needlefuls and half skeins that they will be glad to be able to turn to account for the smaller designs. Flax threads, embroidery cottons, silks of all kinds, but ingrain by preference, and crewel wools may be used. Gold thread is not suitable unless it be that very fine make which is guaranteed to wash. This, however, is only to be obtained at a few of the best London shops, and, my object being to describe easy work that can be done by anyone anywhere, I will leave gold thread out of the examples.

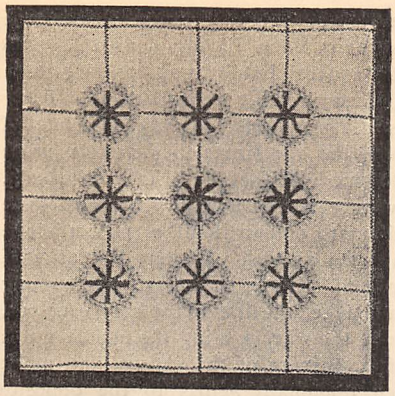


FIG. 2.—WHEEL PATTERN.

Few kinds of fancy needlework give so good a result as this with so little trouble. It is quite possible to execute such patterns as those in Figs. 2, 3, and 4 without tracing them thoroughly upon the linen, all that is necessary being to mark some of the main lines with a lead pencil. The coloured stripes themselves serve as guides for the position of the stitches. The work is very durable, especially if ingrain colours are used. It may be employed for every purpose for which embroidered linen is generally chosen, such as for tea-cloths, sideboard slips, doyleys of all shapes and sizes, nightdress and brush-and-comb sachets. The linen is well adapted for ladies' aprons and children's pinafores, the embroidery being arranged round the skirts and upon the bibs, bodices, pockets, and waistbands. By working a number of square pieces of linen all the same size, but not necessarily alike as to the embroidery, and by alternately using these and squares of fine crochet, a very pretty summer bedspread may be made without much trouble, and the toilet-cloth and doyleys about the room may be easily arranged to correspond.

The linen becomes extremely soft and pleasant to work upon after it has been handled a little, but, as it is somewhat thin, the worker must be careful not to pucker it. It is always advisable to make the stitches set loosely rather than tightly upon the surface, as, the first time the work is washed or cleaned, the threads shrink somewhat and the embroidery is then quite flat.

When the work is finished, the linen should be laid face downwards upon an ironing blanket, covered with a damp cloth and ironed until this cloth is quite dry. It is surprising to see what an improvement is thus effected in the look of the stitches, provided, of course, that the iron is not too hot or the work unduly flattened.

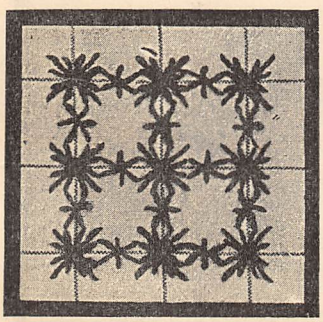


FIG. 3.—STAR PATTERN WORKED WITH TWO COLOURS.

As a rule, the more elaborate patterns look better upon the larger than upon the smaller squares. The designs used may be classed under two heads, those worked with due consideration for the division of the linen into squares, and those unhampered by any such restrictions. Six of the eight patterns given here are of the former class. Fig. 1 shows one of the easiest of all designs : it requires but little planning out, but looks better when wool or cotton of two colours is used than when one only is chosen. To mark out the pattern, cut a piece of paper the length of the sides of the squares. Fold this in half, then in half again. Lay the edge of the paper nearly half an inch beyond, but on a line with one of the coloured stripes of the linen, and make dots upon the material to correspond with the creases in the paper. Make these dots round every square both inside and outside the coloured line. When ready to work the pattern, make a stitch from a dot to the blue line just between the dots. The next stitch, which passes through the same hole in the coloured line, and is taken down through the next dot, is worked with the second shade of wool. These slanting stitches are worked on each side of the coloured lines, and, as they

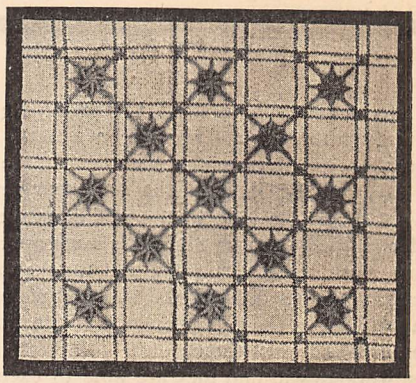


FIG. 4.—PATTERN FOR FILLING SMALL SQUARES.

meet at the dots, they make a series of small squares upon the linen, through the middle of which runs the coloured stripe. Very dark blue and red look better than any other colours for such a pattern as this, and Russian lace to match should be used as a trimming.

The wheel pattern in Fig. 2 needs but two colours. If the lines of the linen are blue, the outlines of the wheels would look well worked in red, and *vice versâ*. It is necessary to mark out the circles with a lead pencil before beginning to work. Make a loop of strong cotton exactly half the size of the diameter of the circle. Stretch the linen out tightly upon a board, plant a pin upright through the loop and through the point where two of the coloured lines meet. Put a sharply pointed lead pencil into the loop, draw this out tightly from the pin, and trace out the circle with the pencil. This simple plan answers better than a pair of compasses, as these are apt to push the linen out of place and so to make the circles uneven. When all the pattern is thus prepared, the outlines must be followed with button-hole stitches, the straight edges of which rest against the pencil lines of the roundels. Then take the second colour and make a stitch upon the coloured lines of the linen from the

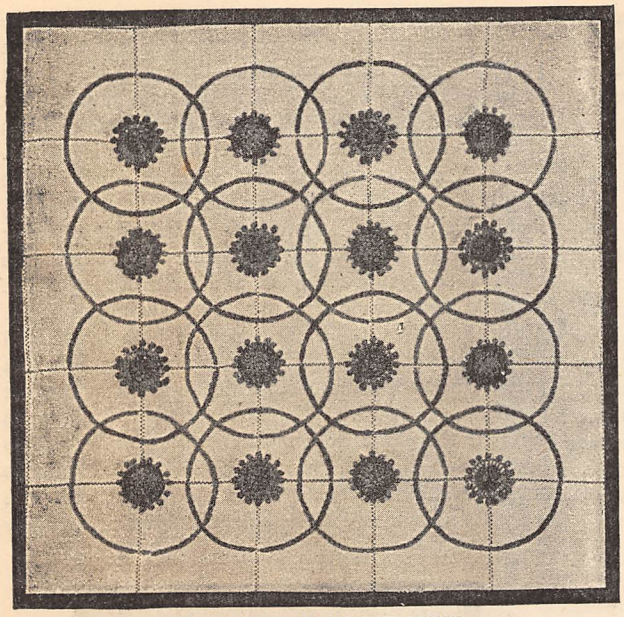


FIG. 5.—DOYLEY IN ALL-OVER DESIGN.

inside of the button-hole stitch to the middle of the circle through the place where two lines meet. When four stitches are thus made, work four more in the same way, exactly between the first four and also passing through the hole in the middle of the circle. This design, being so very simple, is more appropriate for glass cloth linen with small squares than for that with large squares. The circles should not be larger than a farthing, or the coloured lines of the linen will not be visible between them.

Most workers will find they are able to execute the star pattern in Fig. 3 without marking the design upon the linen at all. It is as well to work the large stars first. Make four stitches each about half an inch long, between two of the lines on the linen. One end of each of these stitches should pass through the point where two lines meet, and all should radiate from this point as a centre. On each side of these four stitches work a shorter one, thus making a star of twelve stitches, four of which are longer than the others. Make several of these stars before beginning the next part of the pattern, which consists of smaller stars placed between the others and worked with threads of another colour. To make these, bring the needle up on the coloured line exactly between two of the larger stars, and make a short stitch at right angles to and on each side of the line. Then make four stitches slanting from the tips of the shorter stitches of the stars at each end of the line to the middle of the line whence the two first stitches sprang, thus making a small star of six threads instead of twelve. This pattern, it will be seen, hides the lines of the material almost entirely, but still marks the linen out into a series of squares. Crewel wool is very appropriate for the design, as, being somewhat rough in texture, it prevents the stars from having at all a "spidery" appearance.

The next pattern is one which is suitable for use upon linen having double lines to form the squares, but, by omitting the French knots, it may readily be worked upon other makes. The wheels too may be made of any size, but the larger they are the more troublesome will they be to execute evenly. The worker is free to follow her own taste entirely as to colours, for the pattern is one which looks as well with one tint as with two or three. In the original the embroidery cotton matched the lines of the linen in colour. To make the wheels, bring the needle up in one of the corners of the square, and make a stitch diagonally across to the opposite corner. Make a similar stitch in the opposite direction between the other corners, and two straight stitches from side to side of the square between those already made. Now bring the needle up through the middle of the square, and make a back-stitch over each of the stitches, working round and round the centre until the wheel is nearly large enough to fill the space. Care must be taken to keep the thread so slack between each back-stitch that it does not draw the stitches at all out of shape. The wheel should set perfectly flat against the linen. The tiny squares made by the crossing of the double lines are each filled with a small French knot, and thus is completed what, in the hands of a careful worker, will prove one of the most effective of all the designs for this style of embroidery.

In the doyley in Fig. 5 we have what is apparently a very elaborate arrangement of circles, but which will be found really more interesting to work than are some of the simpler patterns. The design requires marking on the linen in the manner described for that in Fig. 2, but here, as the squares of the linen are large, the circles are far wider, and

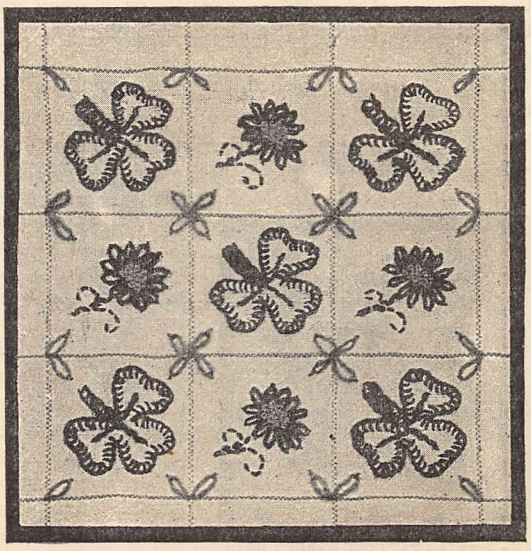


FIG. 6.—SHAMROCK AND DAISY PATTERN.

stretch rather more than half way across the squares all round their centre point. This enables them to interlace in the way shown in the illustration. The small circles within these are a little larger than a threepenny piece. It is a good plan to make these first, using embroidery cotton of two colours, say pale pink and pale green. Work them round with rather closely set button-hole stitches, the straight edges of which are arranged round the outside of the circle, and against the pencil line. A row of spaced French knots is then carried round the outside of the roundel, and a closely set group fills the open centre. The colours must be used alternately, the knots being pink where the button-holing is green, and *vice versâ*. The colour for the larger circles corresponds with that of the knots. They are simply outlined with chain-stitch, which is arranged so as to set alternately over and under the lines of the linen, and those of the other circles. Of course this requires a little attention just at first, but when a few circles have been made, the worker will soon learn which lines are to be taken over and which under the others. The general effect is very good and the fillings for the small circles may be varied considerably. The wheel pattern given in Fig. 2, or the design in Fig. 4, may be used if preferred. The circles themselves may be traced out with some of the Mount Mellick stitches, such as the "cable," or "braid," or they may be followed with fancy button-holing or with feather or coral stitch. So, too, the smaller of the spaces between the interlacings may be filled in closely, instead of being left open as in the example given here. A great deal of the effect depends upon the colours used in the work: two that are totally different, but at the same time harmonious, looking far prettier than two shades of the same.

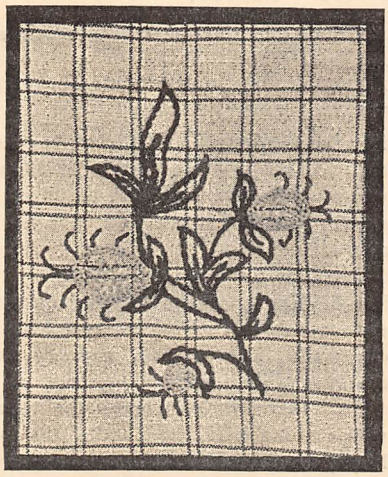


FIG. 7.—SMALL SPRAY.

Many workers are of opinion that the small spaces enclosed by the coloured lines of the linen should be filled by a scrap of embroidery, no attention at all being paid to the lines themselves. Such a pattern is that in Fig. 6, where a small daisy and a shamrock leaf have been chosen for the purpose. There are dozens of such tiny patterns to be had, and some workers go so far as to put something different in each square. This, to my fancy, causes the embroidery to assume too much of the appearance of a sampler or an experimental piece of work. In the piece shown here crewel wools have been used, the shamrock being worked mainly in spaced button-hole stitch, the straight edges of which follow the outline

FIG. 8.—PENCE BAG.

of the leaf. The daisy is embroidered in picot, or, as it is sometimes called, "daisy" stitch. This consists merely of a large chain-stitch or loop caught down with a small straight stitch. Four of these same stitches are worked at the points of meeting of the coloured lines. The centres of the flowers are filled with French knots, the stems being lightly darned. Such a pattern is better suited for placing upon small pieces than upon large, as the continual repetition of designs of this character is apt to be more monotonous than that of conventional stars and wheels such as have been shown in other examples. The reason for this lies probably in the fact that the one class of pattern suits the linen better than the other. The worker will find it necessary to trace the pattern thoroughly upon the linen, either by the use of carbon paper, or by that of convenient transfer designs. Amongst these are many that are specially prepared for such embroidery as this.

The small spray in Fig. 7 belongs to the second type of embroidery upon glass cloth linen, inasmuch as it is worked without the smallest consideration for the coloured lines. One use, however, that is made of these lines when a number of such sprays is to be worked upon a large piece of material is as guides in the placing of the designs at regular intervals upon the linen. By counting the lines when transferring the pattern, it is impossible to get the sprays otherwise than equidistant. For work of this sort any and every colour may be used, and it is equally unimportant whether wool, silk, or flax threads be employed. Many people consider the latter in better taste upon a linen background than any others, and they are certainly to be had now in very artistic shades of colour. Such sprays as that given here are suitable for doyleys of all kinds, and for sprinkling over large pieces of work such as tea-cloths and sideboard slips.

The little pence bag in Fig. 8 was worked by a member of the Royal School of Art Needlework, and is a good example of the use that may be made of the merest scraps of linen and odd needlefuls of silk and wool. The lines of the material here serve as guides for the placing of the little sprays, which are confined within the limits of the squares except at the bottom, where some of the French knots are allowed to stray beyond the line. The leaves and stems are traced out with olive-green wool, the rest of the embroidery being executed with red silk. The hem is worked with a double line of green wool, and the little bag is closed with a string made of many strands of red filoselle, knotted about an inch from each end so as to form two tiny tassels.

When any finish is required for the edges of this sort of embroidery, Russian linen thread lace may be employed, or if this is too costly, the worker may make a crochet edging with some of the coloured cottons that are just now fashionable, and which must be chosen to match some of those of the work itself. Yet another plan is that of making a number of tiny tassels of the same threads as were used for the embroidery, and to sew them round the edges about an inch apart. A knotted fringe, too, forms a suitable finish.

Before bringing this paper to a close, I must mention yet one more use for glass cloth embroidery. It can be made up into very ornamental covers for such pillows and cushions as are used by invalids when driving or travelling. The embroidery should be executed with washing silks and the whole cover arranged so that it can be easily taken off and washed. To do this, cut the linen to fit the pillow tightly at the sides, but exactly at the top and bottom. Join the top and bottom edges, of course after executing the embroidery, but leave the sides open. Hem these, and make a series of eyelet holes down the sides just within the hem. Slip the pillow into the cover, and secure it by lacing a fine cord backwards and forwards through the eyelet holes, tying it tightly at the top and finishing off each end with a tassel. By taking out the cord, the cover is readily removed when necessary, and by slackening or tightening the cords, the pillow can be made softer or harder and more compact to suit the caprice of the moment.

ELLEN T. MASTERS.

A ROMANCE OF MAN.

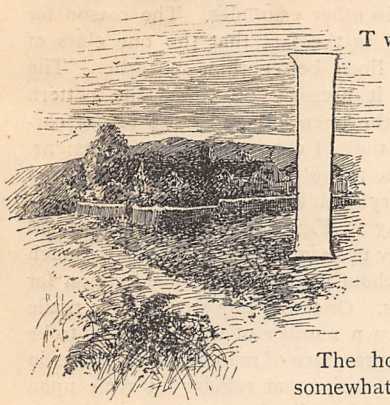
By C. E. C. WEIGALL, Author of "The Temptation of Dulce Carruthers," "A Lincolnshire Lass," etc.

["*This little story is the true record of the sufferings of an Englishman in the last century.*"]

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

"The world in which a man lives shapes itself chiefly by the way in which he looks at it, and so it proves different to different men."—

SCHOPENHAUER.



IT was a lovely spring evening, late in the Eighteenth Century, and the little estate of Clyeen, close to the sea-coast of the Isle of Man, showed fair against the primrose of the sky.

The house, a long, low, somewhat rambling building, was nestled snugly in against a background of rising land, over which the keen sea breezes blew pleasantly enough now, in this bright month of April, but drearily indeed when the winter's snow lay on the ground. The view from the rising ground was a fine one. Scotland and Ireland, as if separated by a tiny stream, stood out against the horizon, and the snow-capped hills of Cumberland reared their giant heads across the silver channel that divides the little island from the main land.

Mr. Marvin, who had only a few months ago come into the property, and had left his London home to take possession of the "Eden blooming in the Wild," was not, however, at that particular moment at all certain whether his paradise were not the other thing, after all.

Certainly a snake—and a venomous one—had crept into his Eden, and the howling mob of peasants who were even then raging around his front door, and devastating his carefully kept flower beds, was the evidence of its existence.

Mr. Marvin was a man on the wrong side of sixty, with a round bald head, and a stubbly grey beard on his square determined chin.

He was always dressed with scrupulous care and neatness, and was as particular over his personal appearance as he was tenacious of what he considered his just rights.

He was standing in the drawing-room, a room on the second floor, whose windows overlooked the mob and were protected all round by trellised balconies, and he was engaged in dodging the various missiles that were being hurled through every gaping pane into the apartment, and at the same time in approaching as near the window as personal safety would allow.

"Good heavens," he ejaculated, as an egg, which a week or two back might have been freshly laid, struck the wall behind him, and fixed itself in the very centre of a valuable oil painting. "This is too much, this is

really too much, and the villains won't hear a word I say to them. Hold your tongues you blathering idiots," he went on, turning round with a furious gesture upon the terrified servants in the background, who were crowding into the room for safety.

"If you think I'm going to give way to those clod-hoppers you're vastly mistaken. Give 'em an inch to-day and they'll take an ell to-morrow. Now John, you fool, what's the good of shivering there like a monkey? Can't you devise some plan of circumventing these ruffians, and getting down to Castletown on the black mare for help? Why a handful of soldiers would disperse the lot; but they're too clever for us—they know there's only one way out. What a mercy it was that Miss Marvin went to Douglas this morning and won't be back till to-morrow. Wish you hadn't left London?" this with a sudden turn upon a young housemaid, who was hysterically sobbing in the corner. "I'm sure I wish to goodness none of you had, for there isn't one of you with an ounce of common sense."

He paused, out of breath, and the shouts of the angry Manxmen outside broke into the silent room, which was almost in twilight, save for the last rays of the setting sun, which streamed through the window. None of the household had dared to light the candles, for fear of directing the deadly aim of the mob, who might at any moment leave their mud and rotten eggs for more forcible weapons.

"And would you oppress and grind down the poor?" shrieked a shrill woman's voice.

"Eh, you English villain, couldn't you mind that the winter was a hard one for us all, before you went and put on the tax that the good O'Malley had taken off? What's a paltry tax to you, who are rolling in money? But you shall never have one penny of it."

This was too much for the irascible little man, and in his fury he danced up to the window and flung open the broken pane.

"And it's every penny I'll have, or clap the lot of you in prison, you thieving scoundrels. It's my just property, and the law will give it me. O'Malley was a fool, but I——"

A ball of wet clay struck him neatly on the mouth, and he retreated spluttering, amid the yells of the delighted crowd, who, as if with one consent, began to batter at the heavy oak front door, with a determination that left no doubt of their intention.

Mr. Marvin had subsided into a chair, a little overcome by the unexpected blow, and too breathless to quell the shrieks of the maid servants, who, with the dismal foresight of their class, saw themselves murdered and mutilated within the next few moments.

Suddenly the onslaught below ceased, as spasmodically as it had begun, and a new voice made itself heard above the crowd, hushing into silence for a moment the angry execrations and threats.

"Now, now, my good friends, this is a little too much. What on earth are you all doing at Clyeen? and why are you besieging Mr. Marvin's front door?"

"God be thanked," said the old coachman, as he ventured to peer out from the drawing-room into the half light outside. "It's the voice of young Mr. Constantine, and if there's a man in the island they love, it's him."

Even Mr. Marvin went so far as to mutter uneasily, "Oh well, I'm very glad that Alec has come, and now, I suppose, this tomfoolery will be over."

"When I heard of this riot up at Cronk Urleigh," went on the clear young voice, firm in its manly determination, "I could not believe that my old friends would behave so churlishly to a new-comer, who perhaps does not understand their troubles or their customs just yet. But this is even worse than I thought. Dermot, perhaps you can tell me the meaning of this gathering?"

"Master Alec," said the old Manxman, whose white hair streamed down on to his shoulders from under the slouched cap that he wore, "we will lie down for you to walk over us, but we will *not* have this man to rule over the tenants of Clyeen, if he shows no more mercy than a nether mill-stone."

"Ay, Master Alec, he's a black-hearted villain, that he is, and if it weren't for his pretty daughter, who's as good as she's pretty——" broke in another voice.

"Well, well," said Constantine, good-naturedly. "We're none of us perfect, and now, like good people, you'll just disperse and go home, and I'll wager that Mr. Marvin will do what is right by you all."

"Oh, you'll wager that, will you?" muttered Marvin from his low seat, shivering with rage. "Oh, so my good people, I'm a black-hearted villain, am I? Oh, very well, very well."

But even Constantine failed to appease the wrath of

"HIS FACE WORE AN ANXIOUS, SOMEWHAT PUZZLED EXPRESSION" (*p.* 12).

the Manxmen, and after a moment's parley he proposed to go and mediate with the landlord indoors, provided that they ceased for a time from active hostilities, and drew off a little from the neighbourhood of the house, to which proposal the mob assented sullenly.

The young man rapidly entered the house, and ascended the flight of winding stairs that led to the drawing-room.

His face wore an anxious, somewhat puzzled expression, as he paused for a moment outside the door, but when he entered the room, the appealing pairs of eyes turned upon him saw nothing upon his frank, open countenance, save his usual expression of bonhomie and good temper.

He was a singularly handsome fellow of twenty, with crisp chestnut hair, and fearless blue eyes that had never looked anything but straight and square at the world in front of him.

He was a little above the medium height, and broadly built, and his well-knit figure was clad in a smart riding dress, which set off his fine proportions to the fullest extent.

And to complete his attractions, Alexander Constantine was endowed with brains far above the ordinary run of mankind, and had succeeded, at the early age of twenty, in already taking his physician's degree at Edinburgh, and in carrying everything, in the shape of prizes and honours, before him.

"Halloa, Mr. Marvin," he said, brightly, advancing towards his friend. "I heard of this row up at Cronk Urleigh, and I thought the best plan would be to come and see if I could help you to put matters a bit straighter. Where is Rosemary? Not here, I trust."

"Rosemary went down to Douglas this morning, thank heaven, or these fools would have frightened her out of her wits," said the old man, relaxing into a momentary smile as his eyes fell upon his handsome visitor. "But as for putting matters straight, Alexander, there's only one way of doing it, and that is making those impudent scoundrels go back to their homes and pay me their honest tax, which is my right."

Alexander looked at him with a shade of perplexity.

"I am afraid that you don't altogether understand the Manx character, my dear sir," he answered. "A Manxman is a proverbially obstinate animal, and unless you give way a little on your side, I fear it will be a case of 'pull devil, pull baker.' Of course we all know the tax is your just due, but it presses rather hardly on your tenants just now, and if you could see your way to delay matters a little, till times are somewhat better, and then let them pay by degrees——"

"Not a moment, not a day's delay," said Mr. Marvin, furiously. "If they had not behaved like wild savages, as they are doing at present, I might have thought matters over. But now, I will not give way one jot."

Alexander shrugged his shoulders slightly.

"Then, Mr. Marvin, you must at once make your escape by the back door, on your fleetest horse, while I engage the attention of the mob in front of the house, or I won't answer for the consequences. When once you are known to have escaped, the house and your servants will be perfectly safe. Ride straight down to the Castle, and see the Governor. Once under his roof, he will put matters straight for you, and under cover of this twilight you will be able to get off without being noticed. I warn you that they will think nothing of putting an ounce of lead into you if they do catch you."

One of the women wailed feebly as she caught the words, and even Mr. Marvin turned a shade paler as he realised his danger. But rising to his feet he walked rapidly to the door, and prepared to take the young man's advice without delay.

"If I get safely down to Castle Rushen, Rosemary will thank you, my boy," he said, briefly. "But it shall never be said that an Englishman gave in to a shrieking mob of savages."

Alexander went to the window, as the door closed behind the old man, and stepping out on to the balcony proceeded to harangue the mob below.

But they were too thoroughly in earnest to be wheedled into a good temper, even by an old friend, and the quick ears of a woman on the edge of the group had caught the sound of horse's feet, even before the rest of the party caught sight of a white horse stealing along through the grounds, with Mr. Marvin on his back. With a yell of execration they turned as one man and sped after him, and Alexander, raging in his heart at the folly of selecting a horse of that colour, which would be sure to afford a good aim for a bullet, mounted his own nag and rode after them.

It was a rough road that led to Castle Rushen, where Governor Power held sway, and in spite of his good mount, the mob had almost gained upon Mr. Marvin, before he clattered into the Castle yard and drew rein before the great door.

The Governor was one of the most popular and charming of men, and his rule the most beneficent that ever blessed the little island.

He was holding a reception that night, and the great room was full of brilliantly-clad guests, and radiant with glittering light.

He himself was seated in a low chair, with his beloved violoncello between his knees, fiddling away with a rapt expression on his face, while his pretty daughter accompanied him on the piano.

If there was one character more remarkable than another in the household of Castle Rushen, it was old Jakes, the soldier-butler, of whom it had been said that never in his life had he been put out of his ordinary condition of *sang-froid* by any circumstance, however surprising.

He received Mr. Marvin, who entered in such hot haste that he collapsed in a breathless mass upon the nearest chair, with the same suave politeness as he would have shown to any ordinary guest, and quietly locked and bolted the heavy door upon the rioters outside. "You seem in a little hurry, sir," he remarked as he attempted to help the old man off with his coat.

"Oh, lor, yes," groaned Mr. Marvin, feeling himself cautiously in every limb, to make sure that he was absolutely safe and unhurt. "It's a mercy I'm not riddled with bullets by those countrymen of yours."

"Begging your pardon, sir, I'm of Scotch extraction," replied Jakes, imperturbably. "The Manxmen

are a bit impatient perhaps ; but perhaps you would like to go up to his Excellency at once ? "

"Anywhere, anywhere," said Mr. Marvin, stealthily shaking his clenched fist at the door, which was being melodiously hammered on by the furious fists of the mob, who, however, had the sense to refrain from further hostilities in the presence of the reigning potentate of Man.

Jakes, with a dignified step, proceeded up the velvet-covered stair, and, flinging open the door of the reception room, announced in his best and most imposing manner—

" Your Excellency, Mr. Marvin and the mob."

The Governor looked up quietly from his 'cello, and laid his bow aside.

" Be good enough, Jakes, to admit Mr. Marvin, and to bid the sentries keep off the mob," he said, as he rose to greet his unexpected guest, with a majesty of demeanour that seemed to promise protection and help to the outraged landowner before him.

" Very glad to see you, Mr. Marvin. I think you know everyone here. Now, pray, what can I do for you ?" he said, holding out his hand. " I heard of this disturbance half an hour ago, and the military have been already called out. In fact, you must have almost passed them on the way."

Mr. Marvin grimly recollected his hurried flight, when he had been aware of nothing and no one but the howling rabble behind him, and when the dodging of an occasional bullet had been his only aspiration and desire.

" It's a mercy I'm here alive, your Excellency, and if it had not been for young Alexander Constantine, I suppose I should have been lying up at Clyeen stiff and stark by now, with a bullet through my heart."

"LOOKING UP INTO HER FACE WITH AN EXPRESSION OF ADORING LOVE" (*p.* 14).

The guests, with considerable excitement, had crowded round the new-comer, and Miss Power was handing him a glass of cordial, with gentle commiseration.

For indeed the old man was in a sorry plight, covered with dirt from head to foot, his face blackened with heat and dust, and a hole through the loose sleeve of his coat, which a random bullet had torn.

"I can scarcely believe that I am in a Christian country," he concluded, suddenly struck by the contrast between his own plight and the magnificent costumes of those around him.

Governor Power, who had heard both sides of the question discussed, and was secretly in sympathy with the tenants of the estate of Clyeen, looked a little whimsically at the scarlet face of the old man, who was puffing and blowing like an enraged turkey-cock.

"No ; sometimes we do *not* show the Christian forbearance that might be expected from us," he said softly.

Mr. Marvin, with a slight air of confusion, turned to one of the spectators, a handsome woman of middle age, whose quiet dress of black satin was set off by some rare old lace and diamonds.

"Mrs. Constantine, I must thank you—nay, indeed, congratulate you—on having so noble a son as Alexander has proved to be to-night. He is now, I believe, in the courtyard, doing his best to appease these rebels. But my Rosemary will thank him to-morrow ; and let me tell you once more publicly the great pleasure that it affords me to think that some day we shall be connected by a very close link of relationship."

Mrs. Constantine smiled at his pompous little speech, and when she smiled it became evident how wonderfully like her son she was, save that where her beauty was softened by the touch of middle age, his was as fresh and brilliant as though he had but just sprung from the artist hand of Nature.

It was late that night before the Governor's reception broke up and Mr. Marvin returned to Clyeen. But, before he cantered leisurely out of the castle-yard, the wisdom of Governor Power had prevailed on both landlord and tenants to exercise a little mutual forbearance towards one another, and for the present, at least, hostilities were in abeyance, although at the bottom of the hearts of both Manxmen and Englishman lay an impenetrable shadow of distrust and dislike, only waiting for a word or a breath to be fanned once more into a living flame.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

"The shadow of a cloud."

A DAY or two after the tax riot Rosemary Marvin returned home from her friends in Douglas, and Alec went down to meet her, on his brown horse.

The way was a steep, rocky one, and he had agreed to ride half way down to escort his *fiancée* up the pass.

It was early in the morning, and the sun was not very high in the heavens ; but each dew-touched spray and blade of grass was glittering in the light, and below the cliff the endless blue of the sea flashed as the waves curled in on the shore.

A long line of brown-sailed fishing-boats was drawn up in the bay, with almost symmetrical exactness, as if prepared for action—each line, each sail, perfectly trim and in order, and on deck, here and there, the motionless figures of the men could be seen, evidently waiting for some event.

There was a crowd of women and children collected on the beach, with a subdued hush of expectancy about each figure that kept even the little children close-pressed to their mothers' sides, with serious upturned Sunday faces.

For it was the first day of the herring season, and the fishing-boats were waiting in the harbour for Bishop Claudius to come down and bless them before they set sail, according to the old custom that had prevailed for many generations in the Isle of Man.

Alec reined in his horse at a turn in the road, and, shading his eyes with his hand, watched the scene in the bay so intently that he never even heard the quick steps of Miss Marvin's pony, till she stood facing him in the sunlight.

"What a lover-like attitude!" pouted the girl. "You never even knew that I was near you. No, I shan't forgive you in a hurry. You have seen those boats heaps of times before, so you have not even the excuse of novelty."

For Alexander had sprung from his horse, and was at her side, with his hand in hers, in an instant, looking up into her face with an expression of adoring love.

"My darling!" he whispered ; for the old groom was close behind them, and, though he was discretion itself, love-making under his solemn eyes was a little *difficile*. "I have been dreaming all night of this meeting. And how good of you to leave Douglas so early, that we might be at the blessing of the boats together for the first time!"

Certainly Rosemary Marvin was a pleasant sight for any eyes to rest on, and one could not wonder at the ecstasy that love had painted on Alexander's face as he looked at her.

She was rather tall and slim, with a delicately rounded figure and a face on which health had set its seal in the perfect lilies and roses of her complexion. Her low-growing brown hair was arranged in luxuriant curls on her forehead, shading her blue eyes, which were sparkling with life and mischief. Her pretty green riding-habit was laced across with silver cords, and a bunch of fragrant hothouse flowers was fastened at her throat by a diamond pin. A creature more unlike her father it was impossible to conceive.

"Thomas shall take the horse back, and we will walk down to the shore together," said Rosemary, lightly springing to the ground, and gathering up her habit in her little hand, as she turned away, and followed Alexander down the winding cliff path. "Tell me all your news, Alec, and then I'll tell you mine, though there's nothing much to say about my visit to the Andersons'—they are rather dull people, and Miss Sophia is too prosy for words. Just fancy, she always does exactly the same things at the same time, every day—and the only work she cares for is knitting stockings in grey twine!"

"My news will keep," said Alec, evasively, for he had something to say to his *fiancée* which would be as painful for her to hear as for him to tell.

"Well then," Rosemary rattled on, "Miss Maria is of a more lively disposition, and we had a supper party one night, and poor Miss Sophia went to bed, for she said she thought parties were sinful. But Florence Vasey was there—and—and—Hector Annesley—and——"

"Oh, so Annesley was there, was he?" said Alexander, quickly, with a slight cloud on his face.

"Yes, he was there," went on Rosemary, with a little nervous laugh, as she recollected a certain scene on the Andersons' staircase after supper, of which the bunch of flowers at her throat was the outcome. She did not quite care to confess to young Constantine how long she had sat with Annesley in the shadowed nook on the stairs, so she passed on quickly to a more congenial topic.

"Molly Maturin was dressed so oddly, Alec, in a sort of flame-coloured gown, trimmed with blue. Someone said she was like a firework—a good deal of show and noise, and nothing else."

"Rather an unkind speech," said Alexander, quietly. "I think I can guess who made it."

"Oh, no, you can't, Mr. Sharp!" pouted Rosemary, uneasily, conscious that the speech had been Annesley's. "You are most dull this morning, my friend. Perhaps you will tell me *your* news now, and see if we get on any better."

"Rosemary, I am jealous of Hector Annesley," said Constantine, swiftly. "I sometimes think that you care rather too much for what he says and thinks, and it makes what I have to say to you all the more bitter. Rosemary, I am going to leave you. I sail as surgeon next week in the *Commerce*."

He did not look at her as he spoke, but away, steadily across the blue waters of the bay to the gleaming horizon, for his heart was full almost to breaking.

"Rosemary, darling, may I leave you with the sure hope that when I come back, I shall find you waiting for me, faithful until death? Why, Rosemary, my dear, my sweetheart!"

For at his words the girl had turned pale as death, and was leaning for support against a corner of the jutting rock, her trembling hand on her heart.

"You will leave me?" she said, her beautiful eyes, fast filling with tears, fixed on him in mute reproach.

He put his arm round her waist, supporting her tenderly, and trying to cheer her with playful words.

"Little woman, why, what a coward you are! You must remember that a man must earn his living, and that I still have to make a home for you. How would you like to marry an idle good-for-nothing who never cared for anything beyond the four walls of his house? I shall have little enough to live on when my father dies, for I am not the eldest son, as you know, and my profession is important to me. And, besides, this berth I have been offered is a good one, and likely to lead to other appointments; so, Rosemary, dear heart, you must dry those blue eyes, and forget the parting of the present in looking forward to the joy of the future."

MISS MARIA MARVIN.

The girl tried to smile up into his troubled face, through her tears, and he patted her hand tenderly.

"That's my brave girl," he said. "And you and Mr. Marvin shall go to Bristol to see me start, on Friday week. The *Commerce* is a bonny little craft, and we are bound for Boston on our first voyage. There will be many a little parcel of curios for you, Rosemary, when she touches at Bristol again."

They were close down to the shore by this time, and the girl stopped to wipe the tears from her eyes, before joining the throng of sightseers by the edge of the sea.

The news of her lover's impending departure had struck coldly upon her heart, with a sense of coming evil, so strong that it was all she could do to check the tears that would start unbidden to her eyes.

She was of an excitable temperament, keen in suffering as in pleasure, and prone to find evils in life which, but for the seeking, would have lain dormant. Some people have a knack of meeting their troubles half way, which does not materially help them on in life. Rosemary Marvin was one of these individuals, but to balance this disposition to melancholy forebodings, she was also possessed of a keen sense of enjoyment, and a love of admiration and pleasure so strong that at times it almost amounted to a fault, encouraging her, as it did, in giving way to a dangerous habit of flirtation.

But in spite of her failings, she dearly loved the handsome young fellow to whom she had been engaged for one short happy fortnight, and recognised his good-

ness with a real appreciation, as of worth far beyond her reach.

Rosemary had had many admirers since she and her father had taken possession of Clyeen, and among them Hector Annesley had been the most impetuous, Charles Constantine the quietest, and Alec the only successful one. But, at the same time, though she was genuinely in love, she could not resist keeping on her *ci-devant* admirers, all save Charles Constantine, who, though smitten to the heart, withdrew as soon as his brother was declared to be Rosemary's accepted lover, with all the honour of a true and faithful man.

Alec and Rosemary joined the group of waiting people on the shore, and stood a little apart from the rest, she with a look of deepening trouble on her downcast face, and he with an anxiety which he tried hard to cast aside. At a little distance from them was a cluster of spectators, who seemed to take an innocent interest in the two lovers, and, in fact, were the whole Constantine family, with Mr. Marvin and his elderly sister Maria, and a good-looking, dark-faced young fellow—Hector Annesley. The young man looked as if he thought the whole affair a great nuisance, and fidgeted about on one foot, with an uneasy glance in Rosemary's direction every now and then, as if summoning up his courage to break the spell and join her.

But the witchery of the hour was upon him, and involuntarily he, too, succumbed to the religious and awe-struck silence of the crowd.

Away on the blue sea, just at the outlet of the fair sunlit bay, lay the fleet of fishing-boats, and by-and-by a stir and a whisper announced the arrival of the Bishop, in his open carriage. He walked slowly, in his white robes, down the pathway that the crowd made for him, to his boat, where his chaplain was waiting, and in another moment was pushed off from shore, and the soft dip of the oars, as they splashed through the water, broke the silent air.

When they had rowed a little space from land, he rose in the boat and lifted his hand with a solemn gesture, and, as if with one consent, the crowd took up the melody of a hymn, which was echoed back by the rougher voices of the men on board the fishing fleet:—

"Oh, Saviour Christ, who on the deep
Of Galilee did'st walk, we pray
That Thou wilt these Thy servants keep,
And watch and guard them night and day.

"Ah, Lord, Thou knowest—Thou alone—
The dangers that their paths assail;
The hungry sea, the wind's wild moan,
The lightning flash, the angry gale.

"They hold their lives within their hands
That sail upon the boundless main,
And some to-day who leave this land,
May ne'er return to us again.

"Oh, Saviour, grant this fleet of ours
May find, through fortune, joy, or loss,
Their port in Heaven's eternal bowers,
Their anchor only in the Cross."

When the last wild throb of the music had died away, the Bishop lifted his voice in prayer, and the

"SHE CREPT ROUND THE TREE, SO NEAR TO THE SPEAKER THAT SHE COULD ALMOST HAVE TOUCHED HIM" (*p.* 18).

answering "Amen" that came from every lip, as his listeners bent their heads, welled upwards from full hearts. It was a moment that Alec never forgot, or would forget, if he lived to be a hundred. The blue sea and sky, with the dull brown of the boats' sails against the light, and in the foreground the white and green of the Bishop's boat, with his noble, upright figure, and face glowing with the fervour of his prayer.

The whole service lasted but a few moments, and then, one by one, the fishing-boats weighed anchor and slipped out to sea, the cheery "good-byes" of the men, and the answering sad "farewell" from the weeping wives and children, ringing out across the bay.

Alec felt his heart touched deeply, and he turned to Rosemary at his side, she moving nearer to him with a sudden sense of sorrow.

But, at that instant, Hector Annesley and Miss Marvin joined the lovers, and the conversation became general.

Miss Maria Marvin was an elderly spinster, of an uncertain age, poles asunder from her brother, both in character and appearance. She had a sharp, suspicious-looking face, set on a lean, bombazine-clad body and her ginger-coloured hair and colourless face were tightly hemmed in by a black poke-bonnet, trimmed with drab ribbons. She always wore sad colours, on principle, "to mortify her flesh," she said, but her friends and acquaintances set this propensity down to her miserly habits, for she dearly loved a bargain, and always bought what had just gone out of fashion and was being sold at a reduction. There was no need for Miss Marvin to economise, for she had a considerable income of her own; but she spent her life in trying to double it, by scraping every halfpenny together that she could screw out of anything or anybody. She kept Mr. Marvin's house, and chaperoned Rosemary, whom she disliked as cordially as the girl detested her, so that the family party at Clyeen was not a very united one! She did not favour Alec as a lover, but was on Hector's side, and did her best to bring the young couple together. For Alec was too honest to pretend that he liked her, while Hector sought every opportunity of insinuating himself into her favour.

"You look pale, my love, not to say sallow. I fear your dissipations have not agreed with you," Miss Marvin said, as she came up to her niece.

"Miss Marvin is always so kindly plain-spoken," said young Constantine, angrily. "Rosemary may be a trifle pale; but sallow!"

"Well, Aunt Maria," said Rosemary, saucily, "my dissipation at the Andersons' was limited to one supper party, where we partook so largely of porridge and dried herrings that I wonder we weren't surfeited with dainties! But, by the bye, you ought to look pale after the affair of yesterday. Is it true that you nobly stood by papa, through thick and thin, and received all the rotten eggs that were intended for him on your own head?"

Miss Marvin had spent the hours of the riot in comfortable security, in an attic at the top of the house, into which she had double-locked herself and hidden at full length under the bed, but she was not aware that this fact had been generally known.

"I hope that I shall always be enabled to do my duty," she said, loftily, and evasively. "But now, perhaps, that this ungodly proceeding is over, we may be allowed to go home."

"How can a proceeding be ungodly, Miss Marvin, that has for its foundation and purpose the love of God?" said Alec, with considerable heat. "We came together this morning to ask God to bless the fishing fleet, and I fail to see that you have any reason to call our ancient custom an ungodly one."

Rosemary, with a little shrug, turned to Hector as soon as the argument began, for she well knew her aunt's nature, and she caught an occasional phrase from Miss Marvin's frigid lips, such as—

"Ranting—clamouring to the Almighty—why could not the boats go out to sea quietly, as they do in other places, without this sensational fuss?"

She did not envy Alec his opponent.

"Rosemary," said Hector, under his breath, as he drew the girl aside, "have you brought me what you promised me the other night?"

His dark eyes looked down into hers, with a fire so intense glowing in their depths that she shrank back a pace, half terrified, half flattered.

"What did I promise you? I forget," she faltered, coquettishly, with her pretty head turned away over her shoulder. She remembered the evening at the Andersons', when she had been carried away by the intoxication of Hector's admiration, and had promised him a miniature that she had just had painted in Douglas, and had intended as a present for her father.

"Your portrait," he said; "you cannot have forgotten your promise, Rosemary. And I sail on board one of my father's ships, the *Commerce*, on Friday week, as one of the officers. He wants me to see the world before settling down as a country gentleman."

"The *Commerce!*" cried Rosemary. "Alec is to go as surgeon in the *Commerce!*"

"I know that," said Annesley, with a smile. "I persuaded my father to offer him the post. But, Rosemary, give me the miniature, that I may wear it next my heart when I am far away from you. You know we were old playmates long before you knew the Constantines, so that there can be no harm in it."

Rosemary hesitated; then, as she heard her aunt's sharp voice behind her, she slipped her hand into her habit pocket and thrust a tiny parcel into Hector's eager palm.

"There—there!" she said; "just for old acquaintance' sake!"

It was balm to her soul that her portrait should be so eagerly sought after by a good-looking young man. And, indeed, what harm could there be in the present, for Alexander had one that had been painted at the same time, and her father could easily procure another one if he wanted it, for the artist lived down at Douglas.

Only—supposing Alec was angry with her!

She half regretted her impulsive present, and turned back to Hector.

"Promise that you will never show it to anyone—or

to Alec, for, perhaps, he would not be pleased with me for giving it to you, although I used to know you in London."

"I promise!" said Annesley, with a theatrical gesture.

"What are you two conspiring about?" said Miss Marvin, breaking in upon their conversation with a voice that bore a strong resemblance to the grating of a harsh saw. "You look very affectionate. Don't they, Mr. Constantine?"

And Alec, with a thrill of pain, drew a little away from Rosemary as she laid her hand on his arm. He had seen her slip the parcel into Hector's hand, and in spite of himself a throb of suspicion had crossed his mind that Rosemary was not absolutely faithful to him.

The girl noticed the gesture, and the words of explanation sprang to her lips. It would be so easy to explain the present to an old friend—so easy—and yet she faltered. Would Alec be angry? Perhaps so; and there had been no harm in her mind.

So she hung her head silently, and her lover, with one eloquent glance at her, turned on his heel, and joined his own people.

Rosemary felt her heart swell within her with proud annoyance at this slighting of her before the rest of the world.

Hector and her aunt were looking pityingly at her, as if to say—how sad to be afflicted with so jealous a lover! She fancied that the Constantines were staring primly, with a sort of shocked horror that anyone bound with the fetters of an engagement could trifle with the affections of another man.

All these more than foolish ideas completely drove away from her mind the recollection of the tender passages that had passed between them that morning, and she tossed her pretty head, and turned to her aunt with a coquettish smile that made that lady smile enigmatically.

"Do ask Hector to come back with us to Clyeen, Aunt Maria. It is so long since he has spent the day with us—and he has never seen our lovely new boat on the pond. Yes, and it is not christened yet, Hector; you must give it a name."

As she stood, flushed with the impetuosity of her words, facing him, the fire of her eyes lit a flame in his own, of sombre passion.

"I know what I shall call it—if I may—*Queen of my Soul!*" he answered, in a low voice.

"Call it what you will!" she said, with feverish disdain, half turning her head to where the Constantines were slowly retreating up the bank.

But Alec had no backward glance for her.

There was resolution written in every line of his figure, and her resolution should match his.

"Of course, we shall be delighted to see Hector," minced Miss Maria. "There are *some* people I am always glad to see at *any* time."

So Hector walked back with the two ladies to luncheon, and idled away an hour or two in Rosemary's sweet society.

The boat was tried and approved, and duly called *Rose Queen*, which Rosemary herself suggested, as a rather less personal title than the other. When he had gone, and the inevitable reaction had set in, she could not rest quietly any longer in the drawing-room, being pricked all over her sensitive nature by the stinging pin points of Miss Maria's witticisms.

"Some girls are fools," she said, as Rosemary, panting for fresh air and solitude, escaped from the window on to the lawn. "Some girls might marry men, and they go and put up with miserable little nincompoops, with white faces and pious ways."

"Some girls are unfortunate enough to have spinster relations who goad them to the very verge of madness!" retorted Rosemary, as she ran out of earshot.

She was in a strange mood all the rest of the day, and when her aunt announced her intention of driving over to spend the evening with a friend in Douglas, she received the intelligence silently but with thankfulness.

When the departing wheels of Miss Maria's chariot were heard crunching the gravel of the drive, she threw on a thick cloak and hood, and slipped out of the garden gate and across the fields.

She was gripping something in the bosom of her gown, as she walked, and looked furtively from side to side, as if fearing detection, though she knew that her father was away on business and that her aunt was safely gossiping over Miss Delamour's fire.

She was hurrying down to Cronk Urleigh, and what she was going ultimately to do she herself hardly knew.

Her path led her at one point through a little cover of trees, where she paused for an instant to recover her breath, and became aware that someone was there already. Someone evidently in trouble, for she heard a voice raised in something like a prayer—broken once or twice by a sigh that was almost a sob.

She could not catch the words, but, impelled by curiosity, she crept round the tree, so near to the speaker that she could almost have touched him.

It was Alec, with his back to her, her miniature in his hand, praying for her, and as she listened, awe-struck, she could hear what he said—

"Rosemary, my darling, God grant that you may truly love me, for I much doubt me that you have not yet learned what true love means!"

There were tears in his voice, and tears on his cheek, and Rosemary, smitten to the heart with remorse for what she had done, but not daring to interrupt him, tip-toed noiselessly away among the trees, and ran lightly down the slope towards her home.

When she had reached the gate, and stood on the little stone bridge that crossed the rivulet at that point, she thrust her hand into her bodice, and drawing from thence a glittering stiletto that her father had brought years ago from the banks of the blue Mediterranean, she flung it down into the deep flowing water.

"There—there it lies, and with it my wicked impetuous thought!" she said.

Then, turning towards where Cronk Urleigh woods lay, she kissed her hand daintily.

"Good-night, my dear heart. I will write to you to-morrow. Your Rosemary hath a foolish, wicked heart, but it is a loving one, in spite of all things!"

END OF CHAPTER THE SECOND.

Words and Music by W. J. Foxell, B.A., B.Mus., Lond.

Piano.

p *p* *p*

p

When

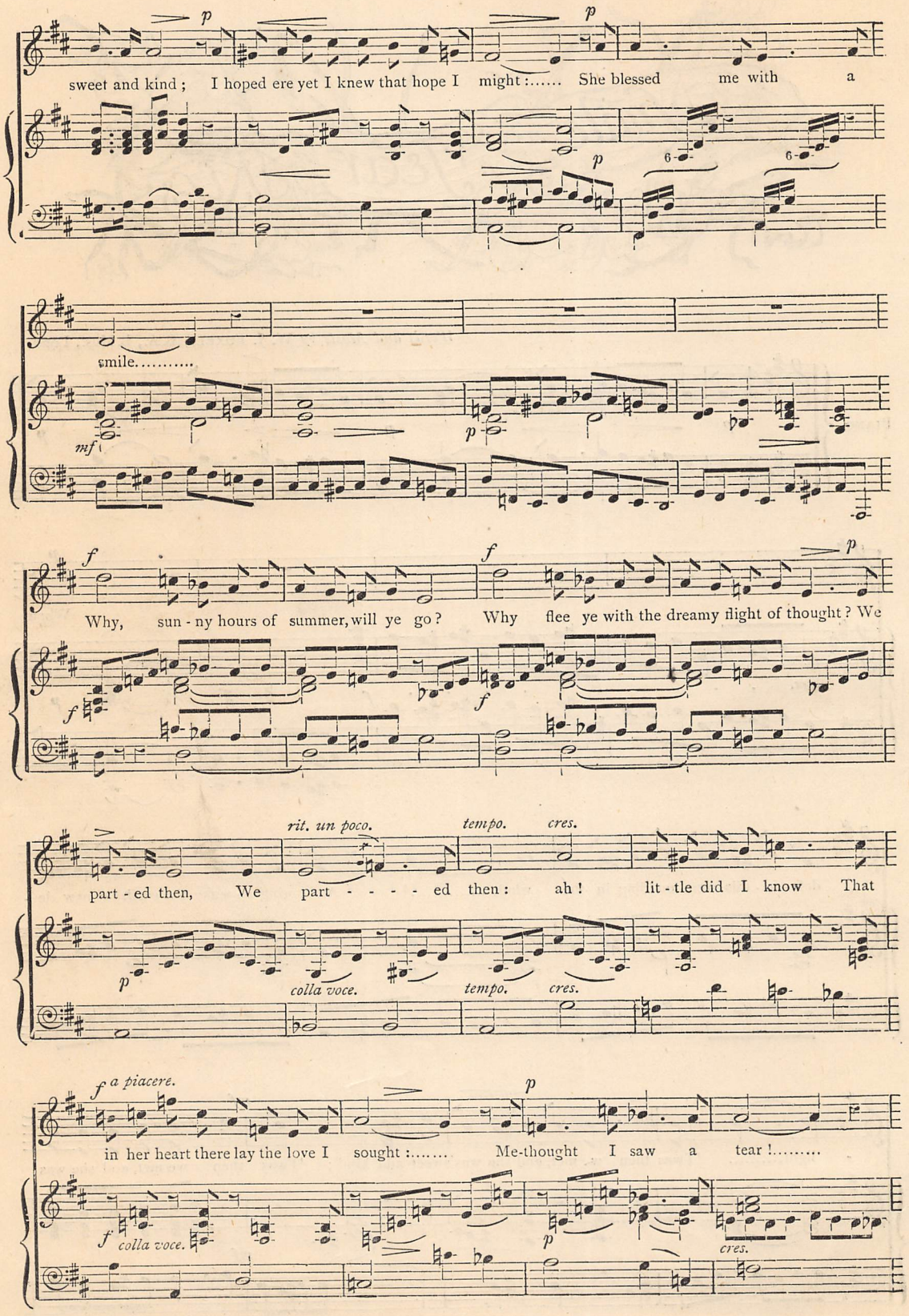
cres. *f* *p*

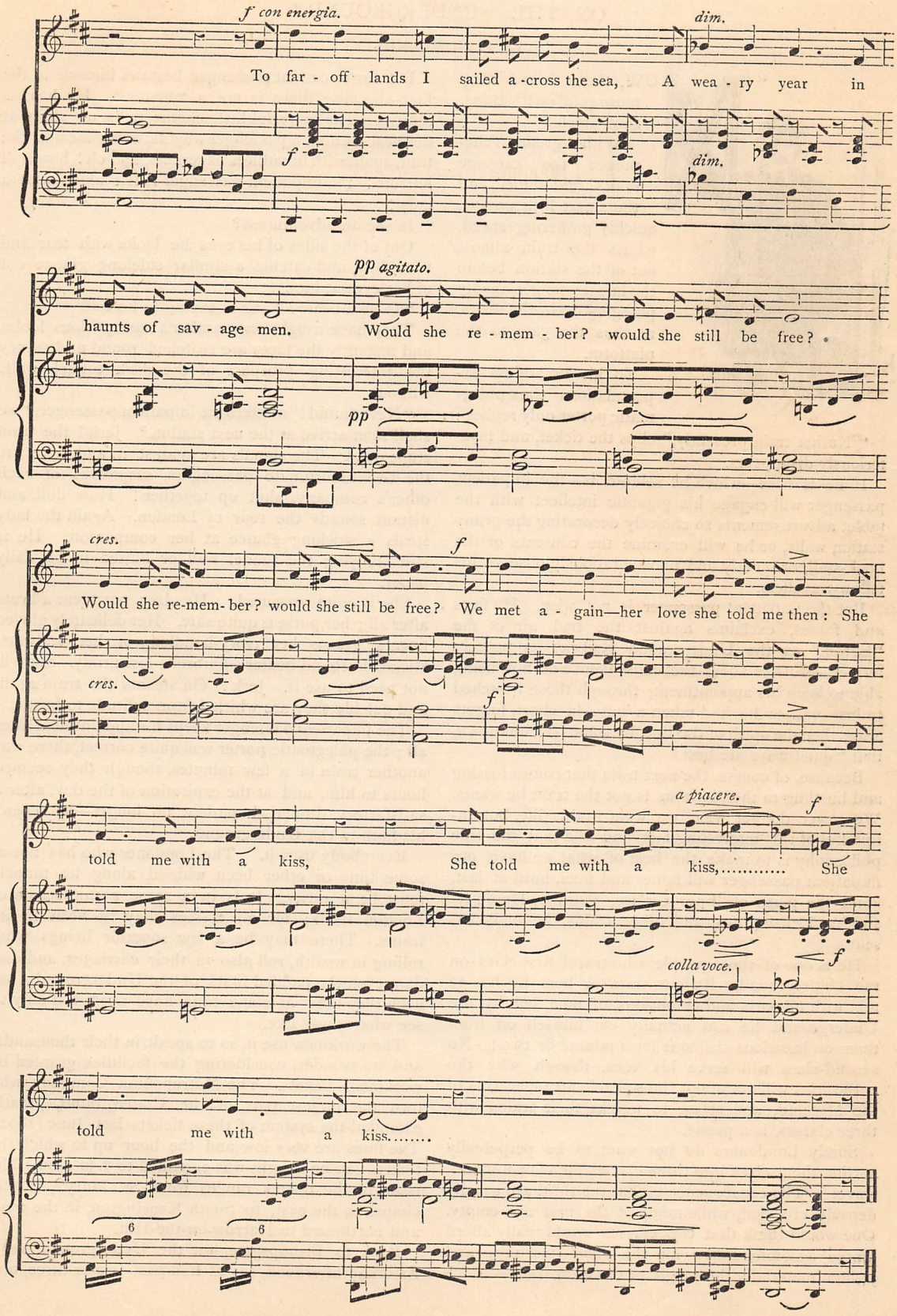
daf - fo - dils were nodding in the wind,..... And spring a - woke the earth to new de -

mf

- light,..... 'Twas then we met, and she was sweet and kind; 'Twas then we met, and she was

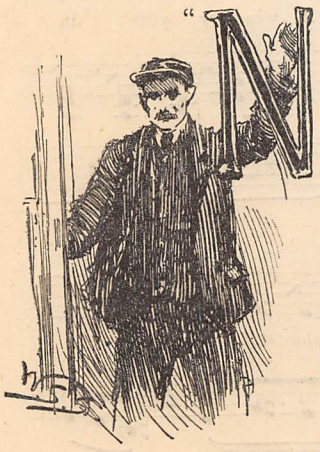
mf


p
sweet and kind ; I hoped ere yet I knew that hope I might :..... She blessed me with a
p
6
6
smile.....
mf
p
f
f
p
Why, sun - ny hours of summer, will ye go ? Why flee ye with the dreamy flight of thought ? We
f
f
rit. un poco.
tempo.
cres.
part - ed then, We part - - - - ed then : ah ! lit - tle did I know That
p
colla voce.
tempo.
cres.
f a piacere.
p
in her heart there lay the love I sought :..... Me-thought I saw a tear !.....
f colla voce.
p
cres.


f con energia.
dim.
To far - off lands I sailed a-cross the sea, A wea - ry year in
f
dim.
pp agitato.
haunts of sav - age men. Would she re - mem - ber? would she still be free?
pp
cres.
f
Would she re-mem-ber? would she still be free? We met a - gain—her love she told me then: She
cres.
f
a piacere.
f
told me with a kiss, She told me with a kiss,..... She
colla voce.
f
told me with a kiss.....
6
6

ON THE "UNDERGROUND."

BY F. M. HOLMES.



"NOW, then, there! Any more goin' on!" Bang, slap, crash!

With great vehemence the carriage doors are slammed, and the smart little engine, quickly gathering speed, whirls the train almost out of the station before the late passenger, madly plunging down the stairs, reaches the gate to the platform.

To his breathless expostulations the phlegmatic porter only replies: "'Nother train presently," clips the ticket, and mysteriously disappears.

If he is wise—which he seldom is—the impatient passenger will engage his gigantic intellect with the tablet advertisements so choicely decorating the grimy station walls, or he will examine the contents of the book-stall, or quietly and unostentatiously observe his fellow-travellers.

But the impatient passenger is not wise. He frets and fumes, exclaims against the bad air of the "Sewer," as the Underground Railway is politely termed—worries about the consequence of not being able to keep his appointment, through those wretched trains—wishes he had taken a 'bus—in short, forgets altogether the spirit of the line, by some poet unknown, that "quiet ways are best."

Because, of course, the next train that comes fussing and bustling to the platform is not the train he wants. We never do get what we want in this life, but unmindful of this interesting fact, and also that the true philosophy is to make the best of what we have, our impatient passenger still fumes and frets, until at last, amid the maze of Inner Circles, Putneys, Hammersmiths, Kensingtons, and other trains, he finds his seat.

He is one of those people who travel first-class on the Underground. By 'bus, tram or boat he has to mix with all sorts and conditions of men, but by the Underground he can actually cut himself off from them on luxurious cushions for a minute or two! No second-class will serve his turn, though why the authorities will not adopt the sensible arrangements of the Midland, and refuse to weight their trains with three classes, is a puzzle.

Surely Londoners do not want to be perpetually sorting themselves into three classes for a few minutes' travel! The consequence is that the third are usually densely crowded, while many of the first are empty. One would think that two classes would really afford ample accommodation for the short journeys and lighten materially the weight of the train.

But our impatient passenger bestows himself in the first—because there is not a "firster." He has his reward. The powerful little engine pulls up sharp at the next station, a passenger alights, away steams the train again with breathless eagerness, and oh! horror of horrors! the impatient passenger is left alone with a lady!

Is she an adventuress?

Out of the sides of his eyes he looks with fear and trembling, and catches a similar sidelong glance out of her eyes at him.

"Is he a brute?" she is saying to herself.

They have caught one another's surreptitious looks, and instantly the faces are twitched round and survey the interesting prospect of the dark tunnel walls without.

"Never mind!" mutters the impatient passenger, "we shall soon arrive at the next station." Jerk! the train stops dead. The signals are against it, and here are the two unfortunate passengers, suspicious of each other's company, shut up together! How dull and distant sounds the roar of London. Again the lady steals a sidelong glance at her companion. He is still studying the tunnel wall or buried in his daily paper.

She is quite reassured. He does not seem a brute after all; her purse is quite safe. Her delicately gloved fingers grasps her ivory-handled—or her stalwart-sticked husband-beater—umbrella less firmly. She will not need to use it. Jerk! On steams the train again and quickly they are whirled from solitude to bustle.

The impatient passenger keeps his appointment after all; the phlegmatic porter was quite correct, there was another train in a few minutes, though they seemed hours to him, and at the expiration of the day, after a satisfactory dinner—impatient no longer—he renews his faith in the Underground.

Everybody uses it. The Londoner who has not at some time or other been whirled along its tunnels must be a rarity. It is in a sense a microcosm of London itself; for all classes may be seen in its trains. There may be a few superior beings who, rolling in wealth, roll also in their carriages, and disdain even the padded firsts of the Underground; but even they must at some time have used it, if only to see what it was like.

The workmen use it, so to speak, in their thousands; and no wonder, considering the facilities granted by workmen's tickets. The Metropolitan Company, who own the largest part of the Underground, greatly extended the system of these tickets last June (1892). The fares are very low and the hour up to which the tickets can be bought was extended to 7.30 a.m. The issue of the tickets ranges from St. Mary's, Whitechapel, in the east, to South Kensington, in the west, and northward to Harrow-on-the-Hill.

Book to Bishopsgate, on the Underground, on a Saturday afternoon, say at half-past two or three, and

watch the workmen stream out of the train into the subway connecting the station with the Great Eastern terminus, thence to be whirled away to Walthamstow or Tottenham; or in the early morning, before London is half awake, make your way down to St. Mary's, Whitechapel, or to Aldgate, and see how the workmen of all kinds use the Underground; you may gain some idea of one of the myriad phases of London's many-featured life.

Then, fly round the iron circle—for the main Metropolitan and its rival and yet ally, the Metropolitan District, form together a circle of railway (though not a very geometrical one) around inner London—fly round, and as the day advances notice how more of the leisured and fewer of the industrial classes come into the trains. The good folk then appear who need not reach their offices until nine or ten, or even later. Then come the ladies who are going shopping, or who visit the stores, or who are flying along to see their dearest friend. All classes use the Underground, and if a drunken man or woman should be in the carriage, all boycott him most rigorously. The offending one might be miles away, for all the notice taken. Some may lift their noses high in the air, others bend them pensively to the floor, others gaze thoughtfully straight ahead. The result is the same; the ignoring of the obnoxious one—of any kind—is complete.

At night you see the tired boy fast asleep in a corner after his work, then crowds returning from places of amusement, and at last the Underground, like the huge city it serves, grows a little quieter for a short time. But only for a short time, and the trains soon begin again to run their almost ceaseless round.

So much is it used that contempt of the man who proposed it seems curious now. Yet the idea was treated with great contempt. No end of objections were raised and opposition offered. History is not altogether silent as to the name of the bold man who proposed the audacious idea. Mr. Charles Pearson should be remembered prominently in connection with the scheme, even as is George Stephenson with the improvement of the locomotive and of the railways themselves.

Something was wanted to facilitate the growing traffic of the streets, and the question arose, What was to be done? Why not run a railway underground! was suggested. Of course the croakings were terrible. The croakers had a fine field-day and made their sweet voices heard with a vengeance.

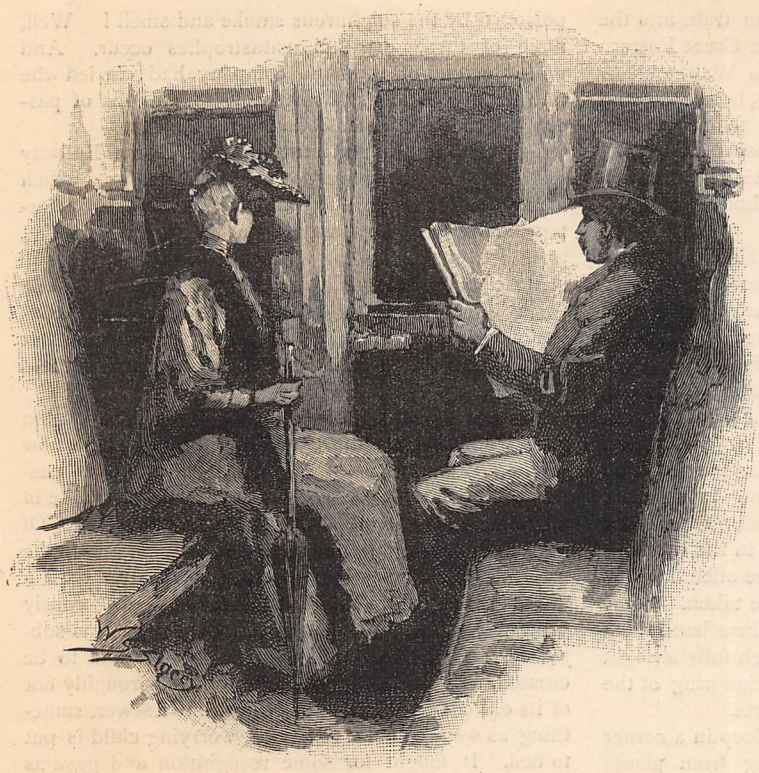
They generally do. Well, well, we must not be too hard on the croakers. Why, I am a croaker myself—sometimes; that is, I do not scruple to criticise schemes of which I do not approve. Every Englishman does the same in this dear land where "Each may say the thing he will!" And quite right too! Sound criticism is often most valuable and leads to improvement; but there is another criticism which is unsound, unscientific, needless, and carping. Of course my criticism is not of this order! But the croakings about the Underground were most alarming. The tunnels would fall in; the houses near by would be shaken to pieces, persons would be poisoned by the sulphurous smoke and smell! Well, none of these dreadful catastrophes occur. And up to the end of 1891 the company had carried the unthinkable number of nearly 1,558 millions of passengers without the loss of a life.

But it was not until the Great Western Railway offered £200,000 towards the undertaking, which would give them access to the City, and the City Corporation offered the same amount to assist in providing an outlet for the growing traffic of the streets, that the scheme began to make headway. Even then the price of the shares continued low, though they gradually rose as the time of opening drew near; but when it was opened and proved an immense success they rose rapidly.

The railway ran from Paddington to Farringdon Street. This part, therefore, of the iron circle now existing is the real old, original Underground; passengers to Paddington can at once see its value in affording them facilities for reaching the City. Of course there were several engineering difficulties in the way. The old river Fleet—now little better than a sewer and popularly known as Fleet Ditch—vigorously protested against the treatment to which it was subjected. Three times its meandering waters had to be crossed, until at last it was taken up very roughly out of its old course and dumped down into a sewer, something as we are told a vexatious, worrying child is put to bed. It fought for some recognition and gave as much trouble as it could, for it burst forth into irruption near King's Cross. But it had to submit to the inevitable and at last hide itself somewhere out of sight in a big drain-pipe.

And yet, less than seventy years ago, it was—according to pictures—quite a pretty little stream at St. Pancras, not far from King's Cross. If only our

"'NOTHER TRAIN PRESENTLY'" (*p.* 22).



"STUDYING THE TUNNEL WALL OR BURIED IN HIS DAILY PAPER" (*p.* 22).

engineers, with all their skill and energy, were not quite so cast-iron in their ideas—if only they had a little more regard for the beautiful in nature and in art! Why did not some genius arise seventy years ago or less and cleanse Fleet Ditch, embank its sides, embower it in trees, bridge it where necessary, and provide an idyllic stream and pathway from Hampstead, where it rose, right through London to the Thames at Blackfriars?

However, the Fleet was disposed of and other difficulties were surmounted; such as the making of light but powerful engines which, like wise persons, should consume their own smoke and steam, and prevent their ill temper from becoming a poisonous nuisance as far as possible to anybody else; carriages had to be lighted by gas, and new signals invented by which trains could, like disasters, follow fast one after the other, but yet, unlike disasters, ever keep a safe space between.

But at length the line was opened. And because of its connection with the Great Western it had a broad, as well as a narrow, gauge of line. All doubts of its success were soon dissipated. On the first day—January 10, 1863—more than 30,000 persons travelled by its trains, and there was great difficulty in getting a seat—a difficulty which is not unknown to-day.

For some seven months the Great Western Railway managed the line—a piece of history which is probably now almost entirely forgotten; but differences arising, the Metropolitan Company began to work it themselves on August 10th, 1863. The double-gauge rails also gave place eventually to the narrow gauge alone. Steel rails, to resist the frequent friction of so many trains running and of the numerous stoppages, came also to replace the original rails, which had steeled surfaces only. They are more costly, but less expensive in the end because they last longer.

The immense success of the Metropolitan led to a flood of proposals. Forthwith a committee sat. That is a way we have, and, notwithstanding some disadvantages and certain delays, it is not a bad way either. The Parliamentary Committees of 1863 and '64 effected quite a railway revolution in London. Their conclusions have really been the basis of subsequent schemes and of subsequent legislation. They laid down the eminently wise principle that no square or open space be taken; that a huge central station was objectionable; that underground railways were preferable to overground; and that no heavy goods traffic pass through the centre of London. Further, they decided to accept the inner-circle scheme of Sir John Fowler, the engineer of the Metropolitan—a circle which would practically unite all the termini of the great railway lines—and they also approved the outer circle scheme.

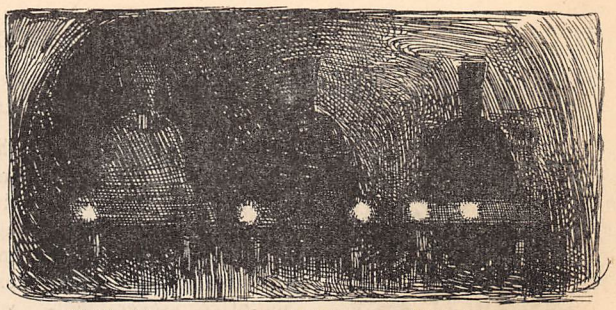
These plans have both been carried out, with extensions and complications extraordinary.

The Midland and Great Northern have pushed their way into the City as well as the Great Western, and in order to do this a splendid piece of engineering work was performed. Their tunnel was brought under the Metropolitan tunnel—which itself is thirty feet below the roadway—and crossing under the line was carried up again to the other side of the Metropolitan. Thus, when a passenger is looking westward at Farringdon Street Station, he may see a Midland or Great Northern train on his left; when, after plunging through the darksome tunnel, he arrives at King's Cross, he finds the same train on his right. From this point, back again to Moorgate Street Station, where the Midland and Great Northern end, the railway is called by the railway officials the widened lines.

The trains rushing round one after the other—some on the inner circle alone, and others to various extensions or offshoots—are worked on a strict block and electric lock system, by which a space of line is maintained between each train; and by means of the machinery itself, the signalman is assisted to maintain the block, should he at any time forget what he has done. Notwithstanding, however, the very long time which the railway is necessarily worked—from about five in the morning to twelve or half-past at midnight—the

average hours of a signalman are about eight. In the same way throughout the line the men work in two batches.

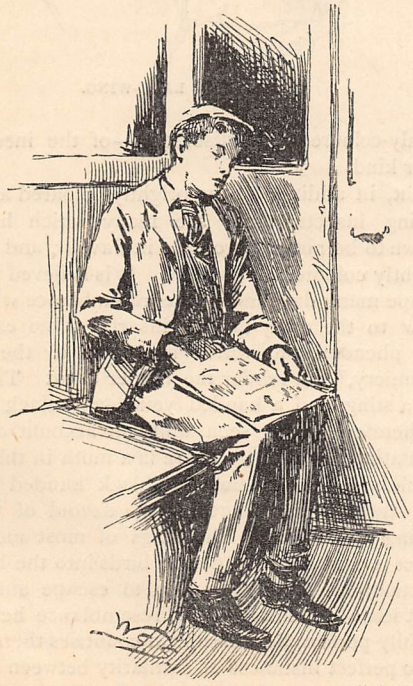
Now look at one of the powerful little engines, painted a dark red, as it comes rushing into a station with its long line of carriages. The strong vacuum brake—for the Metropolitan have settled the "battle of the brakes" by adopting the "vacuum"—pulls up the train sharp and we can glance at the engine from the platform. Those two pipes from the cylinders to tanks on either side the huge barrel of the boiler, carry the steam after it has done its work, to a cold water bath in the tank, there to be condensed back again to water. And as the cold water becomes warm with the constant influx of the steam, it is ejected at certain intervals and fresh cold water taken in.



ENGINE HEAD-LIGHTS (DISTRICT RAILWAY).

At some places the engineers may blow off the steam—engines being like some people who must get rid of their steam somehow—and each engineer is supplied with a diagram showing the parts of the tunnels where, by reason of blow-holes, or other openings to the upper air, the steam may be thus exhausted. The fact remains, however, that the greater part is condensed in the tanks, which are often refreshed with cold water for the purpose.

Then, that one white light on the engine's right hand means that it is an inner circle train, condemned for ever to whirl around the tunnels from Aldgate unto Aldgate; or if it bears two white lights, one on either side, it may escape the "vicious" circle and rush away to enjoy itself at beautiful Richmond, while if it have one white light on the buffer-beam, and one at the foot of the funnel, it has something to do with Hammersmith, and according to the side on which the buffer-beam light appears, it depends whether the journey is through the City to Aldgate, or whether the train plunge under the Thames to come up bright and smiling at New Cross in the south-eastern district. On the District system these same dispositions of the head-lights have quite different significations, as our artist shows.


"THE TIRED BOY FAST ASLEEP IN A CORNER" (*p.* 23).

As for the St. John's Wood branch, its trains scornfully refuse to join in the mad whirl of the inner circle; its passengers must alight if they wish to mingle in that wild diversion; it heads away—largely through the open country—to Chesham and Aylesbury, by virtue of which the Metropolitan is becoming something more than a part of the Underground.

And what is its trunk line and terminus—or can it be said to have either? Well, so far as a circle can be said to have a terminus, Aldgate—where the bend round from Mark Lane comes in and completes the circle—appears to fulfil that function, though even then there are trains that run on to St. Mary's, Shadwell, and New Cross. In fact its limbs extend from New Cross in the south-east to Chesham in the north-west, and to Richmond in the west. But its trunk might be described as from Aldgate to South Kensington.

The Metropolitan has now an extent of 51¾ miles, with its lines to Chesham and Aylesbury, while its huge capital-expenditure has risen to £11,763,280, and it pays an average dividend of some three per cent. on its ordinary shares. The Metropolitan District is even more expensive, for its thirteen miles of line, with its extension to Putney, has a capital of £8,214,019. The building of the Underground has been a mighty undertaking, exhibiting much high-spirited enterprise and immense engineering skill and ingenuity, while the facilities afforded to London locomotion are simply enormous. In a comparatively few minutes the traveller can be whirled away from the western suburbs to the City or East End, or along the river to Hammersmith, Putney, or Richmond. So great has been the development of railway enterprise in London that there are now some 200 stations altogether in the metropolitan area, and even this large number is likely to be increased by the influx of electric railways. But it may be taken for granted that they will run underground, so intimately has that once-despised idea become woven into the life of the people of London.

IMITATION, TRUE AND FALSE.

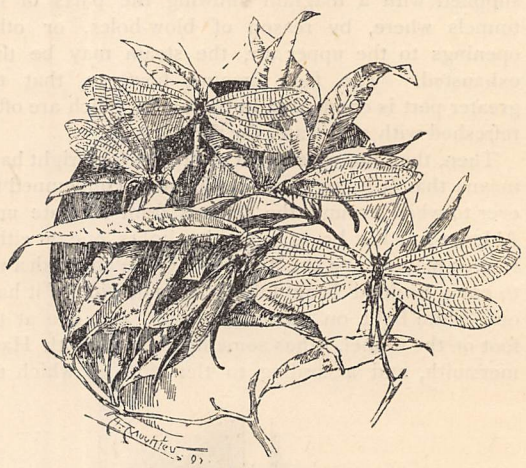
BY FRANK BEDDARD, M.A., F.R.S., PROSECTOR TO THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

IN the later months of summer a handsome green fly makes its appearance, often in such great numbers that every tree-trunk affords a resting-place to several individuals. It is not necessary to go farther away from home than the wilds of Regent's Park to see this insect. It has a bright green body and also delicate gauzy wings, on account of which it has received the name of the "Lace-winged Fly."

Although beautiful enough to the eye, this insect will not by any means charm another sense which is often brought into play in judging of the merits of animals: it has an odour which appears to be unrivalled for strength and nastiness in the insect world, and which disgusts not only the comparatively refined senses of our species, but also the blunter susceptibilities of birds—which creatures, as a rule, severely let it alone. Hence its abundance and universal presence in suitable localities in this country. To a certain extent, however, and in another sense, the birds are a good deal greener than the fly, for it is only some individuals which have the disagreeable smell and (presumably) taste; but, fortunately for the insect, birds appear to be just intelligent enough to grasp what force there is in the expression, *Ex uno disce omnes*, and not quite up to the level of comprehending the truth of the proverb, "No rule without exceptions." An unfortunate venture or two was enough to convince its insect-eating foes that the "Lace-winged Fly" was too strongly flavoured a morsel even for the most hungry of birds. The immunity of the race as a whole, is thus due to a few individuals who have happened, luckily for the majority, to render themselves offensive to their enemies.

This kind of deception appears to be more widely spread than has been hitherto believed. It is generally held that insects can be divided into two classes—those which are conspicuous, and those which are inconspicuous. The inconspicuous insects pass their lives in peaceful seclusion, and often reach a green old age by virtue of their invisibility. The conspicuous insects, on the other hand, are believed to be, to some extent, sheltered by their very conspicuousness, which, without further explanation, will probably strike the reader as rather too pronounced a paradox. The explanation is this: it has often been found by experiment that such brightly coloured insects have either an unpleasant flavour, or, by possessing a sting, are undesirable articles of food. Hence it is to their advantage to duly advertise to the insect-eating world in general their inedibility. Many brightly-tinted insects are, therefore, walking advertisements—frequently highly-coloured advertisements—of the inedibility of their kind.

PARASITIC FLY, MIMIC OF BUMBLE BEES.



COMMON LACE-WING.

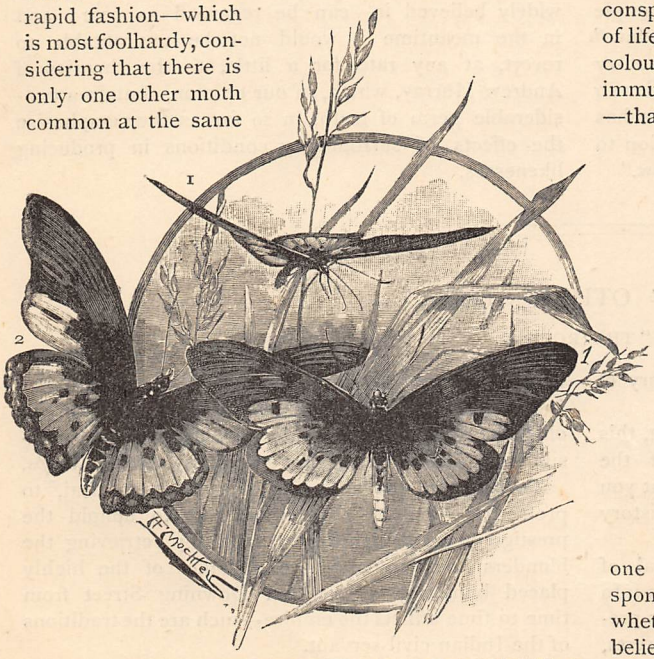
But, in addition to the brightly-coloured and bitter-tasting insects, there are many which have been shown to be not disagreeable in flavour, and yet are as brightly coloured as possible. It is believed that these escape many dangers by the resemblance which they show to the nasty-tasting insects. One example of this phenomenon, which is known by the name of "mimicry," will render the matter clear. The hornet has a sting and a banded yellow-and-black body; it is, therefore, easily seen, and, on account of its evil reputation, let alone. There is a moth in this country which has also a yellow-and-black banded abdomen and transparent wings nearly devoid of the fluffy scaling which covers the wings of most moths; this insect is considered to delude birds into the belief that it actually is a hornet, and so to escape annihilation, or at least decimation. The resemblance here is wonderfully perfect, but in tropical countries there are even more perfect instances of similarity between a noxious and innocuous insect.

The current theory on the subject is that the resemblance has been gradually produced through a long series of generations, those which showed most likeness to the model escaping destruction and handing on this useful quality to their offspring, until it ultimately reached the perfection we now see. In the particular instance of the wasp, there is a solid enough reason for imitation on the part of the moth; it is a case of the ass in the lion's skin, though (it is thought) with a happier result. The ass foolishly forgot to act up to his disguise. The moth, it is said, not only looks like a wasp or hornet, but writhes its abdomen about in a suggestive way, as if about to sting, and actually smells like a hornet; it does its very best to play a difficult part, and reaps an undeserved reward for its duplicity.

So far, we have been dealing with one of the most familiar facts of zoology, familiar to everyone who reads the current popular literature of the subject; but the problems involved in the phenomena termed "mimicry" are not so simple as they are generally made out to be. The very obviousness of the current explanation, ingenious though it is, ought to be a warning against its too hasty acceptance.

We find in Nature plenty of examples of likeness, more or less pronounced, between insects, birds, reptiles, and almost every group of animals, which cannot always be explained on the principle of utility, and which cannot, therefore, be due to Natural Selection.

In some parts of Germany, in the very early spring months, a gaily-coloured moth, which has no less technical a name than *Brephos nothum*, is very common. This insect flies in a rapid fashion—which is most foolhardy, considering that there is only one other moth common at the same time, and that, insects generally being then scarce, birds would be apt to take them more. This other moth, though belonging to quite a different family, is an absolute copy of the first, and they are both highly conspicuous, not only in their colour, but in their way of life. If there were plenty of other moths, the bright colours of these two might possibly secure them some immunity by conveying the impression—true or false—that both were unpleasantly flavoured. One of the two might in that case be trading on the reputation of the other, and thus furnish an example of mimicry. But in a season when insect life is not abundant, a bird's appetite would be apt to be less fanciful, and therefore not much advantage would be derived by the insect, even if it were unpalatable—which has yet to be proved. Some other cause must be at work here, of which at present we know nothing.



1. PSEUDACRŒA BOIS-DUVALLII, IN COLOUR MIMICKING NO. 2 FOR PROTECTION, BUT OF WHOLLY DISTINCT SPECIES FROM EGINA.
2. ACRŒA EGINA, SPECIES OF BUTTERFLY PROTECTED BY ITS ODOUR.

BUTTERFLIES MIMICKING THE LEAVES.

The classical instance of mimicry is afforded by certain South American butterflies. A whole group belonging to that division, typified in this country by that ubiquitous insect the "Garden White," have taken on the livery of quite a distinct family of butterflies, the Heliconias. Down to almost the minutest particular the one group has imitated the other, species corresponding to species. The imitation in this case, whether flattering or not, is certainly sincere, and is believed to be successful in protecting the model from the attacks of birds. Many of the Heliconias have been shown to be spurned as food on account of their odour and taste, which do not meet the views of birds and monkeys; others, on the contrary, are in the

same position as the Lace-winged Fly, mentioned at the beginning of this article—that is to say, a few individuals only are odoriferous, to the profit of the rest. There appears thus to be a motive for the mimicry. But two rather important facts are often insufficiently dwelt upon when this matter is explained to the scientific, as well as the non-scientific, public. In the first place, many of the mimicking "Whites," instead of being palatable, have an odour which is "disagreeable to human noses;" secondly, it has been argued that those same butterflies have not gone so far out of their road in their imitation of the Heliconias as is generally assumed. Fritz Müller has come to the conclusion that those forms which most resemble the Heliconias are the most ancient, so that comparatively little modification was needed to convert one of these butterflies into the very model of a Heliconia. But if it has a disagreeable taste, what is the use of its trading on the reputation of another insect? Would it not be equally advantageous for it to do business on its own account?

But the most remarkable case of a close resemblance between two insects which can be of no advantage to either is shown by the European butterfly *Vanessa levana*, an ally of our "Tortoiseshell." In the Argentine Republic there is a butterfly so like it that even an experienced entomologist would at first put them down as belonging to the same species; and, curiously enough, both butterflies occasionally show an identical variation. As a matter of fact, these insects do not even belong to the same genus. The resemblance must be due to similar climatic conditions, or to some obscure cause of that kind. Europe and the Argentine Republic furnish another example of the same kind. The common "Clouded Yellow" butterfly so abundant in some seasons in this country has a well-marked variety which is much paler in colour. A closely-allied form in the Argentine has also a variety which bears about the same relation to it as does the pale variety to the "Clouded Yellow."

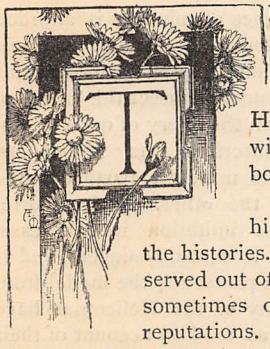
No theory of mimicry will explain this. In a certain circumscribed area of forest in South America Dr. Seitz found the insect fauna almost entirely blue in colour.

1. HORNET HAWK MOTHS.
2. MIMICKING REAL HORNETS.

Out of twenty butterflies ten were entirely blue, and the remaining ten partially blue. Nor was blue confined to the butterflies: other insects showed the same prevailing hue. We have, in fact, a good deal to do before the ingenious theory of mimicry—so widely believed in—can be regarded as true; and in the meantime it would not be unprofitable to revert, at any rate for a little, to the theories of Andrew Murray, which, in our opinion, contain a considerable germ of truth, in so far as they emphasise the effects of surrounding conditions in producing likenesses.

"THAT OTHER STORY."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ROCK OF KAZIM," ETC. ETC.



THIS is that other story of the Rock of Kazim.

Properly speaking, this story is a part of the History of England; but you will not find it in the history books.

There is a good deal of history which never gets into the histories. Silence is sometimes preserved out of regard for public interests, sometimes out of respect for personal reputations. The facts are known and discussed in certain circles, but do not get beyond the official or professional classes which are chiefly interested in them. This is especially the case in our Indian Empire, where an exceptionally able body of officials are animated by a deep feeling of their responsibilities and bound together by a strong *esprit de corps*.

To maintain the authority of the British "Raj," to protect the native population, and to uphold the prestige of the British Government, by retrieving the blunders and screening the mistakes of the highly placed bunglers, with whom Downing Street from time to time afflicts the empire—such are the traditions of the Indian civil servant.

The history of the Rock of Kazim is well known among Anglo-Indians of the last generation; and it is possible that the confidential communication upon this subject, which General Bamford addressed to the

Government of India over thirty years ago, may still be in existence among other long-forgotten and dust-covered despatches.

But even if this document could be got at, some scruples might arise as to the propriety of publishing it, and certain interesting particulars would assuredly be omitted from it—notably, the name of Miss Mary Bamford.

General Bamford belonged to the old school; he thought that, except upon the battle-field, the making of history was not a fit pursuit for a gentleman; and that, without exception, it was a most unbecoming one for a lady.

It was Mary's duty to be good and lady-like, as her mother had been before her: if she could be pretty as well, so much the better; but her father would have been scandalised by the suggestion that she might contribute anything towards the history of her country. At the same time, he was extremely fond and proud of her; and it was a great addition to his happiness when she came out to Dareen, where the general had been appointed Governor.

Dareen is known as one of the hottest and most arid spots in her Majesty's dominions, but its position makes it of the highest importance from a strategic point of view; and at the time of General Bamford's governorship this importance had been brought home in a striking manner to the official mind by two comparatively recent events, the opening of the Overland Route, followed within a few years by the catastrophe of the Indian Mutiny.

It was a period when we were anxiously inspecting the weak joints in our armour, and it was generally agreed that the fortifications of Dareen wanted overhauling; at the same time, doubts were expressed at headquarters whether General Bamford was altogether competent to decide on certain knotty points, which would have to be referred to him.

"Bamford's a first-rate officer, in his own line," said the military secretary to his chief, Sir Richard Purcell. "He'd lead his men into the lower regions, if the Queen's service lay in that direction: and what's more, he'd get the men to follow him, as they'd trust him to fight his way up again; but if you come to a matter of brains!——" and the secretary's pause was more eloquent than his speech.

"We must give him a good assistant," said Sir Richard. "Can't supersede Bamford, you know. Victoria Cross man, lost his left arm in action, and is one of the Bamfords of Bamfordbury. His eldest brother has sat for the county these twenty years or more. Can't bring a hornets' nest upon us by getting rid of him. Whom shall we send?"

"Fancourt?" said the secretary interrogatively.

"You don't mean that boy Morrell was speaking about, do you? Who is he?"

"Oh! a mere nobody. He's a clever lad, and a modest one, and he hasn't any powerful friends, so you'll have no difficulty in getting rid of him whenever it suits you."

Sir Richard looked sharply at the secretary and wondered whether he meant to be cynical; but the secretary's face expressed nothing but the most impassive matter-of-fact. He had merely stated an undeniable truth.

"Well, then, send Fancourt," said Sir Richard.

"Shall I tell him to come here, first of all? It may be best to give him his instructions verbally."

"Why? What's that for? Can't you write to the man?"

"Certainly, if you wish it. What am I to tell him?"

"To go to Dareen, of course, as political assistant to General Bamford."

"Yes?"

"Well, and tell him——" Sir Richard stopped and looked at the secretary, whose quiet face merely expressed a polite and even deferential attention. "What would you say?" he added after a pause.

"Say or write?" queried the secretary.

"Where's the difference?" asked Sir Richard.

"Well, the difference is about this: The instructions we really want to give run somewhat in this style, 'You've got to go to Dareen, and keep that old duffer, General Bamford, as straight as you can. He's too well laid on for us to get rid of him, and he's not a bad old fellow in a general way. Under ordinary circumstances he'd do well enough at Dareen, but we are afraid of his mulling things as they stand at present. You've got to keep him out of mischief as well as you can. Here's a chance given you to be useful, and it's only by being useful that you can hope to get on.' I don't quite see how to word those instructions in a non-committal fashion on paper."

"And am I to understand that, in an interview with this young man, you would allude to his superior officer in such terms as those?" asked Sir Richard, with a touch of indignation in his voice.

"It would be quite unnecessary. I tell you that Fancourt is quick-witted—that is the ground of my recommendation; when we are face to face with each other, he will understand me without forcing me to speak out."

"Well, have it your own way," said Sir Richard.

The secretary had it his own way, and after a brief visit to headquarters Lieutenant Fancourt of the Bombay Staff Corps embarked on a P. and O. steamer on his way to Dareen.

General Bamford was duly apprised of his approaching arrival, and found a letter to that effect when he returned one morning to breakfast, after taking an early ride with his daughter Mary.

The English mail had also come in that morning, and Miss Bamford was looking at her share of the correspondence.

A sudden exclamation of pleasure caused her father to look up from his own letters.

"Oh, papa!—only fancy! Agatha says that Dick Fancourt is likely to be sent to Dareen. Won't it be delightful to see somebody who knows dear old Bamfordbury?"

Agatha was Mary's cousin and faithful correspondent. The girls had been brought up together

in the quiet rectory at Bamfordbury, where the motherless little Anglo-Indian girl had spent a happy childhood in her uncle's house.

"Fancourt!" repeated the general, referring to an official letter. "Why, that's the name of the man they are sending me as assistant; but what on earth has he got to do with Bamfordbury?"

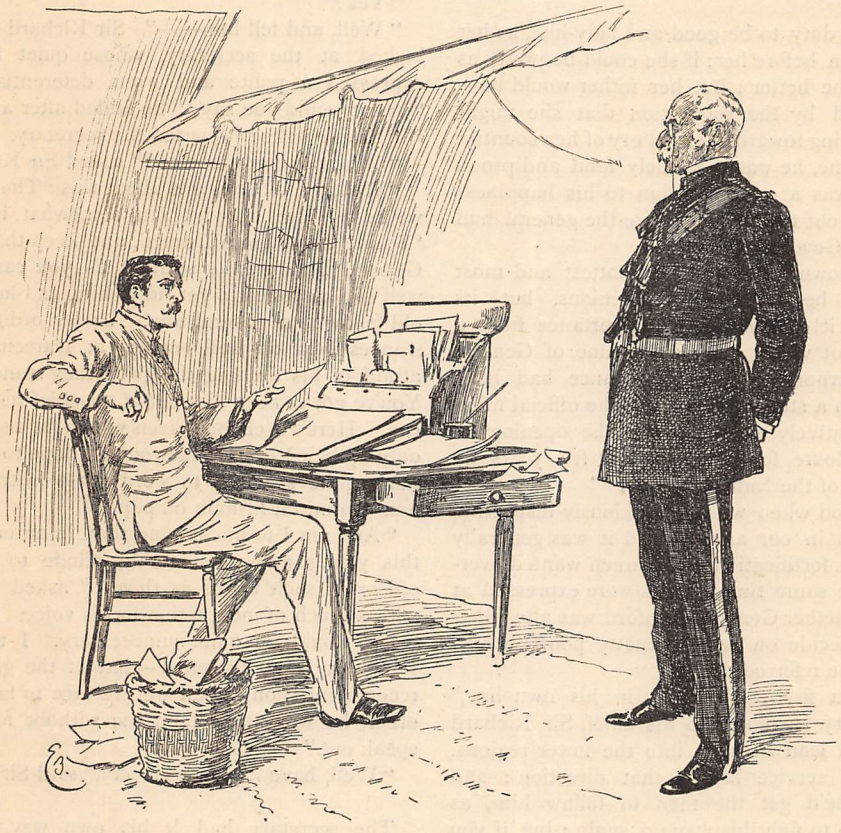
"He lives there," said Mary. "At least, he lives there when he's at home."

"Fancourt! Fancourt!" repeated the general.

Mary preserved a discreet silence, while the general exhausted himself in questions and exclamations. At last he paused for want of breath, and looked at his daughter as though he expected her to answer his perplexities.

"Uncle Stephen had a high opinion of him," she remarked.

"Your Uncle Stephen is a—Radical. At heart, he's not much better than one," said the general, softening down a little the enormity of the first accusation.



"'CAN'T SUPERSEDE BAMFORD, YOU KNOW'" (*p.* 29).

"There must be some mistake. There's no one called Fancourt living at Bamfordbury, unless it's old Farmer Fancourt of Townley End;" and he ended with a chuckle of amusement at so preposterous an idea.

"Dick Fancourt is his grandson," said Mary.

"His grandson! Old Richard Fancourt's grandson in the army!—an officer and in the Staff Corps! Whatever will the service come to? What the—whatever did he mean by sending his grandson into the army, I should like to know? And what does Sir Richard mean by sending him here to me? Why, I'm blessed if I shan't have to sit at the same dinner-table with the fellow! Did you ever hear of such a piece of presumptuous folly in your life? Old Fancourt's son as an officer!"

"And Uncle Horace asked him to dinner just before he went out to India," continued Mary.

Her father looked at her in speechless amazement.

"Do you mean to say," he faltered out at last, "that my brother Horace asked old Fancourt's grandson to dine with him at the Hall? Well, well! I'm getting an old man, and I'm glad of it. I don't understand these new-fangled ways. If that's the way the world's going, the sooner one gets out of it the better."

"But, papa," urged Mary, "it is quite different from what you think. Dick Fancourt was such a nice boy, so clever and well-mannered! He really is quite a gentleman."

The general shook his head sadly.

"Clever enough, I dare say. Book-learning and good manners can both be picked up; but, mark my words, Mary, he won't have the instincts of a gentleman."

Mary was too wise to contradict her father, and made no reply to his remark. He did not seem altogether pleased with her silence, and presently added—

"You have always been so steady and prudent, my dear, I have never had a fault to find with your conduct; but you will understand that Dareen is not Bamfordbury, and that this unfortunate acquaintance with Mr. Fancourt in the past is not to entitle him to any intimacy with us in the future. I also observe you speak of him as 'Dick.' He should be Mr. Fancourt to you, even in your own thoughts."

"Perhaps I shall do better if I don't think about him at all," said Mary, laughing; but she was a little vexed, all the same, and thought a good deal more about Mr. Fancourt than she had intended to do.

Indeed, she thought so much about him that it was not wonderful she was disappointed, when they met at last.

The five years which had passed since he had left Bamfordbury had transformed the frank, lively boy into a grave and quietly observant man; the fresh young face had grown thin and dark; the eager voice, merry and impetuous by turns, had been changed for the deliberate tones of the Anglo-Indian; while the old friendly manner was replaced by a somewhat distant courtesy.

The secretary had not been mistaken when he called Richard Fancourt quick-witted. He had come to Dareen full of pleasant anticipations, hoping, as Mary had done, that he should be able to talk over old times and the old home with his playfellow of former years. How pleasant it would be to meet someone who knew Bamfordbury! thought the young man. And how specially pleasant when the someone was the bright young girl who, next to the rector himself, had been the chief attraction to him at the old rectory-house. He had not been so unreasonable as to hope for a friend in the general such as the Rev. Stephen Bamford had been to him; the secretary's hints would have been enough to prevent that. But he rather expected to meet with the sort of dignified patronage which Sir Horace Bamford had extended to him as the worthy scion of an old retainer's family and a lad who reflected credit on the Bamfordbury estate.

He had not, however, been ten minutes in the general's presence without discovering that he was not to presume upon his previous intimacy with the family.

If he had heard the general's remarks to his daughter he could not have more thoroughly understood his feelings than he did after that first short interview.

The stiff chilliness with which the general answered his reference to Bamfordbury, and the curtness with which he replied to a polite inquiry about Miss Bamford's health, were enough to tell Fancourt that his superior resented his previous acquaintance with both place and person as if it were a bit of wilful impertinence.

For a moment he felt the disappointment keenly: the next he smiled at himself for his folly, told himself that he had not come to Dareen for the purpose of talking sentiment; and before the general had noticed any pause in the conversation he had turned it into an official channel, where it remained during the rest of the interview.

It was not till after Fancourt had left that the general remembered, with something like dismay, that he had omitted to show the slightest hospitality towards his visitor. As a rule, he was as hospitable and open-handed as Anglo-Indians generally are, and, but for his unfortunate antecedents, it would have been a foregone conclusion that the young man would be asked to dinner that evening, even if he had not been invited to stay at the Government House till he could find suitable quarters for himself. There was only one hotel in those days at Dareen, and it was so hot and ill-kept, people never thought of allowing their friends to stay there.

General Bamford could not prevail on himself to invite old Fancourt's grandson to sleep under his roof, but at least he must ask his assistant to dine with him that evening. He sent down a chaprasi to the hotel with a note to that effect.

The messenger returned shortly before dinner, saying that he had not been able to deliver the letter to Mr. Fancourt. He had returned to his hotel, but had left again shortly afterwards, and no one knew when to expect him back.

"Why, where's Mr. Fancourt?" exclaimed Mary, as she and her father sat down alone together that evening.

She had given orders to lay dinner for three, never doubting that Fancourt would be with them.

"It is very unfortunate," said the general. "I don't think I was ever so forgetful before. But we got engrossed in our conversation, and I let him go without asking him to dine here. I sent down a note to the hotel, but he'd gone off—nobody knew where: a strange thing to do, I must say."

"What a pity! But I'm glad your conversation was so interesting. He's very nice, isn't he? What did he say about me?"

"He didn't say anything beyond a formal inquiry after your health. He knew his place too well for that, I'm happy to say. I hope you will show as much discretion, Mary."

"Dear father, have you ever found me wanting in that way?"

"No, no. I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, my dear. Of course not. You've always been a good girl. Why, bless my soul, you're not going to cry?"

There was such unmistakable alarm expressed in the general's last words that Mary could not help laughing, in spite of her vexation.

"That's right!" he exclaimed, much relieved. "You've always been a sensible girl;" and then the two settled down after dinner to their usual game of

chess, and there was no more questions of Mr. Fancourt that evening.

When he reappeared the next morning, he found the general in a somewhat apologetic frame of mind.

Fancourt, after politely expressing his regret at having been out of the way the previous evening, explained that he had been looking for quieter quarters than the hotel afforded, and that he had already succeeded in establishing himself in a suitable bungalow. Then he plunged at once into business, as if he quite understood that it was impossible the general should be interested in his personal concerns.

There were various outlying parts of Dareen to be inspected, and a great deal of work to be done.

Fancourt took the general's instructions with all the deference which became his subordinate position, making his own suggestions and amplifications with so much tact that his superior believed them to emanate from himself.

The work thus planned out kept Fancourt too busy to give him much time for social intercourse, and it was not till he had been a fortnight at Dareen that he accepted an invitation to a formal dinner which General Bamford was giving to the station.

Even then he grumbled to himself at the exigencies of his position, which made it impossible for him to decline the tardy and grudgingly offered hospitality.

He no longer looked forward to meeting Mary Bamford again. She had been a charming young girl at sixteen. He had rather keep that early impression, and not run the risk of having it destroyed by General Bamford's daughter.

After a long day's ride, he barely returned to the station in time to dress for dinner, and the room seemed full of people when he reached the house.

He was preoccupied with his discoveries of the preceding fortnight. The evidences of mismanagement and incapacity exceeded what he had expected, and he felt almost overpowered by the responsibilities of his position.

For the moment he had forgotten Mary's very existence, and passed her without knowing her as he walked up to General Bamford.

"Mr. Fancourt—Miss Bamford," said the general, introducing them.

Fancourt bowed, and the two would have met like strangers if Mary had not frankly held out her hand to him.

"Mr. Fancourt, I believe you have forgotten me!" she exclaimed.

There was a little pique but more astonishment in her voice. She was not accustomed to be forgotten.

A sudden look of pleasure and surprise brightened the young man's face.

"It would be impossible for me to forget," he replied, "but you must remember, I never knew you as Miss Bamford. When we were at home——"

"Will you take my daughter in to dinner, Colonel Fincham?" broke in General Bamford.

His evident desire to interrupt their conversation brought a conscious blush to Mary's face, and though Fancourt's dark, grave features did not betray his feelings, they might have been gathered from the fact that he did not claim Mary's notice again that evening.

He mixed quietly with other guests, talking little himself, but listening to the remarks and opinions of his companions with a deference and an interest which quite won old Colonel Fincham's heart.

"A very well-mannered young fellow, that new assistant of yours," he remarked to the general. "Pity it is that so many of the best men get into that —that Staff Corps. I'd like to have him in the regiment."

General Bamford answered only by a growl; but his companion's words were not without effect on him. Colonel Fincham was not only an old friend and comrade, but he came of even a better family than the general himself.

By the time Fancourt had been a month at Dareen, his superior began to forget the suspicions with which he had originally regarded him. The young man never again alluded to Bamfordbury, and kept at a respectful distance from Miss Bamford.

But there was no sullenness about his reserve, and he proved a model assistant, full of zeal and energy, yet never wanting in due deference to his superior. His whole interest seemed centred in his work, and he did not appear to have a thought outside the public service.

Indeed, Fancourt's position was at this period an anxious and engrossing one. In some respects, he had succeeded beyond his hopes in getting the general to sanction necessary alterations. The water supply had been improved, and the coal supplies protected in accordance with his plans.

But there was one point on which the general was not to be moved. Fancourt could not make him see the necessity for annexing the Rock of Kazim.

It was rather a joke with the station in general, that Fancourt should wish to annex a desolate little island, seventy miles from Dareen, with no population and no produce—a perfectly useless possession, they all said.

In vain Fancourt urged that the Rock ought to be annexed as a matter of precaution, lest any foreign Power should take possession of the place, and so obtain command of the route between England and India. His prophecies met with the fate of Cassandra's.

His subordinate position added to the young man's embarrassment. He felt certain his view would be adopted if he could lay it before the authorities at headquarters; but it was impossible for him to go behind his superior officer and make a communication on his own account; while the general flatly declined to mention what he looked upon as a perfectly preposterous scheme.

At the end of a long day's work, Fancourt was riding home after inspecting the last and most distant of the water-tanks, which had at length been put into thorough repair.

As he passed within sight of the Government

House, he recalled the pleasant anticipations with which he had first come to Dareen, and he felt a bitter sense of disappointment as he reflected how they had failed to be realised.

Instead of renewing his early intimacy with Mary Bamford, he had only seen her in the most formal manner. He had not ventured to make any advances towards greater friendliness, as it was essential to his work that he should keep upon good terms with the general.

At the same time, his position threw him tolerably often into her presence, and the old charm she had exercised over him revived anew—all the more strongly, perhaps, from the tantalising nature of his intercourse with her.

He had not even the consolation of knowing that his self-denial had done any good. Much, it was true, had been accomplished at Dareen, but the weak spot at Kazim might at any time make all the other precautions unavailing and turn Dareen itself into a comparatively useless possession.

But Fancourt was not a man to waste time in idle regrets; he made a careful review of his position, and decided that it was an untenable one. He would write at once to his friend, the secretary, tell him he could do nothing more at Dareen, and ask to be relieved from a false position.

After these months of bondage and self-repression he longed to feel once again a free man, though he hardly knew whether he wanted his liberty to tell Mary Bamford he loved her, or to let the secretary know what he thought about the Rock of Kazim.

He rode on quickly to his bungalow, and after his solitary dinner he was on the point of writing his letter, when he was interrupted by a chaprasi who brought him two notes from Government House.

The first was a friendly little letter from the Rev. Stephen Bamford, which he had enclosed in one to his brother, the general.

"Rather an odd thing for your uncle to do, Mary," complained General Bamford, who had a knack of holding his daughter responsible for the shortcomings of their English relations.

"You would not have liked Agatha to enclose it in mine," replied Mary, "and half-crowns are not too plentiful at the rectory."

Half-a-crown was the cost of sending two letters to Dareen in those days.

"Well," said the general, "if Stephen chose to marry a woman without a penny, he must take the consequences. You see, Mary, the shifts people are put to when they marry imprudently."

"They are very happy," said Mary, with a sigh.

Her father looked at her sharply, and wondered whether she had any nonsense in her head.

He suddenly remembered the interest she had expressed in Fancourt, and the suspicions he had consequently entertained respecting that young man.

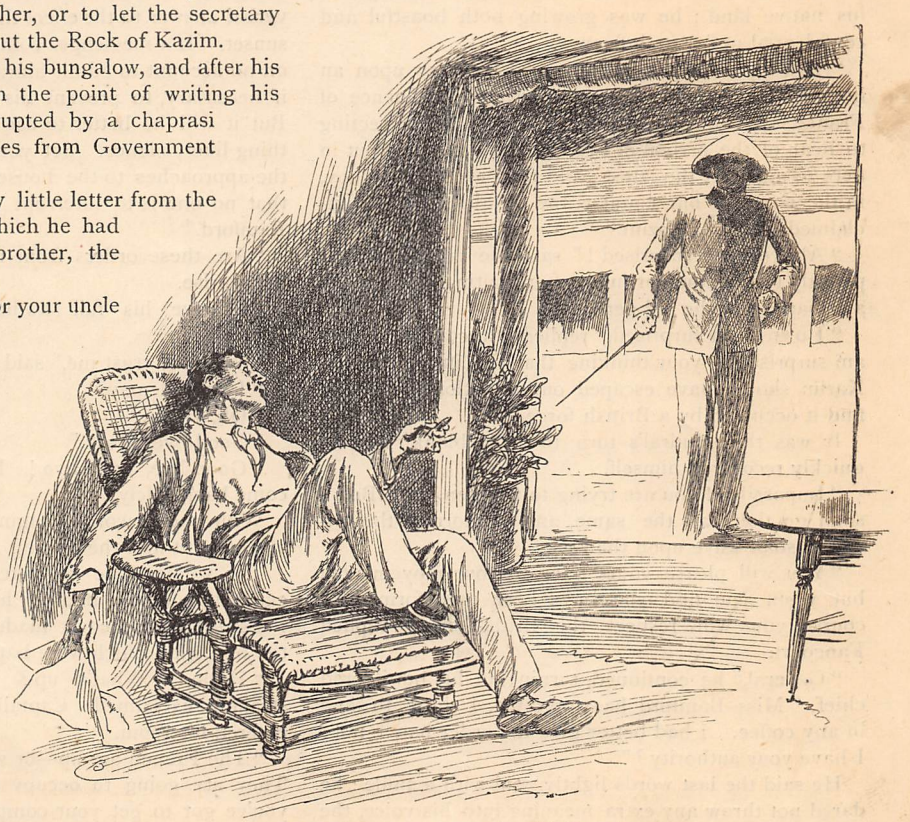
But Fancourt had never betrayed any interest in Mary. Could that be the reason of her sigh? In spite of his prejudices and suspicions, the general was extremely fond and proud of his daughter, and a sudden and most unreasonable irritation came over him at the young man's blindness to her charm.

All the other men in the station were Mary's humble admirers, always ready to strive for the honour of her notice. Fancourt alone stood aloof, and, of course, like a woman, Mary must needs think more of the one man who showed his indifference to her, than of all the others who were ready to throw themselves at her feet.

The general looked at his daughter in perplexity. He would have liked to question her and remonstrate with her, but he did not know how to begin.

Mary smiled a little at his bewildered countenance, but was evidently in no mood to be confidential.

"Don't forget that Admiral Leconte lunches with us to-morrow," she remarked.



"'YOU'RE MAD, FANCOURT'" (*p.* 35).

A French ship had put in at Dareen that afternoon, there had been an interchange of civilities, and the French admiral had accepted an invitation to lunch on the following day, intending to pursue his journey in the evening.

"Shall I ask anyone to meet him?" continued Mary. "Colonel Fincham is down with fever, and Major Lisle won't be back from shooting till the evening."

"Ask Fancourt!" exclaimed the general. "He's sure to know French—like he knows everything else—confound him!"

So Fancourt's second letter was a polite invitation to lunch with General Bamford on the following day, in order to meet Admiral Leconte.

Circumstances favoured him, as no one else was present besides the general and his foreign guest; and while they were occupied with each other, Fancourt had his first uninterrupted talk with Mary.

The letters of the previous day formed an easy introduction to more intimate subjects—the old home and the old days—and it was not till Mary had left the room that Fancourt found leisure to attend to the conversation of his elders.

He then noticed that the admiral was getting rather excited. General Bamford prided himself on the excellence of his cellar, and after a plentiful supply of champagne, the Frenchman was drinking old port as freely as if it had been one of the lighter vintages of his native land; he was growing both boastful and confidential under its influence.

"Yes, my friend," he went on, "I am now upon an important mission. I go to revive the influence of France in these seas. Every moment I am expecting to hear of the arrival of two of our ships; they put in here to-night, at the latest; and then we go to occupy, in the name of our country, the uninhabited and unclaimed island of Kazim."

"Ah, you are surprised!" said the admiral triumphantly to the younger man, after waiting in vain for a remark from the old general.

"I own I am surprised," replied Fancourt. "But I am surprised at your thinking that the importance of Kazim should have escaped our attention. You will find it occupied by a British force."

It was the admiral's turn to look blank, but he quickly recovered himself.

"Impossible! you are trying to frighten me. But I shall go there all the same, and to-morrow the tricolour shall wave upon the rock."

"You will please yourself as to your movements; but when you find you have been misinformed, of course you will respect the British flag," replied Fancourt.

"General," he continued, turning to his bewildered chief, "Miss Bamford has forgotten, I think, to send in any coffee. I had better give the order had I not? I have your authority?"

He said the last words lightly, and with a smile: he dared not throw any extra meaning into his voice, the admiral was quite sufficiently wide-awake to detect him; but he trusted the general had caught the sense.

"Yes, yes; my full authority," he replied.

"Is the ordering of coffee such a serious matter?" asked the Frenchman suspiciously.

"I am interfering in a department which does not belong to me, and that is always a dangerous experiment," replied Fancourt, laughing; and then he closed the door behind him, crossed the entrance-hall into the drawing-room, and stepped out into the verandah, which commanded a view of the harbour and the sea beyond.

Far away on the horizon, the French ships were already in sight; their masts stood out clearly against the blue sky, and the sun caught the white sails which had not yet been superseded on the man-of-war. But between the ships and the shore lay a small black object, the sight of which made Fancourt's heart leap. It was the hull of a steamer making for the harbour.

"You are much interested in the view, Mr. Fancourt." It was Mary Bamford who spoke.

"I am watching those ships," replied Fancourt. "Your father and I are in a difficulty about them, and we want you to help us. I cannot give you an explanation—indeed, it is better that you should know nothing, except that it is very important that your father and the French admiral should not be interrupted. Send them in some coffee at once, and the best cigars you can get, and then don't let anyone go near them. If a message arrives for the admiral, you are to give a verbal answer to the effect that he will rejoin his ship at sunset. If a messenger comes up to see him, you are on no account to admit him; you must even use force, if necessary, to prevent his intruding on the admiral. But it will be better to use your wits, and avoid anything like violence. Set your sepoy guards to watch the approaches to the house, and say the orders are that no one is to interrupt the admiral and General Bamford."

"Are these orders from my father?" asked Mary, in surprise.

"I have his full authority," replied Fancourt gravely.

"You may trust me," said the girl.

"I know I may."

"Oh, Dick!"

"Good-bye, Mary."

"Good-bye, good-bye! I know you must go, but come back safely."

With these words ringing in his ears, Fancourt stepped out into the blazing Dareen sun.

The whole place was steeped in the silence and exhaustion of the midday heat. Not a soul was in the street as Fancourt made his way rapidly towards the barracks, which were happily not far off.

"Hullo! What's up? You'll be getting sunstroke," exclaimed Captain Penley, as Fancourt entered his room.

"The French are up—or will be in an hour or two. They are going to occupy the Rock of Kazim, and you've got to get your company afloat and cut in and take possession before they arrive there."

"You're mad, Fancourt. The sun and that blessed rock have turned your brain between them."

"I've been lunching with the French admiral and heard of their scheme from his own lips, and have just come off as quickly as I could to be beforehand with him."

"What does the general say?"

"I have his full authority. Fincham is ill, Lisle's away, and the command falls to you. I should think that luck, in your place."

"True for you. But how are we to get off?"

"I'll see to that. Have your men down at the harbour in an hour's time. Only don't march them down together, remember. There's one French ship already in harbour. Send them down by twos and threes. Tell them it's active service—a surprise expedition—and they must hold their tongues till they get on board."

"But on board what?"

"I thought we should have to put off in the Arab boats, but there's a British merchantman coming in, and we're going in that."

"All right; in an hour's time," said Penley, and Fancourt hurried off to the harbour to await the arrival of the ship.

It came leisurely along. They had made a good passage, had time to spare, and the captain was saving his coal. The Frenchmen, on the contrary, were hurrying in as fast as they could.

At their present rate of speed the Frenchmen would be in first. Fancourt went down to the beach, where two or three Arab boats were preparing to go out and meet the English ship.

He got into the largest, promised the boatmen a reward if they distanced their companions, and a quarter of an hour later was standing on board the mail steamship *Caledonia*, while the captain, a stiff-necked Scotchman, was listening to his story.

"I've nothing to do with you military gentlemen," said he at the end; "my duty is to my owners."

"Your owners won't like having the route threatened by French guns," replied Fancourt. "When next you come this way you'll see Kazim bristling with their cannon unless you help us."

"Suppose I refuse?"

"We'll make you," was the reply on Fancourt's tongue, but he checked himself.

"You won't refuse when you see our men. Look, there they are! And there are the Frenchmen close behind. You'll be in first yet if you turn on steam."

The captain caught his excitement. Fancourt's appeal to the racing instincts of the merchantman had prevailed. The needful orders were given, the passengers set ashore with a haste which surprised and somewhat displeased them, till they noticed the red-jackets crowding on board. Then they guessed that there was something afoot, and many of them stayed and watched, till at length the engines were reversed, the ship slowly steamed out of the harbour, and the bystanders burst into a ringing cheer, which was taken up and answered by the men on board.

The whole thing was so spontaneous and unpremeditated that it would have been impossible to stop the little demonstration, but Fancourt noted with anxiety that it evidently aroused the suspicions of the French. He watched their movements through a telescope, the hasty disembarkation and the departure of two messengers towards the Government House.

Would Mary be able to carry out his directions, and keep the ships' crews from communicating with the admiral? And what would the general say to the orders he had given, and his bold assumption of authority?

Fancourt was aware that, if any hitch occurred, his action would promptly be disowned, and the entire blame of the proceedings rest upon his shoulders. Like many another man before him, he was risking his reputation for the good of his country, and he knew that nothing but success would justify his initiative.

Yet it was characteristic of the man that, for the moment, he did not give a thought to his personal interests, but bent his whole mind to the work in hand, taking counsel with Captain Penley as to the best disposition of the little force, and arranging with the captain of the *Caledonia* for the provisioning of the men till the official mind became aware of their needs.

It was with heartfelt thankfulness that at last, under a calm and starlit sky, Fancourt saw the little force safely landed on the rock; and when, in the dawn of the following morning, Admiral Leconte arrived at Kazim, the British flag and British troops announced that the island was already a British possession.

Fancourt returned to Dareen in the *Caledonia* to report the success of the expedition, and General Bamford wrote the despatch to which we have already referred.

It is only fair to say that he did full justice to the action of his assistant, but it was thought unadvisable, out of deference to French susceptibilities, to make public the fashion in which they had been outwitted.

Something, however, leaked out into the newspapers, and when the next mail brought the *Times of India* to Dareen, the general read the following paragraph:—

"We are informed that a French expedition was lately sent out with a view of annexing the island of Kazim, supposed to be unoccupied; but our neighbours had reckoned without taking account of British foresight and enterprise. Thanks to General Bamford's sagacious counsel, and Sir Richard Purcell's far-sighted policy, the island had been some time in British occupation when Admiral Leconte appeared upon the scene."

Fancourt only laughed good-humouredly when the general showed him the passage.

"It's pretty much the way of the world," he remarked; "and, you know, they always say it does a young officer no good to be cried up by the newspapers. I should like you, though, to look at this letter before I send it off;" and Fancourt placed in the general's hands the letter he had written to the secretary, asking to be recalled from Dareen.

The old man read it, and handed it back with a heightened colour.

"I grant you haven't been well treated," he exclaimed, "but I meant—I hoped——"

"I have nothing to complain of," interrupted Fancourt. "My letter was written the evening before I went to Kazim."

"Then why do you want to go?"

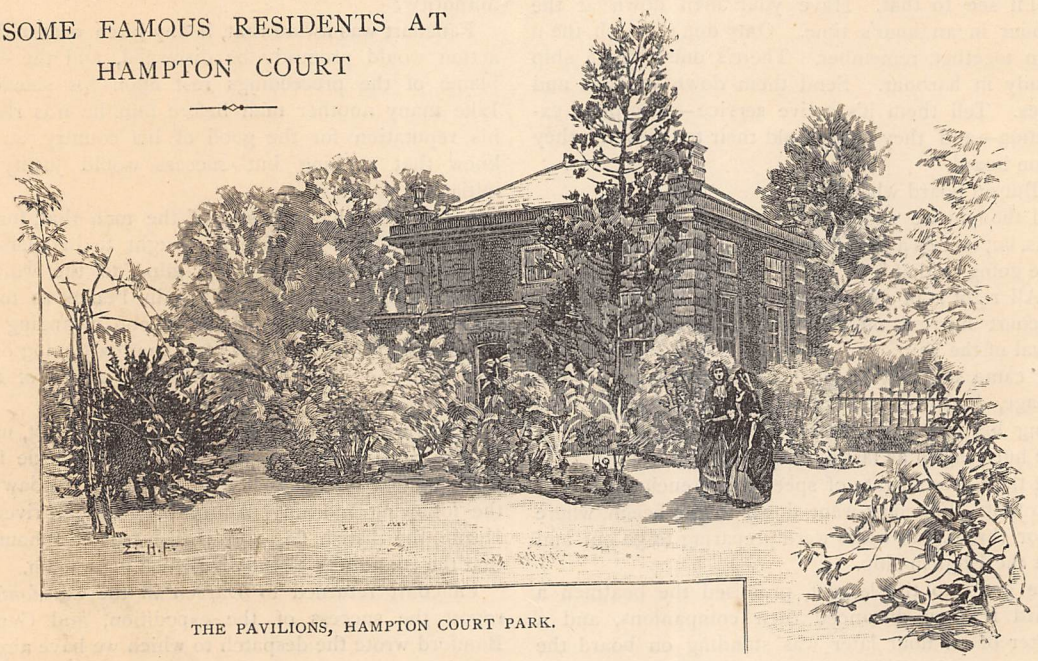
There was a moment's pause. Then Fancourt looked steadily at the general:

"Because I want to marry your daughter."

"If that's all," replied the general, as soon as he had recovered his breath, "I think you had better stay."

E. CHAPMAN.

SOME FAMOUS RESIDENTS AT HAMPTON COURT



THE PAVILIONS, HAMPTON COURT PARK.

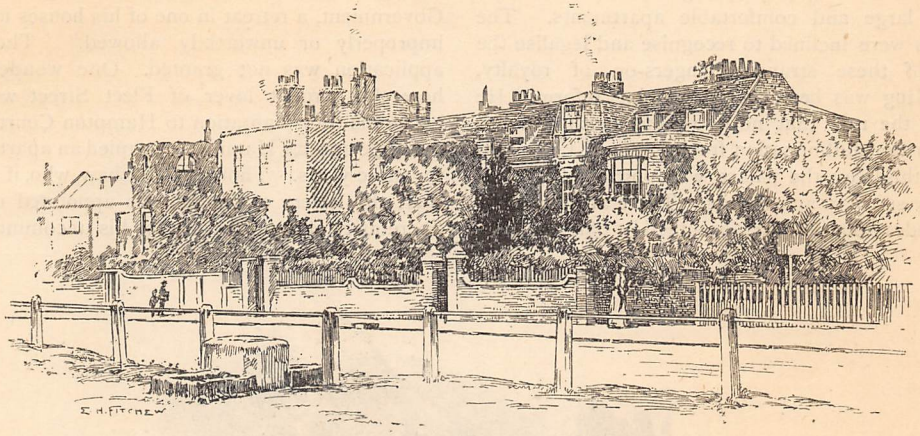
OUR English kings and queens have long forsaken Wolsey's famous palace by the Thames. The great Chancellor lavished his fortune in erecting and decorating a princely mansion, which threw Henry's palace at Richmond completely into the shade. The ambassadors and royal guests who came to our shores from all parts of Europe were astonished to find so superb a residence in England. "Nothing like it had ever been seen before out of Rome." Its tables groaned beneath the weight of gold and silver plate of enormous value; its walls were covered with the choicest tapestry; its courtiers and officers of the household were scarcely second, either in number or in dignity, to those who surrounded Henry himself at Greenwich and Richmond.

Skelton's bitter satire is here, at least, true enough:—

"Why come ye not to Court?
To whyche Court?
To the Kynge's Court,
Or to Hampton Court?
Nay, to the Kynge's Court;
But Hampton Court
Hath the preemynence,
And Yorkes Place,
With my lorde's grace
To whose magnifycence
Is all the conflewence,
Sutys and supplycacyons
Embassades of all nacyons."

Wolsey found by bitter experience that he had schemed and built for others rather than for himself. His royal master, who had often led the revels at the Cardinal's entertainments and had suddenly come from London with his gay retinue to surprise his chief minister, grew jealous of his boundless wealth and reputation. He asked him why he had built so magnificent a house for himself at Hampton Court. Wolsey made the astute reply: "To show how noble a palace a subject may offer to his sovereign." This was six years before the Chancellor's fall, but the ominous incident must have been unspeakably suggestive to one who knew the character of his royal master so well as Wolsey did.

Hampton Court thus became a royal palace some years before its first master's death. That proud position it held for two hundred and thirty years. Henry the Eighth has left his mark upon it in the Great Hall, and traces of his luckless wives still linger to teach the mutability of earthly fortune. His three children who succeeded to his throne all knew and

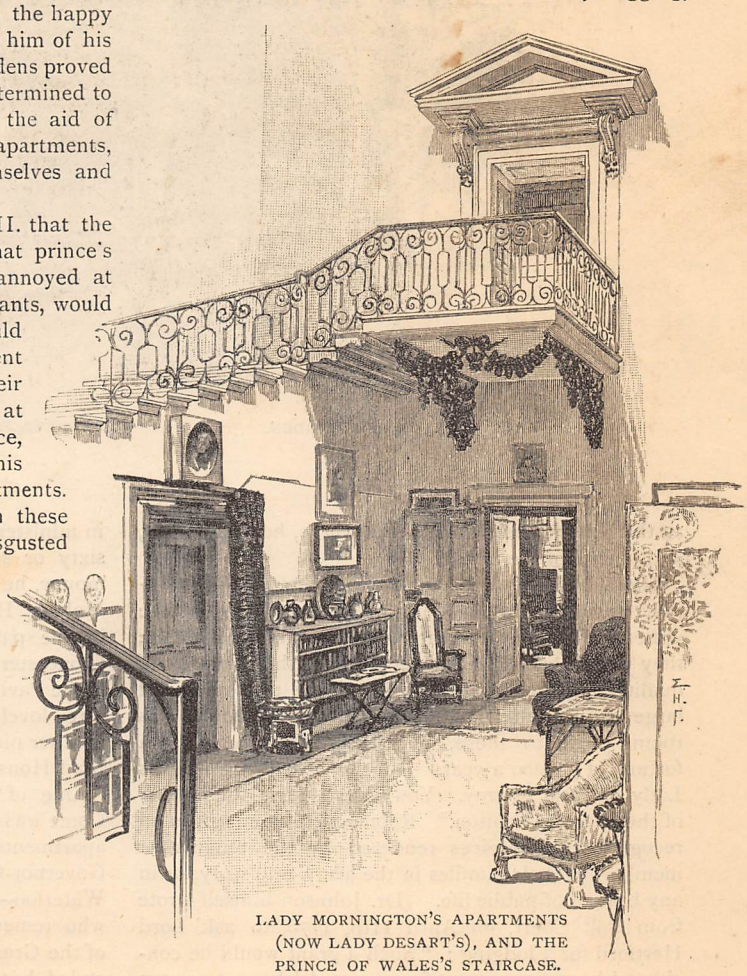


WREN'S HOUSE. FARADAY'S HOUSE.

loved the palace. It kept its glories through the days of the Stuarts and of Cromwell. Then came William and Mary, whose rapture over the place and its surroundings would have satisfied even the great Cardinal himself. To William Hampton Court was the happy spot which, in the land of exile, reminded him of his beloved home in Holland; to Mary its gardens proved one of the chief delights of life. They determined to make it their chief residence, and called in the aid of Sir Christopher Wren to provide the State apartments, which still stand as the memorial of themselves and their architect.

It was not till the accession of George III. that the palace ceased to be a royal residence. That prince's choleric grandfather, George II., when annoyed at anything done by his ministers or attendants, would kick his hat or wig about the room. It would be well if all angry people would content themselves with giving such vent to their feelings, for though undignified, it had at least the merit of being harmless. Once, however, the monarch boxed the ears of his unfortunate grandson in the State apartments. The Duke of Sussex in walking through these rooms said that his father had been so disgusted by this insult that he could never bear to visit Hampton Court.

With George III.'s accession in October, 1760, a new era dawned for the palace. The story of these days supplies some racy pages in Mr. Law's valuable history of Hampton Court. The kitchen utensils were removed to Westminster for the coronation banquets; the pictures were taken away, and all the building, save the State apartments, was gradually divided into suites of rooms, which were allotted to private families at the pleasure of his Majesty. Officials and servants were then the chief residents. But a few "squatters" had also invaded the palace. They were persons who had managed to prolong their stay when summoned to Court, or had gained a footing by bribing someone in authority to let them have a room or two. Thus by begging,



LADY MORNINGTON'S APARTMENTS (NOW LADY DESART'S), AND THE PRINCE OF WALES'S STAIRCASE.

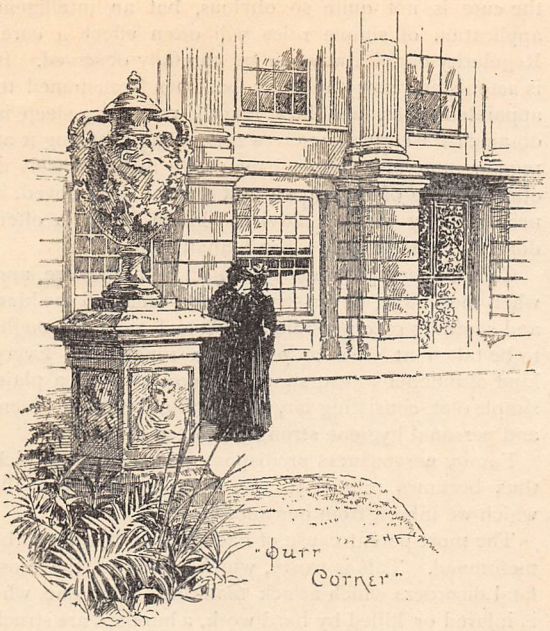
borrowing or stealing they managed at last to secure suites of large and comfortable apartments. The authorities were inclined to recognise and legalise the tenancy of these strange hangers-on of royalty, but the King was bent on introducing reform. He laid down the rule that no one should occupy rooms without written authorisation from the Lord Chamberlain. In this way the palace was portioned out into about forty suites of apartments. There are now fifty-three, besides about a dozen occupied by officials, such as the housekeeper, clerk of the works, head gardener, and keeper of the pictures.

LADY MORNINGTON'S GARDEN.

Hannah More, who often visited Garrick at Hampton, stayed a few days in the palace in 1770. She writes: "The private apartments are almost all full; they are all occupied by people of fashion, mostly of quality; and it is astonishing to me that people of large fortune will solicit for them. Mr. Lowndes has rooms next to these, notwithstanding he has a fortune of £4,000 a year. In the opposite one lives Lady Augusta Fitzroy. You know she is the mother of the Duke of Grafton." Rooms were often given in recognition of services rendered by the tenants or members of their families in the army and navy, or in any branch of public life. Dr. Johnson himself wrote from Bolt Court, on April 11th, 1776, to ask Lord Hertford for a lodging: "Such a grant would be considered by me as a great favour; and I hope, to a man who has had the honour of vindicating his Majesty's Government, a retreat in one of his houses may be not improperly or unworthily allowed." The doctor's application was not granted. One wonders indeed how that ardent lover of Fleet Street would have borne his transplantation to Hampton Court.

Single-speech Hamilton occupied an apartment here for three years. Thomas Bradshaw, who, if one might trust the letters of Junius, was appointed one of the Secretaries of the Treasury for his uncommon address in ministering to the pleasures of the great, procured sixty or seventy rooms, but having squandered all his money, he shot himself in the autumn of 1774. Lady Malpas, Horace Walpole's niece by marriage, lived in the palace. Another niece, Maria, Duchess of Gloucester, the most beautiful woman of the day, lived at the Pavilions at the end of the Long Walk, with her three lovely daughters, the Ladies Waldegrave. Yet another niece of Walpole's, Mrs. Keppel, lived at the Stud House in the Home Park.

One of the most notable residents of Hampton Court was the Countess of Mornington, who received apartments in 1795. Here her two great sons—the Governor-General of India and the conqueror at Waterloo—often visited her. People are still living who remember seeing them together—"The Mother of the Gracchi and her Sons," as the old lady proudly styled herself. It was the Iron Duke who gave the



name of "Purr Corner" "to the nook in the east front of the palace, on the right hand side of the gate as you come out from the cloister into the garden." There was a seat in this sheltered corner where the old ladies used to bask in the sun and enjoy their gossip. The Marchioness Wellesley also came to reside at the palace, in February, 1843, after her husband's death.

Professor Faraday lived at the Crown House on the Green, which, by the Queen's special orders, was made ready for him, so that the great philosopher incurred no personal expense. It was a generous deed, which showed how much her Majesty and the Prince Consort esteemed the unassuming scientist. He died there on August 27th, 1867, after nine years' happy residence. Two doors away Sir Christopher Wren spent his last days, "free from worldly cares, in contemplation and studies, and principally in the consolation of the Holy Scriptures, cheerful in solitude, and as well pleased to die in the shade as in the light." His old house and garden, Mr. Law says, are little changed. His terrace by the river, his toolhouse and his rooms, still remain much in the state the great architect left them more than a hundred and fifty years ago.

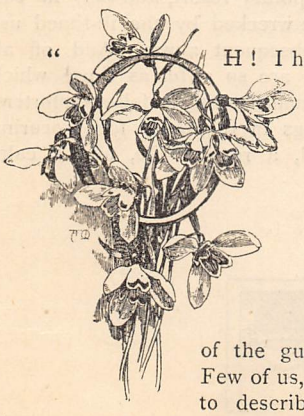
Mrs. Sheridan, daughter-in-law of the great dramatist and orator, had apartments in the Palace in 1820. Her daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, who was married in 1827, passed some happy years here, as also did Lord Dufferin's mother, who was married in 1825. As a boy Lord Dufferin was much with his grandmother. He wrote to an old friend whom he had first met at Hampton Court: "I cannot tell you what an affection I have for that place, and what tender memories it brings back to my recollection."

There are many other names connected with the palace on which we must not be tempted to linger. The apartments are not undesirable residences. Some suites have as many as forty rooms, others not more than ten or twelve. The average is from fifteen to twenty. Some rooms are large and lofty, others small and low. Some suites are like separate houses, with front and back doors, staircases and entrance halls; others resemble "flats." Inconveniences and anomalies, which arose from the haphazard way in which the rooms were allotted, are gradually disappearing. In one suite every dish has still to be carried to the dining-room across an open court, to the great discomfort of all concerned. Such things will no doubt soon be matters of the past.

THAT HORRIBLE NIGHTMARE!

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

"A light dinner, a less supper, sound sleep, long life."—*Iago ab Dewi.*



"AH! I have passed a miserable night!" is what we often hear people say, though they have no intention of quoting Shakespeare. And possibly the dreams which have caused their misery have been as terrible as those which disturbed the last night of the guilty Duke of Clarence. Few of us, however, would be able to describe them in such vivid language as he does. Strictly speaking, even dreams, where a succession of terrors fills the night, do not merit the title of nightmare. This is generally used to denote a feeling of actual physical oppression, a common form being some heavy body compressing the chest, causing a feeling of suffocation. Many varieties of this suffocating sensation are experienced in dreams. Thus, I have heard people describe it as if caused by thick clouds of vapour or smoke which closed densely about them. But although this feeling of oppression is the real true nightmare, it will be better for the purposes of this paper to consider all dreams of a terrifying or painful nature as of the same family, since in them similar causes are at work, and if the milder form can be prevented, so can the other.

Almost everybody dreams, more or less. Some have thought it would be a positive loss if we did not do so,

and have been ready to accept the saying of a great philosopher, "Without this wearying and salutary pain of dreams, sleep would be death."

As long as dreams are of an indistinct, vague character, leaving no impression at the moment when we awake, we can be sure that they are quite harmless; but a man is a fit subject for a doctor's care when he repeatedly wakes up to find his heart beating like a steam-hammer, or his limbs bathed in sweat as a result of the vivid horror he has just imagined. Such a dream may be an indication of unsuspected organic disease, and in every case denotes that "something is wrong," though the source of the ill may be not more serious than an indigestible supper or too heavy a bed covering. Still, it is wise to investigate the cause at once if the dreams become frequent, and to endeavour to find a cure, because much of the refreshing influence of sleep is lost if bad dreams are frequent. It is commonly supposed that a late supper is almost certain to cause nightmare, but it is still more certainly true that if we go to bed hungry we shall pass a very disturbed and troubled night. Here, as is generally the case, we should strive after the golden mean, and take some light refreshment some time before going to bed. No absolute rule can be laid down on this point, and each one generally knows what suits him best.

It is a matter of common observation that what we dream about has often close connection with whatever causes the dream. Thus a cold draught in the bedroom will cause us to dream of Arctic exploration or cold damp dungeons, while many of us can recollect an occasion when, as a result of getting some part of the bedclothes twisted about our neck, we have dreamed very realistically about an execution, in which we played the part of the principal character.

In such cases as this the cause is easily removed, and a person who has suffered from a succession of bad dreams is relieved by some simple change, such as an alteration in the height of the pillows, which, it may be remarked, are often piled up far too high (though the head ought not to be on the same level as the rest of the body), or they may cease if the bedroom be warmed somewhat in the winter. Again, relief is often gained by using a harder bed, too soft a bed being a frequent source of dreams. One of the best forms of bed is the spring mattress, which remains perfectly level, and yet yields easily to every movement of the body, preventing that feeling of soreness which is often caused by the hardness of an ordinary mattress.

But in many cases the cause of the nightmare is within, and not something outside ourselves. Here the cure is not quite so obvious, but an intelligent application of simple rules will often effect a cure. Regularity ought always to be carefully observed. It is astonishing how the body becomes accustomed to appointed times, and how readily refreshing sleep is obtained if we give ourselves the means of taking it at regular intervals. Some irregularity in the bowels is often a cause of nightmare and should be removed, if necessary, by medical advice. Much harm is often done by neglecting this simple matter.

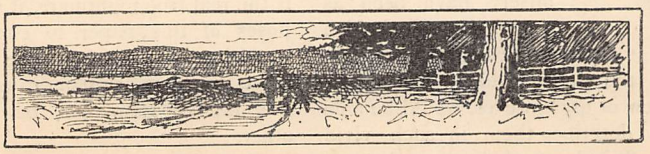
Children are particularly subject to nightmare, and when they wake, terror-stricken, they need all the kind and soothing care possible. Effectual methods ought to be taken at once to prevent a repetition. Every kind of butcher's meat should be avoided, and a plain simple diet, consisting largely of milk, should be given, and personal hygiene strongly insisted upon.

Family nervousness predisposes to nightmare, which thus becomes related to the thousand and one ills which we inherit from our ancestors.

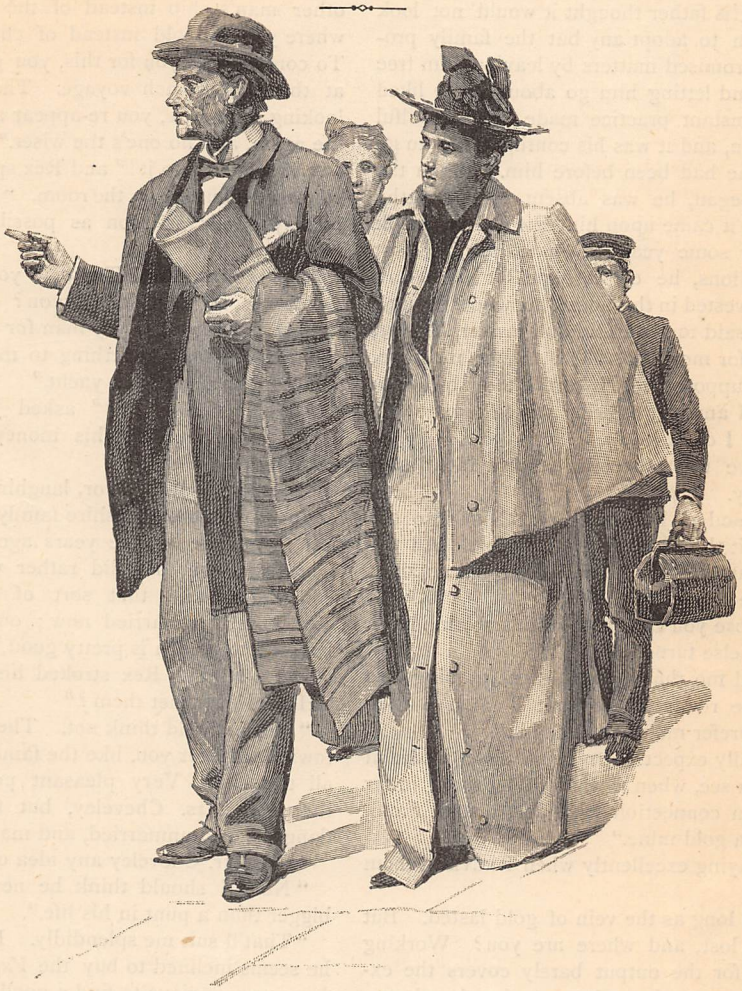
The most potent cause of bad dreams has yet to be mentioned. This is worry, which is one of the most fatal disorders which attack mankind. For one who is injured or killed by hard work, a hundred are struck down by worry. Girls who are preparing for examinations often worry themselves into a fever which prevents sleep, or else causes it to be broken by horrid visions of unsolvable problems or impending failure. Remember also that we go to bed to sleep, and not to review the events of the day.

Don't think in bed. This may seem to be impossible advice in many cases, but it is certain that we can dismiss thought if we make a sufficient effort to do so. Reading in bed is a very bad habit, which ought never to be contracted, or if it has been contracted, it ought to be given up resolutely. It is a habit sanctioned to some extent by the example of many eminent people, but it is radically wrong, for all that.

Finally, no words are strong enough to point out the danger of slow poisoning by drugs which are often taken to procure sleep, whether it be an alcoholic night-cap, morphine, opium, chloral, or any other. The medical man has recourse with reluctance to these as a last and temporary resort, and only he can tell how many lives are wrecked by the ill-timed use of them and their subsequent abuse. And of all horrible dreams, none are so awful as those which assail people who habitually use these false comforters. Better than all the drugs in the world for procuring sleep are simple food, a regular life, and a calm mind.



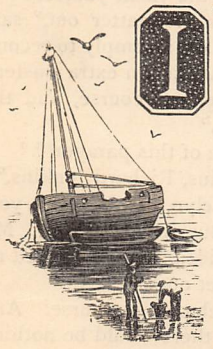
RICHARD JENKINS, MASTER.



"WITH HIM WAS A LADY IN A LARGE HAT AND A DUST CLOAK" (*p.* 44).

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

CAPTAIN JENKINS TAKES COMMAND OF THE *VALENTINA*.



IT was a time of widespread distress in commercial circles, and among many other firms, the great house of Joscelyn Brothers was in difficulties. By dint of herculean efforts, the immediate danger of failure was averted, but retrenchment became the order of the day—retrenchment by means of the dismissal of the greater part of the army of clerks and messengers which had existed rather for the honour and glory than for the service of the house, and retrenchment in the homes of the partners, who cut down expenses sternly, and ruthlessly informed their wives that no money would be forthcoming for anything beyond the barest necessaries.

In the minds of all the Joscelyns, the safety and honour of the house was paramount above all other considerations, and they set themselves manfully to carry out the measures demanded by the crisis, but it pressed hardly upon some of them. It was hard enough for those whose lives were bound up in the business, and who could take a pride in setting the house firm on its foundations again, but it was worse for Rex Joscelyn, son of the late, and nephew of the present, senior partner, who found himself with an expensive place and a three-hundred ton yacht on his hands, and no money with which to keep up either of them. The spirit of the great founder of the house had not descended upon Rex Joscelyn, and he was an anomaly in the family. All his cousins went into the

house immediately on their leaving school or college, generally the former, but he had no head for mercantile pursuits. As a boy, his burning desire had been to enter the navy. His father thought it would not look well for a Joscelyn to adopt any but the family profession, but compromised matters by leaving him free in all but name, and letting him go about as he liked in his yacht. Constant practice made him a skilful and daring seaman, and it was his continual aim to go where few or none had been before him. When the difficulties first began, he was absent on a lengthy Arctic cruise, and it came upon him like a thunderbolt to learn that for some years, even under the most favourable conditions, he could hope for no return from the funds invested in the house, his whole fortune.

"You see," he said to his friend and lawyer, Trevor, "there's nothing for me to do. The manor must go, of course, and I suppose the *Valentina* too; but what then? And how I am ever to bring myself to part with the dear old ship, I don't know."

"You will have the proceeds, at any rate," said Trevor prosaically.

"No; I'm bound in honour to put them into the business, to give it the best chance possible. All the rest are doing that, and they have wives and children to consider, while I have only myself."

"Well, I suppose you can do a clerk's work in the house, if nothing else turns up?"

"My uncle told me that if I could get nothing else they would make room for me, but I can see they would infinitely prefer me to be out of it."

"You can't really expect them to be exactly cordial towards you, you see, when it was you let them in for a million or so in connection with that dismal fraud, the Kaimakoonga gold mine."

"But it was paying excellently when I advised them to take it up."

"Of course, as long as the vein of gold lasted. But now the vein is lost, and where are you? Working almost at a loss, for the output barely covers the expenses, and with no market whatever for the shares. Fact is, old man, you are not modern enough for the new development of affairs. The house has always been fond of the romantic and sensational style of business, and that's what's got it into trouble. Your uncle sees now that the Middle Ages are really left behind at last. The telegraph has altered all the conditions of business, and Joscelyn Brothers must move with the times."

"And I must therefore be left by the wayside?"

"Gently, old fellow. Let us see. Of course it won't help you in applying to any other house to have made your reputation already. No, take my advice, and lie low for a time. Take a personally conducted shooting party to Central Africa; or go to Mashonaland. You might come upon a nice little thing in the way of gold mines there, you know, and come back and start a company to work it."

"No, thanks; I've had about enough of gold mines."

"Then, what do you think of this? I'm really in earnest now. Get a berth on board some merchant ship. You have your certificate all right, and lots of experience. If you wish to drop out of sight for a year or two, here's your best chance. You command some other man's ship instead of the *Valentina*, and go where you are told instead of choosing your course. To compensate you for this, you get a nice little sum at the end of each voyage. Then, when things are looking up a little, you re-appear and take up your old life again, and no one's the wiser."

"Trevor, I'll do it!" and Rex sprang up, and began to walk up and down the room. "I'll get the *Valentina* off my hands as soon as possible, and then I can begin."

"By the bye," said Trevor, "you haven't heard of a purchaser for her, have you? Because, if not, I believe I know the very man for you. Has loads of money, and said something to me only the other day about looking out for a yacht."

"Well, who is he?" asked Joscelyn resignedly. "How did he make his money? Beer, or patent manures?"

"Neither," said Trevor, laughing. "The Cheveleys are an old East Angleshire family, and had a fortune left them four or five years ago. Then they took a house in town, and did rather well: literary tastes, you know, and that sort of thing. Two of the daughters are married now; one of them to young Railsworth, which is pretty good."

"H'm!" and Rex stroked his beard meditatively. "Have I ever met them?"

"No, I should think not. They didn't come up to town until after you, like the famous Waring, 'gave us all the slip.' Very pleasant people. I don't think there's a Mrs. Cheveley, but there's certainly one daughter still unmarried, and may be more."

"Has Mr. Cheveley any idea of managing a ship?"

"No; I should think he never steered anything bigger than a punt in his life."

"That'll suit me splendidly. Look here, Trevor: if he seems inclined to buy the *Valentina*, tell him that I am very anxious to find a good place for the captain who has always sailed in her, and I should be very glad if he would take him on."

"What are you driving at?" demanded Trevor in unfeigned astonishment. "You have never carried a captain, but have always sailed the yacht yourself."

"You are not asked to reason the matter out," said his friend. "All you have to do is simply to recommend this man. You can say he has an extra master's certificate, knows the ship well, of course, and the men are all accustomed to him."

"And what may be the name of this paragon?"

"His name? Oh, ah—Jenkins, Richard Jenkins."

"Stuff!" cried Trevor. "Joscelyn, I see through you, you most transparent fraud. But what a joke! My word, though, it's not a bad idea. But it'll need no end of care. Won't the crew let out?"

"I must square them beforehand, of course. And really, even if it did come out, there would be nothing so very bad about it. They could scarcely expect me to do such a thing under my own name; and with the exception of that——".

"Old Cheveley will get a good captain, and I'll tell him so. Oh, if my recommendation can do you any good, Joscelyn, you shall have it. I shall be seeing the old man at the Railsworths' to-night, and if eloquence can induce him to buy the *Valentina*, he shall make the bargain in no time. Look in here to-morrow morning, and I'll tell you how I've got on."

At the suggested time Joscelyn appeared, to be met by his friend with a beaming face.

"Well, old man, our little game is in full swing. Cheveley walked into the trap as meek as a lamb. The *Valentina* was the very thing he wanted. He'll go down and see her, and if she suits him, he'll take her off your hands at once."

"And the captain and crew?"

"Oh, he seemed to have some idea of borrowing a spare captain from the P. and O. or the Cunard to sail the yacht for him, and was very much relieved when I suggested that the present master might be continued in his place. He'll keep the crew on, too."

"That's a blessing! Where does he want to go?"

"Oh, his daughter is to settle that. By the bye, Joscelyn, there's a girl for you."

"What do I care about girls? I thought you knew the *Valentina* was my wife. I suppose a whole pack of them will be coming for this trip?"

"No, only this one. Been ill, or had a disappointment, or something, and wants change and distraction of mind. I saw her last night, and I can tell you I should have been done for if I hadn't been engaged already. Not pretty, but smart—tremendously smart. Clever, too, and goes in for improving the lower classes. Hullo, Joscelyn, perhaps she'll try her hand on you. It'll be a tough job, and I wish I might be there to see. You must look out for yourself, though. It won't do to be falling in love with your employer's daughter."

"Do I look such an utter fool as all that?" inquired Joscelyn slowly. "If so, I don't wonder at your thinking me in need of improvement."

"Well, if Miss Cheveley takes you in hand, she may turn you out rather a fine specimen at the end of the voyage. I only hope you won't be improved off the face of the earth. I don't think she is one for half measures."

"Oh, do shut up, and let's go to business," entreated Joscelyn. "When does Mr. Cheveley go down to see the *Valentina?*"

"Wednesday was the day he said, I think."

"Very well. I'll go down on Monday, and clear out my traps and warn the men. Of course I shall not appear as Rex Joscelyn at all. You will manage the sale, and look after all that sort of thing for me, won't you? Then, when the transfer is complete, Captain Jenkins will make his employer's acquaintance."

"Well done! The joke is too good a one not to succeed."

And indeed, it seemed destined to succeed. Mr. Cheveley went down to view the yacht, saw, and was conquered. He and Trevor settled amicably the terms of purchase, and in less than a month after Rex Joscelyn's return from Nova Zembla he had been introduced to the new owner of the *Valentina*, and had entered his service as Richard Jenkins. At first he was not altogether happy in his new position. An army of painters and decorators took possession of the ship, and it became his duty to oversee them in their work, though it wounded his very soul to see the disappearance of the battered paint and weather-beaten wood-work, which he had brought through so many gales, while the whole ship was made as spick-and-span as a Thames house-boat. He could almost have quarrelled with Mr. Cheveley on the subject, but the new owner was a pleasant, easy-going man, with whom it would have been impossible to pick a quarrel. The captain felt an odd kind of pity for him, recognising in the tall loose-limbed man, in his baggy clothes, with kindly eyes and straggling grey hair and whiskers, one who was happy as a country squire, dabbling in archæology, and taking a mild interest in the squabbles of the learned world through the distant echoes which reached him in the magazines, until his energetic daughters dragged him up to town, and forced him into the whirl of fashionable life. His ignorance of nautical matters was extensive and profound, and his captain, remembering Trevor's description of Mr. Cheveley, opined that if he had ever tried to manage even a punt, it must have upset. But though Mr. Cheveley could not manage the yacht himself, he was quite content to do the next best thing, and leave her entirely in the hands of those who could.

"I trust you with everything, captain," he said. "Mr. Trevor tells me that Mr. Joscelyn had the fullest confidence in you, and I hope to continue it, for I am sure you know much more about the men and what they need than I. By the bye, is there a cabin-boy on board?"

"No, sir; but we can soon get one, if you like," said the captain, in some surprise.

"That was not what I meant," said Mr. Cheveley. "There is a boy in my daughter's Sunday-school class whom she would be glad to bring here, away from bad home surroundings. I should not like to turn out anyone already on board, but as there is no cabin-boy, I suppose it won't hurt having one?"

"Certainly not, sir."

"Oh, very well, then we will bring him. And, by the bye, get the ship ready for sea as soon as you can. My daughter is anxious not to delay our start longer than we can help."

With this injunction, which he repeated before leaving the yacht, Mr. Cheveley returned to London, and Rex pressed matters forward. When the refitting was completed, and the men had returned from the leave which had been granted them, stores began to come on board. They were all suited for a hot climate, and Captain Jenkins began to wonder where his new employers meant to go, and why they had not informed him of their intention. When everything was ready he wrote to let Mr. Cheveley know, and received a telegram in return:

"We come down by 5.15 train this evening. Start to-morrow for cruise along coast as far as Milford."

"They don't mean to let the grass grow under their feet," said the captain to himself; and he forgot his disgust at the present condition of his vessel in his delight at the prospect of getting to sea once more. He set the men to work at once, and they were busy all day in preparing the ship to meet her owner's eye. No one knew better than Captain Jenkins how the *Valentina* ought to look, and when evening came it was a very pretty and fresh-looking vessel indeed which was berthed beside the quay, with her crew, all as smart as so many man-o'-war's men, drawn up in line on her white deck. Presently a little group of people

"THE CAPTAIN DID NOT FEEL QUITE SURE WHETHER SHE WAS MAKING FUN OF HIM" (*p.* 45).

appeared coming from the direction of the station, and Rex recognised Mr. Cheveley among them. With him was a lady in a large hat and a dust-cloak, and behind came a sedate elderly maid and a small boy in a marvellous uniform, the last evidently the product of the combined ignorance of Miss Cheveley and a London tailor.

The arrival was celebrated with all due ceremony. The ensign was run up, the men saluted, and Captain Jenkins, cap in hand, met the party at the gangway, and received the honour of a slight bow from Miss Cheveley when her father mentioned his name to her. Strangely enough, he had never realised until this moment the change in his position which his change of name brought with it. Formerly he had been a gentleman, one to whom Miss Cheveley might have vouchsafed a smile, whom she might even have permitted to shake hands with her: now he was her father's hired servant, and there was a great gulf between them. He did not feel the difference less when the new cabin-boy came to him in the course of the evening, and appearing to waver somewhat between respect and familiarity in addressing him, said that Mr. and Miss Cheveley would be glad to speak to him in the saloon. Perhaps it did him as much good as it did the youth himself to give him a sharp reprimand for his manner, and inform him that his captain was not to be addressed in that style. Having thus eased his mind, he presented himself at the saloon door. Mr. Cheveley and his daughter were sitting over their dessert, and the captain noticed somehow that she wore a dark dress, with something white and lacy disposed about her shoulders. The place looked so familiar that it was only with an effort that he restrained himself from walking in and sitting down in his usual seat, but he managed to wait respectfully at the door until Mr. Cheveley looked up and saw him. With his usual kindness, the good man pitied his captain's evident discomfort, as he stood twirling his cap in his hands, and said heartily—

"Pray come in, Captain Jenkins. Take a chair and help yourself. There were one or two things which my daughter and I wished to say to you."

"Yes," said Miss Cheveley. "And first about Tommy

Wastle, the boy we brought with us. I hope you will be very firm with him, and not be afraid to make him obey you. He is not a bad boy, but he has no bump of veneration whatever."

"I have had to take him in hand already," said the captain, "ma'am," he added, as an afterthought; then, remembering the necessity of acting up to his assumed character, he did as he had once seen an old sailor do, and bowed gravely over the glass which Mr. Cheveley had filled for him, remarking: "To your good health, ma'am, and yours, sir, and wishing you may have a pleasant voyage and a happy return."

"Thank you for your good wishes, captain," said Mr. Cheveley gravely, while his daughter smiled involuntarily. "It happens that the voyage was one of the matters upon which we wished to consult you."

"Yes, sir; and where might you be thinking of going?" inquired the captain, feeling some satisfaction in the persuasion that he was playing his part to the life.

"That is for my daughter to decide," said Mr. Cheveley; and Rex turned to the young lady, who looked ready to decide anything.

"There are only two places I have ever cared to see," she said, "and those are Egypt and the West Indies. Now, one couldn't very well go up the Nile in this yacht. Even if we could get in—which I am not sailor enough to know—it wouldn't do. It would look ostentatious, you know."

The captain did not feel quite sure whether she was making fun of him or trying to set him at his ease, so he only laughed uncomfortably and said nothing.

"And so," went on Miss Cheveley, "I think we must choose the West Indies. Have you ever been in that part of the world, captain?"

"I was there about three years ago, ma'am, in this same ship," said he.

"Then you must be quite an authority, and I shall expect you to tell us a great deal," said Miss Cheveley brightly. "But we must get all the books on the subject we can find to take with us as well."

"Certainly, ma'am, if you wish it. Would you be intending, sir, to sail for the West Indies straight from Milford?" he asked, looking at Mr. Cheveley.

"Well, scarcely," said Mr. Cheveley. "You will want some special stores, I suppose, now that you know where we are going, so I think it will be as well to make Cardiff our starting-point. That will give us a day or two to settle some of my London business, which was not finished when this young lady insisted on our starting on our trial trip at once."

"Oh, papa!" said Miss Cheveley. Then, turning to the captain, "I think that was all we wanted to say to you this evening, Captain Jenkins. Good-night."

Thus dismissed, he rose and departed, muttering savagely to himself, "A regular lady's voyage: just fit for the ship as she is now," and assuring himself that he had not taken command of the ship to be ordered about by a girl.

"Well, Maudie, what do you think of our gallant captain?" asked Mr. Cheveley, when he and his daughter were once more alone.

"He is rather taciturn, and most uncomfortably shy," she said musingly. "But do you know, papa, I was so much surprised at his appearance. From the way you spoke of him, I had somehow got the impression that he was a short elderly man, with dark hair turning grey. When I saw this big fair man—quite young, too—I was astonished."

"He is rather a superior sort of man," said Mr. Cheveley, "and quite a character in his way. I found him looking quite savagely at the alterations which have been made in the yacht, and he complained to me that she had been made into a 'regular lady's toy.'"

"Really!" cried Miss Cheveley, in high disdain. "And what did you say, papa?"

"I said that was just what I intended her to be, since she was destined as a birthday present, or treat, or surprise, or whatever you call it, for a lady."

"It's too lovely!" sighed his daughter. "I'm glad you said that. What business has he to make remarks? But he does not seem bad, if only his shyness did not make him so bearish. I think I shall try and be kind to him."

"Take care!" said Mr. Cheveley. "There may be danger in that."

"Really, papa!" she cried again, crimsoning with disgust.

"Not precisely to you," said her father, "but to the poor fellow himself. He is not accustomed to young ladies, and might not understand their trying to be kind to him."

"I don't think he will misinterpret me," she said. "He seems to have too much sense for that."

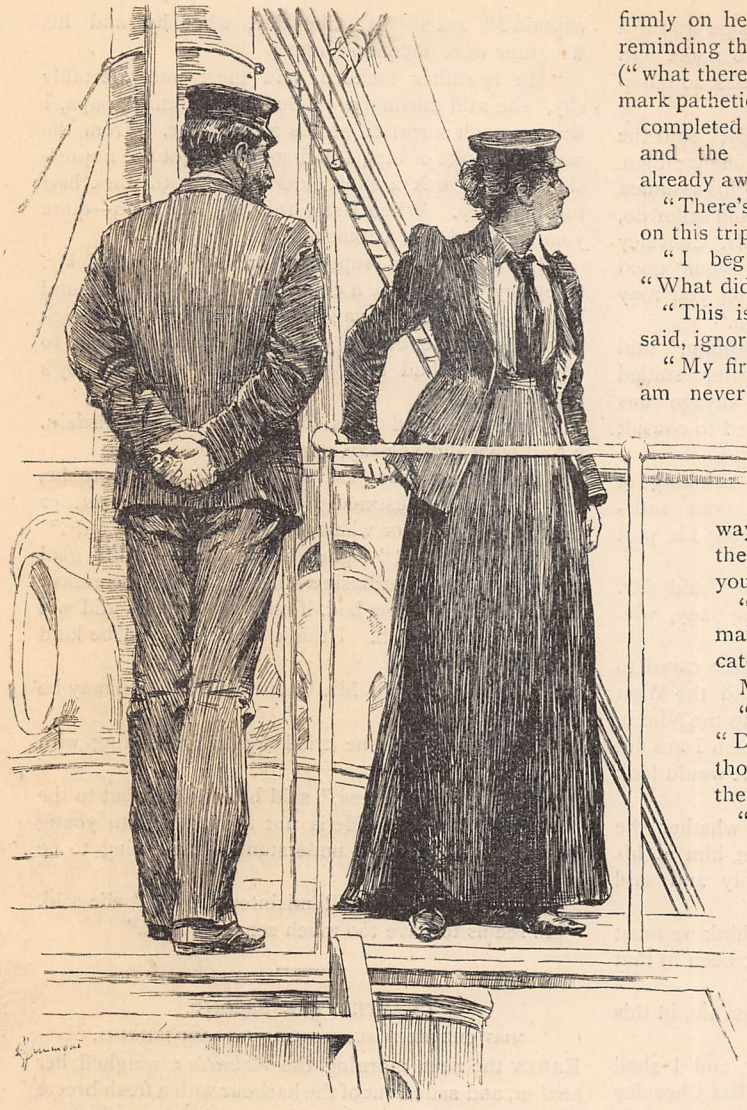
CHAPTER THE SECOND.

MISS CHEVELEY SUPERSEDES CAPTAIN JENKINS.

EARLY the next morning the *Valentina* weighed her anchor, and sailed out of the harbour with a fresh breeze from the eastward. The day was bright and clear, and the yacht made a pretty picture as she faced the dancing sunlit waves outside. Rex was standing on the bridge, lost in admiration of his vessel, as he usually was under such circumstances, and in looking up at the spread of white canvas, never noticed he was not alone, until a laughing voice behind him said—

"Good-morning, Captain Jenkins. Is there anything very interesting up there?"

Turning hastily, he found that Miss Cheveley was standing there, and stammered a lame apology. The idea of his admiring the ship to such an extent seemed to strike her as very funny; for she laughed a clear ringing laugh, and said that she herself was evidently not yet educated up to the proper pitch. But, happening to catch a glimpse between the sails of the coast they were passing, she relapsed into silence, watching it with a keen and appreciative eye as they glided past cliff, and down, and sloping meadow, and autumn-tinted woodland; and the captain, relieved by her silence, found himself looking at her. He had not dared to do



"'THERE'S NO DOUBT WHO WILL COMMAND THE *VALENTINA* ON THIS TRIP,' HE SAID TO HIMSELF, HALF ALOUD."

this the night before, and the justice of Trevor's remark upon her struck him at once—that she was not pretty, but smart. The *Valentina* had only once, within her captain's memory, had a lady on board for a long voyage before, and that was when Rex Joscelyn had offered a passage home from India to a friend and his wife. But it was difficult to compare the two; for Mrs. Boniface was a faded beauty, weary and languid after long experience of living in the Plains, who lounged contentedly in a deck-chair all day or trailed limply about in a flowing tea-gown. There was nothing limp or languid about Miss Cheveley; on the contrary, she seemed to be overflowing with superabundant energy. Her dress was severely plain—a blue serge, which fitted without a wrinkle and almost without a fold, and she had a neat little coat to match it, lined with crimson satin, and a jaunty peaked cap stuck firmly on her hair. Her eyes were bright and dark, reminding the observer of a robin's, her nose straight ("what there was of it," as she herself was wont to remark pathetically), and the firm lips and decided chin completed the impression which the resolute attitude and the ungloved hand grasping the rail had already awakened in the captain's mind.

"There's no doubt who will command the *Valentina* on this trip," he said to himself, half aloud.

"I beg your pardon," said Miss Cheveley. "What did you say?"

"This is your first voyage, I think, ma'am?" he said, ignoring the question.

"My first long voyage; but I love the sea and am never ill," she said. "Isn't this splendid? Oh, look at that beech-wood behind the cliff! And if this is so lovely, what will the West Indies be? I mean to read hard all the way out, that I may not be ignorant about the places when we get there. I suppose you have read a great deal about them?"

"I'm afraid I'm not much of a reader, ma'am," he said, desperately afraid of being catechised as to what he had read.

Miss Cheveley gave him a glance of pity.

"That is your misfortune," she said quietly. "Didn't you feel sorry when you came to those lovely islands not to know all about them?"

"Well, no, ma'am. I was pretty busy with managing the ship, you see, and hadn't much time for that. There was a fellow—I mean a gentleman—on board with Mr. Joscelyn when we were in those seas last, who used to talk a good deal about that sort of thing, but I'm afraid I didn't take in much of it."

"I will lend you some books," she said ("exactly as she might to one of her Sunday-school boys," the captain said wrathfully to himself), "and if I can help you in any other way I shall be very much pleased. It is always a great pity not to try and improve our minds, you know."

"I'm sure I'm very grateful to you, ma'am," said he, and wondered that she did not detect the irony in his tone.

She talked a little longer, and then went below to look for her father, while the captain fumed furiously, too angry even to take a pride in the way the *Valentina* was cutting through the water, now that she was out of the shelter of the headland.

"I'll let her know that I'm not going to be patronised in this way," he muttered. "If I am her father's captain, what right has she to talk about lending me books and helping me to understand them?" But presently milder counsels prevailed. "She means it kindly, and I won't be a bear. It pleases her, and it doesn't hurt me, and one can't be rude to a lady. But

how Trevor would laugh ! By the bye, I wonder what he meant by what he said about her reason for taking this voyage? She doesn't look ill, and if she has had a disappointment she must be getting over it wonderfully."

The captain's curiosity might have been gratified if he had listened at the saloon door when Miss Cheveley had entered, her head full of her philanthropic schemes ; but, being an honourable man, of course he could not do this, and so lost the conversation which ensued.

"I have been having a talk with Captain Jenkins, papa," she said.

"Well, is he reformed yet?" asked Mr. Cheveley, looking up from the letters which had come on board before starting.

"I am decidedly disappointed in him," she said. "I thought he was a man of some strength of character, and yet he has failed utterly in using the opportunities of self-culture which have come in his way."

"Indeed?" said Mr. Cheveley. "It seems to me that he has made a very good use of his opportunities, in working his way up to such a position as this. I understand that he is merely the son of some villagers on the Joscelyn estate, and was allowed to play and learn a good deal with young Joscelyn ; and he must have profited by whatever education he got in this way. I know he has an extra master's certificate, though I don't exactly know what that involves, except a greater responsibility in case of losing the ship. But it's considered a very good thing, I believe."

"Yes," returned his daughter doubtfully ; "but you know, papa, you have always praised my keenness of penetration, and I am afraid I see quite well that Captain Jenkins is satisfied with very small attainments—comparatively speaking, of course. I mean to do my best to arouse some ambition in him."

"And to forget your own sorrows in your *protégé's* successes?" said Mr. Cheveley mischievously.

"Now, really, papa!" she cried, "I didn't expect this from you !"

"This is what Addie says," said he, reading from his eldest daughter's letter, which he held in his hand: "'I am so glad that poor Maud will have this trip to divert her mind. She bears her disappointment bravely ; but I fear it cannot be otherwise than very bitter to her.' There, young lady !"

"It's too bad !" she cried, trying to snatch the letter from his hand. "Now, papa, put yourself in my place. Suppose a person had been paying you attention, considering, I suppose, that you would be likely to suit him, and after a time found out that you didn't. Then suppose that you found your dearest friend and he were really likely to suit one another, and, what's more, thought so themselves. Wouldn't you do all you could to help them get married, and be glad to see it? Of course you would ; but everyone begins to pity you, and say that he jilted you for your friend, and that they have both treated you shamefully, and all that. It's not a bit of good assuring them that I wouldn't have him when he asked me, and that I did everything—*everything*—to help him marry her. They say I carry it off beautifully, but they know I'm pining in secret, and so on. Now, do I look like a person who would pine in secret? You know I haven't a particle of romance in me, and I'm not a bit fitted to be the heroine of a story of cruel disappointment. And you know I came here to get away from it all, for I can't bear being pitied and remarked upon ; and you begin it, too."

"But I won't carry it any further," said Mr. Cheveley. "You shall be left in peace, Maudie, and you shall improve Tommy Wastle and Captain Jenkins to your heart's content, and I will say no more."

With this promise Maud was content, and even accepted it as a tacit encouragement to her schemes. She knew that her father, who for her sake was willing to give up even that beloved torment of the masculine Briton, his daily paper, would never interfere with her doings, and that anyone else might object to them never entered her mind. It was only to be expected of anyone in whom she was good enough to take an interest that he should do his best to profit by her kindness. She brought on board a huge pile of books, and anticipated a vast amount of improvement from the reading of them. The days spent cruising along the British coast seemed to her almost wasted. They were full of enjoyment, no doubt, but she was anxious to get really to sea-life, and to working in earnest.

Her father, seeing her restlessness, and attributing it to her desire to escape from her sister's letters, with their irritating pity and sympathy, seconded her efforts at haste, and felt almost as happy as she did when at last, as the local papers announced, the "steam-yacht *Valentina*, Francis Cheveley, Esq., owner, Richard Jenkins, master, left Cardiff, bound for St. John, Antigua." Maud drew a long breath of relief when the Welsh coast had finally faded from her sight, and began her intellectual improvement campaign at once by lending Captain Jenkins a book which she thought would be an interesting and popular introduction to the history of the West Indies.

It is sad to have to relate that when the young lady's back was turned the captain's first impulse was to pitch the book overboard, but happily he was able to restrain himself, and set to work to read. The interest of the subject led him on, and he was surprised to find by the time he had finished the book that his penance had become a pleasure. Saying this to Miss Cheveley, he was horrified to discover that she expected him to discuss with her what he had read, but became comforted again on finding out that she was quite ready to do all the talking if he would put in a few remarks (if monosyllabic, so much the better), to show that he was attending. This method of receiving instruction led to a result which, to do her justice, Miss Cheveley had never anticipated: namely, that Rex studied her as well as the author under discussion. Quite unconsciously on her part, she amused him very much : her youthful egotism was so sublime, her self-confidence so unshakeable. Evening after evening Rex found himself invited to join her and Mr. Cheveley on deck in the moonlight, when Miss Cheveley would lay down the law from a deck-chair, and her father sit by,

listening with an amused chuckle or two until he dropped asleep, and the captain, leaning against the bulwarks, would give respectful attention, and wonder as he listened. He found that he was expected to state the difficulties he had met with, with a view to their removal, and he set up a few obediently for Miss Cheveley to knock down, which she did with immense ease and enjoyment. Sometimes it was her turn to ask for explanation of some sea-term which she had met with in her reading, but this happened very seldom, and when it did, Rex was always made to feel that it was still Miss Cheveley who was conferring the favour in asking it. He could not help liking her, for there was nothing mean or selfish about her, and she had such excellent intentions that, even when she represented the schoolmistress a little too vividly, her pupil suffered in silence, and returned to his lesson the next night as imperturbably as ever. He could not find it in his heart to rob the girl of the pleasure which she unmistakably took in lessening his ignorance. Her eyes would shine and her cheek flush in the heat of a tough argument, and she never failed to get the victory, for her flow of words was as abundant as her shifts and expedients were many, and she never realised how much she was indebted to the chivalry of her opponent, who would have scorned to push a lady beyond a certain point in argument. But Mr. Cheveley saw this sometimes, and always took a perverse pleasure in pointing out that an objection had been left unanswered or a point lost sight of. Even then, however, Maud always concluded matters to her own satisfaction. She had not the faintest idea of being

"TRYING TO SNATCH THE LETTER FROM HIS HAND" (*p.* 47).

convinced by her opponent's reasoning. Of course she knew best; she had formed her opinions because they were right, and naturally a half-educated sailor could not be supposed to hold better ones, even if he had been an earnest student, and not an idle man, who had to be urged to read for himself. And in this comfortable conviction she continued her lectures, and Rex profited by them to read her as well as her books.

"She's a queer girl, but tremendously good!" he found himself apologising for her one day, when she had tried to force upon him a more than usually untenable proposition. "After all, it's not her fault. She has always been accustomed to decide for her father as well as herself, and so she's used to ordering people about. And she has thought a little, and read a good deal, and formed her own views. When she has them all ready-made, why shouldn't she trot them out? If they come into collision with facts, it's perfectly clear to her that there's something wrong about those facts. But what a fetching girl she is! And what a woman she'll make when she is not quite so cock-sure about everything, and has learnt that other people's opinions are sometimes worth listening to! It's a good thing I'm not one of those tenacious fellows like Trevor, who must conquer in an argument or die."

But why was this a good thing? Surely not merely in view of the two days' sailing which remained before Antigua was reached? Somehow he had had in his mind a vision of endless evenings of this kind, when he, and she, and her father were the only persons that signified in the whole world. After two days there would be no more of them. But what a blank this would leave! Why? The captain's face grew scarlet in the darkness, as he realised what Trevor would have said to such a state of affairs.

"This won't do," he said. "Fortunately, there's no harm done at present, but we don't want any. I think I see that girl's face if I was such a fool as to—— But happily, I'm not; so it's all right."

This was extremely satisfactory, but it was with rather a bitter smile that he remembered the way in which Miss Cheveley had catechised him on the subject of his youth and education—a catechism to which he had returned ingeniously evasive answers. Once he had attempted to ask her something of the same kind, and had been quietly, but firmly repulsed. It was one thing for Miss Cheveley to ask questions of a person in whom she took an interest, that she might be the better able to help him, but he must understand that the privilege was not reciprocal. She knew, if he did not, the difference in station between her and the captain of her father's yacht. But in spite of one or two little difficulties of this kind, Miss Cheveley herself had no misgivings; in fact, she thought she was getting on very well.

"Do you know, papa," she said, "I think Captain Jenkins is improving very much. He really speaks much better than when we came on board. When he forgets his shyness in the interest of conversation, he speaks quite like a gentleman. And his manners are really very good. Yesterday, when my shawl almost blew away, he said, 'Allow me,' quite naturally, and pinned it on for me."

"I am sure this must all be very gratifying to you," said her father. "Will it spoil it if I say that I have noticed all along his gentlemanly behaviour?"

"Oh, but he has improved, papa. I have noticed it, so it must be, you see. But I certainly do think him an uncommon kind of man. The crew seem to feel it too. You would have thought they would have been jealous of a man who had worked his way up from their own level, but they all behave so nicely to him, quite respectfully, and he never lords it over them at all. Either he is one of Nature's gentlemen, or else, I have thought sometimes, could he have been washed ashore from a wrecked ship when he was a baby, and have been only adopted by those village people, and so be really a gentleman's son, after all?"

"Pretty well for a young person without a bit of romance in her!" said Mr. Cheveley, laughing. "I hope you have thought of the same kind of thing for other people besides Captain Jenkins. What about Tommy Wastle?"

"Oh, he's improving too, but there's nothing romantic about him. I refuse to listen to any of his complaints against the rest, and now that he knows they won't stand his impudence, he is doing better. I do hope he will turn out well, for it was I that persuaded his mother to let him come."

"You have a good deal of responsibility upon you, Maudie."

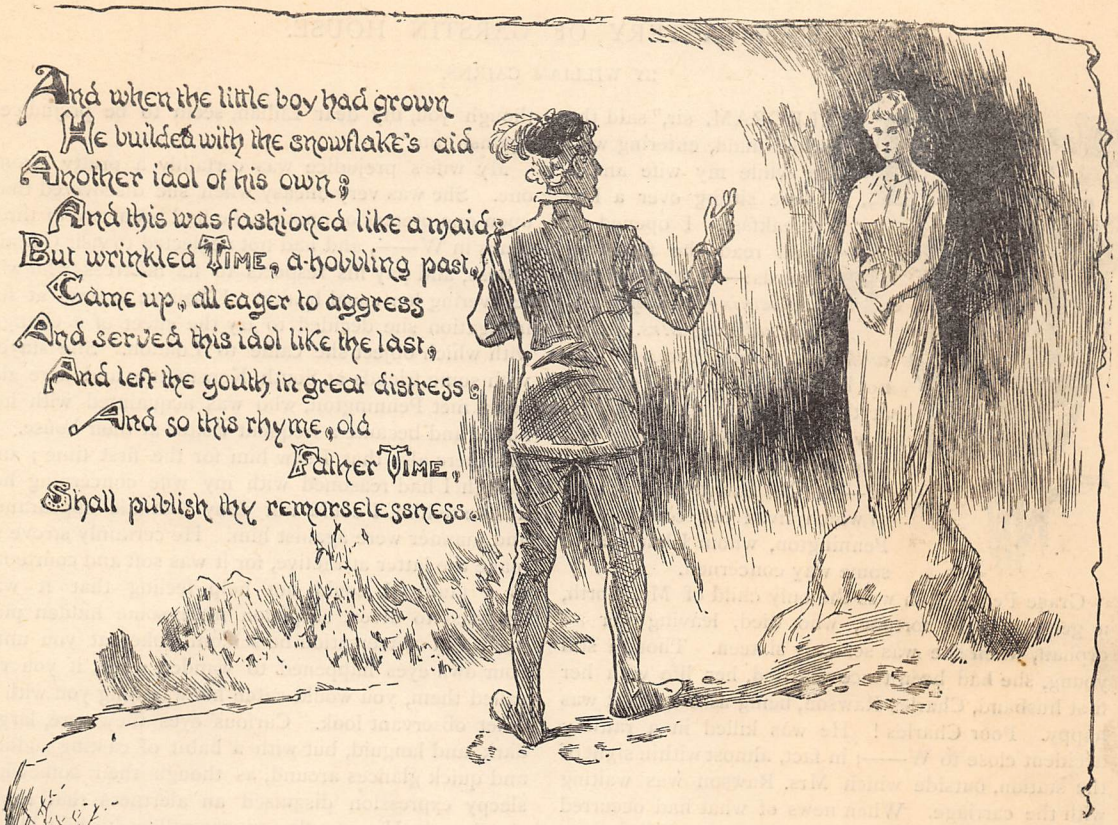
"Yes, but I like it, papa. 'Do what you can, when and wherever you can,' is my motto."

But Mr. Cheveley only laughed.

END OF CHAPTER THE SECOND.

Snow Figures.

Amid the merry morning's Glow
There came an eager little boy
And built an idol out of snow;
And it was modelled like a toy:
But wrinkled Time approached that day
And breathed upon it peevishly,
And made the Idol melt away—
So full of churlishness is he!
I made this rhyme, old Father Time,
To gibe at thy malignity.



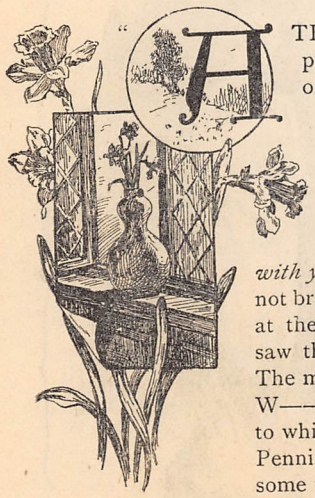
And when the little boy had grown
He builded with the snowflake's aid
Another idol of his own;
And this was fashioned like a maid;
But wrinkled TIME, a-hobbling past,
Came up, all eager to aggress
And served this idol like the last,
And left the youth in great distress;
And so this rhyme, old
FATHER TIME,
Shall publish thy remorselessness.

But when that youth grew old and wise
He made another statue — HOPE —
Of purest snow and goodly size;
Then came old TIME the misanthrope
And breathed upon it all in vain;
It grew more fair, and white, and dense;
Until, exhausted with the strain,
Old TIME himself departed hence!
Oho! This rhyme, old FATHER TIME,
Exulteth at
thine
impotence.

Jas. F. Sullivan.

THE MYSTERY OF GARSTIN HOUSE.

BY WILLIAM CAIRNS.



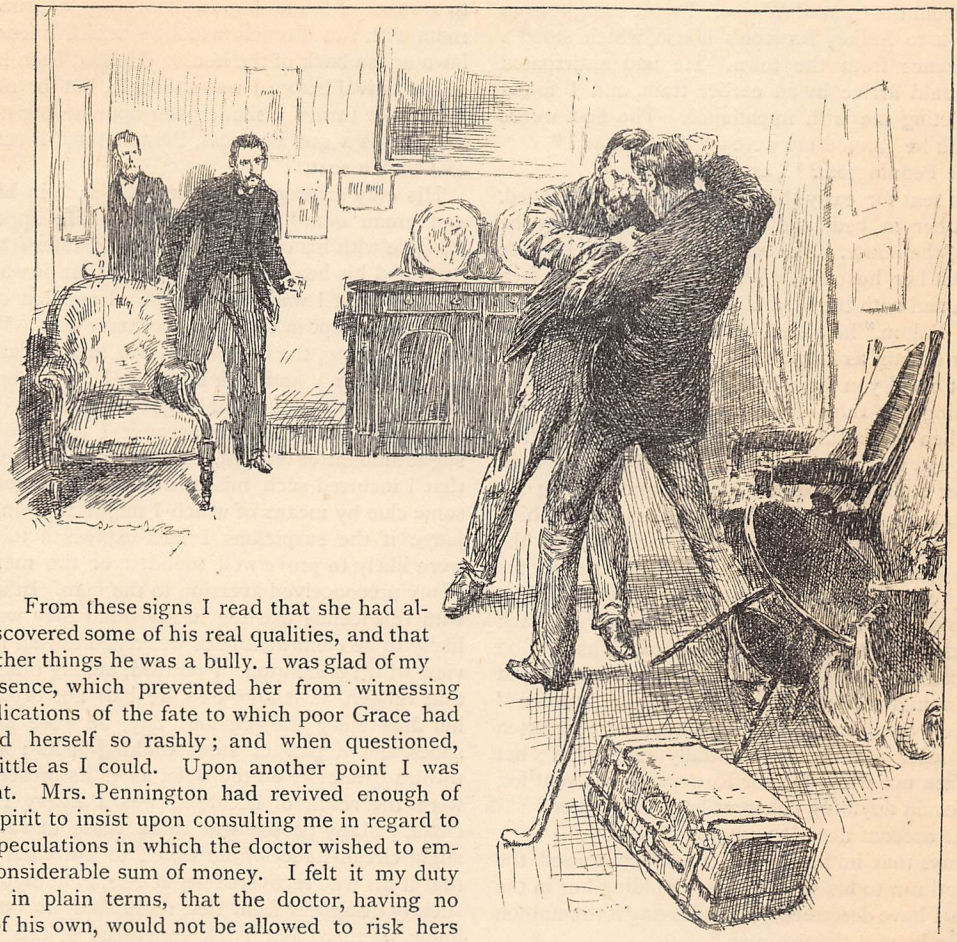
"A TELEGRAM, sir," said the parlour-maid, entering with one, while my wife and I were sitting over a late breakfast. I opened it, and read the following words:—"*Come at once. Something has happened. Do not bring Mrs. Bolton with you. Sidney Rawson.*" Do not bring Mrs. Bolton! I glanced at the person in question, and saw that she was watching me. The message had been sent from W——, the country town near to which lived her cousin Mrs. Pennington, whom I knew it in some way concerned.

Grace Pennington was the only child of Mr. North, a gentleman of fortune, who died, leaving her an orphan, when she was scarcely sixteen. Though still young, she had been twice married, her life with her first husband, Charles Rawson, being as brief as it was happy. Poor Charles! He was killed in a railway accident close to W——; in fact, almost within sight of the station, outside which Mrs. Rawson was waiting with the carriage. When news of what had occurred reached her, she alighted and entered the waiting-room, into which some of the more badly hurt of the survivors were already being carried. She watched each fresh arrival with eagerness, but with ever-renewed disappointment. Several of the passengers had escaped without serious injury. Among these was a tall dark man with a bandaged head and a few minor lacerations about the face and hands, but seeming beyond this little the worse for his adventure. He gave his name as Doctor Pennington of Bedford Square, London; and joined with the medical men who had been summoned to the spot in doing what he could for those who had been less fortunate than he. When the intelligence that her husband was among the killed was at length broken to Mrs. Rawson, and she fainted upon receiving it, it was he who attended her and afterwards conveyed her to her house. He remained in the neighbourhood for some time, seeing her daily, in conjunction with the family doctor; then, being himself sufficiently recovered to travel once more, he went back to London.

Before this my wife had hastened down to Garstin House, to help to nurse her cousin and soothe her grief. When she returned home, she confided to me her opinion of Doctor Pennington. She did not like him, she said; there was something about him to which she could not take. "What was it?" I asked. "Had he done or said anything to offend her?" "No; it was his manner." "Nonsense," I replied, "the man's conduct seems to have been very commendable throughout the whole affair. No doubt he is a good fellow enough; though you, my dear Lillian, seem to be prejudiced against him."

My wife's prejudice was certainly a pretty strong one. She was very uneasy when she discovered that, upon one pretext or another, he had been two or three times in W——, and had not neglected to visit Garstin House, and pay his respects to its mistress, who was recovering her usual health. I believe it was at his instigation she decided to try the effect of a change, with which object she came to London. She stayed with some friends at South Kensington, and here she again met Pennington, who was acquainted with her hosts, and became a frequent visitor at their house. It was there also that I saw him for the first time; and though I had reasoned with my wife concerning her dislike to him, I could not deny that his appearance and manner were against him. He certainly strove to make the latter attractive, for it was soft and courteous to a fault. I could not help feeling that it was assumed to divert suspicion from some hidden purpose. In conversation he seldom looked at you until your own eyes happened to wander, when, if you recalled them, you would catch his watching you with a quiet observant look. Curious eyes they were, large, dark, and languid, but with a habit of casting sudden and quick glances around, as though their somewhat sleepy expression disguised an alertness that never slumbered. His complexion was sallow, his hair black, his age anything from thirty to forty. In person he was tall and well-made; not a heavy, broad-shouldered man, but with a lithe, sinewy, close-knit frame.

Several months went by, and as soon as the first year of her widowhood was completed, we heard that Grace Rawson was engaged to Doctor Pennington. My wife wrote an earnest appeal to her, entreating her to wait for a longer time, to consider more fully before she linked her fate to that of a man of whom she knew so little. Before this letter was sent, I endeavoured to persuade Lillian that it would be useless, and so it proved. They were married within six weeks, and left England to spend their honeymoon on the Continent. They went with the intention of staying a couple of months, but remained nearly four. Perhaps neither was in a hurry to return, for Mrs. Pennington knew that most of her friends disapproved of the step she had taken, and her husband was aware that he would be likely to meet with a cold reception from them. When they passed through London on their way home from abroad, my wife was in the country. Mrs. Pennington knew this, and, instead of calling at my house, paid a visit to my chambers in the Temple. It was partly on business she wished to see me, for I had been appointed, in conjunction with her brother-in-law, Sidney Rawson, as executor of her late husband's will. I felt touched by the change so short a time had made in her. Her manner was subdued. She spoke with hesitation, and with frequent glances at the doctor, as if doubtful of the way in which he might receive what



"MY OBJECT WAS TO HOLD HIM, TO KEEP HIM THERE" (*p.* 55).

she said. From these signs I read that she had already discovered some of his real qualities, and that among other things he was a bully. I was glad of my wife's absence, which prevented her from witnessing these indications of the fate to which poor Grace had consigned herself so rashly; and when questioned, said as little as I could. Upon another point I was also silent. Mrs. Pennington had revived enough of her old spirit to insist upon consulting me in regard to certain speculations in which the doctor wished to embark a considerable sum of money. I felt it my duty to state, in plain terms, that the doctor, having no fortune of his own, would not be allowed to risk hers in doubtful projects, so long as I was able to protest against it. Perhaps I was a little plainer than I need have been, for the reason that he muttered some surly commonplace about a wife's duty to her husband, and his not being a man to be trifled with; all of which, after half an hour's conversation, I knew to be nothing more than the talk of an adventurer who wished to exercise full control over his wife and the money for the sake of which he had married her. When I adopted the tone I have described, he altered his own, and took a lower one; but before we parted I knew, as well as if he had told me, that he hated me with all the strength of his vindictive nature.

There is no need to dwell upon the life Grace Pennington led for the next two years. If ever a woman paid a heavy penalty for an act of folly, she did. For a while she endured patiently, then her cowed spirit rose in revolt against his ill-usage. Once she left home suddenly, and knocked at our door before we dreamed she could have taken such a step. Her husband, discovering whither she had fled, followed; and a reconciliation took place.

It was soon after this I received the telegram of which mention has been made. Avoiding my wife's gaze, I affected to re-read it with an air of as much unconcern as I could assume. But she was not to be deceived. With Lillian the dread of evil tidings from Garstin House was a constant feeling, and, as I was about to refold the message, she said, "Frank, you have bad news of some kind. Where is it from?"

"The message is from Sidney Rawson, but what it means I cannot say."

"Is it anything about Grace?"

"I cannot tell," I answered; "that is, it does not mention her."

"May I see it?"

"Certainly, my dear; but do not imagine all sorts of evil. Perhaps it is nothing, after all."

"*Something has happened*," she read. "*Come at once. Do not bring Mrs. Bolton.* Frank, it *is* about Grace, and I *will* go with you."

"You see, my dear, that I am specially requested not to take you."

"I am sure it is something dreadful," she insisted. "I *must* go to her."

After a time, however, I succeeded in overcoming this resolution, and it was agreed that I should go alone. Certain business to which I was obliged to attend delayed my departure, so that the dusk of evening had already commenced to gather when I

alighted from the train at W——. I went straight from the station to Sidney Rawson's house, which stood a short distance from the town. He had anticipated that I would arrive by an earlier train, and I found him expecting me with impatience. The first words with which he greeted me were—"She is mad!"

"Grace Pennington?" I exclaimed.

"I was sent for early this morning," he continued. "I found her in bed, and raving, surrounded by the women of the house. She seemed unable to recognise anyone but her husband. When he came near her, she screamed with terror, and hid her face among the clothes. Bolton," he added with a shudder, "I shall hear that scream as long as I live."

"What could you learn?" I asked.

"Nothing but this—It was very early, hardly daybreak, when a fearful cry, repeated twice or thrice, rang through the house, rousing most of the inmates. The butler huddled on some clothes, and leaving his room went towards Mrs. Pennington's, from which direction the sounds came. He had reached the corridor upon which it opens, when another of the men overtook him; and immediately after, the door opened and Pennington came out. He started back upon seeing them, and then exclaimed, 'Thank God you are come! There is something the matter with Mrs. Pennington. Call up some of the women!' When the women came, they endeavoured to quieten her, and after a time they partially succeeded; but neither then nor when Doctor Rowe, who was sent for, arrived, could anything coherent be got from her."

"What account does Pennington give?"

"He says that he heard the cry which roused the others, and ran to his wife's room. Finding her in the condition I have described, he was leaving it to summon help, when he met the two men."

"Rawson," said I, after a pause, "we both know the terms on which this unhappy woman lived with her husband. *She*, it seems, can tell nothing; but what do *you* think of the affair?"

"Nothing is *known*," he replied, "and nothing *will* be known, unless poor Grace should recover her reason sufficiently to give an account of what took place. Pennington's account of his visit to her room *may* be the true one."

"It is *not*," I answered; "and every care must be taken, lest anything should be done to lessen the chance of her recovery, for fear her account should disprove his. There is some villainy at the bottom of it, of which only he and his wife know anything—perhaps he alone. I shall telegraph at once to a London physician whom I know—a man of great experience in cases of mental disease. In the meantime, if Pennington should attempt to leave the neighbourhood, upon any pretext whatever, I shall take such steps as I can for having him watched."

"Will you see him?" inquired Rawson.

"At once. I shall go straight from here to Garstin House."

He offered to accompany me, but I judged it better to go alone, as the fact of seeing us together might suggest to Pennington suspicions which I did not wish to arouse. I found him in the library, a ground-floor room with two French windows which opened on a lawn at the back of the house. He had been informed of my arrival before I was shown in, but for all that I fancied he turned a shade paler upon seeing me.

"This is a sad business, Pennington," I remarked, as I took a seat.

His only answer was to bury his face in his hands and groan out, "My poor wife!" He appeared to struggle with his emotion for some minutes; but when he raised his head, I felt convinced that he was acting. On one point I was very careful. I avoided questioning him, except in the most ordinary way. While we were speaking, the doctor who was in attendance came into the room; and with him also I was so sparing of my inquiries that I think he gave me credit for considerable want of feeling, because I displayed such a slight amount of interest. But it mattered little to me that I incurred such misconstruction, if I could gain some clue by means of which I might to some extent judge if the suspicions I had expressed to Rawson were likely to prove well founded, or the mere result of my preconceived aversion to the man. In any case, with this feeling existing in my mind they were more likely to be confirmed than weakened during my interview with Pennington. I noticed, among other things, that though, as it appeared, he had not been outside his door since the previous day, he wore no house-shoes, but a pair of stout walking-boots; and that, thrown carelessly on the sofa, as if its presence there were the result of accident, was a heavy Inverness cloak. Many people will think these unwarrantably slight circumstances from which to entertain a belief that if his wife recovered her senses, Pennington would silently disappear from that room, and no one would know whither; but I felt convinced of this, notwithstanding.

The next day brought no improvement in Mrs. Pennington's condition, and I thought that her husband, in spite of the sorrow he paraded, seemed easier in his mind. The local doctor, whom I had seen the evening before, was not the old one who had attended the family for years, and who was lately dead, but a new man who had succeeded him. I had no great opinion of his skill; besides which I judged him to be too much under the influence of Pennington. I waited anxiously to hear from the physician to whom I had sent an urgent message. As the day wore on, I got an answer, stating that he could not leave London for some hours, but would catch the night-mail to ——, and be at a junction seven miles off at four in the morning. At that hour Sidney Rawson and I were waiting at the junction with a carriage, into which we hurried him, and at once drove off to Garstin House.

Never did I see a man more exasperated than was Pennington when told of the step which had been taken without his knowledge. Addressing himself to Rawson, he demanded to know by whose authority the physician had been summoned from London. "By mine," said I quietly, and he turned upon me the old vindictive look in which I had before read his hatred of me. I met it steadily, and his eyes fell. But he was

not subdued to the point of allowing the physician to enter the sick room.

"Your authority, Mr. Bolton," he said, in a calmer voice, "is not recognised here. Will you do me the favour to leave my house, and take your friends with you?"

"No," I replied, "I will not. I shall not move from here until Dr. Edwards has seen Mrs. Pennington."

"You are a lawyer," he rejoined, "and know that you have no right to act as you are doing."

"I decline," I answered, "to discuss the strict legality of the point. Will you," I added, in a voice of stern meaning, "state the objection you have to your wife being seen by a physician of known ability and experience?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Objection!" he repeated; "I have none. Had I been consulted in the affair, I should, on the contrary, have expressed my obligations to you."

"Then," said I, meeting him with his own weapons, "allow me to express my regret that I should have acted without your knowledge and consent."

After a while he reluctantly gave way, and Doctor Edwards was shown upstairs. He was absent nearly two hours, during which very few words were exchanged between the three of us who remained below. At length he returned, with the intelligence that he had put Mrs. Pennington into a deep sleep. Should it last for a certain time, he said, she might wake with her reason partially if not completely restored; but should it have no effect, or should she be disturbed while it lasted, the case might become a hopeless one, and her removal to an asylum be advisable.

Rawson and I did not remain in the house, but we went no further off than the village, which was barely half a mile distant. At about eight in the evening Sidney left me, to go home for a couple of hours. While I was expecting his return (the hands of the clock in the inn-parlour where I was seated pointing to half-past nine) a message arrived from Edwards, to the effect that Mrs. Pennington had wakened, in a much more composed state. No one but Rawson knew of the suspicions I had of Pennington's probable action, should such a result occur; but these had not been lessened by his subsequent demeanour, and as soon as the messenger had left the inn I followed, and, contriving to pass him unobserved, made all the speed I could to Garstin House. I stole round to the back of the house, and from the shadow of a tree that stood near the lawn, took stock of the library windows. Yes, there was someone moving within, warily and with great caution, for the noise was scarcely audible. I put out my hand and gently touched the curtains of the open window. They parted slightly in the centre, and, looking through the narrow opening, I saw Pennington bending on one knee as he fastened the buckles of a Gladstone bag, to which he had strapped the cloak before mentioned. A loaded cane lay on the ground at his side. Concerning his purpose there could now be no doubt. He rose, and after adjusting a travelling-cap on his head, stooped to lift the bag in his left hand and the stick in his right.

As he approached the window, I parted the curtains and, stepping into the room, confronted him. He drew back with a start, and then stood staring at me without speech or motion.

With a strong effort I preserved my ordinary manner as I said, "Good-evening, Doctor Pennington; you were about to start on a journey?"

"Yes," he replied; "I—I shall be absent for a day or two."

"You will not be absent for a single hour," I said, with a sudden change of tone. "You will not go at all. You are about to fly from the fear of some disclosure, and you shall not leave here until this affair is cleared up."

"Will you stop me?"

"Yes."

The man's eyes gleamed with passion, but the cunning which is nearly always more or less predominant in the nature of the actual or possible criminal asserted itself in the very crisis of his fury. As we stood facing each other, he dropped the bag, and raising his left hand to point beyond me exclaimed, "Look behind you, Bolton!"

Thank Heaven for the presence of mind which enabled me to perceive the rascal's intention. "You villain!" I cried, "I would not turn my back to you to-night for anything on earth!"

The words were scarcely uttered, when he struck at me with his whole force. Quick of eye and active of limb, I managed to avoid the blow, but so narrowly that the heavy ball of lead grazed my shoulder. Before he could repeat the stroke, I closed with him. The stick fell to the ground, and locked in one another's arms we staggered to and fro. His object was to overthrow me, to render me helpless by some heavy blow. My object was to hold him, to keep him there; and strive as he would, he could not loosen my grip. As we came against the table it overturned with a crash, and we fell.

At that instant the door was flung open, and Edwards rushed in, accompanied by Rawson, who had reached the inn immediately after I left it. Behind them were two men whom I did not know.

As Pennington rose, both the men went up to him, and in a moment he was handcuffed. Then one of them turned to us and said, "You've known this man as Doctor Pennington, gentlemen; perhaps you'll be surprised to hear that he's no other than Thomas Fletcher, the American forger, who did that big thing on a New York bank six years ago."

"I suppose the game is up," muttered Pennington.

"Clean," responded his other captor.

"You fool!" went on their prisoner, turning to me, "do you think it was anything you could do I feared?"

"The gentleman has done enough for you, anyway," said one of the detectives. "If it hadn't been for him, you might have given us the slip once more."

In another hour he was on his way to the county gaol ten miles off, and we were left to reflect upon this strange conclusion to the career of a man who had been the cause of so much misery; though as yet we were hardly able to realise all that had happened.

But something even more strange and unexpected was destined to occur. Neither Rawson nor I left Garstin House that night, and on the following morning we were told that one of the men who had been there the night before wished to speak with us. When we went down to him, he said, "I thought, gentlemen, that maybe you'd like to know as soon as possible."

"Know what?" we asked.

"Him that we took from here."

"Yes; what of him?"

"He's dead."

"Dead!"

The officer nodded. "Heart disease; he was found dead this morning in his cell."

* * * * * *

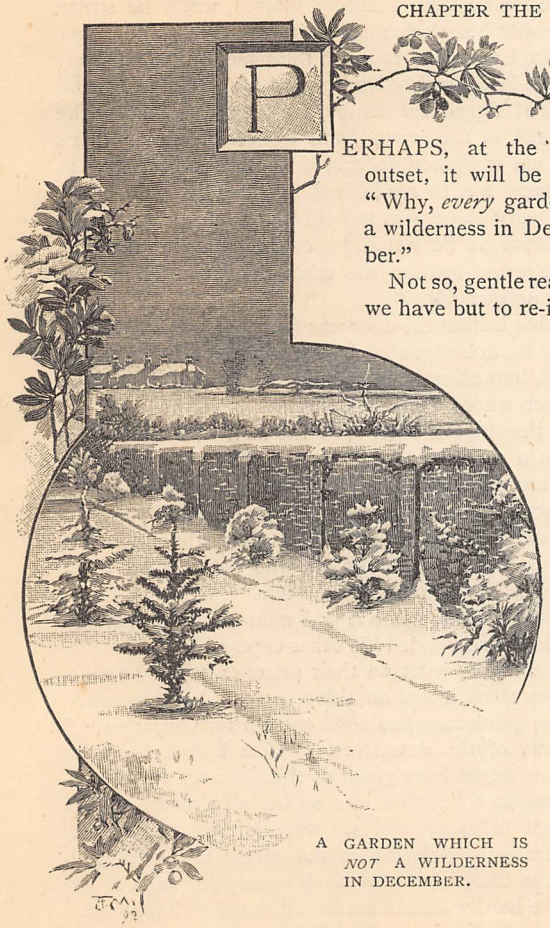
At the end of six months a pale delicate-looking woman was driven into W——. Many of those who saw her saluted her with a respect that had a touch of pity in it. From that day she was seen there no more. Poor Grace left her home, never to return; and Garstin House, with all the property attached to it, was sold. When she recovered the shock her reason had sustained, she begged of us never to question her concerning the events of that dreadful night. Possibly she herself could recall them but imperfectly. I can explain them only by conjecturing that during one of their frequent differences her husband had, in a fit of passion, attempted to execute some hideous threat. Apart from this surmise, the affair continued a mystery. It is now four years since it occurred, and its effect upon her has happily become less and less apparent, though it is doubtful if she will ever be the same she was.

Just of late, however, Lillian, with whom she passes most of her time, has been more hopeful in this respect. She is still handsome and not much over thirty, and my cousin, George Bolton (newly arrived among us from China, where he has spent a dozen years in accumulating a snug little fortune), seems much interested in her. He is one of the best fellows in the world, and she certainly seems to have a great liking for his society. We often wonder if a third marriage will make amends to her for the past, and cannot help thinking it is highly probable.

HOW A WILDERNESS BECAME A GARDEN.

SECOND SERIES.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

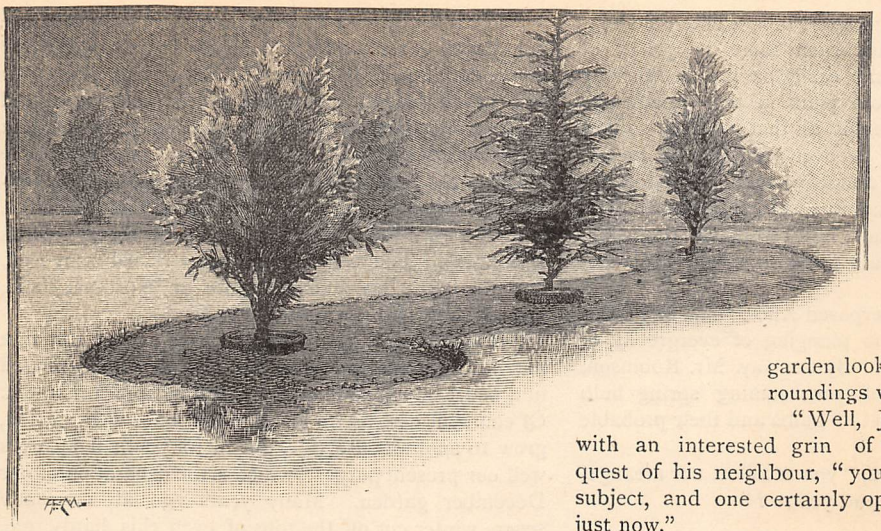


A GARDEN WHICH IS *NOT* A WILDERNESS IN DECEMBER.

PERHAPS, at the very outset, it will be said, "Why, *every* garden is a wilderness in December."

Not so, gentle reader; we have but to re-introduce some old gardening friends in these opening pages of another volume of our MAGAZINE, and put to them a few questions, to which we have no fears whatever of an unsatisfactory answer. Some little time ago they told us how at midsummer they had decided upon becoming neighbouring tenants of a couple of houses in a pleasant suburban retreat known as Highland Villas, and to try the experiment of enthusiastic *suburban* gardening. They had entered upon their course under circumstances decidedly adverse to *thoroughly* successful gardening, for they were within a short distance of a large business centre, with tall chimneys and two or three railway stations, while the very land—not certainly very extensive—at the back of their houses could, upon their first taking possession of it, only be described as "a wilderness."

And this "wilderness" they at once determined should "become a garden." But here was another disadvantage under which they laboured, for they inherited the natural impatience of gardeners. They found themselves in *July* as the tenants of a wilderness—in *July*, when all English gardens were in the very zenith of their beauty. But "Rome was not built in a day," and of very necessity they had to lay the foundation of their garden in the very month of flowers. Trenching and manuring were at once carried out, and a good collection of flowers plunged, pot and all, beneath the soil under their windows had to do temporary duty in the way of floral ornament. But not until the autumn set in did they dare to commence stocking their domain with the necessary shrubs; for had they not long ago learnt in the old country home that all garden changes, such as planting and transplanting, cannot be successfully carried on under a burning



EVERGREENS IN PLUNGED POTS, TO BE REMOVED WHEN BULBS FLOWER.

sun any more than they can be under a biting frost?

Well, then, it was within a day or two of the end of a dreary November that John Smith and Alice, his wife, had asked their neighbours, Charles Robinson and his niece, Mary, to a cosy fire-side supper, with the object of discussing some gardening matters that were at all events uppermost in their thoughts at all leisure hours.

"Can't say much, certainly," said John, "for the look just now of some of our neighbours' gardens along Highland Villas. Some of them never took any cuttings at all from their plants in September, but have left all their open air stock to die down anyhow; no leaves have been got up nor anything whatever put straight for the winter; and though some of them have been tenants here for a year or more, their gardens are *now* at least a mere cats' battle-field, and the whole place is a wilderness."

"Well," put in Charles, "we found our land a very 'wilderness' when we came here in June; it would certainly be a satisfaction to ourselves and a reproof to our untidy neighbours if we succeeded in making a *garden* of it in *December*."

"And I think, Charles," said John, "that we are in a very fair way to have a respectable garden in December, or at all events an orderly and tidy one."

"Ah, my good fellow," replied Charles, "tidy and orderly, of course, we can be and mean to be, but possibly a few flowers may turn up as well, and certainly some variegated shrubs and so forth, for you remember what pains we took in the autumn to secure some dwarf evergreens of different tints in their foliage?"

"And, uncle," interposed Mary brightly, "although no one looks for many flowers in the open garden in December, I have often thought that the different-coloured berries on some of the evergreen shrubs, not to speak of the variety of the foliage itself, make up a good deal in December for the loss of the colour that the flowers give us in June."

"Now, Charles," said John, "give us one of your winter evening gardening lectures, and tell us, for instance, how you would go about making a December garden look as cheerful as the surroundings will admit of."

"Well, John," replied Charles, with an interested grin of satisfaction at the request of his neighbour, "you have given me a good subject, and one certainly opportune for both of us just now."

Ruminating for a minute thoughtfully, he continued:—

"You know, John, there is one difficulty which I had better name at once. Here have you and I been busy a few weeks ago putting in our bulbs in some of our little flower-beds, and if we are thinking of plunging a few bright evergreens in pots that we have just ordered from the florist, we must be most particular not to disturb any of the bulbs, nor, for the matter of that, any plant that has died down, and, like all the perennial class, is now quietly asleep under the ground."

"Precisely," said John. "But now tell us something about the Christmas rose."

"Ah, now!" said Alice, "a real Christmas flower in the open beds."

"Yes, it is strange," said Charles, carrying on his thoughts aloud, "that the Christmas rose, though a white flower, should be called by florists *Helleborus niger*, but though the whole class of *Helleborus* is more or less poisonous, it is a great favourite of some three hundred years' standing. You and I, John, took care to have some of this hardy plant put in as soon almost as we came here. It thrives best, however, though a plant that

A SUBSTITUTE FOR JUNE FLOWERS.

blooms in the depth of winter, in a sheltered situation, and in our small garden there is plenty of shelter to be had. It can easily be raised either by seed or by dividing an old plant in the spring-time. Quite an ordinary soil, too, is all that it needs, so that there is no necessity to be over-particular as to any compost preparation. Perhaps we can hardly look to have many flowers on ours this season, but once it is thoroughly well established, it blossoms in profusion, and the flowers are certainly charming for table decoration."

"I hope," suddenly interposed Alice, "that *our* bulbs were not injured by the plunging of evergreens, or indeed by anything else. By the way, Mr. Robinson, can you tell us more of your coming spring bulb show, or give us a nice list of bulbs and their probable expense?"

"Well," replied Charles, "you recollect our arrangement of red, blue, white, and yellow?"

"Perfectly."

"I was able then," said Charles, "for about fourpence or fivepence per bulb, to put in such as those known as Czar Nicholas, Regina Victoria, Princess Royal, all double red. Of the double white, I got Anna Maria, Jenny Lind, Prince of Waterloo. Of the double blue, let me name Albion, Shakespeare, Robert Burns; and of the double yellow, Bouquet Orange, Pure d'Or, and Goethe, all for nearly the same price. Of course, if we like to spend more money, finer and choicer specimens can be had: such, for example, as the Koh-i-noor, a noble hyacinth of a fine salmon pink in colour, classed, nevertheless, under the double red: I gave nearly two shillings for this, and a shilling for 'Arnold Prinsen,' a mauve lilac. But the old-fashioned price of from fourpence to sixpence a bulb will enable you for a few shillings to get some choice varieties."

"And now," continued Charles, "to change our subject, let us talk next of our laurels. We have already, I recollect, the Portugal laurel and the common laurel; both of them, I think, are fast growers, which is a good thing for us as new-comers comparatively. They contrast well the one with the other, and we have allowed all the room we can afford for their growth.

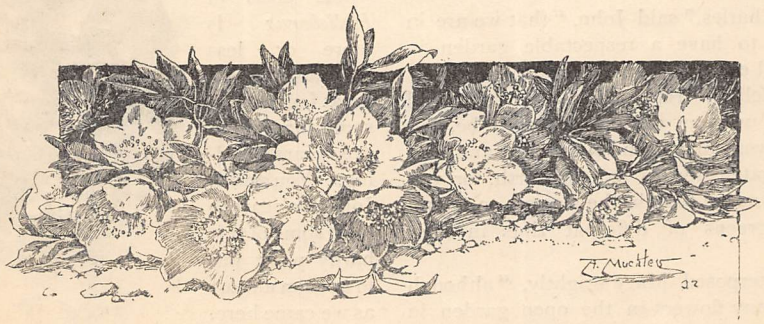
"But where are we to begin, and how long could we not talk of our old friend the holly and its varieties? for we can have both bright and dark green or narrow and broad leaves, variegated edges and variegated centres, and then, as Mary just now said, the brilliant scarlet berries supply the place of flowers of their very colour. And perhaps the best and most striking contrasts to the holly are those of the pine and yew tribe. Then we may notice the Arbutus, or strawberry tree, as it is called. This can be budded or raised from seed, and the hardy specimens require only ordinary soil, and the fruit is like an oval strawberry.

"It sounds perhaps curious to have an oak tree in a pot, yet a young evergreen oak in a pot and plunged in a bed, as we are doing here, is a handsome ornament. Of course it can, as we know, when once well started, grow to an immense tree, but in its youth it answers well our present purpose, which is the decoration of our December garden. Many years ago an unusually severe winter cut off the tops of even this hardy tree, the evergreen oak, but a curious result was that the following season some of these trees broke out at the bottom, forming most beautiful shrubs.

"The various specimens of the Andromeda also give us some charming shrubs. For instance, we can get the A. floribunda, a bushy specimen, some fifteen inches in height, for two shillings, paying, of course, a little more for a larger-sized plant. Shrubs will generally thrive fairly well in ordinary soil, better perhaps in a sandy soil, and not so well where there is much clay. We need not, however, confine ourselves to the Andromeda.

"Let us take selections of that noble tribe of the Coniferæ; varieties of the Abies, the Spruce Fir tribe, running from three to six feet in height, can be had from a shilling to three or five shillings each. The Juniper, the Araucaria (more commonly known as the Monkey Puzzle), the Cedar, the Cypress, etc., all come under this class, and can be had at similar cost. And now, I think, it is time to break up."

"Many thanks, Charles, for your interesting lecture," said John. "We must certainly have some more of this later on."



HER "STUDY FROM LIFE."

BY LILLIAS WASSERMANN, AUTHOR OF "CAPTAIN KITTY," "THE DAFFODILS," ETC.

"AFTER all, I believe one loses something through one's entire devotion to art," murmured Helen Onslow to herself, as she half-enviously watched a pair of young lovers strolling by in the fresh June sunshine, while she sat by the window, writing. "One has surely a right to one's own life—to live it, I mean, instead of giving it up to one's profession! As it is, everything grows shadowy and unreal, the world a mere stage for the display of fictitious emotions. One's critical faculties are developed, to the detriment of one's emotions. I don't believe it can be good to look upon human beings in the cold-blooded, analytical manner that becomes second nature to the novelist. But, heigh ho! one must live. And one can't do good work without entire self-devotion to it."

And at this conclusion Helen bent again to her page of manuscript. But her ideas had all taken flight, and nothing save the most commonplace twaddle would flow from her flagging pen and uninspired brain.

Jumping up, she began to pace the room restlessly.

"I fancy that I'm rather like that feeble-minded personage the 'Lady of Shalott,' who grew so sick of shadows for the same reason. But if I am a fool, at least I'll take care that no one knows of it!"

She stopped before a small oval mirror—the one relic she had saved from the wreck of the pretty house they had possessed while her father lived—and regarded herself with critical impartiality.

She was a handsome brunette of six-and-twenty, with great dark poetic-looking eyes, and a warm brown velvety complexion. There was about her whole appearance a careless kind of grace; which, however, suggested the notion that she spent a very brief time over her toilette. If she had ever possessed the feminine attributes of vanity and self-consciousness, she appeared to have lost them during a severe struggle for existence.

It is certain, for example, that a trifle more vanity would have caused her to pay greater attention to the arrangement of her hair and the style of her garments. Masculine eyes might possibly have beamed approval of the general effect she produced, but the keener optics of those of her own sex would have instantly detected the fashion of a previous season in most of Helen's attire. But then, she was not a fashionable novelist, to revel in Paris or Bond Street garments; and even the remodelling of last season's dresses costs either time or money—generally both. Helen Onslow wrote for a living; and perhaps, in consequence, wrote too much to write well.

Of this fact no one was more painfully conscious than the girl herself; but the remedy was not easy to find. Better work demanded longer time. Meanwhile, Helen and that little crippled sister of hers might starve.

There were certainly capabilities in her, but, alas! no leisure wherein to develop them. Those weekly romances, crammed full of sensational and impossible incidents, for which the editor of the "Chimney Corner" paid her sufficiently good coin of the realm to enable her to snap her fingers at that proverbial wolf, who is so apt to poke his grisly head within the doors of poor *littérateurs*, left her scant leisure and less energy for the achieving of anything more ambitious. As a set-off, however, she had no idle moments to be consumed by discontented and vain imaginings.

Only, upon this particular morning in June, there must have been something in the air that suddenly rendered her acutely conscious of the fact that her youth was passing like a dream, and that she was getting no good of it. For all the difference youth and beauty made to her, she might have been a wrinkled woman of eighty.

When life was young, and sweet seventeen had brought to her its golden visions, she had planned a glorious future for herself. And what had it all come to?

A dingy lodging in a back street in Bloomsbury, an existence of drudgery at work she despised, a weekly wage from a sensational penny paper: a poor, lonely, loveless, joyless old age to look forward to.

"I remember hearing once of a man who divided the inhabitants of the world under two heads: the people who bought pickled pork, and the people who didn't! Pickled pork was the commodity he vended. Well, it is quite possible that my intellect—which I was once so proud of—may eventually narrow itself down to similar limits. In place of pickled pork, read fiction, and you have it. The result is much the same. I appear to divide humanity into the people who afford me 'copy' and those who don't!"

Then she took to wondering what difference it would have made in her life if she had accepted the love of a certain young man, who stood out prominently in her memory as the only male creature who had recognised that she was a woman as well as a novelist. To be sure she was very young at the time, and hid her light under a bushel, so that there was nothing then to mark her as different from other maidens of seventeen. She had not cared for him in the least. He was sandy-haired and angular, and had a knobby excrescence in the middle of his forehead. He talked in aphorisms culled from the pages of Cobbett and Smiles, and gave himself airs of superiority, offensive to Helen's young and intolerant spirit.

Nevertheless, he was absolutely sincere, and his passion for Helen had been deep and genuine; wherefore she began to think more tenderly of him after he had left her for ever than while closer contact forced

his peculiarities upon her notice. Looking back, a sort of romantic halo surrounded him, and softened away his harsh outlines.

Although Helen did not recognise the fact, she was at heart a very woman, and could not altogether stifle a woman's natural instincts and longings. When she refused him, he emigrated to Canada, and disappeared entirely out of her life.

And now she used the few pretty speeches he had made—when the force of his passion rendered him momentarily oblivious of his beloved aphorisms—for the love-making episodes of her romances.

But this one love experience of her life was too slight to be of much avail, and she frequently felt quite at sea when attempting to describe such scenes. A *connoisseur* in the art of flirtation would have found much to raise a smile in her sentimental rhapsodies. They were indeed exaggerated and unreal, for the most part.

Fortunately, however, the class of people for whom she wrote are not realists, nor are they critical about the limitations of art. They prefer their love-making to be served up in strong doses, and delight in hyperbole and fantastic commonplace—if such a term be admissible?

In the work upon which Helen Onslow was now engaged she aimed at something higher. It was not for the sensational journal this time. She had received an invitation to contribute to a magazine of considerable standing in the world of literature. Never again might such an opportunity occur to her.

And yet, just at this particular moment her courage failed her, and she grew painfully nervous about her own ability to produce anything worthy of acceptance.

The scene she was trying to describe struck her all at once as unnatural and stupid; the characters declined to live or act for themselves. In place of making passionate love, the hero posed and attitudinised, until Helen absolutely loathed him.

"But I don't quite see what I can do, unless somebody will make love to me, just to show me how it's done," she cried at length, in desperation. "Here have I got to depict the manner in which a shy, reserved, thoughtful man gets led on to a proposal, and I haven't the remotest idea how to begin. I *must* have experience, or I shall fail utterly."

It was in consequence of this reasoning that Helen made a more careful toilette than was usual to her, and went to one of Mrs. Fitzboodle's evenings; also that she laid herself out especially to attract John Middlemist, a quiet middle-aged bachelor of retiring habits and plain exterior.

Mr. Middlemist was at first more embarrassed than delighted by Helen's attentions. He was all unused to be singled out by charming women, and did not quite know how to behave under the circumstances.

He was, to some extent, an idealist—in his dreams of love—but had despaired of either finding or winning his ideal. Too modest to place any great value upon the sterling mental and moral qualities he undoubtedly possessed, he had allowed noisy and self-assertive persons to elbow him out of their paths in most of the instances where he would fain have succeeded.

He was not brilliant, but thorough: not accomplished, but a scholar. His poverty had prevented him from indulging in any love-dreams while young; or at least from seeking to realise them. He was then merely a clerk in the office of a City merchant, and upon an income of something like a hundred and thirty pounds a year he had had to support an invalid mother and a young sister.

Things were different now. His mother died, his sister married, and his employers had shown their appreciation of his steady industry by making him junior partner in the firm.

But the old habits were deeply rooted by this time. He had become accustomed to retire into the background in favour of more affluent and pushing personages.

Helen Onslow—when she chose to exert her powers of pleasing—was an exceedingly attractive woman, and upon this evening she brought to bear upon the shy bachelor every fascination she possessed.

Poor John Middlemist! He had scarcely a chance of escape.

Before long, the mingled sweetness and pain of repressed emotions returned to trouble his middle-aged heart. He could not but be flattered to discover that such a clever and handsome creature should seem to desire his society, and in his simple, unsuspicious way he laid bare before her the inmost recesses of his mind.

It never entered into his head to imagine that she was drawing him out for her own purposes. Like many persons of reserved natures, he was apt to become only too frank when he let himself go, and in this instance there was no inward voice to warn him. It was exceedingly sweet to watch the interest evoked by his slightest utterance, to look into Helen's soft dark eyes through his spectacles, and to fancy that he could read a response therein to all his mild idealisms.

It did not, in truth, require much skill to land such an excessively eager fish. Even Helen felt rather ashamed of her easy victory when he begged leave, as humbly as a schoolboy (not a modern schoolboy, of course, who is anything rather than humble), to call upon her, and to bring her some book he had talked of, and which she had expressed a wish to read.

It made a great difference in poor little Elsie Onslow's life when John Middlemist began to visit her brilliant sister. Elsie's pleasures had previously been very few indeed. However tender-hearted Helen might be over her crippled sister's dreary, suffering existence, a tough fight for the necessaries of life made it impossible for her to spare either much time or money over a capricious invalid.

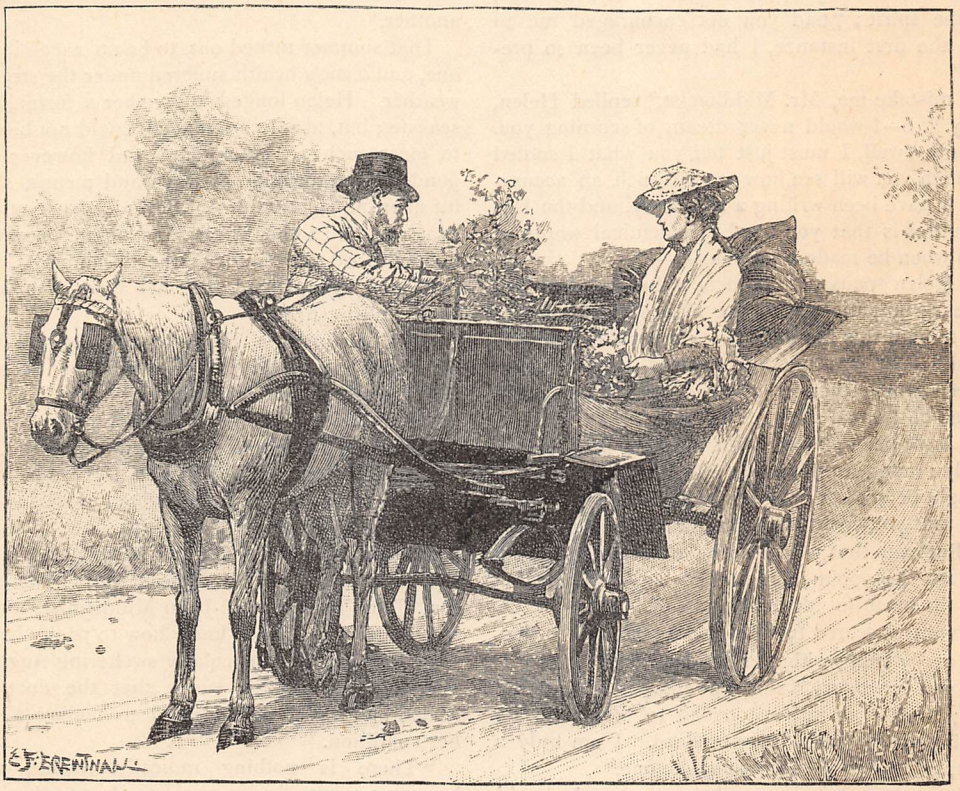
But Mr. Middlemist had both time and money at his disposal; and he devoted himself at once to this little creature of sixteen, whose utter deprivation of all the joys and hopes of youth touched the kind old bachelor keenly. He took her out for drives, and sent her presents of fruit and flowers; ransacked the booksellers' shops for amusing books to read aloud to her;

and, in short, assumed towards her the position of an affectionate elder brother.

In return, Elsie showered upon him the affection of which her heart was full, and grew to look with anxious impatience for his appearance, and to count the hours of his absence.

Meanwhile, Helen, occupied with her work, frequently forgot him altogether, unless she required some fresh "copy" for the character which she had evolved

Events culminated on a particular evening, when Elsie, tired by a long country drive, had gone to rest with a great armful of wild roses by her bedside, and Helen was left alone with Mr. Middlemist. It was a revelation to her when he spoke. She had been so absorbed in her own thoughts and work, that she had not realised the force of the passion she had inspired. Now it came upon her suddenly; and, truth to tell, it both frightened and took her breath away.



"HE DEVOTED HIMSELF AT ONCE TO THIS LITTLE CREATURE OF SIXTEEN" (*p.* 60).

from his own; when she would turn to him with a look and a smile that sent the blood coursing through his veins, and made him exquisitely happy—until she forgot him again.

Her story grew to completion, and for once it pleased her fastidious taste; better than this, it pleased the still more fastidious taste of the editor at whose request it was written, and before long she received proofs from the office of the magazine.

It was a matter of ambition more than of money. For once she had done work that was worthy of it, and had given expression to the thoughts that burned and seethed within her.

Now that the need for inspiration had passed, however, she had leisure to grow human, and the position in which she found herself placed did not altogether please her. Like Frankenstein, she had evoked a spirit that would be difficult to dispose of.

Who would have imagined that this quiet, matter-of-fact, reserved old bachelor had such dreams and fancies hidden beneath that prosaic exterior of his?

"I dreamt of you through all the long, dreary, loveless years of my past," he said, in a voice tremulous with feeling. "I waited for you, though I knew not then for what or for whom I was waiting. I know that I am neither clever nor brilliant—not your match in intellect, and a plain, homely sort of fellow at the best. But no one could love you more truly, no one could be more ready to worship your every look and action, no one could be more completely yours, body, and soul, and mind. I have never loved before; and if you refuse my suit I shall never love again. Tell me, Helen: is there any hope that you can care for me?"

All unconsciously he had used the very words that Helen had put into the mouth of her elderly hero; and she started, and then smiled, as she recognised

them. How true to nature she had been! The pride of the artist was instantly aroused by this discovery. It made her oblivious of the fact that the fate of a human being hung in the balance.

But to the poor, piteous, short-sighted eyes, fixed so pleadingly upon her face, that smile of hers had a cruel and a mocking look.

He had laid himself at her feet, to deal with as she chose, and this was how she treated the offering.

"You ought not to scorn me for being weak enough to confess that I love you, Miss Onslow," he exclaimed, with some spirit; "had you not encouraged me to hope in the first instance, I had never been so presuming."

"You mistake me, Mr. Middlemist," replied Helen, hurriedly. "I—I would never dream of scorning you. It was only—well, I must just tell you what I smiled at, and then you will see how unjust such an accusation is. I have been writing a love story, and the fact of the matter is that you used the identical words of my hero when he made a proposal——"

Here Helen paused. Somehow her conduct did not appear compatible with the highest principles of honour, though this fact had never struck her before. Mr. Middlemist was not quick-witted, but he would have been worse than stupid had he not conceived some idea of the real state of the case.

"You have been playing with me," he said, slowly and sadly; rising from his seat and standing very stiff and upright before her; "I see it all now. I was a fool to fancy that you could ever care for me—ever be my wife. But even that would not have mattered so much had you not disappointed me otherwise—had you but realised the beautiful ideal I dreamt of."

The room appeared to whirl before Helen's vision. Was he really going without a kinder word?

"I—I am very sorry," she muttered, in a confused manner; "but it is rather too bad to blame me for not coming up to your ideal standard. I am only a commonplace woman—not an angelic one."

"Had you been a commonplace woman, I should have loved you all the same. But a *woman* is not a cold-blooded moral anatomist," was the bitter retort. "Miss Onslow, let me give you one word of advice: for the sake of what I now suffer be more careful in future. The next time you want to study character—character and passion—pray be more careful in choosing the subject of your experiment. Some men might not feel it so much; but as for me—I almost die under the scalpel!"

A short time ago Helen had declared herself to be sick of shadows. She remembered this with a gleam of sickly and wondering amusement. What would she not have given now to have leave to return to that land of phantasy, which appeared then so tame and spiritless?

Time passed in a dull and spiritless fashion after the visits of her admirer ceased.

Elsie cried herself blind when Helen, in as few words as possible, explained the reason of his absence. It was very difficult to bear with patience the incessant murmurings and complaints of the little creature; especially when Helen found, to her great surprise, that she herself missed painfully the quiet and unobtrusive attentions of her middle-aged lover.

He still sent flowers and fruit, and even the carriage once to take Elsie out; but Helen sent it back without saying a word to the invalid, as she would have liked to return the other gifts, had she been able. It hurt her pride to have to accept anything from one who had allowed her to see so plainly how much he despised her; but, after all, Elsie had done no wrong, and it was hard to punish the child for the fault of another.

That summer turned out to be an exceptionally hot one, and Elsie's health suffered under the stress of the weather. Helen longed to give her a fortnight at the seaside; but, alas! the finances could not be stretched to meet such an emergency, and however the girl pondered the question of ways and means, she could hit upon no solution of it. Several of her stories had been returned to her at once, as lacking in novelty and incident, and the editor of the "Chimney Corner" in particular complained that her work was losing its verve and freshness.

At this juncture Helen could not fail to think somewhat regretfully of the safe and comfortable position which she might have occupied as the wife of Mr. Middlemist: how she might have given Elsie every luxury that money could buy: and how, in place of racking her wearied brains for fresh plots and characters, she might have devoted herself to soothing the pain and suffering of her little sister.

She did what she could, but Elsie was impatient of her consolations. The constant cry of the child was for "John, her dear old John Middlemist," and Helen was at her wits' end to know how to pacify her sister.

At last, on one particularly sweltering August night, Elsie grew so much worse that the doctor whom Helen had called in admitted to feeling alarmed at her condition.

"There is nothing radically wrong, save her lameness; but she is very weak and low in tone. She ought to have a change and plenty of good support. Fresh air and nourishing food may save her yet, but I cannot hide from you the fact that she has no stamina, and is deplorably weak at present."

"You think her in danger—really in danger, doctor?"

The doctor shrugged his shoulders, and murmured some commonplace phrase that might mean anything, and committed him to nothing.

When he was gone Helen buried her head in her hands, and the tears streamed through her fingers.

Elsie was all she had to love and live for in the world, and now she had been given to understand that unless luxuries—impossible under present conditions—were showered upon the dearly loved one, Elsie would be lost.

What was to be done? Helen thought and thought, until her brain reeled with the effort, but she was no nearer to finding the necessary money.

In this dilemma her thoughts again flew to John Middlemist. Fool and blind! What had she driven

him away for? He was the only person she knew of with will and power to save her sister.

How if she humiliated herself before him, and begged his assistance? After all, he had appeared to be fond of Elsie. And he was a large-hearted, generous, noble-minded man. Even at her worst, Helen never doubted that.

But what a terrible wrench it would be—what a crushing blow to her pride! *Could* she bring herself to do it?

Elsie's life was at stake. Let her remember that, and become humble at once.

Yes, cost what it might it should be gone through. Elsie's life against her pride. She would keep saying that over and over, as she went on her way.

* * * * *

Mr. Middlemist was sitting alone in his library, looking and feeling very sad, and old, and lonely. He lived in a pretty house, looking into Regent's Park; and everything therein was quaint, old-fashioned, and exceedingly comfortable. Nevertheless, he had lost his enjoyment of it, and realised that he was growing old, and that there was no one to care.

"A lady to see you, sir," announced the neat maid who attended to the door-bell.

"A lady?" exclaimed Mr. Middlemist, in a tone of surprise, for he had few visitors of the opposite sex. "Did she give her name?"

"No; she is here, sir," said the maid quickly, and drew back as Helen Onslow entered the room.

"I was afraid you would decline to see me if I sent in my name, and—and there is so much at stake that I dared not risk *that*."

Mr. Middlemist could scarce believe his eyes. He had been thinking of her all the evening—bitterly, angrily, sadly, longingly—and now, as though in answer to his thoughts, she appeared. How did she look? Her face was pallid, and there was a tired and worn expression there that touched him, in spite of himself.

He bowed a trifle stiffly as he handed her a chair.

She was trembling in every limb, and sank into it at once. Then he waited to hear what she had to say. Once, twice, several times she essayed to begin, but her courage failed at the last moment. He could not but notice her agitation; and although his heart was hot with anger against her, he was too true a man not to wish to relieve her embarrassment at once.

"You are in distress, Miss Onslow," he said gently. "Can I do anything to assist you?"

She looked into his good, plain, honest face, and then she took her courage in her hands.

"Elsie is ill—dying, the doctor says, unless I can give her things that are impossible to procure under the present circumstances. I do not know what to do. We have no friends that I can borrow money from. We are quite alone in the world—we two. I was cruel and unfeeling to you—though not so much as you imagined at the time, perhaps. You told me then that I was unwomanly and unfeeling, and that you had a great contempt for me. Well, you can have your revenge now. See how abject I am! Can I humiliate myself further? I come to you—you whom I have wronged—and ask you for assistance: in plain English, for the loan of money to take my little sister to the seaside, and to buy her such delicate food as her condition requires. You were always very good to Elsie, and she has pined for you, and refused to be comforted. For the love of Heaven, have pity upon us both! and do not visit my fault upon her innocent head. She will die unless you help her, and—and she is all I have in the world."

Helen's hands were clasped together, and she half sank, half knelt, upon the ground, in an agony of appeal.

Mr. Middlemist was greatly affected by the sight of her distress, as well as by the piteous tale she had to tell.

He felt rather ashamed that at such a moment he could still feel acutely conscious of her beauty, as she looked up at him with glowing eyes and cheeks flushed with shame.

He laid his hands upon her shoulders and attempted to raise her from the lowly position she had assumed.

"You must not kneel to me, Helen—Miss Onslow," he said, his voice hoarse with emotion; "I cannot bear to see you in such a position."

"Oh, do not prevent me! Let me feel that I have left no stone unturned to gain my cause. I am a proud woman, Mr. Middlemist; but believe me, there is no such humility as that of a proud nature. There is nothing you could ask me to do that I would consider too great to atone for the evil I did, half unconsciously."

"You have atoned now—amply atoned—Miss Onslow," exclaimed Mr. Middlemist, his heart completely softened and subdued within him. "Please do not say another word, unless you want to make me feel like a brute. Poor little Elsie! Yes, I was—I *am* very fond of her. Do you know, Miss Onslow, I take it as a real kindness that you have come and told me all this. Of course the dear little girl shall be looked after. You must try and consider me as a—well, a sort of elder brother—or perhaps father would be more applicable?" he went on, with the least touch of bitterness. But this quickly passed, and he smiled re-assuringly at Helen.

"I am a lonely man, with few ties and without love. My sister is the only relative I possess, and she has gone to live in the country. Of course I miss her dreadfully—but there, I don't want to go into that subject," he said hastily, sensitive at once to the idea that Helen might fancy he wished to arouse her sympathy for his loveless state. "I only tell you so much in order that you may see what a good thing you are doing for me in giving me fresh duties and interests. Dear, dear! I *am* so sorry. Poor little Elsie! Well, it's pleasant to think that she has missed me a little. Will you allow me to come round first thing in the morning, Miss Onslow?"

His magnanimity overpowered Helen not a little.

What a tender, generous, refined nature was this which she had mocked at.

She rose from her seat to take leave, and as she did

"'HAVE YOU READ IT?' SHE ASKED BREATHLESSLY."

so her eyes fell for the first time upon the table. There, to her horror, she recognised the cover of the current number of the magazine wherein appeared her study from life—that study which now struck her as cruel, unjust, and ridiculous. Acting upon the impulse of the moment, she took it up, and looked at Mr. Middlemist.

"Have you read it?" she asked breathlessly.

"No. I waited until I could read what—what *you* had written, without too much emotion. Every time I took it up I seemed to feel your presence with me, and—and it was unbearable. You see how weak I still am, Helen."

"I see that you have the most beautiful nature in the world," said Helen warmly: "in fact, you are so generous that I am emboldened to make one more request."

"You have only to speak!"

"Will you leave it unread altogether? It was that story made me indifferent to your pain—that story for which I—I studied you. I would die with shame were you to read it. It is utterly false; I see things in a different light now."

Mr. Middlemist took the magazine from her nerveless hand. There was a screen of glass before the fireplace. He removed this, and there appeared within a fire ready for lighting. Stooping down, he struck a match and set it a-going. In a few seconds a merry blaze was visible, and Mr. Middlemist laid the unread number on the top of it.

"How good you are!" exclaimed Helen warmly. "I do not know how to thank you for your kindness to me."

Mr. Middlemist glanced at her quickly.

"Take care," he said, in a low voice; "it is still unsafe to encourage me too much. I might repeat the offence, you know."

"What offence?" asked Helen, and then remembering, she blushed vividly, and her eyes fell.

"I might ask again for leave to hope, Helen. You remember what I told you?"

"No—I—I forget," returned the girl, in confusion.

"I told you that I had never loved before, and that I should never love again. Nevertheless, I would not have you marry me out of gratitude. If you think that you can never return my affection, it is better that you should say so at once. It will make no difference. I will still be your brother, and your servant to command. I would rather know my fate, though. Helen, tell me, dearest: can you ever care for me?"

For answer, Helen put her hand in his, and murmured one little word. It was sufficient. After an interval of supreme contentment, she raised her head from his shoulder, and looked into his honest face, which was transformed for the time by happiness into absolute good looks.

"Why did you not wait for an answer—*before*, John? You were much too ready to jump to a conclusion."

"Do you mean to say that you would have accepted me then?"

"I am not sure—not quite, that is. But at least you ought to have waited for an answer."

"But you laughed at me; and no woman loves the man she laughs at."

"Oh, that is an old-fashioned idea, exploded long ago. I believe I loved you all the time I laughed at you. I am a novelist, and I laugh at most things in their season, myself included. Now, dear, I must really go, or poor little Elsie will think I am lost."

Mrs. Middlemist is one of the happiest and busiest women in London. She manages to write her best, look after her delicate sister and two or three fine healthy children, and act hostess in one of the most charming and well-ordered of homes. The old house rings with young voices and happy laughter, and John Middlemist's solitary life is transformed to one overflowing with love and joyousness. As for Elsie, she simply worships the ground he treads on.

Helen declares that she had no right to expect that her study from life would gain her the best husband in the world.

But strangely enough, when her stories were gathered together and republished in book form, that identical story was found to have been left out.

MR. WALTER BESANT AND THE EAST-ENDERS.

BY RAYMOND BLATHWAYT.

A TALK from which I derived much useful information and no end of "copy," and in which I am proud to state I gave the experienced novelist a complete lesson in a little known Art—Art with a big A, if you please—the Art of Interviewing. It was on this wise:—

"Well," said Mr. Besant, whom I had had the pleasure of meeting before, "what shall we talk about this morning?"

I replied—

"The material for your East-end novels."

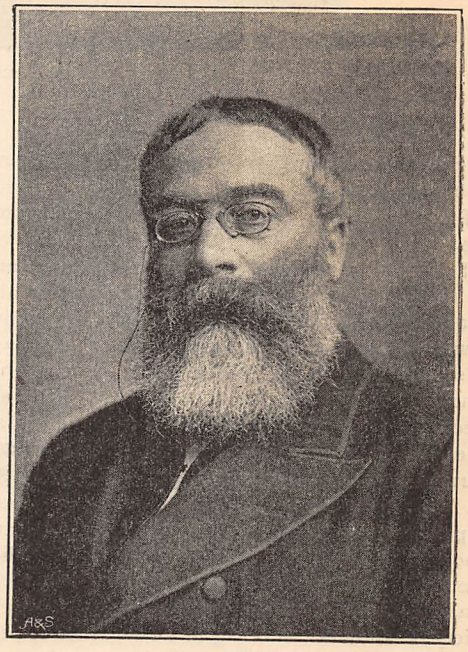
"But," said he, aghast, "there is nothing to say. I simply walked about the East-end, and wrote down almost exactly what I saw and heard."

"Precisely," I replied: "and that is where the interview comes in. It is *what* you saw and heard during your five-and-twenty-years' walks in London that I want you to tell me about."

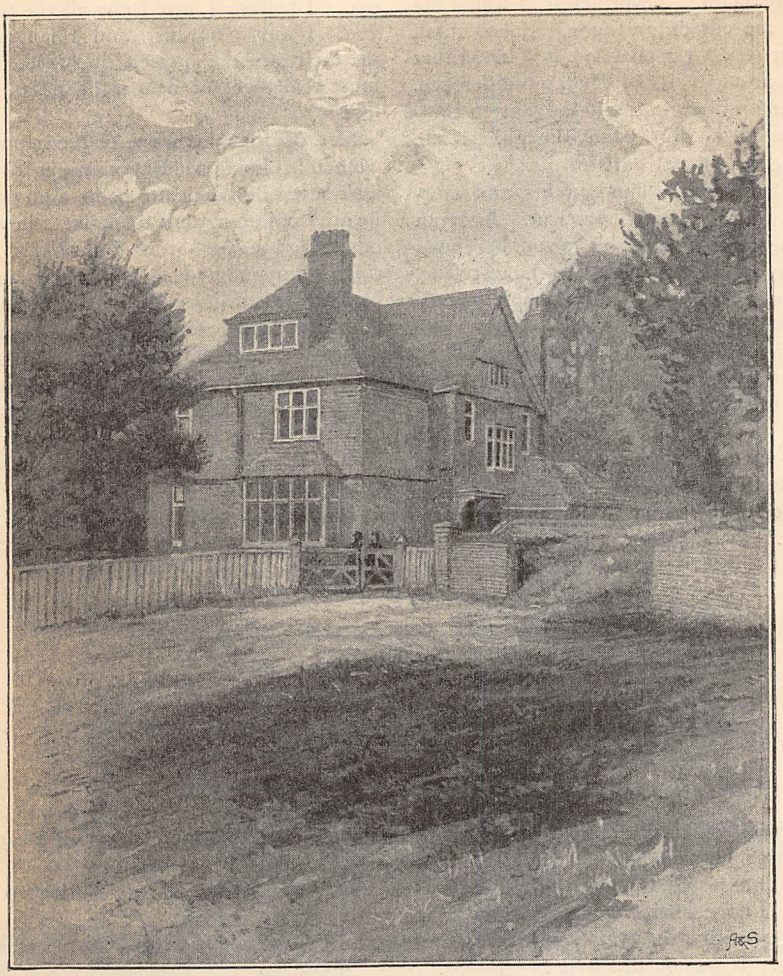
Like Wordsworth's little girl, nothing I could say could move Mr. Besant from his assertion that "there was nothing to tell."

"Now, now, Mr. Besant," I expostulated, "think of your charming books, and all the characters in them: 'Uncle what's his name' in 'All Sorts and Conditions of Men,' 'Polly-which-is-Marla,' and 'Sam' the Socialist, and Claude and Valentine and Violet in 'The Children of Gibeon,' and 'Miss Messenger,' and the old American claimant in 'All Sorts.' And think of the places, and pursuits, and modes of life and speech described in these books of yours. Why, they are veritable storehouses of information as well as imagination."

Mr. Besant smiled good-humouredly through his



MR. WALTER BESANT.
(From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, Baker Street, W.)



MR. BESANT'S HOUSE.

spectacles as he replied, "Upon my word, I believe you are right, after all."

"Of course I am," said I: "that goes without saying."

And he began forthwith, making use now and again in speaking, as he does so frequently and amusingly in writing, of the capital letters, with which he now, and Dickens and Wilkie Collins in the past, have so familiarised us. Indeed, Mr. Besant once told me that he was very fond of them. "They are so effective," he said. But before I write down all that he told me, let me briefly describe the man and his surroundings as I saw them.

Mr. Walter Besant is a short, sturdy, pleasant-faced and pleasant-voiced man, full of sympathy and common sense, with a brisk, bright, business-like manner, which puts one quite at ease immediately. He walked up and down the room, which was in the "Society of Authors" building in Portugal Street, the whole time he was talking to me, looking at the portraits of the different literary men of this century: Lowell, O. W. Holmes, Emerson, Darwin, Tyndall, etc., which stood in a row upon the mantel-shelf. He drew my attention especially to the replica of the bust of Richard Jeffries, which has been placed in Salisbury Cathedral to the memory of the great naturalist, and in praise of whom Mr. Besant recently penned so warm an eulogy.

Forthwith, as I have previously said, Mr. Besant began. As a matter of fact, I led off by saying—

"Well, we had better begin with the *locale* of your novels."

"Quite so," he replied; and gradually, and as in a chemical process, the whole of the East-end differentiated itself into many and varied particles. "It is practically an undiscovered country," said Mr. Besant. "We know a good deal about Timbuctoo, and the Falkland Islands, and the Himalayan recesses, but we know little or nothing about the East-end. It is a world, a great, weary, heart-breaking and heart-broken world in itself. Let us divide it into its natural sections. First of all, let me observe how new

it is. I once called attention to that fact in a pamphlet I wrote for the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Only a hundred and forty years ago the vast great city we now call the East-end didn't exist at all. There was no East-end ; all was open country, with an occasional village or cluster of houses. The Great Joyless City of two millions of people, without a gentleman among them, or a rich man, or a nobleman, or an artist, or an author, or anybody at all lifted above themselves by culture and education—except the clergy—did not exist. There were hardly any buildings. There was St. Dunstan's Church and its churchyard, thinly peopled by the rude forefathers of the hamlet of Stepney, a green and grassy meadow set with trees, and birds singing in it, and two or three white stones to mark the resting-place of some substantial farmer or retired merchant. There were some very picturesque old houses which formed what was known in 1741 as Mile End Old Town, and near Stepney there was a tavern called the 'World's End,' a name which speaks volumes. Beyond that, only fields, farms, and open country. And now—well, you know what the East-end of London is quite as well as I can tell you. But what, perhaps, you don't know so well as I do who have made a life-long study of it is the marvellously varied types of life which you find in different parts of the East-end. There is the river-side at Shadwell, where you meet with scarcely any but sailors : 'Seven men from all the world, just come home to-day,' and reeling joyously about the streets, as Rudyard Kipling so graphically depicts them after having 'brought the *Bolivar* safe across the Bay.' Shadwell, in which there are now so many streets, with a fine, breezy, free-and-easy, roystering, drinking, singing, dancing, roaring, fighting, love-making, stabbing, robbing, murdering, press-ganging kind of life going on in them—the short and merry life, the live to-day and die to-morrow life—the devil-may-care life. And there in Execution Dock, just below Wapping New Stairs, are quantities of ships lying off either bank, where, when the pay is gone—which takes very little time—and the man is sobered down, he may find a craft for any port he pleases in the whole world. And there are Ratcliffe and Poplar, with the dockers ; all sorts and conditions of men there, I can tell you," emphatically cried Mr. Besant : "the simple rustic, the university graduate, the broken-down tradesman, the farmer who has failed, you will find them all there, making up with the regular native East-ender a whole world of itself. Then there is the world of the Sweaters and the Sweated. That extends all over London, I fear. There is the foreign element, and the element of those who were once foreigners, but who now probably know of no life, except by tradition, but the hard, weary, grinding life of the East. Hackney resolves itself into a collection of dull villas, inhabited by the apparently well-to-do. Then there are Bromley and Mile End, with their houses running from twenty-five pounds to forty pounds per annum, and which are inhabited by that class—that very large class—of the Respectable. A dreary, weary monotony pervades it all—pervades and permeates the whole of this vast district, in which two millions of people are living out a monotonous existence."

"Held down and crushed under the heel of the Giant of the Commonplace," I interpolated.

"Exactly," replied Mr. Besant, with an eager vivacity ; "you have described it to the life. It was that terrible monotony that had so fatal a fascination for me, and which really drove me to the writing of those books. Far more than the poverty. I often think there is more poverty in the West-end than in the East."

"Do you really ?" said I. "But Mr. Osborne Jay, the well-known Vicar of Holy Trinity, Shoreditch, in preaching to a West-end congregation, asked his hearers some time ago if they realised that where one person died in the West-end fifteen died in Shoreditch. That seemed very pathetic to me."

"Yes," said Mr. Besant, "and it may be true ; but there is as great poverty elsewhere. But, as I was saying, I was attracted not so much by the poverty as by the monotonous level of the lives in the East-end. There you have miles and miles of streets, the long, unlovely streets : a hideous sameness, which, more than anything else, crushes the life out of the inhabitants. And all this vast city is a city without a centre. That was what struck me as being so remarkable. No government, no municipality, no mayor and aldermen, no resident gentry, and at first sight no institutions, no newspapers in a city of two millions, except, perhaps, a little local sheet here and there, no magazine, no booksellers, except a few second-hand shops, no public school, no public buildings, no old buildings, except Bow Church and Stepney Church : nothing, in short, to hold the city and the people together—no focus, no lighthouse, no place of assemblage. It beat into my brain. I was not satisfied until I sat down and wrote 'All Sorts and Conditions of Men,' and rose from it to help to build in real bricks and mortar the People's Palace I had so airily dreamed of on paper. Of course, when I speak of no centres and no institutions, I speak with a certain reservation. I don't mean there were no churches and chapels—and what the East-end would have done but for the Church I don't know, I really don't know," said Mr. Besant. "The Church has been her salvation. I quite frankly own," he continued, "that the churches and chapels had their little institutions which brought the people together, but there was no centre ; you had to go and find these little places of assemblage for yourself. What was most wanted was the element of organised amusement. I mean people working *with* people for recreation of the Higher Kind."

Here was a very emphatic use of capitals.

"Above all, I was struck with the total absence of literary ambition. I have since discovered that there are ambitions in that direction in the East-end, but not a tenth part in the whole of that great region which you would find in an American city a tenth part the size."

"And now about the people themselves in your novels, Mr. Besant."

"Well," he replied, "generally speaking, they are all drawn from life. For instance, the old figure-head carver in 'All Sorts,' is taken from a man I knew well. He is now dead. The American candidate for the Peerage and his wife were acquaintances of mine. I have described them with certain differences, so as to avoid giving offence. I should think they are long dead, poor dears!"

"And Uncle What's-his-name?" I asked.

"Oh, Uncle What's-his-name," repeated Mr. Besant with a laugh; "but for the life of me," he added, "I can't think *what* his name really was. Uncle *Boffin*, wasn't it?"

"Oh no; Mr. Besant," I said. "Too bad! We mustn't steal poor Dickens' characters!"

"Oh well, let it pass," he laughed; "yes, he was from life. Miss Messenger, my heroine, was not *real;* she was purely fictitious. The Almshouses can be recognised by all. I think the original of Captain Sorenson died about five years ago. The brewery is not Charrington's, as has been suggested, but Barclay and Perkins', which I visited years before I had any thought I should use it in a novel. The Salvation Army man is from life."

I remembered what Mr. Besant had once before said to me on the subject of General Booth and his schemes, and his remarks are worth repeating.

"He talks," said he, "of the submerged tenth; I do not think it is more than the submerged thirtieth. The result of his plan will be that he will rescue that proportion of the population worth raising. The secret of his success is personal sympathy. But then, the Church of England has that. The East-end would have been lost but for the Church. I have, however, no patience with the people who run down Booth, and who ask sarcastically what he makes out of his army. He does not touch for himself one penny of its vast funds."

To return to our present conversation, Mr. Besant

MR. BESANT'S STUDY.

told me that practically all his small characters were portraits.

"I made notes," said he, "wherever I went. I talked to everybody; on a steamer, in the street, behind a counter, coming out of chapel. I would tackle them as best I might. A 'bob' went a long way sometimes, but a pleasant smile went further. The factory girls I found very difficult to deal with."

"Yes," I replied, "they are dreadful. I used to have a class of factory girls in an East-end parish for reading and writing, and I would infinitely prefer their brothers."

"Exactly," said Mr. Besant; "the young men are more get-at-able, and more easily influenced for good, and more persevering in the Good Path, when once they are directed into it. The girls wander about and are like shy birds: difficult to get hold of. There is

better soil in the young men. We ought to get hold of them between fourteen and eighteen. There the Church has been so successful. She has certainly saved many of them from barbarism. But you want young and vigorous clergymen and ministers for the East."

To which I heartily assented as we drifted into a dissertation on the extraordinary influence which the East-end exerts upon all sorts and conditions of men: how even the most refined, the most cultured, the most highly moral man can hardly escape a certain blunting of the perceptive faculties and an undefinable rubbing off, if I may so term it, of the fresh bloom which once characterised his views of life and his outlook upon life.

"East-end life, it appears to me, always eats into a clergyman's soul, and sometimes, almost unconsciously, a man is apt to deteriorate," said I.

"Precisely," agreed Mr. Besant. "I know of a fine fellow who feels this so terribly that he leaves his curacy every year and takes a month's yachting. Only on the high seas can he get free from that dreadful East-end pressure. It is a terrible life, that East-end life, for a refined and cultivated man."

"And you have a set purpose in writing these novels, Mr. Besant?"

"Why, yes," he replied. "I think that the West-end should know how the East-end lives. I am not a professional philanthropist, mind you," he continued, with a smile; "I am only a story-teller. But a story purely of poverty has a grimy effect. I must brighten by contrasts. So next time I write a poor people's story I shall go to the purlieus of the West-end. Mind you, I don't describe nearly all I see. I couldn't—I am not a Zola. I have to soften and tone down very much."

I observed that I thought "The Children of Gibeon" was an even finer study of East-end life than "All Sorts and Conditions."

"The fanatic socialist; the cold, calculating Board schoolmaster; Lotty, 'who sat in the bed because there was something wrong with her spine;' Melenda, with her flaming red fringe, and who always looked hungry; and Lizzie, who belonged to that class of London girls who are all eyes: why, Mr. Besant, they are to the life."

"Ah well!" replied he, "when I wrote that book I had so much more experience. I went to very different 'settings.' Yes, perhaps it is a finer study of London life."

"And are you satisfied with the partial realisation of your ideal in the People's Palace as it now is, Mr. Besant?"

"Yes," said he; "the Palace is a very good beginning. We can't get all in a day, but it is working out all right. The recreative side is not fully enough developed to please me. The essence of such an institution is that it should be run by the people for the people. It is wonderful, however, to notice what an advance in the musical tastes of the East-enders there is. I went once to a recital. The hall was nearly full. A working man sitting next to me said most enthusiastically, 'I say, governor, ain't it foine? They can't get music like this at the West-end.' But I don't want the Recreative side to be separated from the Educational and Technical. I want it to be all under *one* roof, to be all one vast system. Let the technical students feel that it is all one, and that they can step from their class to the concert-room, and *vice-versâ*."

"But Miss Messenger's pretty ideal is realised in many details, is it not?"

"Oh yes," said Mr. Besant; "we have our own band, our own choir, clubs without end. We ought to have, and we shall have, a dramatic society, and our own writers for our own papers, and our own teachers for our own schools. We have in full swing a Ramblers' Club, which I sometimes accompany in its excursions in town or country."

"And it is all owing to your book. You must be a proud man!"

He replied—

"It is the greatest thing that could have happened to a man to have had that People's Palace built in response to a novel he had written; but I wish to insist that to Sir Edmund Currie, who has been such a noble friend to East London, belongs entirely the credit of its success. He has been its life and soul since the beginning, and I grieve that he has gone."

Mr. Besant then told me something of that distressing book of his, "Katherine Regina," in which he deals with upper-class poverty.

"Much of that story was true," said he; "especially that part in which Katherine wandered all night in St. James's Park. I knew of a delicately-nurtured girl who actually walked about the streets all night for a fortnight."

And here our conversation came to an end with a humorous observation from myself as to the art that is required to make an interview out of what he had told me to start with, which was—Nothing.

WHAT TO WEAR IN DECEMBER.

BY OUR PARIS AND LONDON CORRESPONDENTS.

I.—FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

IF you happen to have a store of good fur you are really in luck, for it is used on almost every outdoor garment, especially mink and astrakan. Parisiennes are apt to carry out an idea very thoroughly, and they have certainly done so with regard to the use of fur. I think you will see what an improvement to a dress the narrow bands now used can make in the gown shown in the picture. It is of one of those admirable soft cloths which are much worn now and intermixed with velvet. The colour of the dress is of a deep rich blue, which accords admirably with the astrakan. The velvet is used for the revers of the jacket, for the full puffs on the upper part of the sleeves, and for the elegant side trimmings above the waist, which are made to resemble an over-bodice and are quite a feature in the cut of this particular gown.

I can tell you for a certainty that double skirts are coming in again, and you will perceive an inkling of it in the deep basque which covers the upper part of the skirt in this dress. The vest introduced here is of white cloth worked all over in gold, and if you examine the bonnet you will perceive how infinitesimal it is, and that the trimming must perforce be in front. These front trimmings to bonnets are altogether wonderful. They are made to appear like donkeys' ears or butterflies in feathers and jet, and other upstanding ornamentation; the brim in front, as in the second left-hand figure, stands upwards.

French women affect capes a great deal, or, at all events, mantles which end at the waist, and very frequently they do not meet in front, as you will perceive by the sketch. This style has much to be commended so far as becomingness is concerned, for it shows the front of the bodice and the waist; but French women wisely supplement such garments when out of doors in cold weather with long fur-lined mantles. Short gowns, or, at all events, those that just touch the ground, are the mode. The trimming consists of bands, as in the present instance, placed several inches from the hem.

The mantle is trimmed to match, and the three frills at the neck are each bound with velvet; the great novelty, however, here, is the full bodice confined at the waist by a Swiss belt of velvet. It is made of a checked silk—red on white—which is trimmed with a lattice work of green velvet, intercrossed here and there with gold bands.

Bodices end at the waist; skirts are full, and often in Paris are kept out on the hips by pleatings of horse hair; this looks like a return to paniers, but the most remarkable change in the modes is the fulness with which the skirts are gathered all round. The sleeves would seem to grow larger and larger; I ought to say wider and wider, for they are no longer high, but slope down from the shoulders, so that the women of the present day measure a good yard or more across the shoulders, making the waist appear exceedingly small.

Capes are narrow at the waist and widen on the shoulders; indeed, all the Fashions point to a return to the modes of 1830, and to the most severe of the Empire days. Parisiennes are affecting waists which end beneath the bust.

CALLING A CAB.

Now for a few hints on other subjects, for example :—

Lingerie.

The newest nightgowns are trimmed with the Pierrot frills, which have found their way on to most under-linen. Chemises are ornamented to the waist with horizontal bands of lace, and whole sets of under-linen—namely, nightgowns, drawers, and chemises, have frillings hemmed with a colour in the open hem stitch. Coloured flannel nightgowns have deep frillings embroidered at the edge in the shape of leaves, and some of the chemises are cut down almost to the waist and have wide revers that turn back from the neck. The drawers with the very wide legs are now cut up on the outside almost to the waist, and united by ribbon rosettes, being trimmed with frillings of esprit net, which is one of the newest adornments of all kinds of under-linen. Parisiennes are always clever in finding what is really novel, and they have invented a petticoat which seems to combine all the requirements. It is made of white cambric embroidery and lace, with one deep muslin flounce fully trimmed. This falls over an equally deep silk flounce of the exact colour of the dress, and gives firmness to the petticoat, and the rustling which French women affect. Flannel petticoats are trimmed with broad lace insertion and braid, heading flounces made with French hems. The lace used is always wool secured with feather stitching ; but on this woollen lace the pattern is outlined by a thick cord.

Children's Fashions.

The modes for little people are more captivating than usual. A great effort is being made to popularise Tartan, which is to be had in ribbons, silks, and more especially in velvet, in such combinations as dark blue and red, with satin lines of straw. Such a tartan I have seen used, for example, for the top of the bodice and the large sleeves of a fawn cloth dress. This had a pointed belt cut in one with the skirt ; it was, indeed, arranged as a triple belt, the three points, each piped, overlapping each other. The skirt was edged with fur, and was closely shaped to the figure with many seams at the waist. Reps are used for the juveniles also, and one costume in green and gold was made up with a green velvet collar and top to the full sleeves, bands of this same velvet forming a deep belt fastened at the back with rosettes ; a fulling of the velvet at the edge of the skirt. The new homespuns flecked with colour are also used for children's frocks. A black ground had rough red and yellow knicker-bocker effects, and was made up with a Zouave edged with a multi-coloured ruche, which also bordered the belt and edged the sleeves. From beneath the jacket peeped a full yellow bengaline bodice. The blouse dress has been adapted to children's wear, and a pretty grey and yellow shot rep has a ruche of the material at the rounded yoke, also gold-spangled trimmings. Ribbon surrounded the waist and, crossing, passed on to the shoulders, a similar trimming bordering the gauntlet sleeves.

Feather stitching in deep broad bands is a favourite trimming on the little skirts, and a light fawn-coloured cloth thus treated had a yoke and belt of checked velvet. This dress, like so many others, fastened at the back, an inconvenient mode which is likely to return to us.

The Russian style is adapted in many varieties, the blouse fastening at the side with large gold buttons and secured by a belt of gold with a large buckle, the collar turning downwards. Tucks border many of the skirts. For outdoor wear three-quarter jackets for children are made in beaver cloth, generally brown, edged with astrakan and double-breasted. They have turned-down collars and Marquise cuffs and large horn buttons. A little outdoor garment which is to be made in many materials I admired, in pink silk, gathered into a square point-lace yoke matching the gauntlet cuffs ; narrow beaver bands at the hem, the back made *en Watteau*. Coats of warm comfortable freize are loose, and trimmed with natural coloured marabout, the collars large and the cuffs wide. A vivid baize-tinted green had been intermixed with black in a mantle for a child of ten years old ; it had a broad pleated cape, edged with astrakan, the strap belt of silver ; a stylish little garment. Many triple capes are each edged with cord.

II.—FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

THERE is so much to tell you about this month that the difficulty occurs to my mind how I can say half as much as I desire. I shall begin by explaining the illustrations, and then proceed to give you some of the necessary details of the several departments of dress under their headings ; you will then see at a glance what the modes really are.

The lady who is shown on the next page wears a black cloth dress trimmed with green figured silk, which is introduced down the skirt in the centre of the back. The bodice opens to display a festooned piece of silk, which covers the neck and reappears again under the arm. It is trimmed throughout with astrakan, and has a sleeveless jacket of the same material lined with green silk. A band from the dress passes through the jacket at the side, and crosses at the back of the waist. The hat is of felt, trimmed with green feathers.

The mantle worn by the young girl shown on page 73 is cut in the new bell shape, very full in the width, and falling in graceful folds. It has a high collar and is bordered with feather trimming and handsome passementerie galon. It is worn over a skirt made in the new diagonal cloth, bordered with a simple pleated flounce.

Millinery.

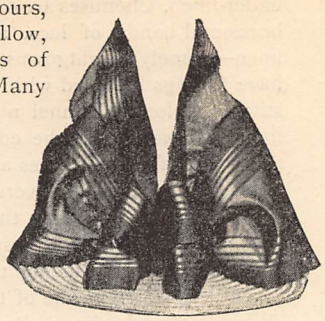
The revolution in millinery this winter is complete, and the caterers of Fashion have deemed no innovation too marked. The hats have double crowns, one of black velvet resting on pink felt, for example, secured with steel buckles and ornamented with a new kind of aigrette of a brush-like stiffness, quite unlike the ordinary soft osprey. This goes by the name of "The Colonel." The crowns of bonnets measure about three inches across, and are hard and

DRESS AND SLEEVELESS JACKET.

(By permission of Messrs. Dickins & Jones, Hanover House, Regent Street, W. Photographed from life by Messrs. W. & D. Downey, 57 to 61, Ebury Street, S.W.)

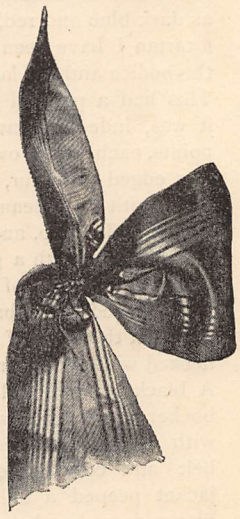
stiff. Round them, some of the many gold-embroideries are employed. Pretty little toques are made more attractive by an accompanying collar of the same satin or velvet, lined with a contrasting colour and edged with fur.

One of the newest toques is made in pleated velvet, singularly becoming to a young face. A large bow in front, and huge jet pins are thrust into it, of exactly the shape of the pendent ear-rings worn by our grandmothers. (I advise those women who possess these ancient relics to have them mounted on long pins—the broadest end upwards.) Black guipure is frequently wired so that the bows and pleatings may stand erect. Emerald green and leather colour are often combined ; tufts of soft downy yellow feathers being introduced here and there, recalling nothing so much as a gosling. Palm leaves gilt, or dyed a rich dark green and formed into a gigantic Alsatian bow, are often introduced on hats. There is a marked change in the feather bordering employed in millinery. Some of the ostrich feathers are totally uncurled and cut close, so that no weather affects them. Others, again, are half curled and half uncurled, while many are composed of two colours, such as white and yellow, or with diagonal lines of yellow on the white. Many are tipped with marabout, which gives them a soft appearance.

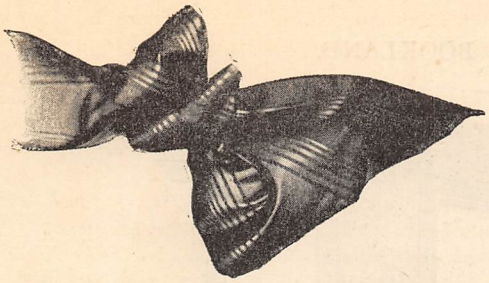


THE BUTTERFLY BOW.

I am sure my readers will be glad to know how to make one of the fashionable butterfly bows, especially as it is in itself almost a sufficient hat trimming without any other addition. It will take two yards of ribbon all but an eighth, and it must be of good width —from seven to eight inches. If you look at the sketch of the hat with the bow upon it, you will see its aspect when complete. Cut one end, as in the picture, leave it the length you see there, for in making these and other similar bows you always start from one end, and bear in mind that you do not sew, but bind the several loops with No. 16 cotton double, as firm as you can, and only use a good ribbon. Do not break off your thread, therefore take a good long needleful. In the first illustration of the bow in progress, you will see one loop and one end which have been strongly bound in this way. Do not cut the loops, but make the entire bow with one length of ribbon. The next state of progression illustrated is the making of the two smaller loops, which are brought well to the front. For this turn down the ribbon, making it narrower, and in constructing the loop twist the ribbon before looping it. This makes it stand out well. In the third stage, a piece has been twisted across, the necessary additional bow is completed, and for the first time a few stitches are necessary at the back to keep the centre piece and the bows compact. When you begin to sew it on the hat, you must not put your needle through the ribbon, but only through the straw, carrying at least one thread across each loop —this makes the ribbon set close and neat ; then pull the loops up straight with the fingers, and if you have to connect loops and ends or a loop and end to the hat, you must draw the thread through both and tie it. This bow emanated from the establishment of Madame Nella, 52, Maddox Street, W.



FIRST STAGE.



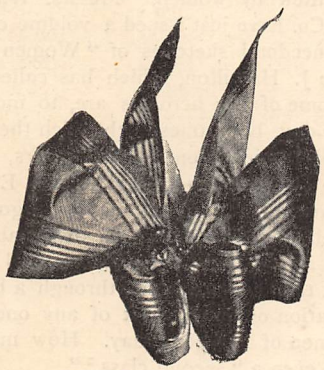
SECOND STAGE.

Now I am going to turn to another topic.

Mantles.

The choice in these lies between the three-quarter length and the long ones which reach to the hem of the dress. They are all quite new in style, and last year's garments cannot fail to look out of date. Most of them, whether long or short, open at the side for the arms to pass through, and distinct vests and fronts are a marked feature. Brown and fawn are the favourite colours. A fawn cloth mantle, three-quarter length, had drop fringe at the edge, matching the jet embroidery on the cape, which was full and reached to the shoulders. The front piece, much trimmed with jet, was quite distinct, and the cape-like trimming is carried to the back, where it falls full, indeed, the width of mantles as of skirts is greatly on the increase. Cloth and velvet are the materials most in vogue.

Corduroy has been thickened for winter wear, and called into play for mantles, most of which are made with a Russian vest, and whenever the Russian style comes in, a certain amount of gold finds its way into the trimming. Such mantles are slit up at the side of the basque, and nearly all the long ones are treated thus. Gilt studs and black jetted studs frequently



THIRD STAGE—AND LAST.

cover the material, and fringes match them. I have also seen coloured pearls, red, mauve, and green, appearing on the same mantle.

Trimmings.

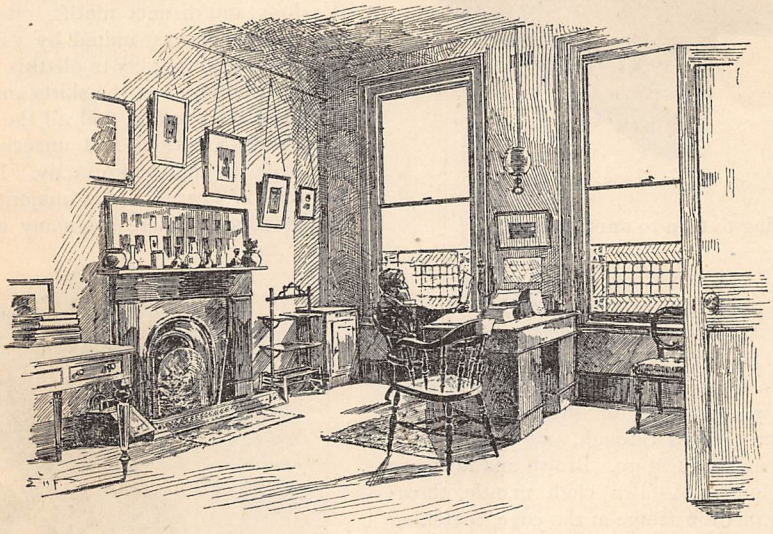
Multicoloured Paisley mixtures interblended with tinsel are some of the many new trimmings which our present craze for brightness, smartness, and brilliancy have necessitated. The majority of the new coloured galons are mixed with silver or gold thread and edged with fur; open braid trimmings also. The floral guipures, of which there are so many as galons and distinct motifs, often take the form of conventional leaves united by various lace stitches. There is a great variety in all this class of trimmings, wnich is employed on the skirts and bodices of gowns as well as on mantles, and all the new fabrics which show such a curious and unaccustomed mixture of tone can be matched exactly. But we may lay it down as a law that the majority of galons have straight edges. There are many worked to represent

BELL-SHAPED MANTLE.

(*Specially photographed from life by Messrs. W. & D. Downey, 57-61, Ebury Street, S.W., by permission of Messrs. Dickins & Jones, Hanover House, Regent Street, W.*)

old tapestry, others again are a combination of shaded braid, or silk cord with satin tinsel; the beaded galons are apt to look theatrical from the fact that they combine so many colourings, and nearly all these are made in two widths for the bodice and for the skirt. The half-inch width, with a couple of rows of straight braid in the centre, and a twisted scroll on either side is sold in all kinds of plain braid, gold braid, and intermixed colouring: to edge velvet tucks, to divide sleeve puffings, and to border the bodices at the waist; and the Paisley effects assert themselves here. Ribbon velvet of unusual thickness is embroidered in every style conceivable, and even flannel and cloth show the Cashmerian, Russian, and Oriental colourings.

A GOSSIP FROM BOOKLAND.



THE EDITOR'S ROOM.

ARE fairies and fairy tales going out of fashion? A little while ago it seemed as if the pixies and brownies, and all the kindred of beneficent and elfish friends of our childhood's dreams were to be banished, crushed out by the steam-hammer, and sent winking into space by the electric light. But already has come a revolution. These "little people" (why were the good fairies always *little?*) always had a name for popping up again, and this year they are with us in stronger force than ever. Mr. Andrew Lang has almost earned the title of master of the ceremonies to these good folk. "Red" and "Blue" Fairy Books he gave us in previous years, and now Messrs. Longmans have issued another volume, "The Green Fairy Book," which is at once a proof that there are still readers young enough in years or spirit to appreciate fairy tales, and that at the same time there are stories not generally known which are worth setting before them. In his preface, Mr. Lang says: "There are not many people now—perhaps there are none—who can write really good fairy tales, because they do not believe enough in their own stories." We will not quarrel with Mr. Lang, but we shall have something to say by-and-by of some writers who *have* just given us some new fairy tales. But for the present we can only say that so long as Mr. Lang and his friends can unearth for us such charming tales as "The Blue Bird," "The Magic Swan," and "The Enchanted Ring," they will never lack readers, young and old. And how Mr. Lang makes one's mouth water at the thought of the "something" he is preparing for next season! It was said of Longfellow by a critic that one must be either very old or very young to appreciate his poetry. Of fairy tales we would say that the reader who appreciates them will never be "very old"—in spirit, at any rate.

Looking back on the books of our childhood, is it not wonderful how many of them were the works of lady writers? The poems we learnt by heart and that cling to our memory still: the simple tales that brightened our play-time, and, in those days, the very school-books from which we learned our first lessons, were all written by women. Messrs. Ward, Lock, Bowden & Co. have just issued a volume containing a series of anecdotal sketches of "Women Writers," by Catherine J. Hamilton, which has called up this thought. Some of her heroines are, to most of the readers of to-day, but names with which they have no very tangible associations; but others, such as Madame de Staël, Lady Nairn, Maria Edgeworth, and Jane Austen, are by no means forgotten. Of course, we all pretend to know all these famous lady writers and all about them, but it would be interesting to put the average reader through a brief *vivâ-voce* examination on the subject of any one of these eminent women of a bygone day. How many of us could secure even a "second class?"

From lady writers to "The Lady's Dressing-Room" is not so violent a transition as a gossip on books must often demand of its author and readers. In its original French, Baroness Staffe's book has had many readers, and at length Messrs. Cassell have introduced it to English ladies in a translation by Lady Colin Campbell. Certainly no pen but a lady's could have done justice to all the hints and warnings which are

crowded into the 370 pages of this dainty volume. Every feature that a lady values is touched upon, with wise and witty words of advice as to its due preservation and adornment. Every detail of dress is thought out, and every toilet requisite and adjunct is indicated. The book is pre-eminently one for ladies. Would it be safe to say that gentlemen would be frightened if they knew half the secrets which the book unfolds, or imagined half the evils against which it warns its fair readers?

When Horace made his historic lament to his friend that the "fleeting years glide by," he had no such reminder of the rapidity of the process as is afforded us nowadays by the issue of the annual diaries and calendars. It seems but a few weeks since we were taking up the diaries for this present year, and already those for 1893 have been sent us. "Letts's Diaries" (published by Messrs. Cassell) are of all sizes and shapes, and adapted for the use of all sorts and conditions of men—and women. Office diaries with and without cash lines and blotting-paper, dainty little "Card-case Almanacks," and "Waistcoat-pocket Diaries" in leather sheaths, diaries for gentlemen and diaries for ladies, for doctors, for clergymen, and, in short, for everybody—well-printed and strongly and tastefully bound—all are here, and the difficulty is not to find the one you need so much as to say which you can do without.

Self-culture grows apace as the natural outcome of universal elementary education. And as the need grows so do the means of meeting it. As each volume was published, we spoke in our "Gatherer" columns of "Cassell's New Popular Educator." At length the eight handsome volumes are complete, and the work, as a whole, takes its place in the armoury of those who would the better equip themselves for the battle of life. Its lessons are thorough as they are varied, and its illustrations are equally effective with the letterpress. There is in the present House of Commons a most vigorous M.P. who told the writer that the foundation of his education was "Cassell's Popular Educator," and he certainly owes his present position entirely to the self-culture to which the work was his guide.

As a writer for boys Mr. G. A. Henty rarely goes over the same ground; in fact, the only thing which it is safe to say of his stories in that respect is that he may be relied upon to open up new fields. Messrs. Blackie have sent us two new stories of his this season, and the first is "Beric the Briton," a tale of the Roman Invasion, to which the only possible criticism we can suppose any schoolboy making, is that it has a colouring of historical fact. But if that be a fault it is a good one, and is certain to be overlooked by parents and guardians. From Roman Britain to the Russia of to-day is just one of those sudden transitions which a gossip such as this constantly imposes on its readers. And it is the more striking when it is compelled by the fact that the same leap is made by Mr. Henty, whose second book is "Condemned as a Nihilist." After citing the title it is hardly necessary to add that the story is one of an escape from Siberia. Like "Beric the Briton," it is full of healthy life and incident. Mr. Robert Leighton is not so well-known as a writer for boys as is Mr. Henty, but we have a very pleasant recollection of last year's "Pilots of Pomona," and this year's story from him of Scotland in the thirteenth century will certainly add to his popularity among that most trusty of reading-publics—the boys. "The Thirsty Sword" is the title of Mr. Leighton's new story, which is not lacking in sustained interest of the best character. Messrs. Blackie do not forget the needs of girl readers, and for them they have issued a capital tale by Miss Annie E. Armstrong entitled "A Very Odd Girl."

There is another juvenile public, however, which must be thought of—the boys and girls who are not sufficiently advanced to care for wild adventures and subtle plots, however rapidly developed. And for this public Messrs. A. D. Innes & Co. are issuing daintily dressed volumes, one of which, Roma White's "Brownies and Rose-Leaves," shows that (*pace* Mr. Lang) there are still writers among us who can give us acceptable fairy-tales. Some of these are in prose of the simplest and most beautiful kind, and some in pretty verse, and all are illustrated by Mr. L. Leslie Brooke. Mr. Lang must look to his laurels. Then the same publishers give us "The Dainty Books," and surely a better-deserved name was never bestowed. They are addressed "to children of all ages," and the first is a collection of four stories "For Grown-Up Children" by Mrs. L. B. Walford. This is accompanied by "Mum Fidgets" by Constance Milman, and "Master Bartlemy" by Frances E. Crompton. All these are prettily illustrated, and ought to form attractive and popular gift-books for children or child-lovers. The Christmas volume of "Little Folks" (Cassell) appeals by its varied contents and bright illustrations to little readers of both sexes for a continuance of its popularity.

"What's in a name?" Judging from Mr. Leopold Wagner's volume "Names and their Meaning" (T. Fisher Unwin), there is a good deal more in the names of places, taverns, streets, squares, and even days and political parties, than most of us think as we daily use them. The book is well classified, and, as a handy work of reference, will certainly satisfy a widely felt want.

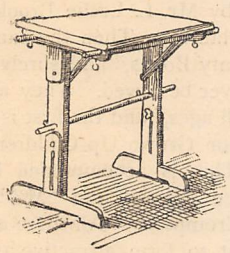
Margaret Deland is best known as the author of that much-debated story with a purpose "John Ward, Preacher," though we have more pleasant recollections of her later story "Sidney." Messrs. Longmans have sent us another tale from her pen entitled "The Story of a Child," which shows her in quite a new light in the picturing of children, for the little ones are quite hero and heroine of the story, which, as a whole, is agreeable enough, though far from being as strong as their author's former works.

THE GATHERER:

AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF INVENTION, DISCOVERY, AND SCIENCE.

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.

An Embroidery Frame and Table.



A combined table and embroidery frame is shown in the accompanying figure. The two legs are slotted and extensible ; and the embroidery frame can be inclined at any angle to the worker. A table top fits above the frame when required, and it, too, can be inclined at any angle ; for example, as a desk.

The Japanese Ape.

Visitors who enter the Zoological Gardens by the main entrance will find a large cage outside the Monkey-house, corresponding to that in which "Jack" the Tcheli monkey dwells beyond the house on the other side. The occupant of this new cage, the Japanese Ape (*Macacus speciosus*) has a more northerly range than any other monkey. Indeed, both he and "Jack" would be incapable of supporting the high temperature of the monkey-house, most of the inhabitants of which come from tropical or sub-tropical regions. The Japanese Ape, in its wild state, lives in troops, and these commit great depredations in gardens and plantations, for they feed on acorns, nuts, oranges, date-plums, and any other fruit that fortune may throw in their way. Like its near relation, the Indian Bhunder, this monkey can be easily tamed and taught a variety of tricks—to dance the tight-rope, and to take part in acrobatic performances. It is a great favourite with the Japanese, and the constant companion of Japanese showmen, some of whom dwarf it to render it more valuable as a means of money-getting. The general hue is dull olive, with flesh-coloured face. Albinos are known to occur, and are highly valued. Siebold, in 1826, saw one in the menagerie of the Shogun, or Generalissimo, of Japan.

Small Writing.

Small writing has become the mode in France, and the *Petit Journal* recently received a postcard containing more than 3,000 words. The journal *l'Éclair* has promised a prize to whomsoever will write the greatest number of words on the smallest space. The craze is by no means modern. Pliny mentions a copy of Homer's Iliad which was contained in a nut-shell. A paper about a square centimètre in area, containing the Ten Commandments and other matters was presented to Elizabeth, queen of Charles IX. Not many months ago a Viennese, Herr Sofer, engraved a psalm of 391 letters on a grain of wheat. Typography has achieved similar triumphs. At the Paris Exhibition of 1889 there was a small printed copy of Dante, with pages about an inch square ; but it was said the compositor had become almost blind in setting the type.

Mars and other Planets.

During the recent approach of the planet Mars to a distance of 35 million miles from the earth, some new facts were added to our knowledge of this interesting body, which, with its polar snow-caps, cloudy atmosphere, and mixture of sea and land closely resembles the earth. The telescopic appearance of the planet with one polar icecap will be gathered from Fig. 1 ; and Fig. 2 illustrates a portion of its land surface as intersected by the water channels or "canals" discovered by Schiaparelli, the Italian astronomer, who in 1881-2 remarked that many of the latter were doubled as if they had been formed by intelligent beings. Skilled astronomers at the Lick Observatory in California, as well as Professor Pickering in the Peru Observatory, have of late scrutinised these double canals, but find them all or nearly all single. The doubling formerly observed occurred during the northern springtime in Mars, and as this season did not obtain during the recent observations it is inferred that the canals are watercourses which are

FIG. 1.

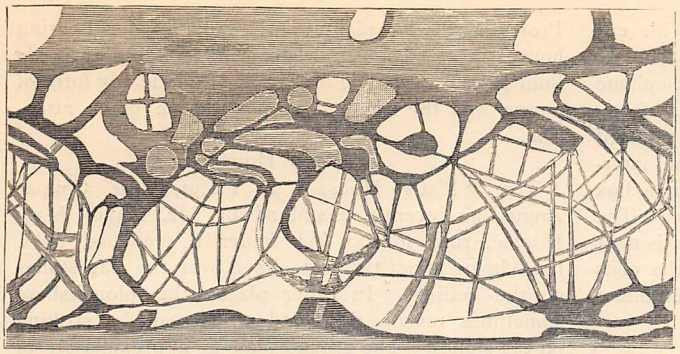


FIG. 2.

sometimes doubled by melting snows. Professor Pickering has discovered two mountain ranges near the south pole of Mars, and he asserts that on August 5th last snow fell on the equatorial ranges, covering two summits, and disappearing after two days. He also observed eleven lakes connected by dark lines, probably rivers, with two large dark areas, like seas, but not blue. One of the green spots adjoining the polar areas was also photographed. There has been much disturbance in the clouds of Mars, which, he says, are yellowish and partially transparent. The question of communicating with the inhabitants of Mars by means of visible signals has been much debated in the past summer; but nothing practical has been done, and as the planet is now receding from us, our chance of saluting the dwellers of another planet, which would have been the crowning triumph of nineteenth century science, is fast disappearing. Perhaps, however, the recent discussion will prepare the way for something being done on a future occasion. The first suggestion of signalling to Mars by means of powerful electric lamps occulting like a lighthouse appears to have come from Mr. J. Munro, C.E., our contributor, who published it some three years ago. Curiously enough, after that a French lady bequeathed a sum of money for effecting this very purpose by similar means. The same method has recently been proposed by Mr. Haweis, who was doubtless ignorant of its lack of novelty. Mr. Galton has also suggested the use of sunlight flashed from mirrors, but the electric light is preferable, for several reasons. It is not improbable that a body of electric light formed by a group of arc lamps, and regularly occulted would attract the attention of the Marsian astronomers if there be any, and might be responded to in a similar way. Whilst Mars is leaving us, Jupiter is approaching, and both planets are brilliant objects in the evening sky. Jupiter has hitherto been supposed to have only four moons; but Professor Barnard of the Lick Observatory has recently detected a fifth, which is only about 100 miles in diameter. It revolves round Jupiter in 11 hours 59 minutes, and is 112,400 miles distant fr m the centre of the planet. Fig. 3 illustrates the appearance of the planet Venus, as recently drawn by M. Trouvelot, the well-known French astronomer. The planet is partially illuminated by the sun after the manner of our moon in its quarters, and the white areas at the poles, which, like those of Mars, are thought to be snow fields and glaciers, are very clearly defined together with the penumbra or shadow they appear to cast.

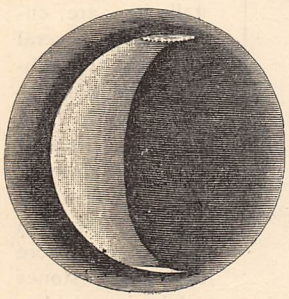


FIG. 3.

An Office Indicator.

An indicator which will meet a want often felt by professional men and others has just been patented by Mr. Jenkins. The dial, which is fixed outside the door, shows a clock-face with an opening at the top through which is seen one of the announcements carried on a revolving dial, controlled from inside the room by a very simple mechanism. The indicator may thus be made to show that the tenant of the room "will return" at any particular hour, or that he "is within," "is engaged," is "out of town," or that it is "mail day" (and that, therefore, he cannot see any strangers whose business can wait).

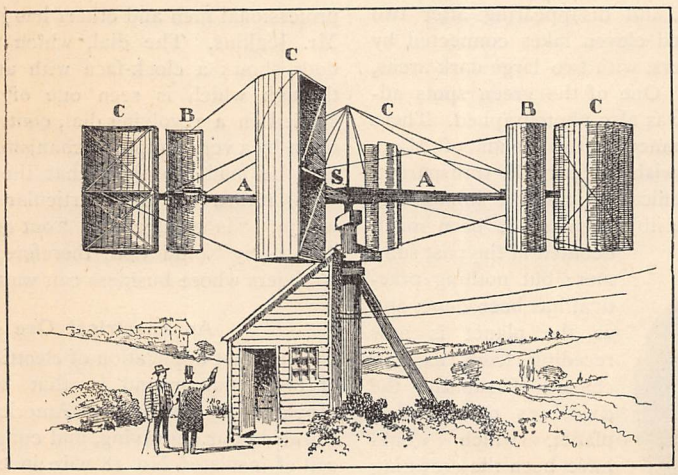
An Electrical Ore Finder.

The latest application of electricity to the detection of ores underground is that of Mr. George M. Hopkins, a well-known American inventor. It is shown in our engraving, and consists essentially of a coil of insulated No. 18 wire in circuit with a battery and an interruptor. At an angle to this coil is another of fine No. 36 insulated wire, in circuit with

a telephone which the prospector applies to his ear while holding the coils over the ground. If there is no mass of metal or magnetic ore near, the telephone is silent; but if there is, the interruption of the current can be heard by the corresponding induced currents in the telephone. The battery and interruptor of the primary circuit are contained in a box slung from the shoulder of the prospector. The apparatus is especially useful when the mineral is near the surface, or crops out in cliffs; but when the coils are enclosed in a watertight case, it can be used under water.

Electricity from Wind.

In 1887 Professor James Blyth, of Glasgow, constructed at Marykirk a windmill so arranged as to drive a dynamo which charged an accumulator for electric light and power purposes. This motor had, however, only some of the requisites for utilising wind-power in generating electricity, namely, being always ready to go, without attendance, and in the wildest gale. He was, therefore, led to consider the revolving cups of the Robinson anemometer, and has recently set up a windmill on the same principle. It is illustrated in the figure, where the "cups," C C C C, are semi-cylindrical boxes attached to four strong arms, A A, each 26 feet long, revolving. Blyth further augments the power of the machine by adding a smaller auxiliary box, B B, to each arm behind the larger one. As to the electrical connections required, the dynamo circuit should be automatically interrupted when the dynamo is running at less than storage speed. This is accomplished by a governor attached to the dynamo shaft, which makes and breaks contact in a mercury pool at the required speed. Another form of governor merely regulates the number of storage cells to suit the current, and in this way the machine is always doing some work. The round and vertical iron shaft, S, carries at its lower end a massive pit wheel actuating a train of gearing, and driving a fly wheel six feet in diameter. From this fly wheel the dynamo is driven by belting, and charges the accumulator. The opening of each box is 10 feet long by 6 feet wide, and the machine going with a fair wind at ordinary speed gives about 2 electrical horse-power. It runs well in a strong gale, and is well adapted for small domestic installations; but, of course, the size can be increased, and more than one installed on windy sites.



ELECTRICITY FROM WIND.

Professor Blyth's plant is well adapted for lighting houses in the country, where wind is more available than coals or water-power. Wind is a cleanly form of power, and the motor does not require much attention.

A Pict's House.

The "Pict's House" at Pitcur, near Coupar Angus, as recently examined by Mr. David MacRitchie, runs for 20 feet under a ploughed field, there being about two feet of soil over the flat stones of the ceiling. In other places the ploughshare sometimes reveals these hidden retreats by striking on the stones. The ground plan is approximately of the shape of a horse shoe, and there is a shorter gallery parallel to the exterior curve of one side. The medial length of the shoe gallery is 130 feet, its breadth 6 feet, and its depth 6 to 7 feet. The shorter gallery is 55 feet long and as roomy as the shoe gallery, but it broadens into a kind of bulb at the inmost end. This terminal hall or cave is a common feature of such buildings. The galleries are entered by several doorways resembling burrow holes. Their sides have been carefully built with large unhewn, unmortared stones, and they approach at the top where the ceiling stones are laid across. One of the largest slabs is 74 inches long by 58 inches broad, and 11 to 13 inches thick. Such stones are sometimes brought from a great distance, and many of them have been utilised in building operations. In one of the galleries there is a small niche in the wall formed by two upright slabs. It is 23 inches wide at the floor, but narrows to 14 inches at the top 33 inches above the floor, and is 21 inches deep. Mr. MacRitchie estimates that a man 5 feet 10 inches high could squat in this recess, which is similar to the "guard cells" found in Pictish brochs. According to the popular tradition in Scotland the Picts were small men, and may have belonged to the same race as the small dark dolichocephalic people whose remains are so common in the British Isles.

Lac Insects.

Lac insects have been discovered on the "stink weed" and other plants of Utah, northern Mexico, Colorado, and Texas; and it is now a question of cultivating them and rendering the United States independent of foreign supplies of lac. Lac is a resin produced by the puncture of certain trees by insects.

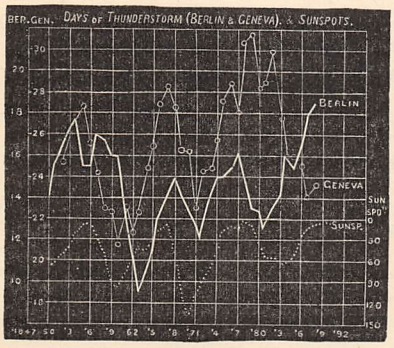
The female insect covers herself with lac as a kind of cocoon, then lays her eggs and dies. The young, on being hatched, make their way out, and feed on the green spots of the bark. The crude lac is stripped from the twigs and ground, washed, dried, and roasted. The melted gum is spread over a metal cylinder, and when cooled is the well-known shellac of commerce. Any new source of supply for so important a product is of interest.

An Inclined Lift.

The Reno inclined lift is designed for moderate heights and a continuous traffic. It consists of an endless inclined platform moving at a uniform speed, upon which the passengers step while it is in motion, and are transferred from one landing to the other. The travelling platform is made up of a series of cast iron lags $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide and 1 foot 10 inches long, supported on cast-iron rollers, $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches in diameter, linked together and running on trucks. The platform is put in motion by means of two pairs of Sprocket wheels, whose teeth engage with projections on the lags. When going at a speed of 70 feet a minute passengers have no difficulty in stepping on or off. The lift can be operated by any convenient motor of sufficient power.

Thunderstorms and Sunspots.

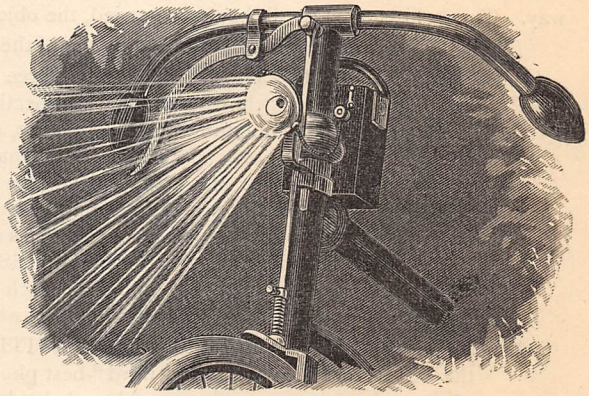
In 1874 and subsequently Professor Von Bezold, arguing from statistics of lightning stroke in Bavaria has concluded that hot weather and a spotless condition of the solar surface give years abounding in thunderstorms. Professor Fritz arrived at a similar



result from a study of thunderstorms in the Indian Ocean, and quite lately Mr. A. B. MacDowall, M.A., an investigator of the weather by means of curves drawn from statistics of observations extending over a long period, has found a similar correspondence in thunderstorms at Berlin and Geneva. His curves are reproduced in the figure, and are derived from results obtained at these places since 1850 and 1852 respectively. The numbers of days of thunder were grouped in averages and each yearly point of the curve represents an average of 5 years. The scale figures are shown in vertical columns on the left. The dotted curve below is that of minimum numbers of sun-spots, with figures to the right; and it will be noticed that the heights of the thunderstorm curves coincide fairly well with the other curves which represent the scarcity of sun-spots.

A New Cycle Lamp.

The cycle lamp as shown in our illustration is a detachable bull's eye lantern containing an incandescent lamp, supplied with current from an



accumulator in a leather bag which is fixed by means of straps behind the handle, or underneath the saddle if preferred. The lantern is only 2 inches in diameter and weighs 5 ounces.

Chalcedony Park.

The remarkable "forest" of petrified trees, called Chalcedony Park, can be reached in a few hours from the Holbrook or Corizzo stations, Arizona, on the Santa Fé Railway. The area of the "park" is estimated at hundreds of square miles, and it contains hundreds of tons of agatised wood. Mr. Hovey, a recent visitor, likens it to a "vast logging camp," where the lumbermen have tossed the huge logs at random from their sleds, and gone away, leaving them to become rain-soaked and moss-grown. Some of the trunks are 150 feet long, and they break up in sections as if sawn through at intervals. Their skins are dark red as a rule, but the chips and interior exhibit kaleidoscopic colours. Amethysts, red and yellow jasper, chalcedony of every tint, topaz, onyx, cornelian, and other stones abound. The logs, in fact, are a blend of these stones. One of them, 100 feet long and 3 to 5 feet in diameter, spans a narrow cañon, and is called the Agate Bridge. It is chiefly composed of jaspers and agates. As to the origin of the petrifactions it is supposed that in past times the trees were overwhelmed with volcanic ashes and hot silicious waters from geysers. The timber is analogous to pine or cedar, and as it decayed, the silica, dyed with various salts of iron and manganese in solution, took its place. The fossil wood is cut and polished by the Drake Company, of Sioux Falls, Dakota, who exhibit specimens at Tiffany's, New York. One of these is about 3 feet square and weighs over two tons.

NEW PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

OPEN TO ALL READERS OF "CASSELL'S MAGAZINE."

IN announcing a New Series of Prize Competitions the Editor would impress upon all his readers that the principal idea he has in initiating them is to seek the co-operation of new writers and workers in the various departments mentioned below; and these departments by no means exhaust the lists which the Editor invites his readers to enter in friendly rivalry. Many of those who are now among our most valued contributors were first brought to the Editor's knowledge by means of Prize Competitions, and the Editor has no doubt whatever but that he will make many more friends in the course of this new series in the same way. The field is open to all, however untried, the object being to encourage original effort.

The following are the first three competitions of the new series :—

(1) DOMESTIC ART COMPETITION.—Three Prizes of **£5, £4,** and **£3** are offered for the best, "second"-best, and "third"-best essays respectively, on "Drawing-room Decoration and Arrangement." Each paper must contain not less than 2,000, or more than 3,000, words; must be legibly written on one side of the paper only, and should be accompanied by original designs in illustration of the arrangement indicated in the MS. In judging this Competition regard will be had to the practical and original character of the suggestions made, as well as to the economy with which they might be carried out. Designs may be photographs or sketches at the discretion of the competitor, and must be attached to the MS. The latest date for receiving MSS. in this Competition is March 1st, 1893, and the words, "Domestic Art Competition," must in each case be marked on the top left-hand corner of the envelope or cover. Every competitor must comply with the General Regulations given below.

(2) PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAIT COMPETITION.—Three Prizes of **£5, £4,** and **£3** are offered for the best, "second"-best, and "third"-best photographic portraits respectively. The portraits must be of *carte-de-visite* size, and mounted, and should be of a single figure only. No competitor may send in more than one photograph, and each photograph must be accompanied by a declaration, in accordance with the General Rules given below, and should reach the Editor not later than February 1st, 1893. The words, "Photograph Competition," must be marked on the wrapper.

(3) SERIAL STORY, IN FOUR PARTS.—The Editor, remembering the success of previous Serial Story Competitions, now offers Three Prizes of **£50, £40,** and **£30** for the best, "second"-best, and "third"-best Original Love Story of domestic interest, bright in style, original in plot, and suitable for publication in this Magazine. Each MS. must be divided into four parts of not less than 10,000, or more than 12,000 words each. Every MS. must be accompanied by a short outline (about 500 words in length) of its plot, and also by a plan showing how that plot is developed in each of the four parts of the story. All manuscripts must be legibly written, on one side of the paper only, and must comply with the General Regulations given below, and be in the Editor's hands not later than May 1st, 1893. The words, "Four-Part Story Competition," should be written on the top left-hand corner of the wrapper of each MS.

The following are the GENERAL REGULATIONS under which these Prizes are offered :—

1. Every reader of the Magazine (not being an ordinary contributor to its pages, or the winner of the first prize in a former competition of a similar nature, in connection with this Magazine) is eligible to enter the competition.

2. The Editor cannot undertake to answer inquiries having reference to the treatment of manuscripts in detail. *The particulars given under each head are sufficient for the purposes of the competition, and everything else is left to the judgment and discretion of the competitors.*

3. All communications regarding MSS. entered for the above competitions must be sent in the same packets with the MSS. No previous or subsequent communications (except under Rule 7) can receive any consideration. The award of the judges will be published in the Magazine as soon after the close of the competition as possible, and no information respecting the award will be given to any competitor before this publication.

4. Each MS. or photograph must have inscribed on it, or otherwise securely attached to it, the name and postal address of the author, together with a declaration *that the work is original and entirely the sender's own*, to be signed by the author and countersigned by some other trustworthy person—*i.e.*, a magistrate, minister of religion, or householder—with the postal address in both cases.

5. The copyright of the prize work, or works, will become the property of the proprietors of this Magazine.

6. Should two MSS. be, in the opinion of the judges, of equal merit, any prizes may be divided between their authors at the discretion of the Editor. Any, or all, of the prizes may be withheld in the event of no MSS. being thought by the judges to be worthy of distinction.

7. All packets containing MSS. or photographs should be prepaid. The Editor will not be liable for loss or miscarriage of any work. Unsuccessful competitors may have their work returned to them at their own risk, upon application to the Editor, *after the publication of the award.* Any such application must be made without delay and be accompanied by stamps to defray the cost of carriage. (Competitors should *not* send stamps, or instructions for return, *with their MSS.*, as no notice can be taken of any communications of this nature, made before the award is published.)

8. All MSS. or photographs should be addressed—The Editor of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C. Each packet should bear on the top left-hand corner of the envelope or wrapper in which it is enclosed the name of the Competition for which it is sent.

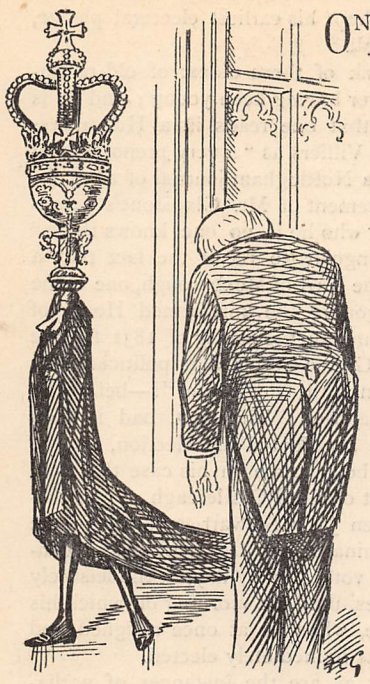
"MY TRUE LOVE HATH MY HEART."

From a photograph by Messrs. W. & D. Downey, Ebury Street, W.

IN PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED.

BY ALFRED F. ROBBINS.

I.—SOME OLD PARLIAMENTARY HANDS.



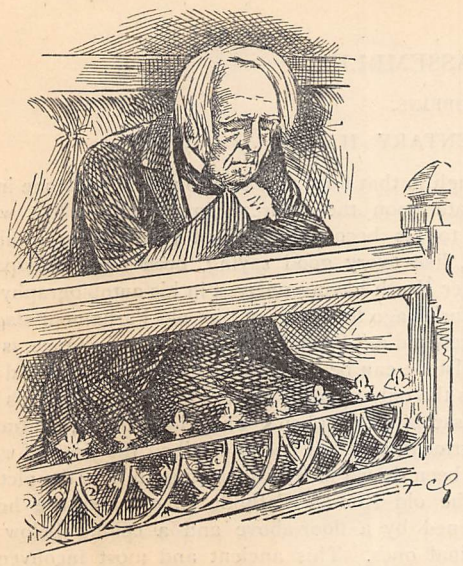
THE REAL FATHER OF THE HOUSE.

ON the afternoon of Thursday, August 4, 1892, assembled for the first time the thirteenth Parliament of Queen Victoria — a Parliament which, by general consent, may be considered certain to leave its mark upon constitutional history. New members flocked to Westminster, eager to initiate themselves into the minor as well as the major mysteries of parliamentary life, desiring not only to see a Speaker elected but to test the capacity of the library, the comfort of the smoking-room, and the glories of the river terrace. So great was the number of faces unknown to those familiar with the Lobby, that it was irreverently compared to a Saturday afternoon throng of country visitors. But suddenly the crowd parted, and way was made for a deeply bent but still active figure, who sought his seat in the legislative chamber with no trace of the shyly proud hesitation which marked the younger members around. And well might there be no faltering, for the figure was that of Mr. Charles Villiers, who has sat uninterruptedly for the borough of Wolverhampton since the general election of January, 1835, and who has thus won the proud title of "the Father of the House of Commons."

As Mr. Villiers entered the House, there were to be seen conversing near the table Mr. Gladstone, who was first sent to Parliament in December, 1832, and Mr. Peel, son of the illustrious statesman whose banner the present member for Midlothian was originally chosen to support and the member for Wolverhampton to oppose; and in the trio was typified that highest form of parliamentary tradition which has done so much to sustain and strengthen the House of Commons, and to add weight to its decisions. By the side of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Villiers, Mr. Peel, though he has sat in Parliament for nearly thirty years, must feel politically juvenile; but all three, in their respective capacities, are instances of the most striking variety of "the old parliamentary hand"—a phrase which, though in that form first used by Mr. Gladstone in the debate upon the Address in January, 1886, which led to his becoming a third time Prime Minister, had, like every good saying, been long anticipated, Roger North having referred in his autobiography two centuries ago to the art of "an old Parliament stager."

How old a "Parliament stager," for instance, is Mr. Gladstone can best be realised when it is recalled that he is the only member of the House of Commons who has sat in St. Stephen's Chapel—a dingy, contracted apartment, as it has been described, the sides of which had been drawn in by wainscoting to hide the pictures of the old Roman Catholic times, and the height lessened by a floor above and a ceiling below the original ones. This ancient and most inconvenient meeting-place, from which the Palace of Westminster continues colloquially to be referred to as "St. Stephen's," was destroyed by fire three months before Mr. Villiers was earliest chosen for Parliament; but, if a gallant fight had had a successful issue, that gentleman—then dubbed "the game chicken" by a bantering opponent—would have sat therein more than six years before Mr. Gladstone. The imagination almost reels before the fact that there is in the House of Commons, elected in July, 1892, one who fought a keen contest in June, 1826, when George IV. had still

THE SPEAKER.



THE RIGHT HON. C. P. VILLIERS.

some years to reign, when Canning led the Commons, and when Catholic Emancipation, Parliamentary Reform, and the Repeal of the Corn Laws, three of the great landmarks in modern party history, were causes which were either undreamed of or regarded as hopeless.

But, if we leave the stormy surroundings of the House of Commons for the serene air of the House of Lords, there will be found on the roll of that assembly another illustrious candidate at this same general election of over sixty-six years since, when the Queen was a girl of seven, and when Lord Salisbury, the Duke of Devonshire, Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Chamberlain, and every man, save Mr. Gladstone, who to-day is a leading figure in politics, were yet unborn. Earl Grey, as Viscount Howick, and then little more than twenty-three, stood unsuccessfully for Northumberland (though returned for the now disfranchised borough of Winchilsea); and Charles, Earl Grey, his more illustrious father, so far departed from his usual attitude of haughty reserve as to speak at Alnwick in his son's favour. He recalled the fact that it was in 1786 that he himself had first been chosen for the county, and in stately periods affirmed: "My first counsel to my son has been, and I am proud to say that it found a ready acceptance in his natural disposition, to throw away all disguise and concealment, to resort to no unworthy arts, to hold no ambiguous language, to place himself before you in all the plainness and sincerity of truth, to be explicit in the declaration of his opinions, firm in the assertion of his principles, and, standing on the high ground of private and public independence, to look to that free and honourable spirit by which the county of Northumberland has long been distinguished, as the only source from which he can hope or wish for support." Simultaneously, Mr. Villiers, who was nearly a twelvemonth older than Lord Howick, was telling the freemen of Hull that "I am not anxious to go to Parliament to lounge in and out of the House, as many do, whenever it may suit their convenience, but to contribute my influence in supporting the happiness of my fellow-countrymen." How the Lord Howick of 1826 has profited by his father's sonorous advice, how Charles Villiers has kept his earliest electoral pledge, should be known to all.

It is curious to think of these oldest of old parliamentary hands as ever having been young; and it is almost with a shock that one reads in a Hull newspaper of 1826 of Mr. Villiers as "a very prepossessing young man," and in a Nottingham journal of 1832, regarding the announcement of Mr. Gladstone's candidature for Newark, "who he is, no one knows there." But it is just as singular to recall the fact that a veteran Irish peer, the Earl of Mexborough, one of the few remaining survivors of the unreformed House of Commons, was returned in the spring of 1831 for the historic borough of Gatton—and what politician has not heard of "Gatton and Old Sarum"?—before he had attained his majority. This fact, had it been pressed, might have invalidated the election, for the precaution had not been taken in his case that had been adopted in that of Lord Castlereagh at the dissolution of 1826, when John Stewart, a cousin of the young peer, was nominated for Downshire, and continued polling a few votes day by day, in the leisurely fashion of those times, until the morning on which his lordship came of age, when he at once resigned and Lord Castlereagh was immediately elected.

Striking, however, as are the instances of parliamentary longevity to be seen in the legislative assembly of 1892, no chance can ever restore to us the absolutely unique feature of the House of Commons elected so recently as November, 1885, when, in addition to a member who had sat uninterruptedly since 1830, there was a representative of every general

THE LEADER OF THE HOUSE.

election from the passing of the first Reform Act in 1832 to the Redistribution Act in 1885. Mr. Gladstone had been earliest returned in 1832; Mr. Villiers in 1835; Sir Thomas Acland in 1837; Lord John Manners (now the Duke of Rutland), the late Mr. Beresford Hope, and the late Sir Mathew Wilson in 1841; Sir Robert Peel, Sir Gilbert Greenall, and the late Mr. Coope in 1847; Mr. Samuel Whitbread, the late Sir Charles Forster, Sir Rainald (now Lord) Knightley, and Sir Hussey Vivian in 1852; Lord Hartington (now Duke of Devonshire), Sir Richard (now Lord) Cross, Mr. Bramston Beach, Mr. Sclater Booth (now Lord Basing), Sir Francis Powell, Mr. H. B. Sheridan, and Sir Edward Watkin in 1857; and the late Lord Addington (Mr. Hubbard), Mr. E. A. Leatham, and Mr. Stansfeld in 1859, with representatives also who had first entered Parliament at the general elections of 1865, 1868, 1874, and 1880.

But although, in the House of Commons as it now is, there is a gap between 1835 and 1852, which is scarcely likely ever to be filled, no lack exists of Parliamentary experience, and the House always makes avail of all it can find. The Standing Orders Committee, for instance, which has to deal with many a delicate matter, is in the new House of Commons, as in the old, to be presided over by Sir John Mowbray, who has served his country at Westminster since 1853, and it will have again among its members Mr. S. Whitbread and Mr. Stansfeld, who, as has been shown, have sat in Parliament for forty and thirty-three years respectively. Sir John Mowbray also may be considered certain to be once more seen in the chair of the Committee of Selection, which has an invidious duty to perform in nominating the various standing and select committees; and to be again assisted by Mr. Whitbread, as well as by Sir Hussey Vivian, another who dates from 1852, and Mr. Illingworth, who first entered the House in 1868—the father-in-law of the last-named, Mr. Isaac Holden, whose parliamentary birth was in 1865, having the distinction of being, next to Mr. Villiers, the most aged member, surpassing Mr. Gladstone's age by over two years.

THE RIGHT HON. A. J. STANSFELD.

ON HIS WAY TO THE LORDS.

SIR RAINALD (NOW LORD) KNIGHTLEY.

Mr. Peter McLagan, who has sat without intermission for Linlithgowshire since 1865, has succeeded to the onerous but honorary duties in connection with the private bill business of the House, which used to be undertaken by the late Sir Charles Forster. The death, towards the end of the last Parliament, of that veteran and of Mr. Dillwyn removed two of the most striking and best known of the older figures in the Commons; and that Parliament, indeed, was specially fatal to veterans. The tall and striking form of Mr. Christopher Talbot, who had represented Glamorganshire without a break from the general election which followed the death of George IV. in 1830, and the somewhat weird figure of the O'Gorman Mahon, who had nominated O'Connell at the epoch-making contest for Clare in 1828, who was himself returned for that county in 1830, and who had fought more duels than he had leisure to recollect, alike were taken away by death; and none so picturesque can again be developed for a long period, if ever.

There are, of course, veteran members whose private counsel is much valued in the House, but who, from lack of desire to speak or otherwise to make themselves

prominent, are virtually unknown to the newspaper-reading public. Of such is Mr. Michael Biddulph, who has sat for Herefordshire for twenty-seven years, during the whole of which period he is believed to have made only two speeches, and one of them in the first session of 1892 upon the scarcely burning question of the Birmingham Corporation Water Bill. Another silent member is Mr. James Round, an Essex county member since 1868, and understood to be an authority upon agricultural affairs, but who, if he rose in the House, would hardly be recognised in the Reporters' Gallery. As a rule, such quiet-going members pass out of the Commons in the fulness of time without their departure being generally noted, as was the case at the last dissolution with Sir Rainald Knightley, who had sat for Northamptonshire, and Mr. W. B. Beaumont for Northumberland (save, in the latter case, the "Short Parliament" of 1885–86), since 1852, and Mr. Cubitt, who had been a Surrey member from 1860; but the first and the last of these three are now peers, and their long career of parliamentary diligence has thus been rewarded.

But it is not alone members of the two Houses who are entitled to be regarded as "old parliamentary hands," for there are certain officials who can fairly be included in the category. Lord Charles James Fox Russell—whose very names almost date his birth—half-brother of the great "Lord John," and who, after sitting in the House of Commons for sixteen years, was Serjeant-at-Arms for twenty-seven, retired into private life in the spring of 1875, has the proud satisfaction of seeing his son again a member of a Ministry. Sir Reginald Palgrave, the clerk to the House of Commons, and a worthy successor to Sir Thomas Erskine May, than which no higher praise can be accorded, has sat at the table for more than twenty-three years, and his vigour promises long to remain. And the two principal doorkeepers of the House—Mr. Jarrett, who has occupied the post for nearly twenty years, and Mr. Jennings, who has been there close upon ten, both, of course, in addition to long experience in other portions of the chamber—deserve a word of recognition, for their vigilance is constantly being tested and as constantly being proved.

These are some of the personal features of parliamentary veteranhood which strike the observant as worthy of record. The expression attributed to a flippant stranger who, gazing from the gallery upon the legislators beneath, exclaimed, "What a lot of bald heads!" contained in its essence a truth which

THE RIGHT HON. SIR J. R. MOWBRAY.

every working member of the House of Commons recognises. In that assembly, it is not correct to say that "crabbed age and youth cannot live together," for in concert they not only live but thrive. Despite every constitutional change, the British electorate does not dismiss a servant merely because he is old; were it ever inclined to, it would pause if it could only be brought to study the value of retaining in a legislative assembly the ripe experience of the "old parliamentary hands."

RICHARD JENKINS, MASTER.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

MISS CHEVELEY CHAMPIONS A DOUBTFUL CAUSE.

BUT this pleasant time of social intercourse was now at an end. When once Antigua was reached it was bound to cease, for Maud was too busy to prolong it. It was her will to make a complete tour of the West Indies, and the *Valentina* sailed down the islands and touched at the Venezuelan coast. Voyaging from place to place, spending long delightful days or weeks at each, exchanging hospitalities with the people to whom Mr. Cheveley had brought letters of introduction, Maud's time was too much occupied to admit of her carrying Captain Jenkins's education any further. She was very kind, distinctly kind, in her manner towards him, but there was no more encouragement to talk to her. Truth to tell, she was influenced not a little by the example of the young people she met, one or two of whom joined the yacht for the short voyages between the islands. The young ladies were interested at first in the handsome sailor, but froze at once on learning that he was only a common man, who had worked his way up; the gentlemen patronised him with a patronage that had in it a strong tinge of suspicion. In one way or another Rex did not find his life a very happy one, though Mr. Cheveley was the same as ever, and always kind and considerate. There was only one other consolation for him, and he was forced now to recognise that it was one, and this was, that among all the men Miss Cheveley met there was no one that touched her heart. Many were attracted to her, but she regarded them still as specimens or subjects, from whom information might be gained or to whom good might be done, and no more. And Rex had to be content with feeling that if he was in a hard case others were as badly off, but it cost him a hard struggle to preserve a calm exterior. He went on shore little in the daytime, fearing to be recognised by some of the men he had met on his former trip, but at night, when Maud and her father were on shore at some festal gathering, he would go with the boat which went to fetch them off, and wander about the town in the darkness, always finding his way to the house where she was, and trying to catch a glimpse of her at a window or on a verandah—a glimpse which always sent him away feeling angry and wretched.

The climax of his woes seemed to come one evening when the yacht, returning from Venezuela, was touching at Bridgetown, Barbadoes, on her way to Jamaica and Hayti, on the occasion of a grand party at Government House, which Maud and her

"SHE WENT DOWN INTO THE BOAT WITHOUT BESTOWING ANOTHER GLANCE ON REX" (*p.* 87).

father attended. There was some uncertainty about the time of leaving, owing to the tide, and Rex went up to tell Mr. Cheveley when the boat was ready. After some search, and much sending of messages by black waiters, the party was collected, for beside Mr. and Miss Cheveley, there were a young lady and gentleman who were going to Jamaica in the *Valentina*, and whose luggage had been sent on board during the day. Some friend from the other side of the island had presented Maud with a great basket of flowers, and she handed it to Rex with a smile, asking him to carry it for her. The night was so lovely that the party all decided to walk rather than drive to the quay, and the captain fell behind with his scented burden. He felt at that moment that he hated everything: the flowers, the moonlight, the waving trees, the merry black people who passed—and all because Miss Cheveley was walking in front, laughing and talking pleasantly, her hand on the arm of that fellow Basford, with whom he himself had sampled effervescing drinks at the Icehouse only three years ago. Not a bad sort of chap, Basford, in his way, but nothing special about him, and he might walk with Miss Cheveley, and touch her hand, and talk to her on equal terms, and Rex Joscelyn might not. No, there he was wrong; it was Richard Jenkins who might not. The whole thing was his own fault, and he was a fool for his pains. With this in his mind, he went on board again, and kept himself as much as possible apart from the passengers during the voyage.

But this self-isolation was noticed by Mr. Cheveley, who, being a kind-hearted man, and having formed a high opinion of his young captain, did not like him to imagine himself slighted because there were newcomers on board, and was wont to consult him in their presence on points of interest, and otherwise to show that he held him in respect. At first, Rex was afraid that his identity might be discovered on one of these occasions, but the beard he had grown during his Arctic voyagings had altered his appearance very much, and the change of name prevented any suspicion. He was careful, however, to meet Mr. Basford as little as possible face to face. Miss Basford, happily, he had not met before, so there was no fear of her recognising him. But his disguise was not quite impenetrable, as was proved one evening when the young ladies had gone below to their cabins, and Mr. Cheveley called him up to the bridge, where he and Mr. Basford were smoking.

"Have you ever been to Hayti, captain?" he asked. "I thought you might like to hear what Mr. Basford was telling me about it."

"Beastly place, Hayti," observed Mr. Basford, between the puffs of his cigar; "always got a revolution on, or something of that kind. I know a man who's been there, says he never wished to leave it but once, and that was always, after he had got into Port-au-Prince harbour. Niggers all think themselves the biggest people in creation; whites have to sing small."

"Well, there might be worse things even than that," said Mr. Cheveley, laughing.

"So there are, sir," said Mr. Basford impressively. "The niggers are all cannibals at heart, and some fearful cases have been proved. There's a sect of serpent-worshippers, who make cannibalism a part of their religion. Sacrificing the goat without horns, they call it."

"I know the people you mean," said Rex. "Vaudoux is what they are called. When I was there I heard that they had a secret association over the whole island, and kidnapped people for their sacrifices."

"But you don't really believe that?" said Mr. Cheveley.

"I do," said Rex, while Mr. Basford nodded assent. "I was assured of it by men who know the country intimately, and facts have been brought out in a court of justice which place it beyond a doubt."

"So you see," said Mr. Basford, "not much fun in Hayti, without counting the fevers and the filth of the towns. I rather wonder at your going there."

"It's my daughter's choice," said Mr. Cheveley. "This is her voyage, and she directs our course."

"Well," said Mr. Basford, "I should advise you to be careful about going on shore. In the towns the niggers are very unpleasant, and in the country they may be dangerous. I wouldn't go on shore anywhere from the large ports without an armed guard, for though I've never heard of the Vaudoux kidnapping a white person for sacrifice, there's no saying what they might do."

"Can I speak to you for a moment, captain?" said the boatswain's voice from the deck; and the captain excused himself, and went down to him.

"Did you say that fellow's name was Jenkins?" asked Mr. Basford of his host. "I seem to have seen him somewhere, but I can't think where."

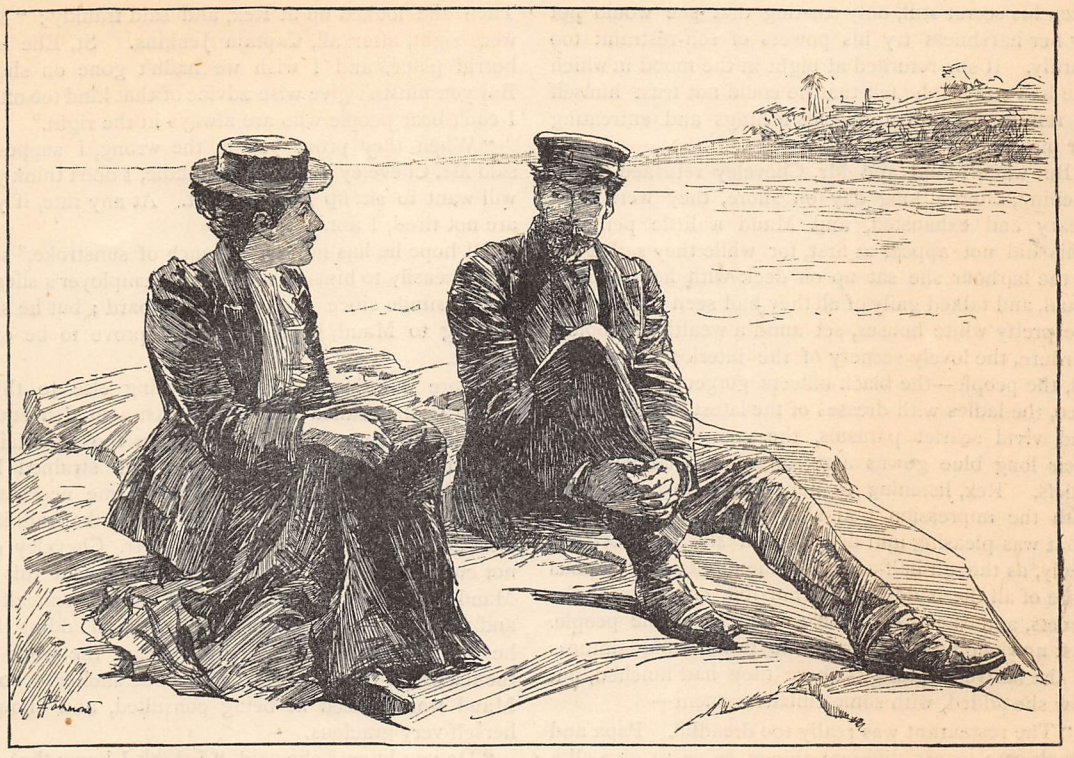
"Jenkins is his name," said Mr. Cheveley. "He came to me very highly recommended by Mr. Joscelyn, the former owner of the ship. Perhaps you saw him when he was here with him three years ago."

"I suppose so," said Mr. Basford indolently, watching the light of the match he held flicker out. "Don't you find him a little above his work?"

"Not at all," said Mr. Cheveley. "He suits me excellently."

"Then there's no more to be said," observed the guest, and said no more accordingly; and Rex never knew how nearly his secret had been penetrated that night.

A few days later the Basfords were landed at Port Royal, and after a stay of a week there, the *Valentina* sailed for Hayti, her owners proposing to themselves a longer visit on their return. The Basfords had not found favour on board, the crew suspecting them, rather unjustly, of a tendency to regard them as "white niggers," and everyone, from the captain to Tommy Wastle, felt glad to have the ship free of them. But they had unintentionally implanted in Maud Cheveley's mind a resolution which caused the captain some anxiety and her father some anticipatory groans.



"REX AND MAUD RETIRED TO THE HIGHEST POINT OF THE REEF TO WAIT" (*p.* 89).

She had learnt from them what was the ordinary West Indian opinion, and their own also, of Hayti and the Haytians, and she disagreed with it entirely. Starting from the belief that the people of Toussaint l'Ouverture could not be what they were popularly supposed to be, she meant to convince others that they were an innocent and much-maligned race. For this purpose it was necessary that she should converse with them individually, and inquire into their customs and beliefs. To do this fully, she would have liked to take a house on shore and live among them for some time; but Mr. Cheveley, privately incited by Rex, refused most unexpectedly to do this, promising, however, to allow any number of excursions on shore. Having gained this concession, she demanded its fulfilment immediately upon the yacht casting anchor in the harbour of St. Elie aux Haies.

"I rather wish you had waited to land until we reached Port-au-Prince," said Rex to her, when she appeared on deck, ready for her trip. "The people of this place have a bad reputation, and the town is very unhealthy."

"Two more slanders upon these poor people!" said she.

"Well, if you will not receive anyone's testimony but your own, I'm afraid you will have to learn by experience," said he.

"Really, Captain Jenkins," she said, in displeased surprise, "I think you forget my father is going too."

"Mr. Cheveley would be quite content to stay on board if you were," said Rex incautiously.

She gave him a withering look.

"When your remarks on my conduct are desired, Captain Jenkins, they will be asked for. Oh, papa, are you ready?"

She went down into the boat without bestowing another glance on Rex, and he returned to the deck-house with a sigh. She would not allow him to offer her any counsel, resented his saying a word to her, and once more he wondered whether it was in her nature to soften towards anyone. He had an insane conviction, which he himself knew to be ridiculous, that if he could once give her a glimpse of his real feelings towards her, she could not, for very shame, treat him so unkindly again. Surely she must pity a man who loved her, as she would think, so hopelessly, must speak gently to him, and make allowances for his anxiety on her behalf. He knew it was absurd, yet he allowed himself to continue in this conviction all the morning, and spent a blissful time amid all the horrors of coaling. But when the coal was all on board, and the yacht began to assume her usual aspect once more, the full extent of his foolishness flashed upon him, and he took himself seriously to task. Maud would be angry and insulted if he told her his tale, and she would have a right to be so; if he spoke, he would be acting a cowardly part, and trying to save himself mortification by inflicting it on her. At least he would

try to behave himself like a man and a gentleman, and keep his secret still, only trusting that she would not by her harshness try his powers of self-restraint too hardly. If she returned at night in the mood in which she had started, he felt that he could not trust himself to refrain from declaring his feelings and entreating for mercy.

But when Maud and Mr. Cheveley returned in the evening, after a long day on shore, they were both weary and exhausted, and Maud a little penitent. This did not appear at first, for while they sailed out of the harbour she sat up on deck with her father as usual, and talked gaily of all they had seen in the day: the pretty white houses, set amid a wealth of tropical verdure, the lovely scenery of the interior, and, above all, the people—the black officers gorgeous with gold lace, the ladies with dresses of the latest Paris fashions and vivid scarlet parasols, the countrywomen with their long blue gowns and bright-coloured handkerchiefs. Rex, listening to her, would have been left with the impression that she had seen nothing but what was pleasing and delightful, if she had not suddenly, as though half-ashamed, mentioned the ruinous state of all the buildings, the horrible condition of the streets, and the disagreeable manners of the people. Just now she had spoken of the primitive quaintness of the native restaurant where they had lunched, but now she added, with some embarrassment—

"The restaurant was really too dreadful. Papa and I took care to eat different things, so as to give all a fair trial, and we can't decide which had the nastiest." Then she looked up at Rex, and said frankly: "You were right, after all, Captain Jenkins. St. Elie is a horrid place, and I wish we hadn't gone on shore. But you mustn't give wise advice of that kind too often. I can't bear people who are always in the right."

"When they prove you in the wrong, I suppose," said Mr. Cheveley wearily. "Maudie, I don't think you will want to sit up late to-night. At any rate, if you are not tired, I am."

"I hope he has not got a touch of sunstroke," said Rex uneasily to himself, recalling his employer's silence and lassitude since his return on board; but he said nothing to Maud, hoping it might prove to be only fatigue.

Before morning he had something else to think of, for as they sailed along the coast a sudden squall came down upon the *Valentina* from the mountains, carried away one of her spars and strained her rigging seriously. A halt to re-fit became necessary, but Rex was very much averse to taking the ship into Port-au-Prince for this purpose. Mr. Cheveley did not come on deck in the morning, so he told this to Maud, saying that the harbour was extremely unhealthy, and the workmen notoriously dilatory, and adding that he and the crew could easily manage the work by themselves if they could put into some sheltered cove. Maud was pleased at being consulted, and showed herself very gracious.

"Do you know," she said, "I think I know the very

"THE BOY UTTERED A CRY AND TRIED TO RUN AWAY, BUT CAUGHT HIS FOOT AND FELL" (*p.* 92).

place you want. We only saw one pleasant person yesterday, and that was a nice old negro man who talked to us at the restaurant. He told me that near Cape Hardouin there was a lovely estate called Monbijou, at the head of a deep bay. Some of his family live there, and he said they would show me two or three beautiful places to sketch. It would be very nice to go there to do our repairs."

Rex brought out the chart, and found that Cape Hardouin was only a few miles further on, and that the bay of Monbijou, being protected from the sea by a long reef, or cay, at its mouth, was a very suitable place for their purpose. Maud brought word that her father was still tired and was not coming on deck, but she went to ask his sanction to the proceedings, and obtained it. The wind was in their favour, and by noon the *Valentina*, in spite of her semi-crippled condition, was safely anchored in the bay.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

CAPTAIN JENKINS FORGETS HIS PLACE.

THE afternoon was spent in preparing the materials for work on the morrow, Maud taking an intelligent interest in all that went on. Her manner was so much softer and kinder than usual, that Rex read in it her desire to atone for the harshness of yesterday, and immediately—so foolish and so easily uplifted is the heart of man—the impulse to try his fate and throw himself upon her mercy returned upon him with double strength. Fortunately for him, he had no opportunity of being alone with her, and was obliged to try to put aside his feelings, and devote himself to his work. He scarcely knew whether the fact that Maud was sitting under the awning close at hand, nominally reading, but in reality watching and offering suggestions from her deck chair, was more of a hindrance or an encouragement to him, and he feared that his conversation must be somewhat incoherent at times. Shortly before sunset, by way of showing that she had quite forgiven him for his unpalatable advice of the day before, and received him once more into favour, she suggested that he should take Tommy Wastle and herself in the dinghey to the reef to look for curiosities to take home. The suggestion was a tempting one after his hot day's work, and he accepted it gladly, taking advantage of the opportunity to give the cabin-boy a lesson in sculling.

Reaching the reef at last—for it was about a mile distant from the spot where the ship lay—they found it a storehouse of marvels. It was almost entirely under water at high tide, and all about it were pools, more or less deep, in which strange and beautiful things were visible: corals, sea-weeds, brightly coloured fishes. They wandered about until the sun set, and then returned to their boat, finding that the tide had risen some feet since their landing. To their horror, the bottom of the boat was full of water, and on hauling her in, they found that as the tide rose she had been lifted gently by the waves and dropped again upon the sharp points of the jagged coral rocks, which had pierced the planks. Rex and Tommy drew her higher up, baled the water out with their caps, and stuffed up the worst holes with pocket-handkerchiefs, but when they floated her again they found that the water still came in, and that Tommy was the only one who could enter her with any hope of security. This being the case, there was nothing to be done but to despatch him to the ship to send another boat at once, and Rex and Maud retired to the highest point of the reef to wait. For a time they sat there very contentedly, watching the moon rise behind the hills, and the twinkling lights shine out from the huts among the trees, but at last, when the tide began to lap round their feet, Maud remarked that Tommy was a long time gone, and asked the captain how high he thought the water would rise.

"Unhappily," he said, "we are just at the spring tides, so I am afraid the reef will be quite covered, but there may be only a few inches of water where we are. The tides are not very high on these coasts."

"Still," said Maud, "it might be a good deal deeper, and it is not far from here to the shore. Would it not be better to get across? I can swim."

"Oh, we could do it well enough," said Rex. "I've taken many a longer swim than that, though I think that you would find it more difficult to do in your clothes than you think. But I don't want to try it if I can help it."

"Why?" asked Maud.

"No need to think of it before the time comes," said he.

"Sharks?" queried Maud, with wide-open eyes of fright. "How dreadful!"

"Don't be frightened," he said reassuringly. "There may be none in the neighbourhood, or we may not even have to swim at all. At any rate, you may be sure that not the slightest harm shall happen to you so long as I am alive to prevent it."

"The moonlight is making you quite sentimental, Captain Jenkins," laughed Maud, struck by a certain earnestness in his tone which scarcely accorded with his former cheering words.

"Only bringing to the surface the sentiment which is always there," said he.

"I don't understand you," said Maud icily, but with a desperate feeling that whatever might be at hand, it was best to get it over.

"I don't expect you to understand it," said he. "As other men have done, I have learned to love you, Miss Cheveley, and, like them, in vain."

"Whoever these gentlemen may be," said Maud angrily, "I think you can scarcely mean to put yourself on a level with them, Captain Jenkins."

"My love is as much to me as theirs is to them," he said. "Understand me, Miss Cheveley, I have no hope of its being returned. I do not offer it to you, for I know you would reject it, but it is there; and you can count on my rendering you any services in my power."

"Please keep your services until they are asked for," said Maud, feeling very much vexed and worried. "I am disappointed in you, Captain Jenkins! I should have imagined you were too sensible to cherish an idea of this kind, and that, even if you had it, you had too much good taste to make me aware of it!"

"I may have imagined," said Rex, "that a humble confession of my feelings might gain for me a little consideration, perhaps even pity. If I did, I was mistaken. My only excuse is yourself."

"I think you can scarcely accuse me of having given you any encouragement in this ridiculous course," she said, with great dignity.

"The vainest man on earth could not bring that accusation against you," said Rex. "No, Miss Cheveley, I know enough of you to be sure that if you really loved a man you would care little for any barriers of rank and fortune between yourself and him. But I know quite well that I am not that man."

"Whatever I might do in such a case, it is nothing to you," said Maud. "You have taken a great liberty in speaking to me at all on such a subject, and I hope I shall hear no more of it."

"You have a right to command," said Rex, "and you shall be obeyed. My life will be no harder than it has been for months past, and I shall not feel that I am wronging you by seeking your society under false pretences."

"It's all very well for you, but you seem to forget how very horrid and mortifying it is for me," said Maud, with the angry tears of wounded pride in her eyes. "I really think, if your feelings are so honourable, you might have kept them from me, instead of worrying me like this."

"I am sorry that the sudden opportunity overpowered my resolution," said he. "If you wish it, I will leave the ship as soon as we return to Port Royal."

"Now, you know I should not wish my father to have the trouble of finding a new captain—just when he is ill and tired, too," said Maud. "And besides that, I should be sorry to spoil your prospects on account of this piece of foolishness, for if he heard what you have said to me, he certainly would not give you a recommendation. I suppose people would say that it was partly my fault, and that I had turned your head by just trying to be kind to you. How can it be my fault if people will be so silly? I should be ashamed to confess that you had ventured to speak to me in such a way; it seems to reflect on me. So if you will not recur to the subject, I will not tell my father about it."

"I will do as you wish, and I thank you for your consideration," said Rex. "But let me help you up higher on the rock, or the tide will wet your feet."

"Oh, there is the boat at last!" cried Maud, in a tone of intense relief, and after a few minutes of unsteady balancing on the highest point of the reef, they were released from their uncomfortable position, Maud feeling more angry with the captain than she had ever imagined she could with anyone. They returned to the ship, and Maud spent the evening in the hot saloon with her father rather than give the captain the shadow of an excuse for declaring that she encouraged his unwelcome attentions. On the morrow she summoned Tommy Wastle to carry her easel and camp-stool, and informed Rex in her most distant manner that Mr. Cheveley did not yet feel equal to going on shore, but that she intended to spend the morning in sketching on shore.

The captain saw that she was more alarmed and anxious about Mr. Cheveley than she cared to own, and cursed his mad precipitancy of the night before, which had done him no good, and kept her from confiding in him. But the harm was done now, and all he could do was to order the gig to take her on shore, the dinghey being under repair. He noted the spot where she and Tommy settled themselves for their work, and watched them through a telescope at intervals during the day. Maud was generally surrounded by an interested crowd of inquisitive coloured women and children, all eager to be included in the picture, but everyone seemed friendly and inoffensive, and Rex breathed freely. Even through the hottest part of the day Maud remained at her work in the cool shadow of the trees, and at sunset the gig was sent again to fetch her and her faithful squire. She mounted the side with a face full of importance and resolution.

"Oh, Captain Jenkins," she said, as Rex met her, "I have found out something which will do my father good. You remember the old negro at St. Elie, of whom I told you, who spoke to me of this place? He is staying with his friends here, and came and talked to me to-day. I told him of my father's illness, and that we could not make out what it was. He says it is very common among foreigners here, and he told me of an old negress in a hamlet called Les Chaumettes, in the mountains, who knows of a specific—a *remède* they call it—which will cure it. He is going to take me up to see her to-morrow."

"I am afraid you will find the journey very tiring," said Rex.

"Oh, I don't mind that. I am tired of being idle so long," said she.

"Very well, Miss Cheveley. I will tell Mr. James, the boatswain, and two of the men to accompany you, well armed," said Rex.

Maud stared at him.

"But I don't want anyone but Tommy. He carries my things, and is very good."

"But excuse me, Miss Cheveley, it is not safe. I dare not let you leave the ship to go inland without an armed escort."

"Your permission will not be asked, Captain Jenkins. I made particular inquiries of the old negro—Jupitre is his name—and he told me that the way was perfectly safe, but that he could only take Tommy and me, because the natives might object, and the old negress—Citoyenne Doréide he called her—would not like to have so many white people coming to her house."

"But have you forgotten the reputation which these natives bear? This old man Jupitre may be only a decoy, and I haven't a doubt that Mrs. Doréide is one

of their sorceresses, who are said sometimes to work extraordinary cures. You would be running the most fearful risk in going alone."

"Do you wish to force your company upon me, Captain Jenkins?"

"Not at all, Miss Cheveley; I will send James and two men with you, as I said."

"But Jupitre will not take them. I must go with Tommy alone, or I shall not be able to get the *remède* for papa."

"Pardon me, Miss Cheveley. While I am captain of this ship, I cannot allow you to go inland without a proper escort."

"You are excessively impertinent, Captain Jenkins, and you forget that you have not the slightest authority over me. If only my father were well, I should complain to him of your conduct."

"Let me beg you to listen to me, Miss Cheveley," began Rex earnestly; but Maud, thoroughly exasperated, turned her back upon him, and went below to the saloon. He saw no more of her that night, but before turning in, he gave strict injunctions to the boatswain, who had the morning watch, not to allow any boat to be lowered without consulting him. What he should do in the morning, if it came to a wordy war with Miss Cheveley in the presence of the men, he did not know, but he trusted that her own good sense would show her the rashness of her proposed course. Vain hope! When he went on deck the next morning and called for Tommy Wastle to fetch him something from below, one of the men told him that the boy was gone on shore with Miss Cheveley.

"But I gave orders that no boat was to be lowered without my leave," cried Rex.

"Yes, sir, and so I told Miss Cheveley; and she says, 'Very inconsiderate of the captain, when he might have known I should want to go on shore early.' Then I asked her whether I should go below and get your leave, but she said she wouldn't trouble you, and told me to hail a native boat which was coming in from fishing, and she and young Tommy went ashore in her."

"PRESENTLY I WOKE UP, FEELIN' MISS CHEVELEY'S HAND ON ME" (*p.* 92).

Rex astonished his crew by a peremptory order to lower the gig, and hurried on shore to try and catch the fugitives. But Maud had been too quick as well as too clever for him, and they seemed to have been gone for some time. No one on board knew the situation of Les Chaumettes, and the people they met and questioned on the subject either could not or would not understand them, while the paths through the forest were numerous and confusing, and there were no means of finding the right one. Angry and uneasy, Rex returned to the yacht, charging his men not to alarm Mr. Cheveley, who was lying on a sofa in the saloon in a state approaching torpor, and seemed to take no notice of anything that passed, except that when

anyone spoke to him he begged almost fretfully to be allowed to rest. The day passed on, and as the missing ones did not return, Rex became increasingly anxious. Late in the afternoon he took the renovated dinghey and sculled himself to the shore. Drawing it up on the beach, he began to explore the paths at the entrance to the forest. After penetrating to some distance, he found the path he had followed growing broader, and taking a distinctly upward direction. Immediately on perceiving this, he determined to follow it further, for it was evident that it led to the mountains, and in the mountains was Les Chaumettes. He had no weapons with him except a clasp-knife, but he cut a stout stick from the bushes and went on. In the shadow of the trees it was almost dark, and he stumbled blindly upwards over the rough path for some way. Stopping after a time to try and get a glimpse of the setting sun, from which he might take his bearings, he heard footsteps in front, and presently a small figure became dimly visible, plodding wearily, but resolutely, downwards. Catching sight of Rex, the boy uttered a cry and tried to run away, but caught his foot and fell, sobbing out incoherent prayers for mercy.

"Why, Tommy!" said the captain, stooping over him, and giving him a good shake, "what's the matter? Where's Miss Cheveley?"

"Up at that there place, and they're goin' to kill her," sobbed Tommy.

The captain's hand tightened on his shoulder.

"Tell me what you mean this instant, Tommy. Get up, and don't be a baby. If Miss Cheveley is in danger, she must be rescued."

Thus adjured, Tommy choked back his sobs and told his story.

"When me and Miss Cheveley got on shore this mornin', there was that there old nigger a-waitin' for us—and a rum old cove 'e is, too. And ain't 'is 'air done up queer, just! all in knots, like the 'orses' tails on May-day. Miss Cheveley she says it's becoz 'e's one of their parsons. 'E brought a moke—leastways, I means a donkey—for Miss Cheveley to ride on, and 'e takes us up 'ere hever so far, till we come to a 'ouse and a old nigger 'ooman, the 'orridest-lookin' old gal I hever see. Miss Cheveley she talked to 'er, and the old gal she answers very pleasant, and Miss Cheveley she says to me as the medicine 'ud take some time to make, and she was goin' to take a sketch while it was bein' cooked up. So then the old 'ooman put on a big pot with all sorts of things—hawful-lookin' things, some on 'em—in it, and Miss Cheveley she set down on the roots of a tree and began to draw, and I looked about the place a bit. I came on a sort of place in the trees near as I thought might be one of their temples, and I looked about to see if there was any hidols, like the vicar told us about in Sunday-school. But there was only a lot of bits from picture papers and a box, but I couldn't see what were in it, 'coz that there old nigger came and 'unted me out. So then I jest set down 'side of Miss Cheveley and went to sleep. Presently I woke up, feelin' Miss Cheveley's hand on me, and she looked very white, and says, 'Tom,' says she, 'I'm afraid we're in great danger. These people mean to sacrifice us to their hidols. I 'eard them whisperin' about it when I went to fetch some more water jest now. They was talkin' about the goat without 'orns, and I know what that means.' I says, 'Let's cut and run for it, miss. I'm game.' But she says, 'I can't. They can see me from where they are settin', but they can't see you. Slip away, and run down to the ship and get 'elp.' 'But ain't you better try, miss?' says I. So she got up, but the old 'ooman come out and 'ollered at 'er, very hangry like, and I see the old man be'ind 'er with a gun in 'is 'and, and Miss Cheveley she says to me, 'It's no go, Tom. They say they've 'ad no end of trouble makin' the medicine, and they won't let me go 'ome till it's done, so you bunk and fetch 'elp.' So then I sloped, as cunnin' as one of Buffler Bill's Injins, and come as fast as I could till I found you, sir."

"And you must go on to the ship," said Rex. "I will hurry up to the village, and try to get Miss Cheveley away before they can bring any more people together. Tell Mr. James from me—stay, I had better write the message, if I have any paper."

Feeling in his pocket, he found a letter, one that had been forwarded to him under cover at Port Royal, and scribbled on the back of the envelope with a stumpy pencil, "Bring ten men well-armed, and let Tommy show you the way. Lose no time. It is a matter of life and death." In the dim light he could scarcely see what he had written, but he gave the paper to Tommy and bade him run for his life, then resumed his upward path with feverish haste.

END OF CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

IN THE UNITED STATES WEATHER OFFICE.

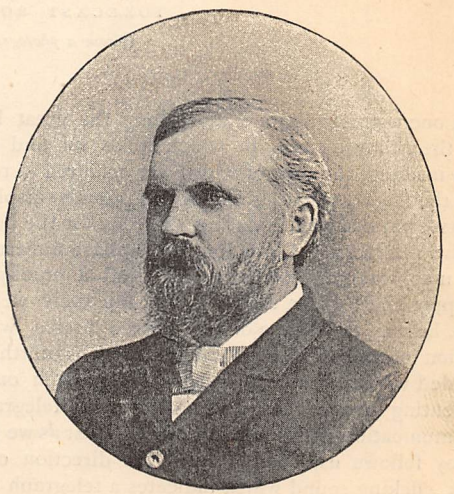
AMONG the numerous "sights" which Washington offers to visitors, one of the most interesting, though, perhaps, one of the least visited, is afforded by the Weather Bureau during the few hours each day when the forecasting of the weather is being done and the weather map prepared.

The work of the Weather Bureau as a whole embraces, contrary to the popular impression, a great deal more than the mere forecasting of the weather from day to day. A brief consideration shows that the general meteorological work, the study of climatology in all its bearings upon vegetation and plant growth, as well as on animal and human health, is a

ACCOUNTS DIVISION—WEATHER BUREAU.
(*From a photograph by Mr. Alexander McAdie.*)

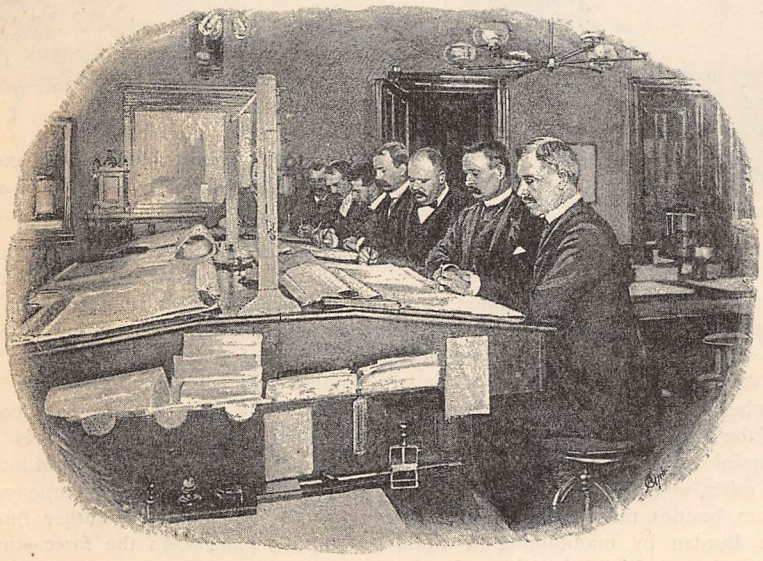
very broad subject, and I think it may be stated without exaggeration, that nowhere is it carried on on so broad a scale as in the United States, where over three thousand volunteer observers keep a daily weather record ; where over 156 stations, in charge of salaried officers of the Bureau, are scattered throughout the country, maintaining daily telegraphic communication with each other, and with the central office in Washington ; where, besides, many of the States co-operate with the Bureau by maintaining a State weather service, a system which, since the transfer of the Weather Bureau from the War Department to the control of the Department of Agriculture,* is likely to be greatly extended by enlisting in the meteorological work of the country the numerous agricultural experiment stations, nearly seventy in number, which, in connection with the State agricultural schools, draw a large annual allowance from the National Treasury. The fact, however, that the work of forecasting is, so to speak, the spectacular feature of the Weather Bureau work, and that the weather prognostications are published throughout the country, heralded by the signal flags from the thousands of "display stations," as they are called, which receive daily telegraphic communication from the central office in case of sudden weather changes ; and that at over sixty stations, including the central office, weather maps are published daily showing the condition of the weather throughout the country during the previous twenty-four hours, and containing prognostications for a period of from twenty-four to thirty-six hours, inclines the popular mind to believe that the work of the Weather Bureau consists largely in foretelling the weather, which is certainly not the case. It will, however, no doubt interest your readers if they will endeavour to accompany me for an hour or so to the Washington Weather Bureau, at say about 8.30 to 9 p.m., when the forecasting is being done.

* The Weather Bureau was developed while under the control of the Chief Signal Officer of the War Department, but on July 1, 1891, the Weather Bureau was separated from the Signal Service, the latter remaining, of course, connected with the Army, while the former was transferred to the Department of Agriculture, and a chief officer appointed who is known as Chief of the Weather Bureau, and who is directly responsible to the Secretary of Agriculture.



PROFESSOR MARK W. HARRINGTON.
(*From a photograph by Mr. C. M. Bell, Washington, U.S.*)

Being stopped at the door by the coloured messenger we will send our cards up to the Chief, Professor Mark W. Harrington, formerly of the University of Ann Arbor, Michigan, and at one time in charge of the Observatory at Pekin, China, a genial looking, pleasant-faced gentleman in the early forties, who, if we are fortunate enough to find him, will give us a cordial welcome to his domain, and after a few words of general conversation in regard to the work of the Bureau, will then conduct us through the library, one of the best meteorological libraries, we believe, in the world, to the forecast room. Here we shall find a high double desk, with three persons on a side; just beyond them a recess, furnished with printers' cases, at which two men are stationed; while extending to the left as we enter is a good-sized room, lined with large weather maps, including one immediately opposite the entrance made of stiff board and full of little holes,



FORECAST ROOM—WEATHER BUREAU.
(From a photograph by Mr. Alexander McAdie.)

each one representing a station along the great lakes and the Atlantic coast, in which holes we find little pegs inserted, the tops of which are coloured to represent the flags indicating the storm signals displayed at these various points during that day for the benefit of the mariners. Close by, and almost underneath this map, we find, on what printers call a proof-press, a copper sheet of the exact size of the daily weather map, having the shape of the United States, with a portion of the British Dominions to the north, and studded with curious little square holes, each one representing one of the stations in daily telegraphic communication with the main office. Just as we enter a boy follows us, coming from the direction of the click, clicking sound which indicates a telegraph office close by, and hands to a gentleman sitting on one side of the high desk referred to, a telegram. The telegram is in cypher, and as we look over the shoulder of the reader—we might call him the translator—we read the following apparently meaningless words, "Memphis, target, German, buffoon, tense, frost, cigar, normal," which, however, he proceeds to read aloud, with little or no reference to the cypher-key which lies by his hand, as follows: "Memphis, Tennessee. Barometer 29·92; temperature 44°; wind south-east; weather cloudy; precipitation ·52 inch; wind velocity 10 miles per hour; minimum temperature 38°; river observation 10 feet above zero of gauge and falling; light frost due point, 42°; time 8 a.m.; upper clouds hidden; amount of clouds 10/10, kind, stratus; direction, south."

The principle of this cypher is the particular arrangement of certain of the letters in each word by which they are given a different value, and the use of a common word in such an arrangement has been found desirable to secure accuracy on the part of the operator, who is less liable to make a mistake when the letters fill out a word with which he is familiar. In this form the cypher has been found to conduce to correctness rather than the reverse, fewer mistakes having been found to occur in telegraphing since the cypher system was adopted than were detected when the telegram was expressed in plain terms. Of course the main advantage of the cypher, as can be seen by a comparison of the above telegram with its translated meaning, is in the immense saving of the expense, which amounts in the aggregate, even with all the economy thus effected, to a very large sum.

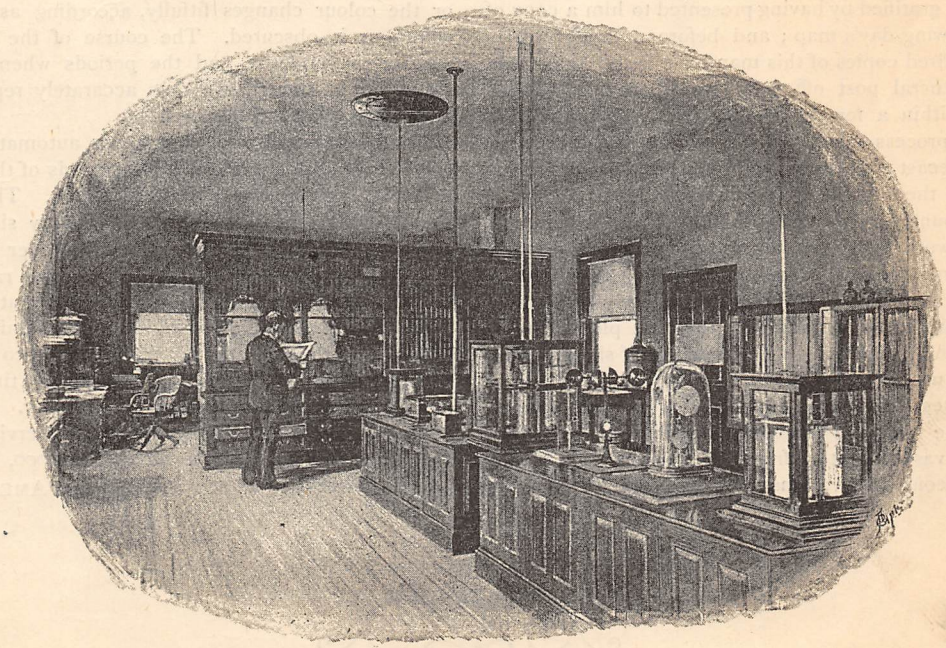
As soon as the translator begins to read every man goes to work, those at the same desk with the reader each recording on the map before him that phase of the weather which his particular map represents. For

instance, one notes the temperature, another the barometric pressure, another the cloudiness or sunshine, as the case may be, while the operator standing by the copper map dotted with square holes, to which reference has been made, notes by the insertion of logotypes the direction of the wind, as well as the condition of the atmosphere. Each logotype represents an arrow traversing a circle. The arrow marks of course the direction of the wind, while the circle, if of solid black, represents cloudy; if black and white, partially cloudy, and if white, clear weather.

While all these particulars are thus being simultaneously noted on the several maps, the two compositors at the cases above mentioned, proceed to set up, using logotypes mostly, the particulars of the weather for the points named. The names of the stations are, of course, already set up, and all that is necessary is to insert, with a rapidity which only practice can give, the data relating to the weather, opposite the station called. About a quarter to nine the telegrams begin to come in from the various stations at which observations are taken simultaneously at 8 o'clock p.m., Washington time, and by about half-past nine all of the reports are in and noted, and at that hour one of the three forecasters who are assigned to this duty monthly, in turn, makes his appearance, and takes his place opposite one of the maps, which we then observe contains most of the data announced by the cypher reader, the other maps being apparently used largely as checks. A number of red and blue pencils are lying on the desk opposite this map, and the forecaster, taking a blue pencil, proceeds to draw the isotherm lines, as they are called, connecting all those stations showing the same temperature. These are represented on the printed map by dotted lines. Then taking a red pencil he proceeds to mark the isobar lines, connecting all points showing the same barometric pressure—the barometric pressure, by the way, being reduced at all stations to sea-level before reporting. Then with the map before him made up twelve hours previously, namely, 8 a.m., Washington time, he compares it with the one he has just traced, any variation which strikes him as unusual being verified by reference to one of the other maps. The condition of the clouds and the direction of the wind are noted, a storm-line perhaps is also traced, the rainfall is studied, and he sees before him, as it were, the entire country, with all its varying meteorological conditions, from the Pacific to the Atlantic, from away up in the British possessions, for between the weather stations under the Canadian Government and those in the United States there is complete accord and co-operation, to the Gulf of Mexico. After a few moments' study of the subject's physiognomy, as one might say, he proceeds to dictate his forecast to the clerk seated by him, who writes on small sheets of paper between which carbon paper is inserted so as to make three copies simultaneously. Only a few words are written on each sheet, and the triplicate copies are immediately distributed, one to one of the compositors in the room, one to the telegraph office adjoining for transmission to other forecasting stations, while the third is retained by the forecaster. In forecasting, the forecaster divides the entire country into regions, thus:

For New England and Eastern New York, generally fair, preceded by light showers in northern portions; south-west winds.

For district of Columbia, Eastern Pennsylvania, New



INSTRUMENT ROOM—WEATHER BUREAU.
(From a photograph by Professor Chas. F. Marvin.)

Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina, fair till Friday night; south-westerly winds.

For South Carolina and Georgia, fair; slightly warmer; southerly winds.

And so forth and so on, until he has covered the entire country, to which forecasts are added, as occasion requires, in regard to the probable fall or otherwise of the several rivers of the country.

As soon as the forecasting is done, which is usually about 10 o'clock or very soon after, a representative from the lithographic establishment attached to the Bureau, makes his appearance to carry off the maps upon which the isobars and isotherms and the rainfall are marked, for transfer to the stone. For this process all the lines and figures are first duplicated upon a map of the size of the regular daily weather map, made of specially prepared paper, and with a particular kind of ink. As soon as this is completed it is brought to the proof-press containing the copper sheet in which the logotypes have been inserted, representing the condition of the atmosphere and the direction of the wind. These are duly inked, the paper map adjusted over them, and these data thus transferred to it. The map now contains all the information shown on the map proper, and by this time proofs of the prognostications are ready, as well as of the weather record, which had been set up as the data were being announced by the reader. These proofs are attached to the map in the left-hand and right-hand corners respectively, the space representing a portion of the Pacific Ocean being utilised for the one, and that space representing a portion of the Atlantic Ocean for the other. As soon as this is done the process of transferring to the stone begins. This is but the work of a moment, and usually before a quarter to eleven the visitor is gratified by having presented to him a copy of the following day's map; and before midnight nearly one hundred copies of this map have found their way to the general post office for transmission to various points within a few hours' reach of Washington. A similar process takes place simultaneously at over sixty forecast stations in the United States, though at none of them is the forecasting made to cover the entire country as in Washington.

The work of forecasting is, I understand from foreigners who have visited our Washington Weather Bureau, more thoroughly and completely done here than in any other country. In the first place, American ingenuity has brought the principle of simultaneity, if I may use the term, in every detail of the work to the greatest perfection; but, what is far more important in the matter of forecasts, no other country presents so vast a territory from ocean to ocean at which simultaneous observations can be taken at so many stations all under the control of one chief officer. Of course, numerous complaints are heard throughout the country of the unreliability of the weather forecasts, and yet a careful record shows that during the past ten months, the weather has been accurately forecasted on an average of eighty-eight times out of one hundred. Naturally, however, the twelve times when the weather has varied from the forecasts have attracted a great deal more attention than the eighty-eight times when the forecast has been fulfilled to the letter.

In the Annual Report of the Secretary of Agriculture for 1891, the record of the weather at principal points throughout the United States is given for every day in the year, by means of a diagram. Such a record for a series of years will, taken in conjunction with the condition of the various important crops, and of the plant diseases or insect pests by which they have been affected, undoubtedly form a most interesting study, as they indicate more and more surely to agriculturists the co-relation between meteorological conditions and the several vicissitudes by which our various agricultural products are affected.

In closing this brief sketch of one of the most interesting features of the meteorological work in the United States, it may be interesting to describe briefly one or two of the methods adopted for keeping an accurate record of meteorological conditions. One of these is the recording of sunshine automatically. An instrument has been devised which follows the course of the sun in such a manner as to reflect its rays upon a chemically-prepared surface which gradually changes colour wherever the sunlight strikes. Naturally, if the sun be completely overcast there is no change of colour, while if partially cloudy, the surface is blurred, or the colour changes fitfully, according as the sun shines or is obscured. The course of the sun from sunrise to sundown, and the periods when the sun shines or is cloudy, are thus accurately represented upon the surface of the machine.

Another ingenious device records automatically the force of the rainfall at different periods of the day, in addition to giving the total precipitation. The principle by which this is accomplished is very simple, the rain-gauge containing a pan which tips over whenever it is full, depositing the contents in the rain-gauge proper. The tilting of the pan is automatically recorded, and the quantity of what it contains being known, and the length of time taken for it to fill being shown, the rate of the precipitation at any time of the day or night can be calculated very closely.

The total cost of running the weather service of the United States is a little under $900,000, or about £220,000 sterling.

ANGLO-AMERICAN.

THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN.

ILLUSTRATED FROM MODERN LIFE (IN PHOTOGRAPHS BY MESSRS. BONING & SMALL).

"AT FIRST, THE INFANT"—

1.

2.

3.

NOS. 1, 2, AND 3 COMBINED.

COMPOSITE PHOTOGRAPHS.

NOS. 4, 5, AND 6 COMBINED.

"THEN THE SCHOOLBOY."

4.

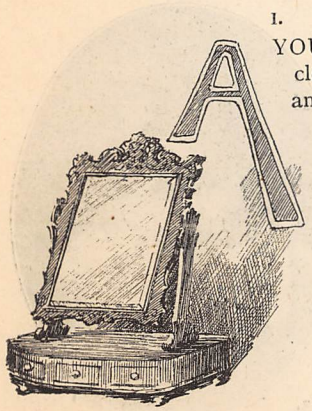
5.

6.

(To be continued.)

MR. MEAKIN'S LOOKING-GLASS.

I.



A YOUNG girl sat at work close to the window of an empty sitting-room one wet winter's afternoon. Every now and then she raised her head and looked wistfully down the clayey suburban lane which some builder had named, as if in irony, "Acacia Grove." Alice Moore—that was the girl's name—was not watching for her lover. Tom Midhurst was at his post in the Metropolitan Bank; and besides, he only came on Wednesdays and Saturdays. No; Alice was looking, half in hope, half in a kind of dread, to see whether anyone would call in response to an advertisement which her grand-aunt had inserted in that day's paper. The advertisement ran thus :—

APARTMENTS, FURNISHED, to LET, in a quiet, select neighbourhood. Every home comfort. Terms very moderate. Address, E. M., 59, Acacia Grove, Fernhill, S.E.

It cost poor Mrs. Moore many a thought, many a sigh, and many a tear before she could bring herself to let lodgings. She was the widow of a clergyman, who had lived in what is called good society, and it hurt her pride to think that she should be spoken of as "the landlady." It was even more unpleasant to think that, since the rough girl who was their only servant was not always presentable, and as she herself was growing feeble, it would be sometimes necessary for Alice to attend to the wants of the lodger. It was not a nice position for a girl who had been brought up like a lady, as Alice had been; and Mrs. Moore was much afraid that Tom Midhurst might be indignant on hearing of this contingency.

But necessity has no law. The rent had to be paid somehow, and the widow's slender income, joined to what Alice earned as a daily governess, was not nearly enough to meet their expenses. So the advertisement had been at last prepared and duly inserted, and now the two women were wondering what fortune would bring them.

It seemed as if fortune meant to bring them nothing at all. The postman did not call, much less a possible tenant. With a sigh of disappointment Alice turned away from the darkening landscape, and went downstairs to get tea ready.

"We can't expect anybody to come on such a wet day; and perhaps there may be some letters to-morrow," she said to her aunt as cheerfully as she could.

The long winter evening went by, and the solitude of No. 59, Acacia Grove, remained undisturbed until just before nine o'clock, when a loud rapping was heard at the street-door.

Alice hurried into the passage, opened the door, and beheld a small wizened old man, in an overcoat, the collar of which was turned up to his ears, and a tall hat.

"You have rooms to let?" he demanded, in a queer, high-pitched voice.

"Yes, we have. Will you walk in?"

The old gentleman entered and followed Alice up the narrow staircase, Mrs. Moore ascending last of all.

"This is the sitting-room, eh? and the bedroom beyond? I see. Any children or other lodgers?"

"No," answered Mrs. Moore. "Will you sit down?"

The stranger did not sit down, neither did he make any reply to the invitation. Instead of doing so, he stared hard at the widow for three or four seconds, then turned and bent a similar glance at Alice, then looked back again at her aunt.

"Could I have the rooms at once?" was the stranger's next query.

"Certainly. To-night if you wish it."

"Overlooked?"

"No: open back and front. I can refer you, sir, to the vicar of the parish, or to——"

"Oh, *that's* all right!" interrupted the stranger; and as he spoke he turned, and without saying another word marched downstairs.

Mrs. Moore's face flushed as she slowly seated herself on the little couch.

"He *can't* be a gentleman, my dear," said she. "A gentleman would have taken off his hat, and would not have gone off in that brutal manner, without a word to say that he was going. Well, perhaps it is as well. We should never have been able to put up with him. Alice, my love, will you run down and shut the front door. That person has left it open."

However, they went down together, and when they reached the open door, what was their surprise to see the old gentleman coming back, accompanied by a cabman, who carried a packing-case on his shoulder.

"What do you mean?" stammered out the widow. "Do you wish to take the rooms?"

"Of course."

"You didn't say so."

"Didn't I? I forgot."

"But you didn't ask about the rent."

"Well, what is it?"

"A pound a week."

"Very good. I always dine at home, mind."

The widow straightened herself up.

"Madam, I meant," said the stranger, with a queer smile.

In a few minutes the new lodger with his packing-

case, his big leather portmanteau, and the rest of his luggage, was installed in his new quarters.

"My name's Meakin—George Meakin!" he called out to the two ladies, who were hovering about the landing outside his door. "I don't want anything to-night, and I don't want to be called in the morning."

With these words he banged the door. Then he opened it again.

"Got a hammer and chisel?" he asked.

"Yes," said Alice.

She was close to him now, and could see that he wore an ugly brown wig, and that his face was puckered all over with wrinkles.

When he got the tools, Mr. Meakin removed the lid from his packing-case, and disclosed a large, old-fashioned, square looking-glass. This he lifted out carefully.

"It's a strange thing," he observed, as he placed the mirror on the top of the chest of drawers, "that in lodgings one *never* gets a decent glass. I'm very particular about my shaving-glass, for I always cut myself if I shave with a bad mirror. Therefore I always carry mine with me."

II.

MR. MEAKIN was a man who lived a very retired life, and gave very little trouble. Sometimes he would go for a solitary walk before breakfast; generally he spent the whole day indoors, reading and smoking. He was punctual and even liberal in his payments. He hardly ever got a letter or received a visitor. Once, indeed, a few days after he first came to Acacia Grove, he had a visitor whom he declined to see.

He happened to be looking out of the window one morning after breakfast, while Alice was helping Anne, the maid-of-all-work, to remove the tea-things, when he suddenly exclaimed—

"If that's not my young scamp of a nephew, George! No; is it? Yes, it is! And a friend with him, too. I won't see them. That young man plagues the life out of me—he makes me ill. I shall be nervous and sleepless for a week if I see him. Pray, Miss Moore, go down and say I don't live here. It's no use saying I'm not at home. He would only wait for me. Say it's a mistake, that—you have no lodgers—never had any. Quick, now! they're at the door!" and he bundled the girl out of the room.

Alice stood on the landing, not knowing what to do. She did not like to be disobliging, but it was impossible for her to do as she was asked. Meantime, the knocker had been used with some freedom.

"Never you mind, mum—*I'll* see to it, mum," said Anne, running down as she spoke and opening the door.

From the spot where she stood Alice could hear her voice—

"No: no one of that name lives here."

"Sure? An elderly man with a brown wig and a wrinkled face?"

"No."

"Haven't you a lodger?"

"No."

Alice hardly liked to let this go on. She moved downstairs, but before she was half-way down she heard a muttered apology from the visitors, and then the sound of Anne closing the door behind them.

"Oh, Anne! how could you?" cried Alice.

"Well, I suppose the old gentleman has a right to choose his own company," said Anne stolidly, as she retreated to the kitchen.

Once, indeed, a visitor succeeded in making his way into Mr. Meakin's presence. He was a respectable looking man, a little past middle life. Mr. Meakin was out when he called, and the stranger said he would wait in his room. When the old man came in he found the stranger there.

As Alice passed his door, she heard Mr. Meakin saying loudly—

"I told you I hadn't got them."

Then Mr. Meakin's bell was pulled violently, and to Alice's surprise, she, as well as her aunt and the servant-girl, were summoned to the lodger's room. When they reached it they stepped back each of them in astonishment. Mr. Meakin's trunk had been carried in from the bedroom. It was open, and a great quantity of papers which had been taken out of it, as well as sundry articles of clothing, lay strewn about the floor. The stranger stood leaning against the mantelpiece with a dissatisfied air.

Mr. Meakin, who sat in a chair by the fire, was the first to speak.

"This gentleman," he said, "is a solicitor, an old acquaintance of mine. He's taken it into his head that I have some papers which I ought to give up to—to a client of his. I said I never saw them, though I know what documents he means. That's so, isn't it, Mr. Abel?"

The stranger nodded gravely.

"My friend found it hard to believe me—lawyers are suspicious creatures, you know—so, just to satisfy his mind, I've turned out the contents of my trunk, as you see," pointing to the scattered papers. "Well, he doesn't seem satisfied even now. He thinks I have not turned out all my luggage. And I believe he wishes to put a few questions to you if you don't mind, Mrs. Moore."

"Have you any desk, or pocket-book, or *anything*, in fact, belonging to Mr. Meakin?" demanded the stranger, speaking to Mrs. Moore, without troubling himself to ask her permission to question her.

"No—nothing."

"Has he any trunk or box besides this one?"

"No."

"This is all his luggage?"

"Yes."

"Has he sent away any box, or anything, in fact, since he came to live here?"

"No—nothing at all."

Alice and the servant corroborated this evidence, and the stranger began to draw on his gloves.

"I hope you are satisfied *now*," said Mr. Meakin in a mollified tone, "but it was too bad of you to mistrust

an old friend like me. Have a glass of sherry before you go?"

The offer was declined, and the stranger took his leave.

Shortly after, Alice remembered that her aunt's reply had not been strictly correct. They still kept in the back kitchen a packing-case belonging to Mr. Meakin. But of course the lawyer could not be referring to an *empty* box. Still, she thought she would go and see if anything was in it. She did so, and quickly came to the conclusion that her aunt's incorrect answer had done no possible harm. The box contained nothing but a little straw.

Mr. Meakin remained an inmate of Mrs. Moore's house for nearly two years. As the good widow had predicted, Mr. Thomas Midhurst, to whom Alice had been engaged for some time, was very much averse to his being there. Still, Tom had sense enough to know that for Alice and himself to get married on his present salary would be little short of madness, and that since they must wait, it was better that she should live in tolerable comfort rather than in penury and anxiety, even at the sacrifice of some personal dignity. And certainly no unprotected women could wish for a quieter or a more considerate lodger than Mr. Meakin.

"'GOT A HAMMER AND CHISEL?' HE ASKED" (*p.* 99).

In the second year of his stay in Acacia Grove Mr. Meakin's health suddenly failed. He became seriously ill. Of course, a doctor was sent for. He came, looked very grave, and advised that a professional nurse should be engaged at once. The sick man looked very gloomy at hearing this, and Alice, noticing his look said that her aunt and she, with Anne's assistance, would take care of him in the meantime. She was rewarded by a grateful glance from the old man, and for a time things went pretty well. Before long, however, it became evident that a night-nurse was needed, and one was engaged, Alice taking the afternoon and evening hours as her share.

One night, about nine o'clock, when Alice was alone at the bedside, Mr. Meakin took her strong supple fingers in his lean and wasted hand.

"Miss Moore, you've been very good to me," he said, in faint and quivering tones; "you are about the only friend I have in the world."

"Oh! surely not, Mr. Meakin."

Suddenly stretching out his long skinny neck towards her, he asked:

"*Can you keep a secret?*"

What woman, asked such a question, would say No? What man, either?

Alice did not say No, but hesitated, saying finally:

"Yes, I think so. But perhaps you had better trust——"

"Some older person? No, thank you. The vicar, did you say? Yes; he's a good man, and I like him; but this isn't quite in his line. Your aunt is too old. I have nobody else to ask."

"Then I will keep your secret, Mr. Meakin," said Alice; and her heart beat with a very natural curiosity.

"You like my looking-glass?" he asked, darting a swift glance at her.

"Yes, I do. I like old furniture, and this mirror is so solid and plain, and the glass itself so perfect."

"I give it to you—when I am dead, you know."

"Oh! Mr. Meakin!" cried the girl, surprised and disappointed at the same moment.

"You'll want some furniture by-and-by, when you're married."—Alice blushed like a rose "that's newly sprung in June."—"Will you keep this mirror always, for my sake?"

"Yes; but I beg you, Mr. Meakin, don't talk of dying—I can't bear to hear you speak in that way."

To the young girl, the very idea of death was intolerable. The old man smiled grimly.

"You won't sell it, or give it away?"

"Oh, no; no!" "But the secret, Mr. Meakin?" she would have added, if she had dared.

"And now," said Mr. Meakin, searching under his pillow, "I give you this. It is yours, just as the looking-glass is yours. But you must promise to keep it unopened for ten years. It should be fifteen, but I will make it ten."

"This" was an ordinary envelope, securely sealed, but not addressed.

"Do you promise?" asked Mr. Meakin, suddenly staying his hand in the act of handing her the envelope.

"Yes, if you wish it."

She put the envelope in her pocket.

"Mrs. Morton," he said to the nurse, who just then entered the room, "please bear witness that I give that looking-glass to Miss Moore as a wedding present."

"Very good, sir; but you must not speak another word to-night."

Alice had barely time to thank the eccentric old man, before she was forced to leave the room.

Two days later George Meakin died.

In due time he was buried.

The house seemed very empty and lonely after the funeral; and in the afternoon Alice thought she might as well employ herself in examining her legacy. It was a very handsome mirror. There were three drawers in front, all good-sized, and all empty. Alice was secretly a little disappointed. She had hoped that there might be a concealed drawer somewhere about the old-fashioned mirror, with, perhaps, a forgotten trinket or two in it; but nothing of the kind could be found.

So Alice carried the looking-glass to her own little room, and placed it on the dressing-table. The sealed envelope she locked away carefully in her desk, beside an old programme, a dainty Christmas card, and a withered bunch of flowers. Many a time did she feel sorely tempted to break the seal, especially after she had been indulging for a time in vain speculations as to the nature of the mysterious trust imposed upon her. But she withstood these temptations, and allowed the dead man's secret to remain, as he had desired it to remain, inviolate.

III.

AFTER Mr. Meakin's death troubles fell thick and fast on Mrs. Moore and her niece. Alice lost her situation as a daily governess, through her pupils going to school; and try as she might, she could not obtain another one. And the rooms upstairs, which had proved a steady source of income so long, remained unlet. The nearest railway station was too far off to suit business men; and most people thought Acacia Grove dull.

Alice had little comfort for many a dreary month, except on the nights when her lover came to see her; and Tom, poor fellow, could do little but offer her his sympathy. He would have urged her to marry him, small as his income was; but his employers rigorously enforced an autocratic rule they had laid down, to the effect that any clerk who married before he possessed a certain income would be summarily dismissed. If that were to happen, the prospect before the young couple would be frightful. And two years must elapse before Tom's salary would reach the marrying point.

At length a day came to which Mrs. Moore had long looked forward with an anxiety that could not be put into words. The bailiffs took possession of her furniture.

The widow sat alone in her bedroom, speechless and tearless, her face white and transparent, like a ghost's. So it had come to this, she thought, after her long and honourable life—it had come to this!

Alice had made her eyes red with crying. It seemed as if in a few days she and her aunt, who was feeble with old age, would not have a place to lay their heads.

As she sat weeping in her own little room, a thought darted through her mind—Mr. Meakin's sealed letter! There might be money in it, and that money might be destined for her. If so, she resolved to use it, in spite of her promise. Mr. Meakin could not foresee that they would ever be reduced to such straits.

No sooner had the idea fairly presented itself to her mind than Alice jumped up (secretly afraid lest the old instinct of fidelity to her trust should re-assert itself, before she had even time to get the letter), hastily opened her desk, and in another moment had the sealed envelope in her hand. For an instant she hesitated, then resolutely broke the seal.

Only a scrap of paper—a scrap that looked like the unused half-sheet torn from an old letter.

Across it, in a trembling hand which she recognised as that of Mr. Meakin, were written the words:—

"To MISS ALICE MOORE,—In gratitude for your care of me, and because I like you, I have given you my looking-glass. I hope you have kept it, as you promised to do. Screw off two of the four knobs on which the mirror stands—the two at the back. Then shake the looking-glass. All that you find you may keep. I have no further use for them.—J. MEAKIN."

Alice, amazed beyond measure, read the strange letter a second time, then dropped it on the floor and flew to the looking-glass. In a few seconds she had removed the knobs; then she held it over her bed, and shook it vigorously. There was no result. She shook it again. Still nothing happened.

Could Mr. Meakin have *meant* to mislead her? Surely not. Then why did this stupid thing——? Alice lost her temper, lifted up the mirror, and shook it so heartily that it fell with a crash to the floor. The thick glass was not broken, but the frame that held it was smashed to pieces; and when Alice lifted it up there fell from it several packets of paper. The girl picked up one of them, and found that she held in her fingers a bundle of bank-notes, folded in two, each for fifty pounds sterling!

Alice sank to the ground, and clasped her hand tightly to her heart to stay its wild beating, closed her eyes, and rested her head against the bed. It was too good to be true, and yet here was the money, clasped tightly in her hand.

After a minute or two she became calmer, and began to count the notes—one, two, three—twenty notes of fifty pounds each—one thousand pounds! She took up another packet. These must surely be but five-pound notes, she thought, or at most ten-pound ones. Her hands fairly trembled as she caught sight of the uppermost one. It was for one hundred pounds. And there were twenty in the packet—two thousand pounds in that bundle alone! There were several packets of one hundred-pound notes, one of five hundred-pound ones, and one solitary note for one thousand pounds. Alice had counted up the whole, and she had settled that the total was somewhere between £24,000 and £25,000, when she suddenly remembered the man downstairs. Snatching one of the fifty-pound notes, she hastily placed the precious packages in a drawer, locked the drawer, rushed downstairs, and thrust the

note into the hands of the astonished bailiff, saying, in an excited tone—

"Here is your money. I—I had it in the house. Now go, and leave us in peace."

The man stared first at the girl and then at the bank-note, held it at arm's length and scowled at it, held it close to his face and peered at it, and finally shook his head.

"You see, miss," he said, "this here's a note for fifty pounds. Now that's a cut above what I'm used to. It may be a good note—I dare say it is—but then again it moightn't."

The girl's face turned as white as a sheet.

"Suppose you go to the bank and change it now," said the bailiff's man persuasively.

Alice took it in silence, and hurried off to the little branch bank, at which, until lately, her aunt had kept an account. The grey-headed cashier examined the note and cashed it at once. In another quarter of an hour the bailiffs were paid off, and Alice, with nine pounds twelve shillings left in her hands, ran up to her aunt's room and told her the wonderful news.

All this happened on a Tuesday. Alice could not sleep that night, and in one of the sweetest of her waking dreams she pictured to herself over and over again her lover's surprise and delight when she told him on the following evening that she was an heiress. As the next day was Wednesday, he was sure to knock at the door at seven p.m.

About four o'clock, however, on that Wednesday afternoon, two persons called. One of them seemed to be a gentleman. The other looked strangely at Alice as she walked into the little sitting-room, and when he spoke she recognised his voice. It was Mr. Meakin's nephew—the young man who had called on Mr. Meakin soon after he came to Acacia Grove, and whom the old man had refused to see.

From the first Alice had a presentiment that this visit was about the money she had found, and when the more gentlemanlike of the two visitors pulled a bank-note from his pocket, she knew that her golden dreams were already beginning to fade away.

"This is a note you cashed at Drummond and Fairleigh's yesterday, I think?" said the stranger, showing her her name, which she had put on the back of the note.

"Yes," said Alice faintly.

"May I ask how it came into your possession?"

"Mr. Meakin gave it to me."

"Was that an elderly man who came here about two years ago?" suddenly asked the other stranger.

"Yes."

"I *knew* it!" cried the man, striking his fist on his knee. "I knew that girl was lying! Where is he—this Meakin, as you call him—where is he?"

"He is dead," said Alice gravely.

The stranger groaned.

"Too late, Grigsby," said the other visitor.

"I am very sorry. You are his nephew, aren't you?" asked Alice.

The two men laughed loudly, and the girl blushed; then, drawing herself up, rose to leave the room.

"Stop a bit, young lady," said Mr. Grigsby sharply. "Where are the rest of them?"

"The rest of what?"

"The rest of the notes. You had better produce them at once."

"What right have you to ask for them?"

"I am a superintendent of police."

Alice was silent. She did not know what awful powers a superintendent of police might possess.

"You are too fast, Grigsby," said the other stranger. "My name is Senior," he continued, turning to Alice, "and I am a solicitor. Rather more than two years ago one of the branches of the Midland Counties Bank was broken into by burglars, and nearly twenty-five thousand pounds in bank-notes were stolen, besides some gold. The affair never got into the papers, as the bank did not wish it to be known that they had lost so heavily. We—that is the bank; I am their solicitor—have caused a watch to be kept at the Bank of England ever since, hoping that if one of the notes was paid in and detected by its number, the others might be found by means of it. Meakin, whose real name was Judson, was a professional receiver of stolen property. If he gave you any more bank-notes, perhaps you had better produce them. I can give you a list of the numbers of the stolen notes, and you can see for yourself whether they correspond with those in your possession."

Alice took the list upstairs and compared it with the notes. Alas! there was no doubt where they had come from. The numbers corresponded exactly.

She took them downstairs, and Mr. Senior held out his hand quickly. But it was hard, oh! it was hard, to yield up in a moment the wealth which had come to her, and scatter the bright visions which had made her so happy. Almost unconsciously, the girl's fingers closed more tightly over the precious bundles; but the lawyer gently though firmly loosened her grasp, took the notes from her, and put them into his pocket.

"Now, miss, I think you'd better get on your bonnet and come with me," said Grigsby.

"What do you mean?" cried the girl, starting back in affright.

"Only that it's my duty to arrest you for receiving these bank-notes, to the value of nigh twenty-five thousand pounds, well knowing the same to have been stolen."

"But I didn't know they were stolen! They were hidden behind the looking-glass."

"You'll have to prove that. I suppose you thought that old villain hid away all that money because he came by it honestly, eh? That won't go down with me, and I'm pretty sure it won't go down with the magistrates, or a jury. I have a cab at the door. Please be quick."

Before they left the house, Mr. Senior drew the officer aside, and dropped a hint that he had better be careful—that he had no instructions that the bank would prosecute, and so on.

But Grigsby was enraged to think that he had been fooled at the door of this house, and had in that way

lost the reward offered for the recovery of the notes. He muttered something about justice and the public prosecutor, and carried the trembling and almost fainting girl away with him in a cab.

IV.

THAT night, when Tom Midhurst knocked at Mrs. Moore's door, the widow herself opened it, and told him with many tears the awful thing that had happened. Alice was in gaol, and would be brought before the magistrates in the morning.

Before nine next day, Midhurst had seen a lawyer, who, being a busy man, advised him to retain counsel. There was barely time to do this before Alice was placed in the dock.

But as soon as the barrister had had a little conversation with his client, he turned to Midhurst with an easy smile.

"I think it's all right," he said.

And so in the end it proved. The magistrate committed Alice for trial, but at the sessions, when Alice surrendered to her bail, Mrs. Moore had come to the court, bringing with her the broken looking-glass, and also the note in Mr. Meakin's handwriting; and she let the court know that the nurse who attended the old man in his last illness was ready to swear that she had overheard him give the looking-glass to Alice, and bid her keep the note unopened for ten years. The judge examined the looking-glass closely; and as he did so, one of the detectives present told him that he had himself visited Meakin and searched his luggage, but had never doubted that the looking-glass belonged to the house, and had therefore paid no attention to it beyond peeping into the drawers.

"A very clever trick, I must say," said his lordship; "and, no doubt, Meakin made it a condition that the hoard was not to be touched for ten years, because he thought that after that lapse of time the notes could be passed easily. I don't see how the police can hope to prove their case. I think the account given by the young lady is reasonable. The receiver Meakin must have bequeathed his secret to somebody. How could that somebody guess that the notes were stolen? I shall direct the jury to acquit the prisoner. I believe her to be perfectly innocent."

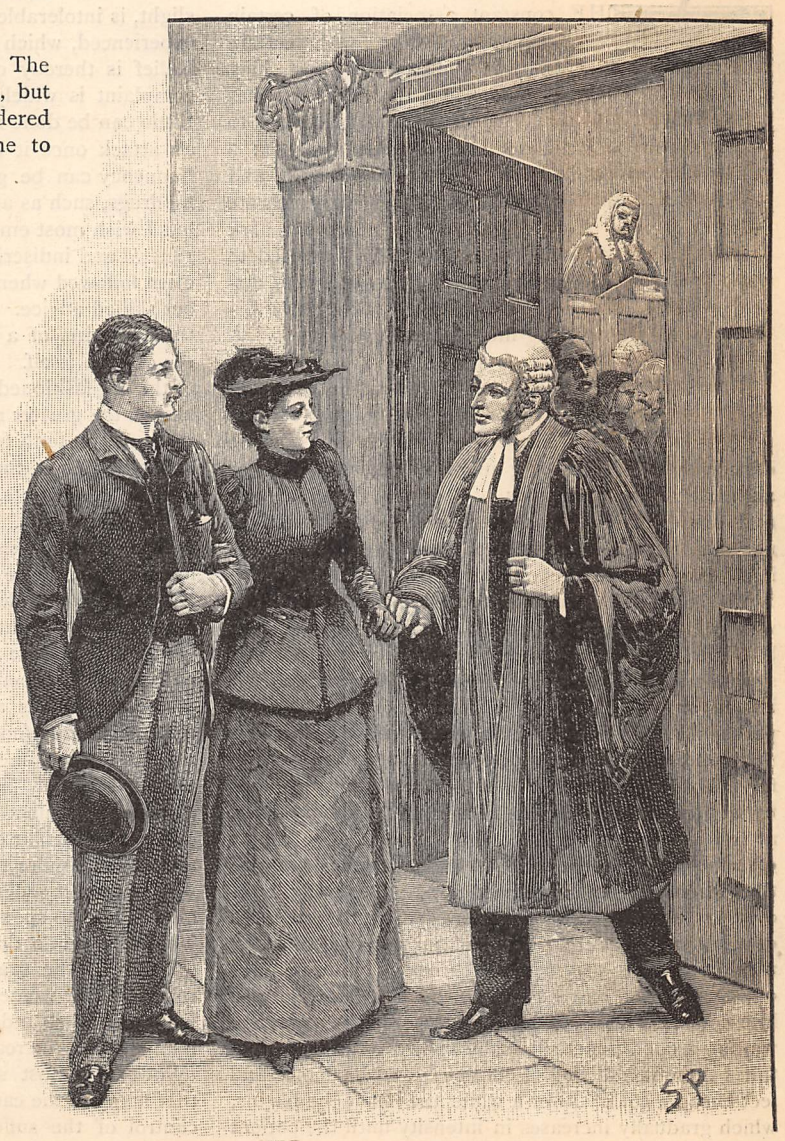
As Alice with her lover left the court, the barrister who had defended her stopped her, and put a question or two to her respecting Mr. Senior's taking the notes from her by force.

"It seems to me," said he, "that you may possibly recover these bank-notes from Mr. Senior. Bank-notes are like sovereigns. You had a right to hold them against the world, since you came by them honestly."

"But I couldn't touch them! How could I, as they were stolen from the bank?" cried Alice.

"Very good; I only thought I'd mention it," said the barrister, turning away.

Tom Midhurst was not so sure on the point as



"THE BARRISTER STOPPED HER."

Alice was ; but she felt so strongly on the subject that he did not attempt to argue with her. Only, he went down to Birmingham and had an interview with the bank directors, with the result that they consented to pay Alice the whole sum they had offered as a reward for the recovery of the stolen notes—£2,000.

This happy windfall made it possible for the two young people to be married as soon as they chose, and they did not choose to delay the ceremony very long.

Tom and Alice live in a small but charming house in one of the northern suburbs ; and Mrs. Midhurst keeps in her bedroom a piece of furniture which is to little Tom and baby Alice a source of endless amusement and delight—Mr. Meakin's Looking-Glass.

A WORD ON MEGRIMS.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

"These are his megrims, firks and melancholies."—FORD.

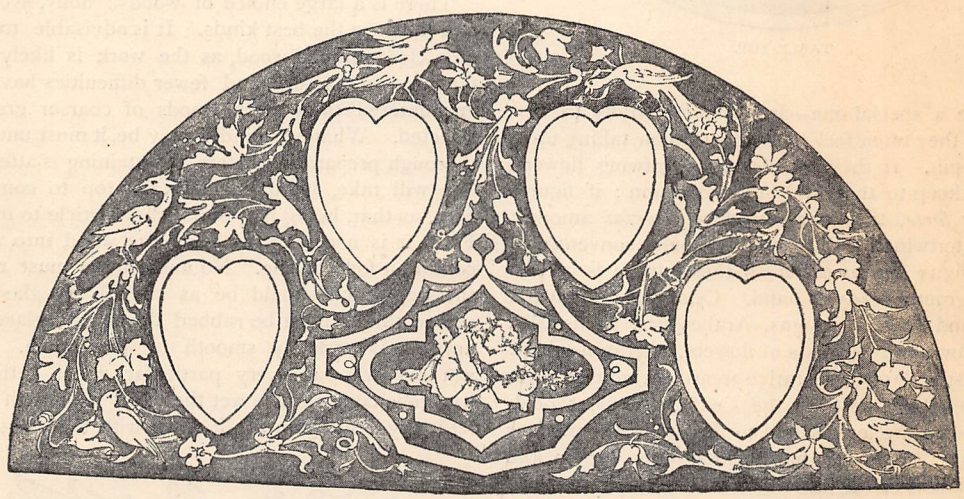
THE constant association of certain qualities in man with certain physical appearances has long been observed, and this association led, in ancient medicine, to the doctrine of temperaments : a subject of sufficient interest and importance to deserve separate consideration. For example, dark people are popularly supposed to be most liable to those nervous disorders which are undoubtedly becoming more frequent nowadays. A possible explanation of this greater frequency may be found in the recent observation that the number of fair-haired people is diminishing, while dark people are becoming more numerous ; but after all, the exacting conditions of modern life may be the real cause. One of the most well-defined forms of nervous disorder is an attack of Megrim—a word which itself requires passing notice. It is derived from the Latin hemicrania, through the French migraine. It was first applied to headaches affecting one side only, but it is now used to describe a sequence of nervous symptoms of which one is pain in the head, whether it is local or general. Beginning with a fit of the blues, or perhaps with unusually high spirits, sometimes with mere uneasiness or fidgets, occasionally with irritability for no obvious reason, the attack gradually develops until it prostrates its victim, relaxing its hold only when, after a varying interval, he falls asleep. The attack often begins abruptly. The sufferer may waken with the headache fully developed ; more generally, however, some previous warning is given. Disturbances of vision are frequent. The sufferer may "see stars," the printed page may become blurred, definite pictures of a fortification pattern may be visible. He may also lose control of his speech—forget words or use wrong words—a condition technically known as aphasia. At times there is a feeling of chilliness, and his hands and feet become cold. After a while the headache begins, which gradually increases in intensity until the patient goes to bed in a darkened room. Noise, however slight, is intolerable to him. Nausea is almost always experienced, which often results in actual vomiting. Relief is thereby obtained, and for this reason the complaint is widely known as a "Bilious Headache." Little can be done in the majority of cases to cut short an attack once it begins, but with constant care their frequency can be greatly diminished. Many powerful drugs, such as antipyrin, have become fashionable, but I wish most emphatically to protest against their general and indiscriminate use. Serious results have often followed when such drugs have been taken without skilled advice. There is also the further danger of the formation of a drug habit, more intolerable than the disease itself. At the outset of the attack a dose of the old-fashioned, but effective, rhubarb mixture is best in the greater number of cases, followed by retirement to rest for a few hours.

Megrim is a functional disorder, like most other nervous complaints, and depends generally upon some form of irritation. It is best regarded as a "nerve storm," and all its symptoms are in reality due to nerve-action. The causes of megrim are numerous. Anything which lowers the tone of the system, as anæmia, over-exertion, tends to induce an attack. Over-fatigue of the muscles of the eyes, due to the unnatural strain experienced by them during a visit to a picture gallery, is a most efficient cause. Too long abstinence from food, especially missing a meal, over-rich or unaccustomed food, irregular habits, indigestion, and constipation, produce gastric irritation, and consequently are immediate causes of megrim. The want of habitual regular exercise partly explains why women are so much more subject to this complaint than men, who (however sedentary their occupation) are generally obliged to spend a considerable time out of doors. There can be no doubt but that such games as lawn-tennis and the gradual introduction of cycling as a relaxation for women have done much to provide them with necessary and attractive forms of exercise. In many cases, increased physical exertion has been followed by most satisfactory results. It is obvious that many of the causes of megrim are under the direct control of the sufferer, and if he deliberately transgresses the law he does so with the certainty of paying

the penalty. Although the regular life which those subject to megrim ought to lead may be irksome at first, the relief from prostrating headaches is so intense that it more than counterbalances the temporary loss of enjoyment due to the self-denial of many pleasures, involving either undue excitement or interference with the routine of daily life. Heredity is an important factor in the predisposition to megrim, and many members of the same family may suffer. There are, however, two other causes, apparently trivial and frequently neglected, but which are, nevertheless, very common. The first is an error of refraction, causing astigmatism, and the megrim disappears when suitable glasses are supplied. The second cause is any constant form of irritation, as a decaying tooth, and as long as the irritation is allowed to continue so long will attacks of megrim be frequent and severe.

One word of consolation : megrim is more frequent in youth, and as years roll on it diminishes in intensity and frequency. It has been said that it implies more than average ability—it is at least certain that many of our most distinguished men suffer from it.

MARQUETERIE WOOD STAINING.



DESIGN FOR A PHOTOGRAPH FRAME.

THE sensible fashion of taking up an art work which will enable us to improve the appearance of our homes, by decorating walls and wood-work of rooms, and by ornamenting articles of furniture and embellishing knick-knacks, is spreading quickly. It is a noticeable fact that ladies living in the country are eager to hear of all the work of this kind which is being done in town ; and there is no doubt that many would be glad to try their hand at Marqueterie Wood Staining, if they could see the excellent specimens that are now being daily produced.

Although imitation marqueteries have been in for some time, it is only lately that examples which could fairly be called good have been shown in any number. Here and there we have seen well-executed pieces, but, as a rule, the colouring of the patterns has been garish, and the designs poor and often badly drawn. All this is changed now. What may be termed truly artistic work is turned out by ladies, both professional and amateur. They excel in neatness of work, the outlining is firm and clear, and they choose designs which, though bold and free, yet display some of the fine details which play important parts in much of the old marqueterie.

Many artists object to the word "Imitation" being used in connection with modern art work, and I heartily feel with them that it has not an attractive sound. Mostly imitations are undesirable ; often they are worthless. False gems are execrable, because they pretend to be the real things ; they do their level best—poor as that is—to deceive ; but marqueterie wood staining, though it resembles real marqueterie, can stand on its own merits ; like tapestry painting, it is artistic work, not merely a mechanical copy of something else.

Almost any sort of decorative design may be selected, so that workers need not go out of their groove—if

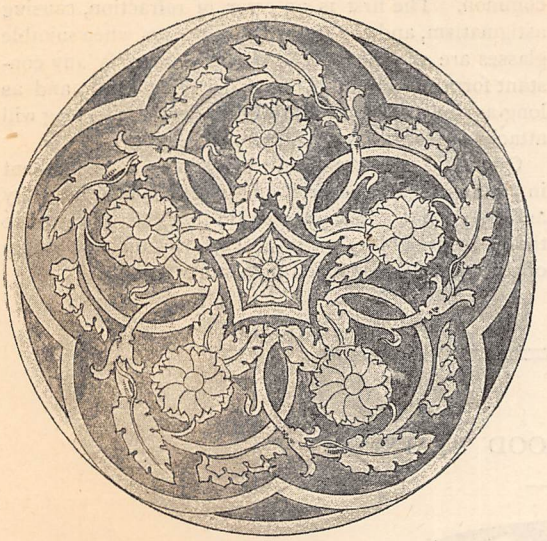


TABLE-TOP.

they have a special one—and wander wildly in new paths, as they often feel they must do on taking up a fresh pursuit. If they are clever at drawing flowers, they can keep to that style of decoration ; if figures are their *forte*, they can introduce *amorini* amongst scrolls intertwined with foliage. Should conventional floral designs appear easier to them, there is a vast hunting-ground ready to hand. Celtic, Scandinavian, Italian, and French designs, Arabesques, Louis XV. scrolls, bows and garlands of flowers, Sheraton inlays, all suggest styles of decorative treatment which cannot fail to delight. Perhaps the Celtic designs, though very popular, are least suited to the art if we consider the subject critically, but fashion goes far in the present day to reconcile us to what otherwise we might think slight anomalies. The Celts are responsible for the decorations of our "five o'clock" napery, carved oak-chests, leather chair seats, as well as marqueterie tables, and what not besides.

Granted that designs innumerable are to the fore, there remains a scarcely less important factor in the successful working out of our decorations to be considered. On good colouring so much depends. Excellent work may be quite spoilt by using bad stains, or stains which are too bright in colour. There is no excuse now for employing unsuitable ones, for professionals have learnt, by studying pieces of old marqueterie, and by continued experiments, to produce stains by means of which decorations of beautifully soft colouring can be executed. A dozen of these sets up a worker completely, but only three or four are used in some of the best pieces of work ; indeed, the most charming effects are secured by the simplest colourings. To give an idea—a low-toned green combines delightfully with satin-wood shaded with brown for decorating a walnut panel, the outlines being done with ebony. Walnut, rosewood, mahogany, ebony and satin-wood stains are used for grounds. The remaining stains are yellow, red, blue, olive, crimson, and grey. Outlines may be put in with ebony or walnut, according to the ground and colouring of the pattern. Marqueterie wood staining compares favourably with many other kinds of art work as regards expense. The price of each bottle of stain, medium, preparing solution and polish, is sixpence. Neat little boxes, containing the three latter requisites and seven stains, are prepared for five shillings. These are quite sufficient for making a start.

Three or four soft brushes are required : either sable or camel-hair ; they should be of medium size ; also an outlining brush and a flat camel-hair. The latter will be wanted for applying the preparation, which is sold with the stains, to the wood to prevent the colours spreading. Continuing the list of requisites, we come to saucers for holding the stains ; glass-paper of two qualities (the finest that is made is used for finishing the rubbing down processes), methylated spirits, and some linen.

There is a large choice of woods : holly, sycamore, and lime are the best kinds. It is advisable to begin on a close-grained wood, as the work is likely to be far more satisfactory, and fewer difficulties have to be encountered than when woods of coarser grain are selected. Whatever kind it may be, it must undergo a thorough preparation before any staining is attempted. We will take, let us say, a table-top to commence with, as that, being flat, is an easy article to manage. First, it is necessary to bring the wood into a good condition for working. No unevenness must mar its surface, which should be as smooth as glass. To secure this, it must be rubbed down with glass-paper until it is perfectly smooth to the touch. Some workers who are very particular about getting an irreproachable surface wet the wood next with water, let it dry, and again rub it down with the glass-paper.

COVER FOR A BLOTTING-BOOK.

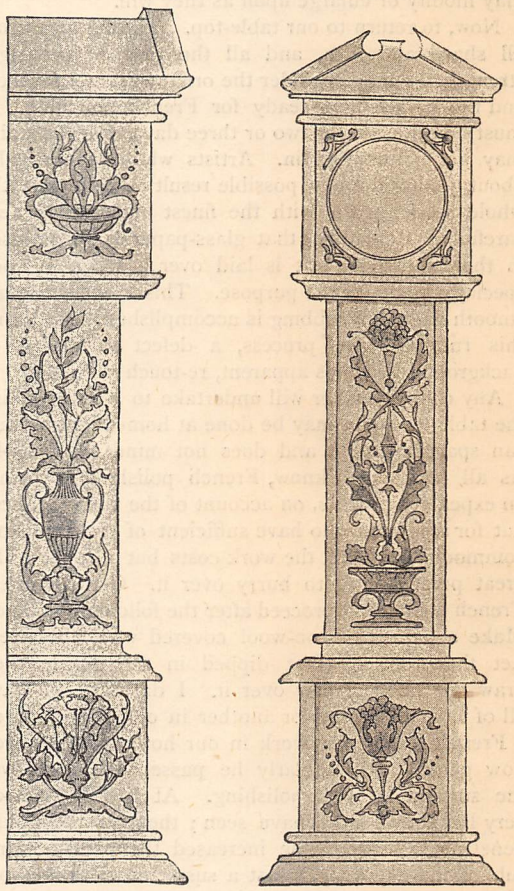
Not the tiniest particle of grit or powder from the wood must be left on the surface when the preparing solution is to be applied. With a piece of linen remove all such grit and dust, then lay on a coat of the solution with the flat camel-hair brush, passing this swiftly over the table-top, and being careful not to let any part of the surface remain untouched. After it has dried, rub the table down with the finest glass-paper, and give a second coating of the solution.

Now that the drudgery is over, we come to the decoration. Those who are inexperienced in art work may be disposed to say that too much has been made of the necessity of having a smooth surface. "What can it matter if a few little specks are left here and there, if the wood is a trifle rough, or even slightly scored with lines?" Well, it matters just this much: that the specks will show dark when the staining is done, and the lines will appear as a legion of scratches.

A rough sketch of the design is first made; this is either original or adapted. It would be most inadvisable for a beginner to draw direct on the table-top; this is not done generally even by professionals. A drawing must be executed next, so that the design may be of the right size, and that it may be such as will best accord with the shape of the article to be decorated. This is done on drawing-paper. When quite correct and complete, a tracing of it is taken by laying a sheet of tracing-paper over the drawing, and going over all the outlines (which are easily seen through the semi-transparent tracing-paper) with a sharply-pointed hard pencil. The tracing is then laid on the table-top in exact position, a sheet of black-lead transfer-paper is carefully slipped beneath it without disturbing its position, and, lastly, the outlines of the tracing are gone over with a style, or with the hard pencil if a style is not at hand. Remove the papers, and the impression of the drawing will be found on the table-top.

In marqueterie wood staining artists work somewhat differently. Some stain the design first and then stain the ground; others reverse this order, and stain the ground first, then stain the design, and finish by outlining it. The latter is decidedly the better plan, and for this reason: on the natural light wood ground a stained design will look very different from what it would if the ground were dark. So if we mean to have a rosewood ground, that should be stained *before* the design, otherwise we shall be unable to judge of the effect the stained design will produce when the table is finished. With a satinwood background a strongly-stained design will present too harsh a contrast, whilst a deep-toned design may be admirable on a dark background.

The stains work better if they are mixed some time before they are used. A small quantity of stain is turned out into one of the saucers, and to this is added one-third part of medium. Mix all the stains in different saucers before commencing the decoration. If we say mahogany or walnut will be wanted for the ground: well, put sufficient out to do the whole of that. Then for the design satinwood and olive may be used. Put some of each in two saucers, and in yet another put some ebony, which will be required for the outlines. Now fill a brush with the mahogany or walnut stain, and go over the ground with it, following the grain of the wood, and getting as level a coat as possible. When this is done the brush can be washed in water. Next stain the design in the same way with olive and satinwood, and shade it where necessary.



DESIGN FOR MINIATURE GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK.

Satinwood may be shaded with walnut or mahogany. To give relief, fine shading lines are often put in with the point of a fine brush. For figures these lines are indispensable, and they need to be very carefully put in. They are as fine as the lines of an etching, and should almost look as if done with a pen. To deepen a tint already laid that may have proved too light, a second application of stain may be given. If a light tint is desired, the stain must be diluted sufficiently to make it so; for stronger shades the stains are used in a dryer state. Ebony for outlines must be allowed to dry up in the saucer after mixing with medium, and be slightly moistened with the brush when needed for use. Walnut is also treated so when it is employed for outlines.

Ebony and ivory marqueterie is done with ebony stained background and white enamel design. All the markings or the design—like the centres of flowers,

for instance, and the veining of leaves and the shading of the cherubs—are done sharply and clearly with the point of a fine brush which is dipped in ebony stain.

All workers would do well to obtain a piece of old inlay; it will be such a help to them in executing a design to have a good example to refer to: not necessarily to reproduce exactly, either as regards pattern or colouring, but to gain ideas which they may modify or enlarge upon as they will.

Now, to return to our table-top. The outlines being all sharp and firm, and all the tints of the right strength, we may consider the ornamentation finished, and the work is now ready for French polishing. It must be set aside for two or three days, that the stains may get quite dried in. Artists who are particular about getting the best possible result now go over the whole work again with the finest glass-paper very carefully. Remember that glass-paper is never used in the hand alone; it is laid over a block of wood specially made for the purpose. This keeps it flat and smooth while the rubbing is accomplished. If, during this rubbing-down process, a defect in design or background becomes apparent, re-touch with stain.

Any cabinet-maker will undertake to French polish the table-top, or it may be done at home if the worker can spare the time and does not mind the trouble. As all housewives know, French polishing is rather an expensive process, on account of the time it takes; but for amateurs who have sufficient of that valuable commodity to spare, the work costs but a trifle. The great point is not to hurry over it. Get colourless French polish, and proceed after the following manner. Make a pad of cotton-wool covered with fine linen. Let the wool be first dipped in the polish, then draw the linen tightly over it. I dare say we have all of us at some time or another in our lives watched a French polisher at work in our homes, and noticed how gently and regularly he passed the pad over the surface he was polishing. At first he rubbed very lightly, we may have seen; then, as the polish penetrated the wood, he increased the pressure and rubbed more quickly. Just a suspicion of linseed-oil, not more than a drop or two, is applied to the face of the pad. Now pass the pad gently over the table-top, and to avoid injuring the stains by too early rubbing, leave the work for a while until the polish has been absorbed by the wood. Rubbing should not be continued too long at a time, but the worker must return to it again and again throughout the day until a good, brilliant surface is secured. Next a second pad is wanted, but now the wool is slightly damped with methylated spirit before being covered with the linen. Touch the pad with oil, and go over the table-top carefully with this. With the polish pad again rub the surface, and then complete the work by using the spirit pad encased in three layers of linen. All furniture can be improved in this way, but it is a rather monotonous task.

Our readers will, doubtless, value the original designs for marqueterie which Miss Turck, a well-known artist, has kindly placed at our disposal for their benefit.

Briefly to mention how the designs may be carried out in marqueterie wood staining. The photo frame may be ebony with ivory design; the veining of foliage and the shading being also done with ebony.

The round table-top is extremely pretty and effective; the ground should be of walnut and all the design of satinwood, whilst the outlines may be given with ebony.

The blotter, which is of holly-wood, is left the natural white as far as the ground is concerned. This throws up the quaint design in which the dragon is done with olive green shading to walnut, and the flowers and foliage with various subdued colours.

The grandfather's clock is a most dainty little article, and the fine patterns require care in reproduction. It is worth taking some time over, as it has an exceeding good effect when well executed. The design of varied colours contrasts well with a rosewood ground. Green, walnut, and mahogany should be the principal stains employed.

I have left the most charming, and certainly the most difficult, design until last. This is a panel for furniture; for instance, it could be suitably used for the door of a high narrow cabinet or the back of one of the fashionable spinners' seats. The design is to be entirely of satinwood, delicately shaded with brown and the ground of walnut.

PANEL OF A CABINET.

We must glance just for a moment at the articles suited for marqueterie staining. Almost any piece of furniture which is of light dainty design may be chosen. Occasional chairs, five o'clock tea-tables, cabinets, small bookcases, brackets, Victoria stools, Hamlet and Louis XV. seats, and the quaint spinners' chairs can all be charmingly decorated in this style.

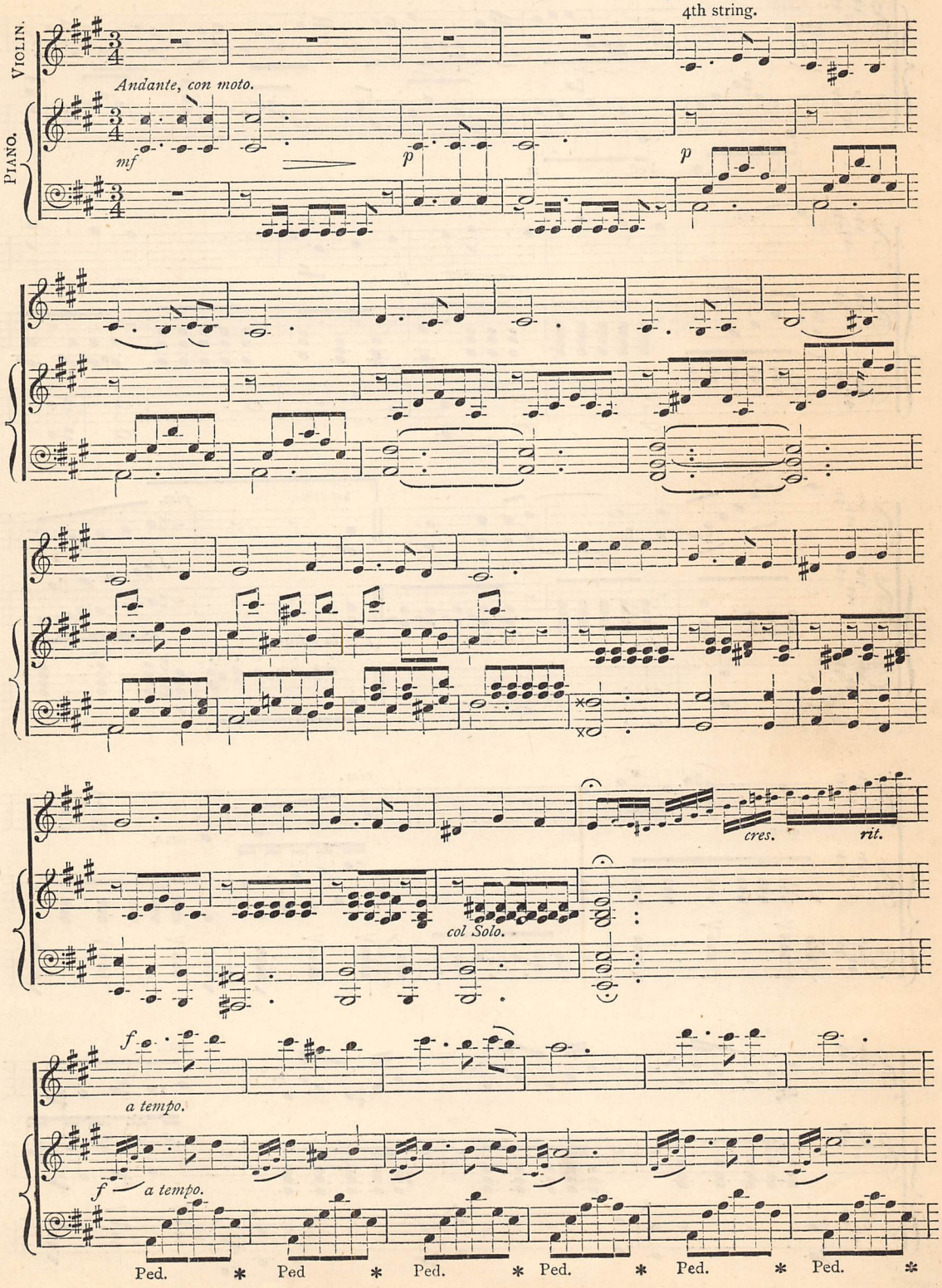
We may decorate a drawing-room or boudoir most attractively by executing a series of panels for the dado, which will be arranged with plain wooden mouldings between each Above these could be a frieze, with quiet toned floral design of stained marqueterie, and the filling-in of "brocade" paper.

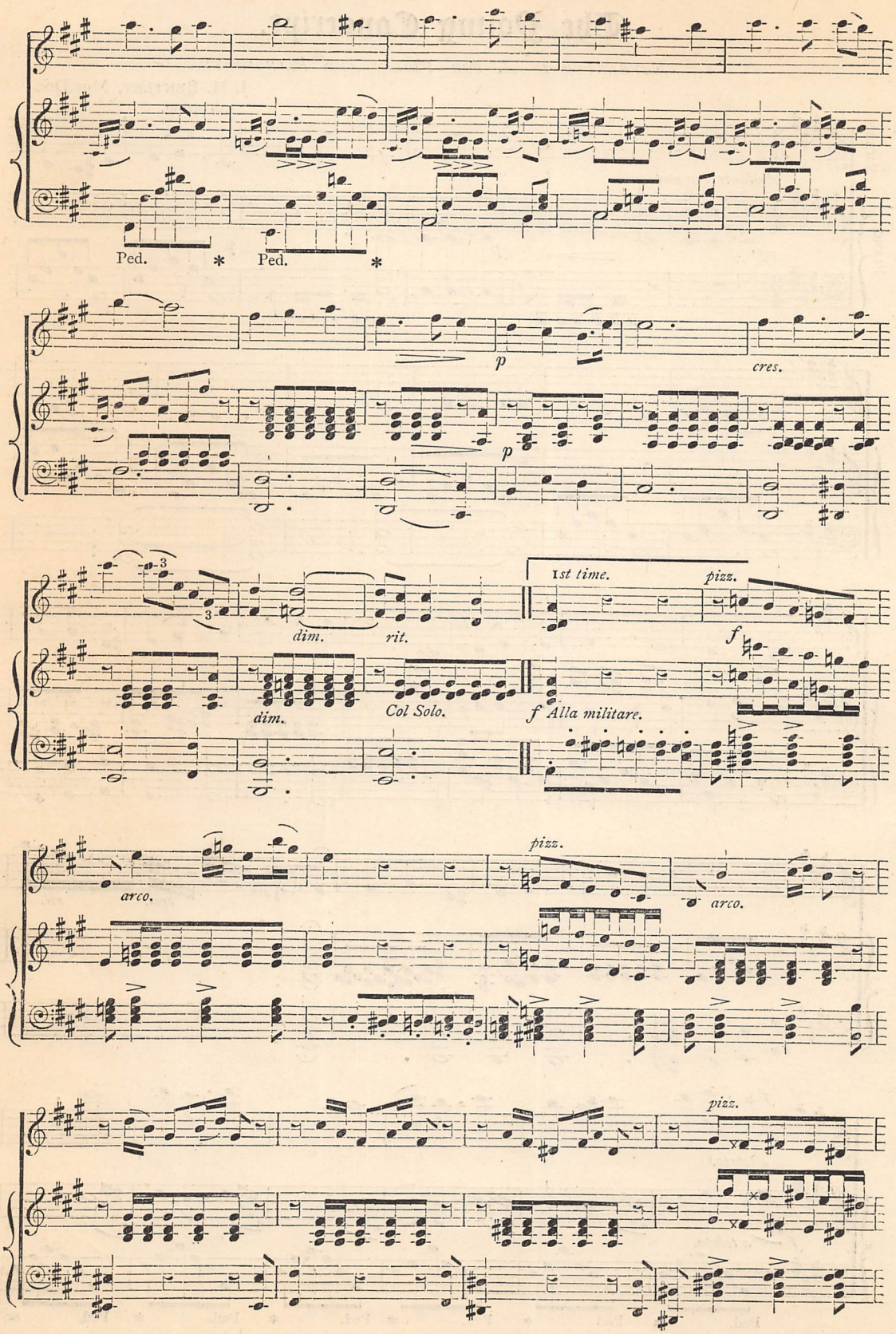
E. CROSSLEY.

The Young Conscript.

Novelette in A, for Violin and Pianoforte.

J. M. Bentley, Mus. Doc.

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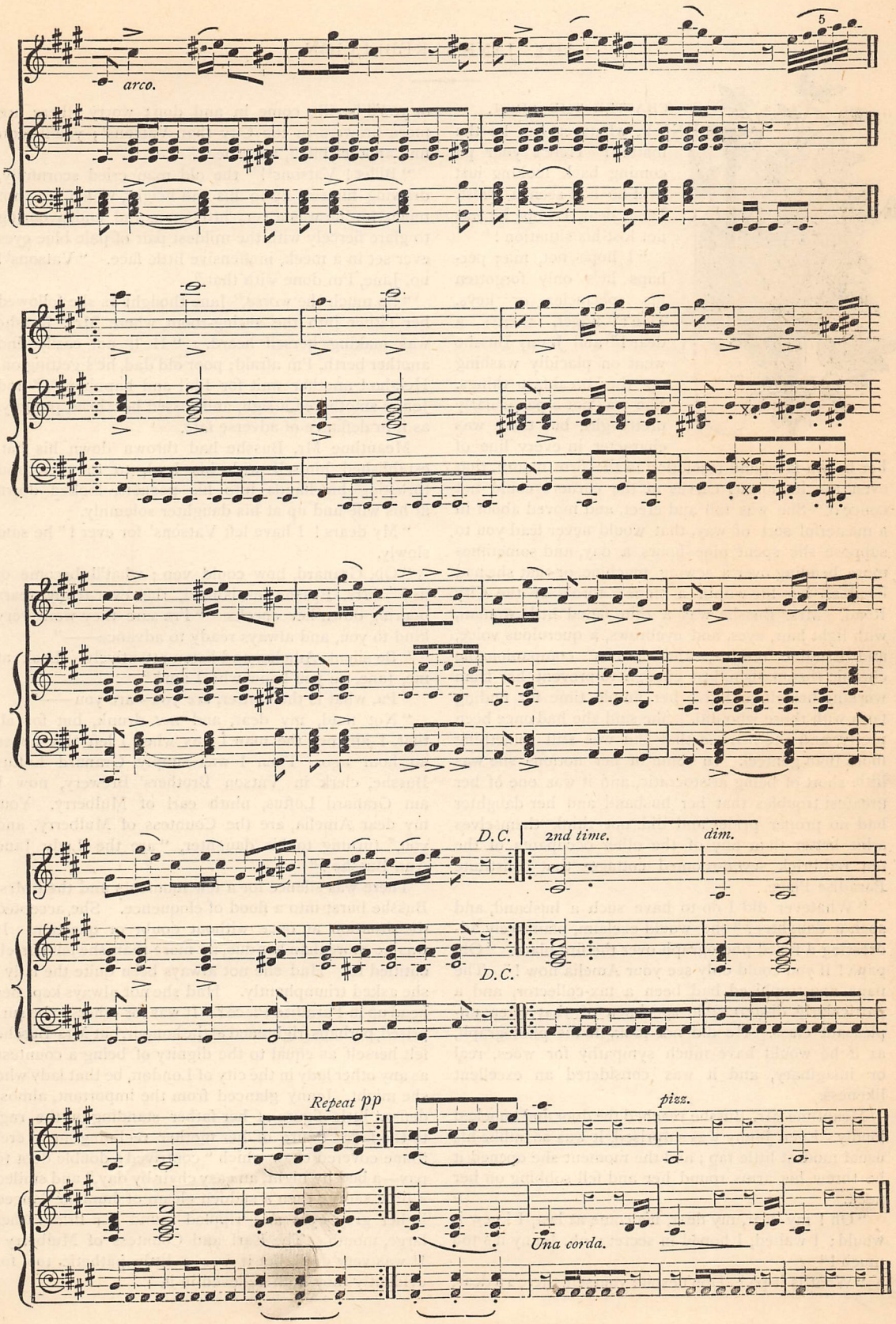
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LADY JANE'S REBELLION.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

"JENNY, whatever can be the matter! Here's your pa coming back looking just as if he had seen a ghost. Dear, dear, I hope he has not lost his situation!"

"I hope not, ma; perhaps he's only forgotten his spectacles or keys. Don't fidget, there's a dear!" and Jenny Busshe went on placidly washing up the breakfast things. She was not a particularly pretty girl, but there was character in every line of her brown face, and resolution in the firm mouth, that even the humorous curves at the corners could not conceal. She was tall and erect, and moved about in a masterful sort of way, that would never lead you to suppose she spent nine hours a day, and sometimes more, bending over a sewing machine, or that she had lived all her life within a stone's throw of the City Road. Mrs. Busshe was a thin, faded little woman, with light hair, eyes, and eyebrows, a querulous voice, and irritable temper, and a nice companionable chronic rheumatism, just enough to prevent her from working herself, and give her ample time for finding fault with those who did. She said she had once been pretty, and she insisted that she was still something more than genteel. In some of her notions she was little short of being aristocratic, and it was one of her greatest troubles that her husband and her daughter had no proper pride, and did not think themselves a bit better than any of the other occupants of the ten red-brick seven-roomed cottages that constitute Paradise Place.

"Whatever did I do to have such a husband, and such a daughter?" she would exclaim, plaintively addressing a faded photograph over the fire-place. "Oh, papa! if you could only see your Amelia now!" The papa apostrophised had been a tax-collector, and a particularly disagreeable specimen of that often unpleasant class. He did not look, in his photograph, as if he would have much sympathy for woes, real or imaginary, and it was considered an excellent likeness.

Meantime Mr. Busshe reached the door and knocked loudly. Even Jenny was surprised, it was so unlike his usual modest little tap; and the moment she opened it he threw his arms round her and fell sobbing on her neck.

"Oh! my dear, my dear, it's come at last, I knew it would; I waited, I hoped in secret; oh, Jenny it's too much!"

"What is it pa? Don't excite yourself, there's a dear, or you'll be ill; come in and don t worry; there are more brewers in the City than Vatsons'; you'll soon find another billet, never fear."

"Billet! Vatsons'!" the old man cried scornfully, drawing himself up to his full height, which was not much, for he was a very little man, and endeavouring to glare fiercely with the mildest pair of pale blue eyes ever set in a meek, inoffensive little face. "Vatsons'! no, Jane, I'm done with that."

"So much the worse," Jane thought as she followed her father into the sitting-room, where Mrs. Busshe was making herself heard. "He'll not easily find another berth, I'm afraid; poor old dad, he's getting on. Heigho! another wait for Phil and happiness;" and Jenny smothered a sigh, and tossed her head proudly, as if in defiance of adverse fate.

Meantime Mr. Busshe had thrown down his hat, established himself with his back to the fire, and thrusting his hands into his pockets, looked down at his wife and up at his daughter solemnly.

"My dears! I have left Vatsons' for ever!" he said slowly.

"Oh, Granard, how could you; what'll become of us?" Mrs. Busshe exclaimed, the ever-ready tears pouring down her cheeks. "I'm sure they were very kind to you, and always ready to advance——"

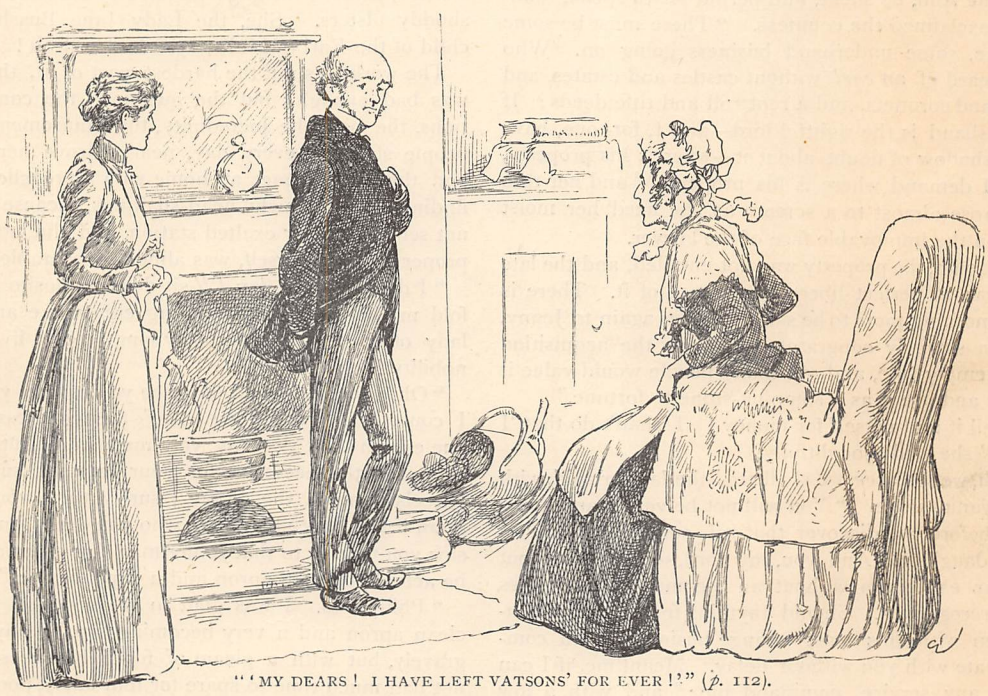
"Be silent, Amelia, and listen attentively. Look at me, Jane, do you know who I am?"

"Pa, what is the matter, are you—are you——"

"Not mad, my dear, and *not* drunk, but for all that, I am not the man I was when I left this house an hour ago. Then I was simply Granard Loftus Busshe, clerk in Vatson Brothers' Brewery, now I am Granard Loftus, ninth earl of Mulberry. You, my dear Amelia, are the Countess of Mulberry, and you," turning to his daughter, "are the Lady Jane Ann Busshe!"

There was silence for a few moments and then Mrs. Busshe burst into a flood of eloquence. She accepted the situation at once without doubt or question. It was no more than her due, no more than she felt herself entitled to. Had she not always been quite the lady? she asked triumphantly. Had she not always kept her head up in Paradise Place? It was for others to be surprised, perhaps frightened at the honour, but Mrs Busshe felt herself as equal to the dignity of being a countess as any other lady in the city of London, be that lady who she might. Jenny glanced from the important, almost defiant little figure of her father standing on the rug, to the faded figure of her mother reclining in a cretonne covered chair which "contrived a double debt to pay—a bed by night, an easy chair by day," and smiled a little sadly; then a sudden gleam of humour danced in her grey eyes and rippled round her firm, rather large, mouth. The Earl and Countess of Mulberry! It was very droll, but it was a little pathetic too, for evidently they both believed in it.

Nor was the crazy notion altogether novel. Years ago her father used to talk mysteriously about birth and blood, and family connections, and wear a black band on the sleeve of his shabby tweed coat when any member of the noble family of Mulberry passed away. He used to lament that they were such a very long-lived race, and so incurably extravagant; but as Jenny grew up she chaffed him so unmercifully that at last he gave up boasting about the family, and almost forgot that he was indeed a branch or rather a feeble little twig of the sturdy Mulberry tree. As for Mrs. Busshe, if anyone had told her she was a duchess or a Serene Highness it would not have surprised her in the least, though it is only fair to the poor lady to say that she had only the haziest idea of how those exalted personages differed from ordinary individuals, except in being idle, select, delicate, and cultivating a distaste for small shell fish and onions.



"'MY DEARS! I HAVE LEFT VATSONS' FOR EVER!'" (*p.* 112).

"Well, dad, I hope you'll find being an earl more profitable and comfortable than clerking in a brewery," Jenny said, with a final glance round the room to see that everything was in order. "Now I must sit down to my work; I am all behind with those ulsters. Just knock if you want anything, ma!"

"Jane, sit down and listen to me; I have several things to say to you: and, first of all, I strictly forbid you ever to touch a sewing-machine again, or even glance at such an—an ignominious garment as an ulster. Ah, I see you are still sceptical; but here's someone who will soon convince you that your father is in very surety the ninth Earl of Mulberry." As he spoke there was an impatient knock at the door, which the old man hastened to answer himself, waving his daughter to a chair with a glance that he meant to be commanding.

"Ladies of title do not open the front door to their father's legal advisers," he said severely. "Bear that in mind, Lady Jane."

Jenny sat down looking both amused and irritated. She was anxious to get to her work, but she was sorry for her father, too, and really believed that the loss of his situation had upset his head; probably, too, the manager had given him something to drink to cheer him in his trouble; she might as well humour him a little.

In a few moments he entered the room, followed by the gravest-looking gentleman ever seen outside an undertaker's, who in a very few words explained—and it was noticeable that from the instant he glanced at her face all his remarks were addressed exclusively to Jenny—that her father, owing to the death of John St. John Loftus, eighth earl, at the advanced age of ninety-six, being next of kin, succeeded to the title.

"But not the estates, I regret to say, or rather the small remnant of them that remains. His late lordship has left everything, absolutely everything, to the son of an old college friend who emigrated nearly thirty years ago, and has never been heard of since. Failing him or his heirs, everything goes to the County Lunatic Asylum, and Mount Mulberry is to be allowed to fall into picturesque ruins."

Jenny listened attentively, following the lawyer's slow words with her eyes, or rather anticipating them.

"There is absolutely nothing," she said quietly—"I mean in the way of money?"

"Absolutely nothing but the title."

"Well, that won't hurt; a title eats nothing and can exist without a house if it has not got one. We should be no worse off than we were before if father had not lost his situation."

"Jane!" interrupted the old man, with a really pathetic attempt at dignity, "would you have your father, the ninth Earl of Mulberry, work in a vile, offensive brewery for thirty shillings a week?"

"It does seem a little comical, pa; but even an earl can't afford to despise thirty shillings a week when he has nothing else. And you didn't seem to dislike the place so much——"

"Jane Ann, be silent, and permit *me* to speak," suddenly exclaimed the countess. "There must be some mistake, some underhand business going on. Who ever heard of an *earl* without castles and estates, and robes and coronets, and a rent roll and title deeds? If my husband is the rightful lord—and I, for one, have not a shadow of doubt about it—where's his property, sir? I demand where is his property?" and her thin voice rose almost to a scream as she fixed her moist eyes on the immovable face of the lawyer.

"Madam, the property was not entailed, and the late earl was at perfect liberty to dispose of it. There is really nothing more to be said," turning again to Jenny. "I can scarcely congratulate you on the acquisition of an empty title, and yet many people would value it highly and use it as a stepping-stone to fortune."

"Sell it and myself for money! I shan't do that, I think," she said thoughtfully.

"Ah, we shall see, we shall see," the lawyer said, with a galvanic smile. "You will not be very many hours older before you discover that it is something to be an earl's daughter. And you, my lord, will also find out that an earl, even without an income, has privileges and prerogatives. Should anything fresh arise in connection with this most strange business, I will communicate with you without delay. Meantime, if I can be of any service, command me;" and with a low comprehensive bow he glided out, leaving two people supremely happy, and one profoundly perplexed.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

A MONTH had passed since the Earl of Mulberry had come into his title, and as yet the novelty and delight had not worn away. He was insanely proud, inanely happy, and perfectly content. Rank had brought him respect, homage, and hospitality, from one end of Paradise Place to the other.

Men who were his superiors in the brewery touched their hats to him, and even the Brothers Vatson shook his hand heartily and called him "My Lord." True the countess's queries about the rents, robes, and coronet were a trifle wearisome, but the earl suddenly found that he had a great many things to attend to, and usually left home early in the morning and did not return till late at night. He did not return to the brewery, from which he had not been dismissed at all, nor did he seek for any other occupation or means of living. It was clearly beneath the dignity of a nobleman either to work or take any manner of thought where such commonplace vulgar necessities as food and fuel, rent and clothing, came from. His tastes were extremely simple, he ate what was placed before him without comment or question; indeed, it is doubtful whether, in those first days of his nobility, he knew what he was eating. But Jenny's machine had to fly faster than ever, and for longer hours; her brown face began to look careworn and pallid, and her step lost much of its elasticity. It required all her keen sense of the ludicrous, added to her sound commonsense, to sustain her in her weary pilgrimages to and from the warehouse in Wood Street for which she worked, laden with huge bundles of made or unmade shoddy ulsters. She, the Lady Jane Busshe, only child of the Earl of Mulberry. It was droll!

The work was not the hardest part of it, though it was bad enough; but the questions, the congratulations, the pity, the incredulity, the amusement of the people she met every day, nearly drove her crazy; and then to be met at home with reproaches, fault-findings, and sorrowful head-shakings, because she was not sensible of her exalted station, and did not take a proper pride in herself, was almost unbearable.

"I declare some day *I'll* sit down opposite ma, and fold my hands and do nothing either, like any other lady of title. I wonder how long I could live on my nobility!"

"Oh, Jane, if I could only see you respect yourself! I could bear everything else," the countess wailed one evening. "You say you must work, but I really don't see the necessity for your carrying such great parcels through the streets; surely they would send them if you only mentioned who you are. And then I saw you talking to that young man this afternoon, and he actually had an apron and a paper cap on."

"Philip, yes. I was glad to see him, and it was a clean apron and a very becoming cap," Jenny replied gravely, but with a gleam of fun in her eyes. "I've not had much time to spare for him lately, poor boy."

"But surely he is not a fit acquaintance for an earl's daughter," the countess said fretfully. "A low, common printer!"

"Oh, no, ma; a most uncommon high and mighty printer, who thinks earls, lords, dukes and princes ought to be done away with, and seems more than half inclined to throw me over because I belong to the aristocracy, only he recognises the fact that it is more my misfortune than my fault."

"Lady Jane!" said her mother, raising both her hands. "Lady Jane, what have I done to deserve this?"

"I might ask that question with a good deal more reason," the girl thought, as she busied herself tidying the room and preparing the frugal tea, which was becoming more aristocratically slender every day. "Whatever shall we do when the slack time begins and I have no more work? I really believe this ridiculous earl business has turned poor pa's brain; as for ma, poor dear, she never had any to turn!"

It was characteristic of Jenny Busshe that, while always taking her own resolute way, she seemed the

most deferential and dutiful of daughters. She never answered, contradicted, or argued with either of her parents; her smiling silence was always taken for consent. She rarely spoke about herself, being of a receptive rather than confidential nature, and she had early learned by observation that weak people, if unopposed, rarely insist much or long on anything ; and so it happened that during the three-and-twenty years of her life she had never come into conflict with her father or mother, and both would have been extremely surprised to find her opposing any expressed wish of theirs.

It was late before "the earl" returned that evening, and the moment he entered the room, Jenny saw something unusual had occurred. His eyes sparkled, his step was light, and his smile a study of self-complacency.

"Just come in, my dear, that's well ; take off your things and sit down, I have something very important to say to you."

"Later on, please, pa ; I have an engagement and am late as it is," she replied, glancing at the clock on the mantel. "I'll be in by ten."

"My dear Jane, I require your presence now on a matter of the utmost importance. I must request of you to take off your things and sit down. It's not seemly for a lady of your position to be out of doors after dark."

"Jenny, are you ready ?"

The voice came through the open window, and the speaker, a tall broad-shouldered young man, leaned his arms on the sill and nodded familiarly. "Come along, my dear ; I've been waiting twenty minutes."

"Young man, you forget yourself," the earl exclaimed, fiercely for him. "Are you aware that you addressed the Lady Jane Busshe, only daughter of the Earl of Mulberry ?"

"Oh, that's all right ; I know it is not her fault. Come along, Jenny."

"You must excuse me to-night, Phil ; pa says he wants me ;" then drawing nearer and stretching out her hand, she said softly, "good-night, dear, and never mind ; I'll see you to-morrow."

"All right," the young man said, returning her smile. "It is hard lines, though, and must soon come to an end. We can't stand much more of this sort of thing, can we, darling ?"

"I'm afraid not, Phil ; it's wearing and hopeless."

"And useless into the bargain. To-morrow at twelve, then. Here !" and he thrust a little bunch of violets into her hand and raised his hat—"for all the world as if he was a lord himself," one of the neighbours said—and turned away, only to find himself confronted by the earl, who had noiselessly left the room.

"Mr. Philip Methuen," he began nervously. "I—I wish you to understand that I have—that in fact circumstances have altered, and I have other views for my daughter, the Lady Jane, and I really must request of you to discontinue your visits, and in short to regard that boy and girl friendship as a thing of the past. The difference in your respective positions is so great."

"Oh, that's all right," the young man replied easily. "I don't like it but I'm not going to blame Jenny ; it's not her fault, and besides we'll soon forget all about it. Good-night ;" and before the old man could recover from his amazement or formulate a suitable reply, the young man was striding down Paradise Place whistling a popular tune.

"Well—I never!" was all the earl could manage to exclaim as he entered the house, "but I've got rid of him, that's a comfort; he won't be likely to come again after being forbidden the house."

Jenny meantime had lighted the lamp and was making button-holes at a rate which, to the unpractised looker-on, seemed well-nigh miraculous. In and out her needle flew, and though she never raised her eyes from her work she knew that her father had established himself on the rug, put on his spectacles, and was regarding her attentively. At length he said suddenly: "Jane, I've had a very flattering proposal on your behalf made to me this afternoon, no less than an offer of marriage !"

"Yes, pa."

"And as it seems to me in many ways highly suitable, and it is most desirable that you should have an establishment of your own, it is needless to say that I accepted it."

"Yes, pa," Jenny repeated, without looking up and without the faintest trace of interest or curiosity.

"The gentleman who has done you the honour proposes to settle upon you the sum of ten thousand pounds. You shall have a detached villa in Brixton, a carriage, four servants, as many dinner-parties and amusements as you like. Your father and mother will always be honoured guests, but they will not reside with you. Oh, no, my son-in-law magnanimously proposes to settle on me the sum of two hundred a year, or, more accurately speaking, four pounds a week. We shall probably retire to the country and only visit your fashionable world occasionally. There, my dear, is it not something to be an earl's daughter after all ?"

"She never appreciated the dignity," the countess murmured through her tears. "But I shall be glad to see a real noble wedding. I'll wear pea green silk, Granard ; it always suited my complexion, and a chip bonnet with blush roses ; but, Granard, you have not told us yet who the gentleman is, an earl or a marquis ?"

"No, Amelia ; unfortunately, our lack of wealth prevents us from allying ourselves with our equals, but the gentleman is in every way eligible, and enormously wealthy ; indeed, before our ennoblement we could never dream of allying ourselves with him, but our birth he considers quite atones for our lack of fortune, as he generously says he has enough for both, and everyone must admit that his proposals have been most handsome !"

"Princely !" exclaimed the countess, "taking everything into account ; but, Granard, who is he ?"

"Mr. Jeremiah Vatson, of the firm of Vatson Brothers, City Road."

The countess drew a deep breath and shut her eyes as if the prospect was too dazzling, and Jenny laid down the ulster she was finishing, glanced from her

"'FOOLED, SWINDLED!' YELLED MR. VATSON" (*p.* 117).

father to her mother, and then burst into such a peal of laughter as was rarely heard in Paradise Place.

"Allow me to congratulate you, my dear. Ten thousand pounds settled on yourself and the house in Brixton, and the carriage and the servants."

"Oh! it's too good to be true," the countess interrupted. "I can't believe it."

"My dear, it's gospel," said the earl solemnly, and yet triumphantly. "Look! here's the proof! a cheque for one hundred and fifty pounds to defray the expenses of the wedding, which is to take place immediately, and Mr. Jeremiah will do us the honour to take tea with us to-morrow evening at seven, when he and Jane can fix the date. Let me once more congratulate you, my dear. It gives me great, I may say supreme, satisfaction to have you so well settled. It relieves me of a very heavy load of anxiety."

"You have a brilliant future before you, Jane; I hope you will appreciate it and have a proper pride in yourself. I could wish you had married into the nobility, still, the Lady Jane Ann Vatson will sound very well. Fix an early date, Jane, and be sure it's on a Wednesday. It's the only lucky day."

"Very good, ma, Wednesday it shall be," Jenny replied with a smile that was even more comical than her laugh, "and an early Wednesday too."

* * * * *

The next evening, punctually at seven o'clock, Mr. Jeremiah Vatson presented himself at Paradise Place. His knock was answered by the earl himself, who tried very hard to patronise his former employer, though painfully conscious that Mr. Vatson was contemptuously surveying his humble home. Mr. Vatson was short, stout, florid, bald, middle-aged, vulgar, and rich. He wore a scarlet necktie, a great deal of genuine jewellery, and was permeated with the odour of beer and tobacco; bad-tempered pomposity, and immeasurable vanity were stamped on every line of his face, and his voice was quite in accordance with his appearance.

"Good-evening, ma'am—my lady I should say"—and he bowed half deferentially, half patronisingly. "I hope you find yourself well!"

"I have not enjoyed any health for a long time, sir," the countess replied languidly, and then conversation came to a standstill. Presently Jenny entered carrying the tea-tray.

"Good-evening, Mr. Vatson," she said quite calmly, as she arranged the table.

"Good-evening, miss—I mean Lady Jane," Mr. Jeremiah stammered, rather confused by her self-possession. "Won't you shake hands with me?" he continued with an attempt to look sentimental.

"Certainly;" and she gave his hand a shake that caused him to wince. "It would be very unkind of me not to do so, and let me thank you for the honour you have done me in wishing to make me your wife!"

"Don't mention it, my dear; you're welcome, quite welcome."

"And say how very sorry I am that I cannot accept your very flattering offer," she continued quite calmly, with a critical glance at the table.

"Miss! Jane! Jane Ann!" three voices exclaimed, in three different keys, of incredulity, indignation, and reproach.

"Can't accept my offer, miss! May I make bold to ask why?" Mr. Vatson stammered, after a minute of suffocating silence.

"Well, Mr. Vatson, the fact is I'm married already," Jenny replied with a blush. "Ma begged of me to fix an early date, and a Wednesday for my wedding, so I married Phil Methuen this morning."

"Married!" roared the earl.

"To that miserable pauper!" shrieked the countess.

"Fooled, swindled!" yelled Mr. Vatson.

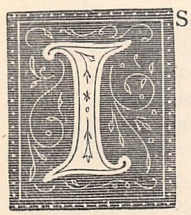
"Tea is quite ready," said Jenny, "and here's Phil. Come and sit here, Mr. Vatson, and let me introduce my husband to you. Don't blame poor pa, he didn't know anything at all about it; he doesn't quite understand it yet. You see, the fact is, sir, I'm only a working girl; I've been one all my life, and even ten thousand pounds and a villa at Brixton wouldn't make a lady of me!"

"No, my dear, for the best of good reasons, that you're one already. Ladies are born, not made either by title or money," Phil said, glancing proudly at his bride. "I'm a working man, too, and I'm proud of it, but, my lord and my lady, I'm something else too, which may, perhaps, give you more pleasure than it has given me. I'm the only son of Gerald Methuen, the late earl's friend, and heir to Mount Mulberry and all it contains. Forgive me, Jenny, dearest; you had your romance, I wanted mine too. I wanted to be loved and married for myself alone, but I am none the less proud and happy to be able to restore the old home to its rightful owner;" and he bowed to the old earl, who was looking completely bewildered. "You, my lord, and your ladyship will occupy Mount Mulberry, and when you invite us, Jenny and I will pay you a visit; now there's nothing more to be said except to wish us joy, and shake hands all round."

"You must forgive me, pa," Jenny said, seizing her father and kissing him heartily. "There's no use trying to hold out, because you see it's no manner of use. Come, cheer up, ma; Lady Jane Methuen sounds a good deal better than Lady Jane Vatson. Besides, it's my first offence, I never rebelled before and I promise never to do so again;" and she never did in quite the same way.

H. B. D.

THE ART OF GETTING ON IN BUSINESS.



S it an art, or but a persistent attention to one duty in life? Still, to every earnest young man or woman launching out of the home circle, and especially to those intending to devote themselves to professional or commercial pursuits, the same question always presents itself: "How am I to get on in the career I have chosen?"

In whatever station, a constant and steady application of one's duty, to one's neighbour, one's employer, and one's-self, at once presents itself as the golden rule, "How to get on," not only with the world, but with self-content and comfort. If this rule be followed conscientiously, material welfare may not immediately result, but ease and happiness will. The first departure from it becomes the first step on the downward road to failure, and fortunate indeed will it be if simple failure in getting on be the only result. A few trite maxims, with instances of their application, or want of application, present themselves as the readiest guides to the golden rule referred to, and many of them will be applicable both to domestic and business life. But let us confine ourselves first to the business aspect of the question, and, supposing our beginner just launched in a career, give some guides for future conduct.

Be punctual.—A stoppage for "lost time" or a fine for late attendance will not condone the fault or remove the bad impression given to those employing you. You may be a very small cog in the business wheel, but the cog, however small, must always be in its place. Many a train has been lost by a master owing to the absence of the lad who should have carried the parcel to it.

Carry out your orders implicitly, even if you think your master is making a mistake, and execute them to the best of your ability. Your master must be supposed to know his business best, and if he has been wrong, your time has been of less importance than his, and he will think better of you for having made the trial. On the other hand, if the work had been done your way, and turned out wrong, the irritating excuse, "But I thought," would soon have been found to make matters worse.

Don't be impatient when shown you are wrong, or when you are told how to do a thing, even if you think you know. Nothing wearies a superior more than the exhibition of feeling, whether expressed in manner or by the petulant "Oh, bother!" of young people. "I know" soon gets let alone, and either remains untaught, or, like Little Uzbec, in "Tales of the Sixty Mandarins," has to learn by bitter experience.

Always keep your temper, even if unjustly accused, and be civil both to those above and beneath you. "A soft answer turneth away wrath," and silence with an angry employer is best, for you can justify yourself in calmer moments. Such an instance occurred recently in an accountant's office, when the principal accused a clerk of causing a heavy loss by not attending to orders. In the heat of the moment a denial would have been

followed by dismissal, but two days after a modest presentation of the principal's memorandum (from which the order was omitted) not only brought an apology, but was the prelude to promotion.

Don't be above your work, or mind doing little things —they are steps to something greater. It is an every-day occurrence in large offices for juniors to be passed over when vacancies happen with the remark, "He does not do his present work properly, and cannot therefore be trusted with better." It is not often that a false pride has been conquered in the amusing manner in which a manager cured a junior clerk, who, on being asked to take a bundle of papers to another office, responded: "He had not been engaged to carry parcels." Instead of dismissing him for his impertinence, the manager said, "Oh, get your hat and come with me;" and the lad, to his dismay, found himself walking up the street by the side of his superior, who himself carried the parcel. The lesson went home, and it was not long before the culprit was begging to be allowed to take the package.

Don't be afraid of trouble—what is worth doing at all is worth doing well. The temptation to "scamp" work in order to get it over or to find time to play is very common, but its effect is always disastrous. Even if you do not obtain a character as a careless workman, the habit will speedily grow to an extent which will prevent your being able to do good work, even when so disposed. "It's not worth while to take the trouble," or "What is the good?" are both sayings far too common—they are indications of a lazy mind, and their exponents *never* get on.

Keep yourself clean and tidy, and your tools and papers in proper order. A lad who is always presentable is sent about more than an untidy one, thus getting more knowledge both of his work and of the world. To have tools and papers always to hand and in order will save time and worry both to yourself and others.

Before commencing anything, have all your materials and tools collected, and to your hands. Nothing is more annoying than to have to jump up in the middle of work to seek a missing tool or book; the attention is distracted, the mind unhinged, and frequently the work has to be begun afresh, even if mind and hand have not lost their cunning. We may laugh and joke at tales of workmen who come to look at a job, come again to find an important tool is missing, and so on, until the job is "spun-out" indefinitely. It may be very well for the workman when paid by time, but he does not do it when on piece-work (unless, indeed, he has got into the habit, and cannot break himself of it, when he becomes himself the loser). But reverse the position—those who have to pay for it or suffer the annoyance do not see the joke; and at the best, the man spoils himself for a master's or a better position.

Don't waste your own and your employer's time, or his materials. It is only equal to stealing. Place yourself in your employer's position, and consider what you would do with a servant who so acted.

Always give your best work, even if you think the present reward to be inadequate. "I'll only do what the pay is worth," is a saying often used, but almost invariably breeds distrust, and often results in no work at all. An instance of this came under the writer's notice in the office of a large publisher, who was in the habit not only of requiring good work, but of paying a good price for it. A very good engraver had an introduction, and was asked his terms for engraving an illustration. With the object of entering into business relations, he named a very low price, and the publisher, though surprised, determined to give him a trial. But the engraver, after leaving, made up his mind only to give what he thought the payment to be worth, with the result that he never received further business from the house in question.

Never promise to do what you cannot perform, no matter whether the reason be want of time or want of capability. Failure from the latter cause would be disastrous, even though it arose from over-rating your powers and having attempted to do too much; and even if want of time be known to be the reason, you will be mistrusted on another occasion. Besides, there is more than a probability that lack of time will be taken for lack of capability.

Learn all you can from those about you, and be only too willing to assist those above you. In so doing, you will be qualifying yourself for a better position when the opening presents itself.

Teach your juniors as you advance in life. There is no greater mistake, nor a more common one, than the notion that in doing so you would be training a rival to yourself. Every great actor finds it necessary to have an "under-study" to take his or her place in the case of illness; and the same applies in business life. There is great comfort in feeling there is someone able to assist you, or to, in a measure, "keep things going" when absent in holiday or sickness. It may operate, too, in another way, as shown in the following instance. Branch banks of any size are conducted by a manager assisted by a deputy manager. The death of the manager of a branch of a large bank rendered it necessary to appoint a successor—and naturally that should have been the deputy. But no; he had trained nobody to take his place—consequently, a deputy manager from another branch was appointed over his head.

Don't carry idle tales, or make unnecessary trouble for your superiors, but rather endeavour to smooth matters. You will create enemies amongst your equals by tale-bearing, and only annoy your superior by the latter habit. If anything is going wrong, a little trouble or quiet word of remonstrance to the offender will often put things right, nor does it follow that the absence of trouble to your chief will not be appreciated and placed to its true source.

The business side of the Art of Getting On has been considered in the preceding, but there are some maxims which particularly relate to general conduct.

Be honest. The number of temptations to dishonesty in all walks of life are innumerable, and almost always without exception arise from a craving for indulgences beyond those permissible to one's proper station in life. The moral sense of the child who steals pence wherewith

to buy fruit or sweets soon becomes blunted, and the descent is easy to the taking of larger amounts for greater and more injurious luxuries. And it is curious to notice how common it is to find that people who would not on any account take money have no scruple in appropriating things which cost money—postage stamps, for instance.

Live within your income, and never run into debt. It is very easy to run into debt, but even if ultimately able to pay, you will always be a loser, either in an increased price for what you require or in the quality of your purchases. And if not able ultimately to pay, ruin must ensue, whether from the action of creditors or from the temptation to gamble or embezzle to make good the deficiency. Unfortunately, the prime cause of running into debt is often want of thought as to what can be afforded. From a commercial point of view, an employer is bound to distrust a servant who lives beyond his income and runs into debt. Knowledge of the temptation to which he is exposed, whether the temptation be as regards cash or goods, or to borrow from the employer's tradespeople (so getting in their power), is always a bar to trust and confidence.

Be saving, but with judgment. There is no wisdom in saving for the mere sake of putting money by. Many a sound constitution has been ruined for want of proper nourishment, with the idea of laying up the supposed saving. Take proper food, and dress neatly, according to your station in life.

Avoid bad company and vicious amusements, whether in your own or business time. Young men suffer the greatest temptations on these heads, having more freedom than girls. Betting, billiard-rooms, drinking-bars, are the commonest causes of downfalls in life, and apart from the moral temptations arising from the company found there, almost always are the road to embezzlement. In the first year of the writer's business life, he had to accompany his employer when giving into custody a clerk who, having lost money in betting, had made free with his master's cash-box. Poor fellow (in one sense), he had taken and taken again, in the vain hope of a lucky venture enabling him to make up the deficiency. But, as might be expected, he went deeper and deeper, and it is a question which of the three — employer, clerk, or lad—felt the most as the culprit was charged with the theft and searched at the police-station. And the misery of taking the news home to the young man's family made too great an impression to be ever effaced.

Even when studying with the view of improving yourself, *don't forget your health*, but keep mind and body in tone by healthy recreation. Over-study affects the mind, rendering it less able to perform the duties to be carried on from day to day, and in time will affect the bodily health.

Many other points more or less suitable and applicable to special cases will suggest themselves, but the main lines are the same. In all cases, duty to one's God and duty to one's neighbour constitute the road to all success, and these remarks are only put forward as finger-posts to the way.

STUDENTS' DAY AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

BY FRANCES A. GERARD.

THE ordinary Londoner, as a rule, does not seek his pleasure in picture galleries, unless it be the Academy in the season.

I have found myself many a time almost the sole tenant of the large rooms in the National Gallery. On Saturday afternoons, indeed, they are pretty full, for then the workingman comes in his Sunday clothes, with his wife and a couple of children, to whom he explains after his own manner the subjects of the pictures. Of course there is the inevitable country cousin, catalogue in hand, who has so many questions to ask, and not only of the officials, but of everyone who is at hand ; and there are the schools, led by a Mrs. Jellyby in spectacles. I heard one of these walking encyclopædias say to her young charges, who were following her like sheep, "Young ladies, pause and consider that picture—Daisy, attention, if you please ! What period of history does it remind you of?"

On the students' days, however (Thursdays and Fridays in each week), the Gallery is full enough. From ten in the morning there is a constant stream of visitors pouring in at the entrance on the left. The hall is full of students—girls in large hats (the girls are in majority generally), young men with long hair: the regular artist type. There is a murmur of voices going on—a perpetual chatter, accompanied by a continuous ripple of laughter, pleasant from young voices. The talkers are mostly very young : there are others who have a more business air. They pass through the hall without joining the groups of chatterers. Many of these are long past their student days ; their faces—poor souls!—show signs of the hard battle of life in many lines and wrinkles, and a general air of weariness. They are artists who come to make copies either on commission or for sale on their own account.

There is a third class: the dilettante ladies and gentlemen, who drive up in broughams and hansoms, and who enjoy playing at artist life, having none of its cares. These can be easily distinguished by their choice of subjects, generally the most unsuited to their inefficient brush, which unfortunately does not keep pace with their desires. This overleaping ambition is not, however, confined altogether to amateurs. As a rule, the youngest and least capable artist will be found in front of the most difficult subject. These attempts are sure to end in failure, and for this reason, as well as a score of others: the system of copying, which is more or less servile, has been discouraged by some of our best masters of the art.

Sir Joshua, in his discourses, says: "I consider copying a delusive kind of industry. The student satisfies himself with an appearance of doing something—he falls into the dangerous habit of imitating without selecting, and colouring without a determinate object. He sleeps over his work; those powers of invention and disposition which ought particularly to be called out and put into action lie torpid, and lose their energy for want of exercise."

There is no lack of copyists on this Friday morning, which, by the way, an obliging official informs us, is an "extra" full day. As we ascend the principal staircase, we see a dainty figure, in a large straw hat and a profusion of blue ribbons, seated on the first landing, just in front of one of Gainsborough's harmonious groups "The Baillie Family": father, mother, and four children. It is well known that this matter of grouping presents to the portrait painter a difficulty out of which he rarely manages to escape without some detriment to his reputation; it requires, in fact, infinite tact to deal with a subject which, suggesting as it does the desire of making the most out of every square inch of canvas, materially affects the poetry of the picture. Sir Joshua, well aware of this stumbling-block, was careful to avoid the danger. He painted few groups; his best effort in this line being the three "Ladies Waldegrave," whose easy attitudes as they sit round the table cannot be too much praised. The "Members of the Dilettante Club" is rather a stiff affair, and does not bear comparison with Gainsborough's "Group of Sporting Gentlemen."

A CLEAN CANVAS. "WELL BEGUN IS HALF DONE."

It is now close on eleven o'clock, and the students seem to be settling to work. In the first room we enter a busy scene is going on. Some are superintending the placing of their easels, others are making their palettes, a few are clustered round a friend's picture, criticising the work. I notice that pretty bright-coloured pinafores are much worn. They are of every shade, scarlet over black frocks being very popular. On an inverted box in the middle of the room stands a little lady, wearing one of those over-dresses prettily striped; her hair is cropped close to her head, and she has a Rosa Bonheur air. She is engaged upon Gainsborough's beautiful picture of "The Market Cart," and her copy has a good deal of merit. It has taken her three months, she says; adding, with a weary air, "And it is not half finished!" A little further on another student, arrayed in a bright scarlet pinafore, has tackled one of George Morland's inexhaustible stables. One always wonders why he found these so attractive as to make so many replicas of the same subject; but the wonder ceases when we know the secret. Morland, whose dissipated habits made him always in want of money, farmed himself out to an eminent picture-dealer, who, as a condition of paying him, covenanted that Morland should paint at the dealer's house. No sooner had the artist left than good copyists set to work to make replicas of the picture on the easel (so far as it had gone), and in this way four or five copies were carried out at the same time. Morland was at his best in scenes of rustic life: "Domestic Happiness in a Cottage;" "Two Lovers on a Turnstile." It was a mania with him to introduce a white horse in almost every picture. Wouvermans had the same fancy, to which, in his case, some superstition attached. Unfortunately for Morland, his total ignorance of anatomy rendered him incapable of painting a horse unless the animal was in the effete condition of old age. Therefore it is that we generally find the same ancient-looking quadruped in all his

pictures. He duly appears in No. 1030, which the catalogue informs us is a masterpiece ; it represents the inside of a stable, said to be that of the "White Lion, Paddington." There are two horses and a very fat pony, led by a boy. In the corner a man is stooping and collecting some straw.

At a little distance from Scarlet Pinafore there are a group of industrious ladies, who are copying some Dutch landscapes. They are evidently amateurs.

In the next room Landseer seems the favourite. There are always several copyists round his pictures ; very young ladies, in particular, affecting some of his largest types. This appears to be the rule generally, the women tackling the more masculine subjects, while the men prefer the tranquil home landscapes, tender little bits, romantic glades, and green foliage.

The two large lions which have lately joined the worshipful company have a tall ladder in front of them, upon which two elegant young ladies are planted. "Dignity and Impudence" has four copyists, none of whom are in any way equal to their self-imposed task. "The Sleeping Bloodhound" has three, and so on. Why is it that Landseer achieved such a reputation? He is nowhere in comparison to the animal painters of the past. Compare him with Wootton, put his lions side by side with Gilpin's "King of the Forest," his dogs with Reinagle's, his horses with those of Sartorius, and you will gauge more accurately his merits as an animal painter. His "Shoeing" is now being reproduced by a lady in æsthetic costume, whose ideas as to painting are a little mixed. She is receiving instruction from her neighbour, whose own copy of the same subject would hardly warrant his taking upon him the task of teacher. His pupil is learning another lesson. What will come of that "Shoeing" is easily to be guessed !

Here are a trio of delicious Constables. There has never been an artist who so thoroughly understood and appreciated Nature in all her delightful moods as did Constable. He was to art what Mr. Hardy is to literature : the best exponent of country life. "I love every stile and stump and lane in the village," he would say, "and as long as I am able to hold a brush I shall never cease to paint them." So long as men and women live they will thank him for his resolution, which has given pleasure to many a weary soul.

A pleasant looking lady, who is making an excellent copy of the "Hay-Wain," and who notes my admiration,

AN OLD HAND AT THE WORK.

tells me what a comfort it is to her to think she will have her copy always to look at. "I have been working at it two years," she says, "and I grow fonder of it every day ; it is to hang in my dining-room."

In Gallery No. XXI. there are far more students at work than in the other rooms. They seem all congregated on one side ; large canvases jostle one another, the colour boxes are disposed on stools, so that there is a sort of block. Before Rosa Bonheur's famous "Horse Fair" two easels are drawn up facing one another, and two girl students in bright pinafores are at work ; one, indeed, is only in the initial stage of cross-barring the canvas with mysterious lines and measuring distances ; the other is much more advanced, and although far from being a work of art, it is not a bad copy. "It has taken me an awful long time," its owner says: "close on two months. It wouldn't have been so long, only that we come but two days in the week, and in winter, with short days, that is little for a big picture like this ; don't you think so?"

"Most undoubtedly," I answer ; and then Dr. Johnson's remark to the performer on the piano occurs to me. It would be hardly polite, however, to say I wish

such feats were "impossible," so I pass on to where a really clever little lady in black is producing an excellent copy of Leslie's delightful picture of "Sancho Panza and the Duchess," which is a reproduction of the original which was painted for Lord Egremont, who was one of Leslie's first patrons.

In the next room a young lady with very fluffy hair is busy with an admirable copy of Dante Rosetti's wonderful "Beata Beatrix." She has copied the very tints of the original both in the curious shade of the green tunic and the still more curious flesh tint. (In this Rosetti was the harbinger of the Burne-Jones school.) Better still, she has caught the expression with marvellous exactness. If I were a wealthy patron, I should at once secure this really good piece of work, or, if it be a commission, order a replica.

We now stroll into the Turner room, which, to my joy, is nearly empty, and those who are busy (at long intervals) know what they are about. After all, it is only an artist who would care to copy Turner, just as it is an intellectual mind only that can read Carlyle. If Constable approximates to Hardy, so does Turner to Carlyle. Both men failed to impress their own generation with their greatness. Ruskin says Turner was hunted to his death by the malignity of small critics and the jealousies of hopeless rivalries. We must, however, consider that the art of Turner was in advance of his time. In the Victorian Exhibition, only lately closed, we of the present generation have evidence of the style of art that pleased our fathers: the tea-tray horrors by Ward, royal christenings, marriages, and the like, the sign-board portraits of Sir Martin Shee, and the Madame Tussaud performances of Daniel Maclise. What chance had Turner when such men were popular favourites, smiled upon by royalty? It was the fashion to mock at the Turner pictures, and to say the artist was mad. Stories were told of his eccentricities, as when he put a large red spot upon his finished picture to give it colour.*

It makes one hot all over with indignation to remember all he suffered of slights and mortifications, as when the Council of the Royal Academy rejected his pictures. Wounded to the quick, Turner sulked in his house in Queen Anne Street, surrounded by his works. Some of the very best were used to stop the windows and keep out the rain. Here Mr. Gillott found him. The Yorkshire merchant had come to change some of his bank-notes into Turner's, and having a will of his own, he carried his point, in spite of the artist's gruff reception.

"Are you the pen-maker? What do you know of pictures?"

"I know enough to like yours."

"You can't buy 'em."

"I know that; but I want to swap with you some pictures I have in my pocket;" and then Mr. Gillott pulled out a handful of notes, value one thousand pounds each.

Mr. Redford, who tells the story, goes on to say that Gillott offered £35,000 for all in the house, including the "Finding of Carthage," but this offer Turner refused—fortunately for the National Gallery, to which he bequeathed his finest pictures. Mr. Gillott, however, did secure a cab-full, which he carried off in triumph.

It is growing late, so we hurry on, pausing a moment before the easel of a pleasant lady, who is making an excellent copy of Maclise's "Play Scene" in *Hamlet*. One feels inclined to ask her why she attempts so ungrateful a task? She acknowledges she thinks there is no chance of a buyer, but then she is an enthusiast for Maclise. "Look at the armour," she says; "this picture is equal to the Dutch in close finish of every detail. And then the portrait of Macready—what expression! They say Mr. Tree came almost every day to look at it before he produced his *Hamlet*." "Then, perhaps he will buy your picture." But to this she shakes her head. "Nobody buys copies now; the worst original fetches a better price."

Putting aside the fact that this is a healthy sign from the art point of view, it is not to be wondered at that buyers would hardly care to have a reproduction of Maclise's enormous canvases. To have a big picture of his staring one perpetually in the face would generate a loathing as great as would looking constantly at one of Madame Tussaud's groups.*

Nevertheless, in his own day he had a large following of admirers. Those who remember the Academy day forty years ago will recall crowds round "The Crossing of the Brook"; but this last was one of his best. Maclise was a strange being; he suffered all his life from a disappointment in love, and from thenceforth the world to him was full of bitterness.

We are now in the Sir Joshua Room. The collection of the Prince of Painters is a large one, and includes some of his best works. Here, too, nearly every picture has an easel before it. The gentle, courteous president's advice to students as to the fatal habit of copying is set aside before his very face, so to speak, for his portrait, painted for Mrs. Thrale, looks silently down on an army of copyists. Alas! for the murders perpetrated in this room. The large canvases escape fairly well. The picture of the three Miss Montgomerys,† which occupies nearly one side of the wall, and which goes by the name of "The Graces," has no following, neither has "Lord Ligonier," one of the

* This was in 1832, when Constable exhibited his "Opening of Waterloo Bridge"; it was placed next a sea piece by Turner, a grey picture, beautiful, but with no positive colour in any part of it. Constable's "Waterloo" seemed as if painted in liquid silver and gold. Turner came several times into the room while Constable was heightening with vermilion and lake the decorations of his sea barges; after looking from one to the other, he brought his palette from the next room, and putting a large dab of *red lead* vermilion as big as a shilling, went away without saying a word. The intensity of the red lead, made more vivid by the coolness of the grey, caused even the vermilion of Constable to look weak. At the last moment he glazed this scarlet seal, and shaped it into a buoy.—Redford's Art Sales.

* The late Mr. John Forster had in his collection (which he bequeathed to Kensington Museum) the enormous canvas of "The First Experiment in Printing by the Caxtons." It occupied one side of his dining-room, and was preserved by red silk curtains, which were drawn aside on particular occasions.

† The Miss Montgomerys were beauties in the day in which they lived: 1770. One married the Marquis of Townshend, the second the Hon. Mr. Gardener, afterwards Lord Blessington, the youngest the Hon. Mr. Beresford.

finest of Sir Joshua's portraits. There is an infinite charm in this picture, as well as that of "Captain Orme Leaning on his Charger." All Sir Joshua's men have that indefinable something which makes a gentleman, just as his women have the dignity which should mark a lady. An eminent authority tells us that the effect of a fine portrait emanates more from the *painter* than from the sitter. "All the people Reynolds paints," says Leslie, "seem irradiated by something of the amiability, sense, and breeding of the artist." It was otherwise with his great rival, Romney. His imagination was so steeped in admiration of Emma Lyon, Lady Hamilton, that he could paint no woman without producing her features. As someone said recently, "It was like Mr. Dick and King Charles' head." His picture of her as a Bacchante hangs in this room; it draws one irresistibly to her side. What a witchery in the face! one can hardly wonder at all the mischief it worked in the woman's lifetime. I am inclined to agree with an artist who is copying the portrait for a Bond Street dealer when she said that she classed such beings with the birds and the flowers: they flutter through life unconscious, and not accountable for the harm they do. "But this is surely a dangerous doctrine, which may even excuse murder," I answer gravely. "It would not do to teach to the young, most certainly," she says, with a smile; "but still, I cannot help thinking it must be so." And then she went on to make out her case. She was very weary-looking, and the talk seemed to refresh her. Her own story was sad enough, poor soul! No one could live on the profession, she said; but in her case she had a home, and an occasional sale eked out her living. She complained bitterly of the rush made of late by rich and titled ladies into the field which already afforded such slender support to those who needed it sorely. "I should not mind so much," she went on, "if their work was as good as ours, or even their own; but many a time it is finished and touched by one of us—ghosts, they call us—for a couple of guineas, and sold by my lady for fifty, sixty, perhaps a hundred, pounds. That does seem hard, for she does not want the money, and we do. I sometimes think, she went on, that if some of these ladies only knew, they would not crowd us out as they do. They are often good and charitable, only their vanity is greater than either."

A FEW FINISHING TOUCHES.

I am afraid this was a right conclusion; still, I think there are depths in every heart that can be stirred, and that if the right string were touched, these fair "pirates" would cease robbing—for we must call it by that name—their poorer sisters.

This conversation rather saddened me, and there was little more to note. Passing through the Hogarth Room, I was refreshed at seeing a young pair who were enjoying their happy hour together. She was by way of painting the shrimp girl, while he was advising; she was very fair, in a soft grey frock. Her mother sat near her working. It made a pretty scene, and dwelt on my mind as I left the English school and betook myself to the foreign galleries. Here I found only one or two students. My footsteps echoed mournfully through the deserted rooms where the masterpieces of Cimabue and Leonardi da Vinci hang. I could not help thinking that if our students must waste their time and energies copying, it would be better worth their while and more elevating to their mind to study from these giants of old than copy "Dignity and Impudence," or make hopeless attempts at the Turneresque colouring.

A ROMANCE OF MAN.

By C. E. C. WEIGALL, Author of "The Temptation of Dulce Carruthers," "A Lincolnshire Lass," etc.

["*This little story is the true record of the sufferings of an Englishman in the last century.*"]

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

"Every bullet has its billet."

LYEEN was looking as bright and peaceful on the day before Alec left the Isle of Man for Bristol as though no devastating mob had ever howled their anathemas on the front lawn.

The garden with its stiff parterres, fashioned in imitation of the Chelsea Hospital flower beds, was glowing with spring flowers, and Rosemary was flitting to and fro in her white gown on the terrace. She carried a big bunch of flowers in her hand, and held her hat dangling from a blue ribbon string. She was evidently expecting a visitor, and when a knock came at the outer door she stepped through the long French window into the morning room, where her aunt sat in state.

Miss Marvin had insisted on being present at the farewell interview with Alec, and she sat bolt upright on the very edge of a straight-backed chair, doing string-work of some peculiarly knotty nature, with vicious energy.

"Is this the young man?" she said, fixing a cold eye on her niece, as she entered, in all her radiant life and beauty. "No doubt you have been peering up the front drive watching for him."

"Oh, aunt, I *wish* you would go away," said Rosemary, folding her hands in desperate supplication. "I would give anything to see Alec alone for a moment, and if I don't see him now alone, I shall certainly walk part of the way home with him."

"While I remain in this house, Rosemary, the claims of decency and propriety shall be duly observed, and you shall not have secret interviews with young men of whom I do not approve."

"It does not the least matter whether you approve of Mr. Constantine or not," cried the girl. "My father does, and his approval is all I care for in the world."

"I can turn your father round with my little finger," said Miss Marvin, darkly, pulling at the twine; "so be careful, Rosemary."

It was certainly, and unfortunately, true that Miss Marvin had her brother under her thumb to a great extent. For he was indebted to her for a large sum of money, which she had advanced to him at a time of great commercial depression. So far he was utterly unable to repay it, and if she were to call her money in, which she was quite capable of doing, it would put him to great straits, as she well knew.

"Oh!" cried Rosemary, frantically stamping her little foot, "you are so cruel, just because you have never been pretty or had a lover yourself. You would have been very different if you had ever known what love is."

No woman likes to have her claim to love and good looks disputed, and there was a mythical legend extant in the family annals that Miss Maria had once been young and fair, and betrothed to a gay and gallant soldier. So that this onslaught was particularly displeasing and disturbing. Miss Marvin glared vindictively at her rebellious niece, and swallowed an imaginary fish-bone in her throat, then she rose and shook out her drab skirt.

"After this——" she began.

But at that instant, to Rosemary's great relief, "Mr. Annesley" was announced, and Hector, spruce and smiling, walked into the room. Miss Marvin sat down again, and forced her features into a grim smile, while her niece showed such unmistakable relief at his appearance that Hector took the flattering unction to his soul, and told himself that, after all, Rosemary was not quite so much in love with Alec, but that she had a very warm corner in her heart for himself.

"I have come to say farewell," he said, seating himself carefully by Miss Marvin, and stealing a glance at Rosemary, who was arranging her flowers in a china bowl.

She tried to prevent the tears of disappointment from springing to her eyes, for now her farewells to her lover must be said under the scrutiny of two pairs of eyes—eyes that were not friendly to her hopes and fears.

"I leave for Bristol to-morrow, Miss Marvin," said Annesley, after having duly inquired after the health of "Min," the snapping little spaniel, which was the delight of that lady's heart. "So this is really a farewell visit to you and your niece, for I feel that I must no longer call her by her name, now that she really belongs to another. So that pleasant custom slides into a thing of the past, and I must forget that she and I were children together years ago."

"How absurd," said Rosemary, with a little laugh and a heightened colour. "I am sure you may call me Rosemary if you like, although our acquaintance terminated when I was seven and you were twelve, and while it lasted was distinguished by nothing save a violent quarrel. Don't you remember that day when you pretended to have a massacre of St. Bartholomew, and cut off my dearest doll's head with papa's sword?"

"Don't you remember?" is apt to be rather fatally fascinating, and when Alec arrived, depressed by the impending parting, he found Rosemary and Hector sitting close together, absorbed in trifling reminiscences. But how was he to know that they were trifling? He could only see Rosemary's bright, glowing face, and hear her ringing laugh, as Hector brought

"HE DREW HER DOWN TO A SEAT AT HIS SIDE."

back to her mind some ridiculous childish escapade—dear to him because she held so large a share in it.

So that Constantine's heart sank and his face grew stern as he entered.

Rosemary might, at least, have remembered that this was his last day, and have granted him a *tête-à-tête* interview, or, at any rate, she need not hang with such deep interest on the words of a dangerous rival.

The girl rose, with a touch of remorse, at her lover's entrance, and the slight feeling of shame made her manner confused, and dried up within her the rapid flow of conversation in which she had been indulging.

"She is sorry to see me. She gets on much better with that fellow," was Alec's sombre thought, as he touched the scornful forefinger that Miss Marvin held out to him.

The conversation became decidedly forced after his arrival, for he and Hector were like cat and dog, jealous of one another, but intensely polite. Perhaps they might be compared to a couple of skaters on a pond marked "dangerous," neither of whom is gifted with an intense knowledge of his art, but keeps slipping and sliding nearer and nearer to the abyss.

And Miss Marvin did not tend to soften the difficulties of the visit, for her share in the conversation consisted in an occasional snarling word, which she hurled like an arrow at Constantine's head, and which was generally tipped with venom. Rosemary at last, in despair, rose to her feet, and in spite of her aunt's look of fury, beckoned her lover out into the garden.

He followed her as silently, and it was only when they were out of sight of the house that she turned to him, with a look of entreaty in her eyes, and in another instant she was clasped, sobbing, to his heart.

He drew her down to a seat at his side, and, till she was calmer, he looked away out over the radiant landscape with a lump in his throat, as he remembered that it was the last time for many a long day that they

would sit there together. The place to which Rosemary had brought him was a grotto, formed in a rocky mountain dell. The artificial opening had been so skilfully hidden, by clumps of wild heather, that no eye could discover the rough formations of the hands of man. Rosemary had decorated the sides of the grotto with brilliant shells and lichen, and had planted flowers and shrubs on the outside of the cave. Farther up the rock a little mountain stream fell in a wild cascade brawling down to the sea, and from their seat could be seen a great part of the beautiful little island. Cronk Urleigh, a conical hill, surrounded by distant mountains, which had once been the scene of the out-of-door Parliament held in the ancient kingdom of Man, was on one side, the Mull of Galloway bounded the horizon, and the blue hills of Mourne marked the dawning of Ireland.

"Rosemary," said Alec, at last, "you break my heart with your tears, and I have only a few moments to spend with you, as there is so much to be done before leaving for Bristol to-morrow morning early."

Rosemary dried her eyes and smiled faintly.

"Are you going alone to-morrow? I begged my father so sorely to let me come and see you off, but he was not inclined for the journey."

"It is better not to prolong our parting, dearest," he answered tenderly. "I start with young Annesley to-morrow; you know it is his father who has procured this berth for me, and I am grateful to him."

"And so am I," she said, nestling closer to him. "And you have quite forgotten your absurd jealousy of Hector? There never was any reason for it, you know."

Alec looked down into her earnest eyes with a searching glance, as though he would read her inmost soul.

"Has there never been anything between you two? Have you no secret between you? Oh! forgive me, Rosemary, sweetheart, for even one doubt of you, for if you are false, then all the world must be a lie, and there is no truth in any living thing!"

Rosemary felt a pang of uneasiness go through her as she remembered her gift of the miniature, and the secret bond that it made between them, but she said nothing, for she was afraid to rouse Alec's anger by admitting that she had done so foolish a thing.

"Hector will never break his word, and tell Alec of my gift," she argued to herself. "And why should I make him more unhappy than he is already?"

But she said aloud—

"Dear Alec, you must never doubt me, for I have never loved anyone like you. And now tell me all the ports at which you will touch, for I want sometimes to write a line to you. And oh, dear one, it makes me shudder sometimes to think of the dangers you may run from those cruel Frenchmen—those 'tiger cats,' as M. Voltaire calls them! What a hateful thing war is, and how doubly hateful when those we love are within reach of danger!"

"You need not be alarmed, the *Commerce* will sail in safe water," laughed Constantine, gaily. "And I must own that I shall not at all object to seeing a little life. To look on at war from a safe distance will be a new experience to me. But now, as time is drawing on, I must tell you, as far as I know, of our movements."

He sketched rapidly an outline of the places they intended to touch at on the voyage, and then sprang to his feet with an effort at cheeriness.

"Good-bye, darling!" he said, "I must be off; or, rather, not 'good-bye,' but 'adieu,' for I shall be back again before ever you have finished the parrot in that wonderful strip of embroidery, or half ended all your quarrels with your dear aunt."

Rosemary clung to him in silent agony for a moment. She would not prolong his suffering by tears and protestations, but, like a sailor's brave sweetheart, she kissed him in silence, and so they separated.

Alec watched her out of sight, and then turned away and left the grotto by the mountain path.

Rosemary walked with as blithe a step as she could command, till she knew that he could no longer see her, and then, blinded by a rush of tears, she ran towards the house, and almost fell into the arms of a young man who was walking to meet her.

"Who on earth is it?" she said, irritably. "Oh, you, Mr. Constantine," as she recognised the elder brother of her lover. "What do you want? I should have thought you might have left me alone just now, when you know I am in such trouble!"

MCDERMOT.

"I—oh, pardon, Rosemary!" stammered Charles Constantine, his pale face growing crimson with the injustice of the rebuke. "I did not mean to disturb you. I—I—only want to say good-bye!"

His evident dejection touched the girl's heart a little.

"Are *you* going away, too? Oh, why are *all* my friends to be taken from me?" she cried. "First Alec—then Hector—and you!"

"My regiment is ordered to the West Indies," he said, awkwardly, twisting his hat in his hands, and feeling for the first time in his life as though his inches were very much in his way; "and I have come to say good-bye."

"So you said before," flashed Rosemary, with renewed petulance. "Why can't you say it, and have done with it? I hate the nasty word."

"Well then—good-bye," stammered Charles, with clumsy insistence, holding out his hand, with a look of such pain in his honest eyes, that had the girl but looked into them she must have been melted. But she put her hand lightly into his.

"Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye!" she said, recklessly; "and I hope you'll bring back a coloured wife and a pile of dollars from your dear West Indies."

And she was gone, without a tender word for that aching heart.

He stood dumbly gazing after her, and then, as if stunned, followed her back to the house. He had loved her, nay, he loved her still, with a depth of affection of which she never dreamed, for Charles Constantine was a reserved, quiet young fellow, whose deepest affections and feelings were those that lay deepest in his breast, hidden from every human eye. But Rosemary was wrought up to such a pitch that her mind could go no farther. She had reached the limits of tragedy, and all beyond that point was comedy. It seemed simply absurd to her that anyone else should grieve at leaving her, for was not her trouble all-absorbing? and beside the shadow of Alec's departure all other sorrows faded into pale insignificance.

So she could find no sympathy for Charles, not even a touch of cold pity, for her own grief absorbed her every thought and feeling.

Alec, as he threaded his way from rock to rock, clambering down the hillside towards his home, was wrapped up in his own thoughts, gloomy at first, after his parting with Rosemary, but gradually gaining more brightness as the distance grew between himself and Clyeen, and he thought of the life of adventure that lay before him.

He was dreaming of an encounter with the French, and imaginary exploits of great daring and gallantry, in which he took a humble share, when he was startled by a crack—a sharp report—and the whizz of a bullet that sped past him and buried itself in the opposite rock.

"A near shave," he muttered to himself. "Thank God for that! One of those rioters of the other day, I suppose;" and he looked keenly round him to see if he could discover the whereabouts of the hand that had fired the shot. But there was nothing to be seen, and though he searched every cleft and bush around, he found no witness to the cowardly outrage, for that the bullet had been aimed at him he had no doubt.

He had been just too late to recognise a dark face peering through the heather clumps above him, a face that darkened as the bullet missed its deadly aim, for it was the face of Hector Annesley.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

"My love has gone a-sailing."

THE *Commerce* was a fine vessel, of 400 tons burden, laden with hides and tallow, consigned by Mr. Annesley to his agents at Boston.

Alec was too wretched at parting with Rosemary to take much interest at first in the cruise, but spent most of his time leaning over the side of the ship, watching the flash of the water as they skimmed through its blue depths. The *Commerce*, with her swelling sails, looked to his eyes like some great swan, as she clove the waves with her sharp bows, riding proudly in the sunlight, as though she were queen of the seas. Every now and then a big sea-gull or wild sea-bird swooped down upon her, settling for an instant upon the shrouds. And in her track a flight of geese or a crowd of kittiwakes, white as sea foam, followed and chattered.

Alec thought that in every passing bird he saw a messenger to his little sea-girt home, and in his imagination he loaded it with messages for his sweetheart.

He had taken with him on his journey an old family servant, who had also been bitten with a desire to see the world, and had announced his intention of going anywhere with Mr. Alec. McDermot had been employed in ingratiating himself with the crew, who, one and all, adored him, for the yarns he could spin and the hornpipes he could dance.

He was hovering round his master now, seeking an opportunity to rouse him from his abstracted melancholy.

"There's been a bit of an accident in the waist, your honour," he said at last. "I'm thinking that you'd better be off down there, for he's groaning awful."

"Why, what's the matter?" said Alec, aroused at once by professional interest, for though they had been four days at sea, this was the first time his services had been called into request.

"Well, it was just in this way," said McDermot, with an air of fine indifference, fixing his eyes on the horizon. "It was Jem Shorter, who chanced to be a bit saucy to Mr. Annesley, and somehow—I'm not saying, you understand, sorr, that it was anyone's fault complately—but, somehow, Mr. Annesley he up'd with his foot, and Jem took a flying leap down the companion which he hadn't meant to take, and the result is a contused spine and a general feeling of soreness. Mr. Annesley's a fine, upstanding gentleman, but there's many in this ship that wishes he hadn't come. He's got a powerful way with him and a mighty strong foot."

"Very well, McDermot, I'll come at once," said Alec, only too glad to find something to distract his thoughts from Rosemary.

"And if I may make so bold, sorr, seeing I've known you from being a slip of a thing before you were breeched"—here McDermot coughed, apologetically, behind his hand—"I'd ask you to look a bit more cheerful like. Being in love is a sore disease, as I've my own reasons for knowing; but it's my belief if you was to try to *look* less like one of them darned froggy Frenchmen, when he sees a good English tar with a marlinspike a-facing of him at close quarters, you'd feel a bit better."

Alec smiled involuntarily, and strode off to see the victim of Hector's anger, whom he found groaning in his bunk, but whose feelings turned out to be more hurt than his body.

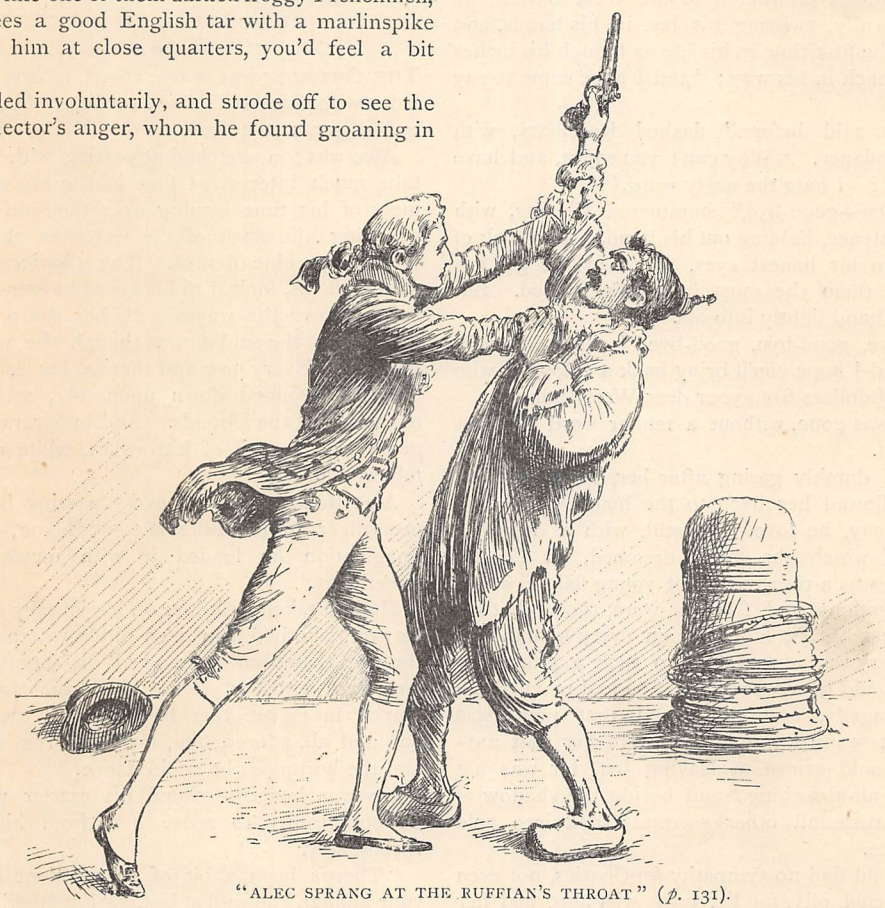
He tried to rub in a little good advice with his embrocation, but Shorter was in no mood for advice.

"It's easy enough to talk," said he; "but if I catch that young fellow on a dark night, I'll tip him over into the sea, as food for the fishes. I've served on board his father's ships these twenty years, and never been treated as he's treated me this day! Now, I'll give you a bit of my mind, sir, and that is, have a care of Mr. Annesley. He bears you some sort of a grudge, and he'll pay you yet, I'll be bound! But there, you can't make a gamecock out of a barn-door fowl—and old Annesley swept a crossing in his young days!"

There seemed to be a mutinous spirit abroad below decks, and Alec stayed so long attempting to soothe the grumblers and put them into a better state of mind, that when he emerged on deck again, his own troubles were cast aside.

Annesley, as officer of the watch, was pacing up and down the deck, with his glass under his arm, and he stopped to speak to Alec as he stood gazing out seaward across the blue expanse of ocean.

"Been down seeing that saucy chap?" he said, with a furtive glance at Alec. "I didn't mean to hurt him, you know, but I can't endure impudence from an inferior, and I'll teach the men that!"



"ALEC SPRANG AT THE RUFFIAN'S THROAT" (*p.* 131).

Constantine wondered at his bullying tone, and at the evident difference of discipline on board a merchant ship from that prevailing on a man-of-war. But he only said, in a dry tone of voice—

"You have evidently the wisdom of the serpent without the harmlessness of the dove, my friend. But is it true, as McDermot informs me, that we are going a bit out of our course, to cruise about and put in at various ports?"

"Yes," said Hector, carelessly. "My father made this consignment an excuse to send me to see the world. We are to touch at the Leewards, and one or two other places."

"Rather risky in these times, perhaps," suggested Alec.

"Risky?" sneered his companion. "Are you afraid of a Frenchman or two? I'd meet the lot of them, with a good brace of pistols in my hands. But, of course, if you're afraid to come ashore with me ——"

"I cannot see that I have ever given you any cause to consider me a coward!" said Alec, haughtily. "I, also, am bent on seeing the world before I settle down and marry Rosemary—Miss Marvin, I mean."

His words struck coldly on Hector's soul, and he turned white and gnawed his under-lip under his heavy moustache, with a spasm of jealousy which he strove in vain to conceal.

"What a comfort it must be to you to have Miss Marvin's miniature," he said.

"I did not know that you had ever seen it," said Alec, touching unconsciously the place on his breast where the little gold trinket lay concealed.

"I? Oh, yes! I know it intimately—and a very good likeness it is of Rosemary, too. It was very nice of her to think of an old friend, as well as of her lover. And a face so fair is especially good to look at out at sea."

Alec faced him fiercely.

"Did she give you one?" he said.

"Oh, well, I promised not to tell, you know," said Hector, with a shrug. "But, is this the same as yours?" and he slipped the miniature from his waistcoat, and held it out for Alec to look at.

It was the same face, the same smile that was painted on the enamel against his heart, and beside himself with jealousy and disappointment, Alec caught the glittering thing from Hector's hand, and flung it out to sea.

It hung for an instant in mid-air, flashing in the sunlight—then fell in the wake of the ship, and was caught by a white-tipped breaker, that broke and sent a shower of spray up at the vessel as they passed.

A look so malevolent came over Hector's face that, had Constantine seen it, it might have put him on his guard more completely; but his eyes were fixed on the flight of the jewel, and he saw nothing save his own passionate thoughts and imaginings.

After all, Rosemary was false to him. She on whom he had staked his faith—his love—his happiness. But even in that supreme hour of trouble he was true to himself, and true to her. His first impulse had been to tear the miniature from his own heart, and fling it after the other one, but used to govern and control his own feelings, he resisted that impulse, and turned in another moment to Hector again.

"Pardon me," he said, steadying his voice with an effort. "I had no right to treat your possession in that summary fashion. But——"

"Oh, I understand, my dear fellow!" said Hector, forcing a smile. "You are naturally upset at first to find that your pearl is not so flawless as you supposed. But I can quite sympathise with your natural feelings, and though you have deprived me of my miniature, yet some day, when you possess the peerless original, you will, perhaps, make over to me that one which you wear next your heart."

"Before I marry Miss Marvin, I must be quite certain that she cares for me, and me alone," said Alec, gravely.

"Oh, dear, yes, of course. Still, by force of old acquaintance, I know that whoever marries fair Rosemary Marvin must be content with a heart divided between half a dozen. She cannot help her nature, for she is as bright and ephemeral as a gossamer thread. But let us change the conversation, for it is an unpleasant one for both of us. I am sore for the loss of my picture, and you for the loss of a little glamour you had woven round your sweetheart—who is only a woman, after all!"

Alec bowed and moved away.

He was in no humour for further conversation at that moment, especially with a man who was, to some extent, a favoured rival.

If it had not been for the proof of the miniature he would never have believed that Rosemary could have been faithless to him, even to such a small extent. But the scene in Douglas Bay flashed back upon his mind, and he knew now that Rosemary had given Hector her miniature on that morning. Hector, he was aware, was not by any means a perfect character, and would probably not stick at "weaving fringes to the truth," but the evidence of the picture was incontestable, and could be got over in no way.

As he stood brooding over his wrongs, he saw the quaint figure of McDermot advancing towards him again, in a mysterious, roundabout fashion.

He looked with a flash of amusement at the angular figure, in the long black coat and white stock, whose legs were so much too thin for the knee-breeches which he sported with so much care. McDermot had once been discovered by a mischievous young Constantine busy in the pantry, manufacturing "calves" out of a wisp of hay. This had suggested a telling situation to young Bob Constantine, and that very same night, when McDermot bustled into his pantry with an armful of silver, he was horrified to see, in the semi-darkness of the room, this legend inscribed upon the wall, in glowing letters of fire, "Calves of Baal."

He was discovered groaning horribly, in a sitting position on the pantry floor, surrounded by forks and spoons, and almost speechless from fear.

The secret of the phosphorus was never disclosed by Bob, who erased it at dead of night, and to that day it was McDermot's fervent belief that the legend was a warning sent to deliver his soul from vanity. So that his legs, instead of being delicately rounded, were displayed in all the lankiness of their natural proportions.

He hovered in Alec's neighbourhood for a few moments, and then advanced cautiously to his side.

"There is such a thing as gratitude in this world,

sorr," he said, screwing up his mouth mysteriously, and hissing out the words between his teeth. "I was always under the impression that the more you did for folk, the less pleased they were, and that if you was to trace an enmity to its foundation you'd find always that it was begun by a favour."

"I'm very glad to hear your opinion, McDermot," said Alec, impatiently. "But just now I'm rather busy and would like to be alone."

"Just what the cat said when the cook came up and found her with the breast of a partridge, sorr," said McDermot, with cheerful alacrity. "But as this concerns yourself, and yourself only, perhaps you'll lend me your attention for a moment."

"Well, then, out with it—out with it—my good friend, and don't keep me havering here all day long."

McDermot did not seem to be in the least offended. He was too full of the importance of his communication to consider his own dignity at that moment.

"Shorter says that Jem Hankey—that's the steward's mate, sorr—told him you had better keep a sharp eye on that young gent over yonder." Here he jerked a large and bony thumb in Hector's direction. "He's got a design upon you of some sort, and the men'd be sorry to see you hurt. Hankey met him crawling and sneaking to your cabin door late last night, and what he had taken one of the table knives for, goodness knows, for Hankey didn't! And a sharp carving knife is an easy thing to cut a man's throat with."

"Nonsense," said Alec, sharply. "It's your love of gossiping that makes you hear all these cock-and-bull stories. What you're doing, my friend, is just fostering a mutiny, so perhaps you'll let me hear no more of this rubbish."

Alec was not in the habit of speaking with any degree of harshness to his subordinates, and McDermot was so astonished that he went off without another word.

"Heavens and earth," he ejaculated, with his hands and shoulders uplifted. "What's got the young master now? If it's love that makes the world go round, it's love that makes the world's axletree a trifle rusty occasionally."

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

"A black hearted villain."

NOT many days after, the *Commerce* cast anchor off one of the Leeward Islands—Guadeloupe. They anchored beyond shot range, for, at that disturbed period, it was hard to know where an English ship might put in safely; and, for fear of treachery, they determined to despatch one of the officers, in a small boat, to reconnoitre, with the security of knowing that, even were the fort to open fire upon them, they would be safe. Hector Annesley was the man chosen for the reconnaissance, or, rather, he himself volunteered for duty, declaring that he had come out to see the world, and he wished to be at the head of every forlorn hope—in the thick of every adventure.

"I suppose you would be unwilling to come with me!" he said to Alec, with a half-concealed sneer. "There is a trifle of danger in the affair, for the Governor, Victor Hugues, a revolutionary beggar, is supposed to hate the English nation with keen intensity. He has even caused the bones of some of our officers who were buried in the island to be dug up and burned, and their ashes used to fertilise the land. He is a very torment of a man, and anyone with any pretensions to, let us say, nerves, had better keep him at arm's length."

"I feel no fear," said Alec, drily. "By all means let us beard this terrible monster in his den. You and McDermot, being what we might call bony fellows, will make a nice bagful of manure, or he may even go so far as to hang you up, Annesley, to frighten the birds from the seeds; you would make a lovely scarecrow, and your gold buttons will make a gorgeous cloak trimming for Mrs. Hugues and all the little Hugues."

Annesley forced a laugh, which was as unpleasant to see as to hear, for his mouth curved upwards under his heavy moustache and showed a gleaming cruel row of teeth between his thin lips.

When the boat came alongside, the three men stepped into it, and were rowed ashore.

The guns from the fort never attempted to open fire upon them, but lay like sleeping dogs, their black muzzles turned out over the waste of waters.

But once Alec, happening to glance at Hector, saw that he was deadly white, and that his two hands were gripping the gunwale of the boat convulsively. He looked up towards the fort at once, and saw that a sober-coated soldier was observing them, with a glass at his eye. But as he speedily and quietly stepped down out of sight, Alec was astonished, and a little amused, to see his companion mount the white flag at once, in spite of all his protestations.

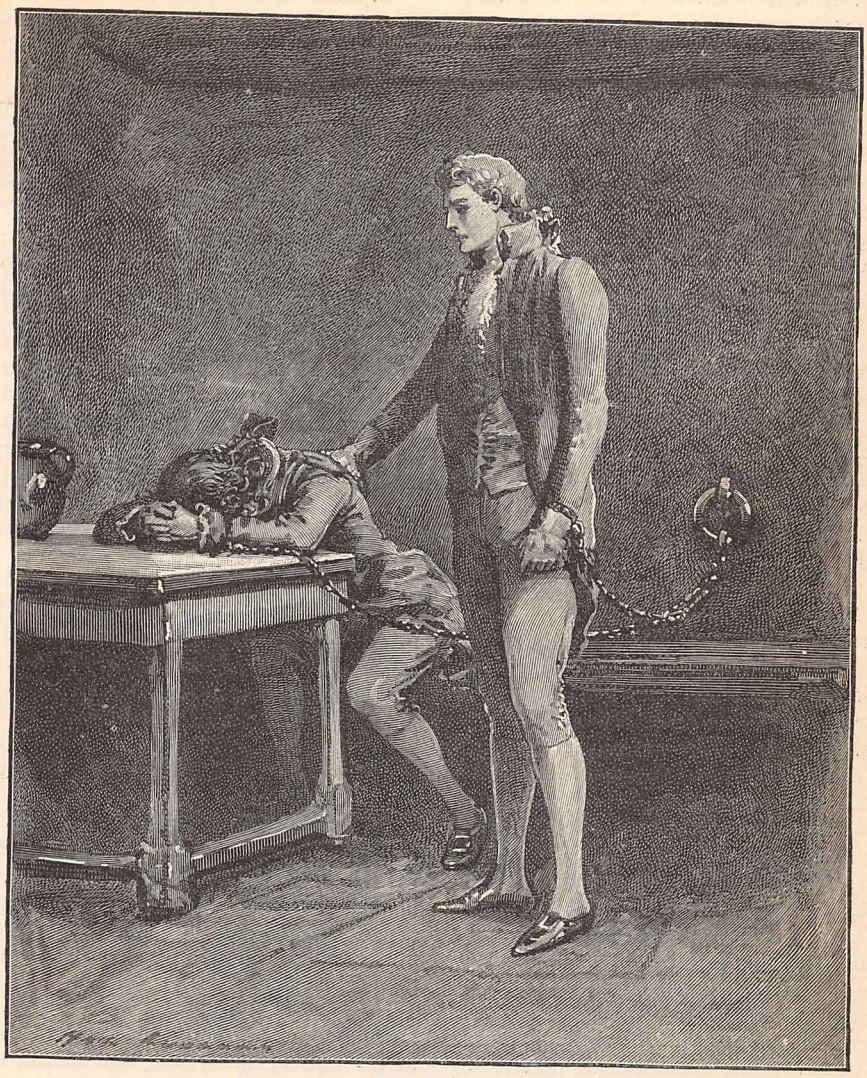
"Methinks my lord protested over much," he said to himself; then aloud, with a touch of mischief, "Pray, Annesley, as you seem to be so intimately acquainted with Victor Hugues' *modus vivendi*, do you happen to know if that is the person who will have the felicity of boiling us down into patent fertiliser?"

"Ay, faith, sorr," broke in McDermot, who had equipped himself with as much care for their expedition as though he were going to a wedding. "They're pretty certain to let me go free. They'll want someone to carry back a potful of your ashes to your ma, and the pretty young lady at Clyeen. A Frenchman's revenge wouldn't be complete without some pleasant little romancing of that sort."

The boat was allowed to land without molestation of any sort, much to Alec's astonishment. There were two or three men standing about at the quay side, and a knot of blue-bloused red-capped revolutionists further up the landing stage, to whom Hector addressed himself, in the best French he could muster, and asked to be at once taken to the Governor's house.

The men pointed vaguely up the white, dusty road, and one of them hissed out between his teeth, "*à bas les Anglais!*"

He was a surly-looking ruffian, with a shock of red hair, on which the cap of liberty blazed, and Alec, suddenly watchful, kept an eye on him while Annesley continued speaking to the others.



"'MY OLD FRIEND, CHEER UP'" (*p.* 132).

It was fortunate that he did so, for in another instant Hector would have been a dead man, had not Alec sprung at the ruffian's throat and wrested from his hand a clumsy pistol, which he had suddenly aimed at his companion's head.

"Not this time, my friend," he said, calmly, as the man sullenly relapsed, after a convulsive struggle, into quiet, and stood with slouching figure and bent head, in his opponent's grasp.

But that instant was the signal for a sudden outburst of national hatred, and before Alec had time to do more than put himself on the defensive, the other Frenchmen were upon him, and the three companions were, in an instant, taken prisoners and rendered helpless.

Mad with hatred and terror, Annesley struggled violently for freedom.

"I am not English," he shouted; "*à bas les Arglais!* I shout with you, my friends! These two are accursed English. I am of another nation, a friend of *la belle France*. Take them, and leave me to go free and rejoice that two enemies of your magnificent nation have been captured!"

This noble speech took the revolutionists by surprise, and for an instant they relaxed their hold upon him.

"Of what nation, then, are you?" grumbled the man who had first accused him of being an Englishman.

"Of the nation of the Three Legs," cried Hector, with a mighty bound freeing himself from his captors' hands, and making off like an antelope for the quay side.

He was famed for his running, and almost before they had recovered from their surprise, he had leaped into the boat, and was being pulled back to the ship, as fast as four brawny seamen's arms could row.

They did not think it worth their while to pursue him, but, changeable creatures as they are, the knot of ferocious Frenchmen went into a convulsion of laughter, and stood holding their sides, as they ejaculated—

"Bravo M. Three Legs, of the nation of the swift feet!"

Alec, to his utter astonishment, watched the boat glide from the shore, and when it reached the side of the ship, saw it hauled in, and before many moments were over, saw the *Commerce* unfurl her white sails and leave the unfriendly shores of Guadeloupe behind her, as she stood out to sea again.

I say to his utter astonishment, for, although the black-hearted cowardice and betrayal of Hector did not surprise him, his desertion by the officers and men of the *Commerce* filled his soul with horror and wonder.

He could guess pretty well that both he and McDermot were in the power of a merciless tyrant, than whom heart never conceived a more malicious and cruel wretch.

He looked at his old servant, who was regarding with disgust the ruffian who held him, and who was a true type of the sons of liberty, with his long, matted hair and scowling, lowering brow.

"This is not quite the thing I've been accustomed to, sorr," he said, in a calm voice. "It's a trifle unlucky we've been to-day; and if this dirty villain doesn't take his bloodstained hand off my coat sleeve, I'll knock him senseless. But talking of villains, sorr, yon smooth-faced chap's the biggest of the lot, and if I was only behind that big gun in the fort, I'd blow him to powder! Didn't we all warn you of him? Of the nation of the Three Legs, indeed! It's Ireland that would scorn to own you, and Man'll kick you out if you ever reach that country alive!"

McDermot clenched his fist and shook it after the retreating boat. But this action on his part did not exactly please his captors, for he received a blow in the mouth that silenced him.

"Keep quiet, McDermot," said Alec, quietly. "We must put our trust in God, since we are deserted by man. We are as safe here, in the midst of trouble and danger, as though we were in the garden of Urleigh Court. Nothing can happen to us without the will of God, and if it pleases Him to deliver us, in His good time He will do so."

"There's a comfortableness about that saying, Master Alec, which should console any Christian man, but it's a little hard to realise just now," was McDermot's answer, as he spat out a mouthful of blood, and felt his front teeth doubtfully, wondering to find them still there.

"Yes, you thundering villain, I'm coming along with you," he continued, as his captor began hauling him up the road by his coat collar, as though he had been a sack of potatoes.

Alec was equally maltreated, and when they arrived at the outer gate of a low grey building, guarded by two or three bright-coated sentries, with the tricolour ribbon pinned across their breasts, they were breathless and ragged from rough usage.

But Alec, when they paused outside the iron-clamped door of what was evidently to be their prison, collected himself, and drew himself up with all his natural dignity.

"I demand to see the Governor," he said, in excellent French. "I am Alexander Constantine, son of Mr. Claudius Constantine, of the Isle of Man, and I demand the rights that a citizen of a free country may expect."

His only answer was a brutal laugh and a jeer, as the revolutionists in blouses gave him into the charge of the revolutionists in uniform, who pushed him and his old servant through the prison door. They forced them down a flight of damp stone steps into a low-roofed dungeon, reeking of filth and damp, and then chained them together to a ring in the wall.

When the footsteps of their guards died into silence, and the last notes of their wild, harsh song rang away into the echoing vaults of the building, McDermot looked at his young master, who, pale as death, was striving to change the galling position of his fetters.

"Master Alec," he said, in a broken voice, that strove to be gay in spite of everything, "'tis a mercy your honoured family is not of Irish extraction, and gifted with second sight! What would your lady mother say if she saw you now? and what would—Miss Rosemary—say?"

He broke off short, and laying down his head on his chained hands, broke into a fit of choking sobs, which he tried vainly to repress.

At the mention of Rosemary's name Alec grew only a shade whiter. He was tearless, for his grief was beyond tears. A mist swept before his eyes, but he brushed the tears away, and steadied his voice.

"McDermot—why, my old friend, cheer up. Crying never mended matters yet, and there's a silver lining to every cloud."

He spoke cheerfully, feigning a light-heartedness which he was far from feeling, and McDermot revived at his words; and it was well for the honour of old Ireland that he did so, for, before long, a quick, firm step was heard upon the stairs outside, a key grated in the rusty lock, and one of their gaolers entered the prison again, this time with a different air.

"The Governor desires your immediate presence," he said, with rough civility.

And without a word Alec and McDermot followed him into the outer world again.

"A quare look-out this," whispered the old servant. "In these days, and with these mighty quare ideas about, who knows but what we are going to be made governors of some little island of our own. The sentry fellow seems mighty civil all of a sudden."

"Far more likely, my dear fellow, that we're following our executioner to the scaffold. This civility is probably a blind, put on to make death more surprising. Pray God we may be ready for what He sends us," answered Constantine solemnly.

END OF CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

FORTUNES IN FACES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED," "THE BUSINESS OF LIFE," ETC.

JOSEPHINE DE LA PAGERIE.

"MY face is my fortune, sir, she said." Taking this as our text, we propose to discourse about women who by reason of the gift of beauty which they possessed were able to marry into an exalted position, and become directly or indirectly great social influences. As we have no sympathy with mere worldly marriages, we shall select for mention only those who won their husbands without, as far as it is known, designing to do so.

Many cases of the kind might be mentioned in the histories of ancient Rome and Greece, and the instances recorded in the Old Testament are even more familiar. Coming down to our own history, we remember how the beauty of Dame Elizabeth Grey (born Woodville), the widow of Sir John Grey, made her queen to Edward IV. It could hardly be called good fortune, perhaps, when the lovely face of Jane Seymour, daughter of Sir John Seymour, raised her to the throne beside that professional widower, Henry VIII. Still, there were many women, no doubt, who envied her the dangerous elevation. Not very fortunate either, really, though she seemed to be, was Josephine de la Pagerie, the Martinique girl, when her beauty—she was called "the pretty Creole"—caused her to become wife of the so-called great Napoleon and Empress of the French. We shall only just mention the Empress Eugénie, as she is still living. Her rise and pathetic fall are quite modern history.

Several English princes have wished to marry subjects with whose beauty they were captivated, but they have been prevented from doing so by the law which requires the sovereign's consent to all royal marriages. The beauty of the widow of a certain Thomas Fitzherbert, Esquire, won the heart of George IV. when he was Prince of Wales, and in 1787 he married her. She was as good as she was beautiful, and she obtained a great hold over her wayward and inconstant husband. Unfortunately, the royal marriage law stepped in, and destroyed the only chance George IV. had of domestic happiness and respectability. English society, however, refused to endorse the verdict of the law; and she was treated to the end of her days with the utmost respect by all ranks of society.

One old countryman said to another: "If everyone had been of my mind, everyone would have wanted to marry my old woman." His friend answered: "If everyone had been of my mind, no one would have wanted to marry her." So it is that each eye forms its own idea of beauty. This, no doubt, was the reason why John, Duke of Argyll, who, next to Marlborough, was the most distinguished soldier whom England welcomed back on the conclusion of the peace of Utrecht in 1715—this is why a laurel-crowned, accomplished, and generally fascinating duke married Jane Warburton, one of Queen Anne's maids of honour, who was only the daughter of a Cheshire squire, and was not generally considered to have personal charms. Plain truth and honesty were the principal features of her character, and when these are in a woman's character they make her face

THE EX-EMPRESS EUGÉNIE.
After the painting by F. Winterhalter.)

MRS. FITZHERBERT.
(*After the painting by R. Cosway, R.A.*)

attractive to one who, like the Duke of Argyll, could appreciate a good woman.

From the day when King Cophetua wedded the "beggar-maid," cases have from time to time occurred of men of high position marrying girls who were not born in the purple, and whose faces were their only fortunes. In 1791 Henry Cecil, presumptive heir to the titles and estates of an old uncle, found a wife, not in Belgravia, but in Bolas, a country village of Shropshire, nestling amongst green lanes and fruitful apple-orchards. A storm of thunder and rain coming on, he had taken shelter in a cottage, and as the rain got worse and worse, begged that he might be allowed to stay till morning, even if he had only a chair "to rest upon in the lower room." This request was grudgingly granted by Thomas Hoggins, the owner of the house, because, in answer to inquiries as to why he was wandering about, Cecil spoke vaguely and unsatisfactorily, and at last said he was an "undertaker," taking refuge in the vagueness of the term. Tennyson, whose ballad is founded on this story, makes "The Lord of Burleigh" call himself not an "undertaker" but a "landscape painter," which, perhaps, is a more poetical business. Next morning the stranger made the acquaintance of Sarah, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hoggins, a rustic beauty of seventeen. It was a case of love at first sight, and the fields where Sarah milked the cows became Elysian fields to Mr. Jones—for so Cecil styled himself. To make a long story short, in three months' time Henry Jones (he still concealed his real name and rank) and Sarah Hoggins were married and lived on in the village—it is said in the old folks' house. When he had been married two years, "Jones" read in a paper news of the death of his uncle, the old earl. Knowing that his presence would now be wanted at "Burghley House by Stamford Town," he told his wife that he was called on business into Lincolnshire, and that he wished her to accompany him. They set out without delay, she sitting, as was the fashion of the day, on a pillion behind him. They passed the seats of various gentlemen and noblemen on the road, but at last they came to a particularly fine mansion and park. Sarah gazed in admiration, and quietly remarked—

"What a magnificent house!"

"How should you like, my dear Sally, to be mistress of such a place?" was her lord's reply.

"Very much indeed, if we were rich enough to live in it."

"I am glad that you like it; the place is yours. I am Earl of Exeter, and you are my countess."

> "And a gentle consort made he,
> And her gentle mind was such
> That she grew a noble lady,
> And the people lov'd her much."

The poet has beautifully described the drooping of a flower removed from its native air into a higher level, but the "Peasant Countess" died, as a matter of fact, at the birth of her third child. Her picture in the billiard-room at Burleigh House represents the face which made her fortune as very beautiful; but an old woman and man belonging to Bolas, who were interrogated about the matter a few years ago, were not as enthusiastic as might have been expected. "She

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.
(*From an engraving by Henry Bryer.*)

THE LADIES WALDEGRAVE.
(*After the painting by Sir J. Reynolds, P.R.A.*)

might have been well-looking," was all that the old woman would admit, while the old man said nothing more than that he believed Sarah Hoggins was a "straight lass."

A somewhat similar romance was in the Ashbrook family. William, the third baron and second Viscount Ashbrook, when a gentleman-commoner of Magdalen College, Oxford, was struck with the beauty of a peasant-girl named Betty Ridge, whose father used to punt a ferry-boat across the Isis at Northmoor, near Oxford. The water-nymph was neither old enough nor sufficiently educated to become his wife, though she could read and write pretty well, as is proved by her signature, "Betty Ridge," in the marriage register book of the parish. Under these circumstances Mr. Flower, as he then was, placed the lovely ferry-girl under the tuition of a lady a few miles off, where he visited her from time to time, and marked with the enthusiasm of a romantic lover her progress in polite accomplishments. In three years the blushing daughter of the ferryman became Mrs. Flower, and ultimately Viscountess Ashbrook. She died early in the present century at a good old age, honoured and loved by all her husband's family. On a wall in one of the rooms at Castle Durrow may be seen a portrait commemorating the charms which gained for her promotion. The grandchild of the peasant girl was married to George, fifth Duke of Marlborough.

Maria Walpole, the niece of Horace Walpole, was conspicuous for her beauty in a circle of celebrated beauties. When very young, she became the wife of the Earl of Waldegrave, and had three daughters, who were little less lovely than herself. The earl was an excellent husband, and when he died the sorrow of his widow was great. After some time, however, her loss was compensated—from a worldly point of view—by marriage with the Duke of Gloucester, a prince of the blood royal.

Everyone sympathised with the sorrow of our young Princess May when the Duke of Clarence died just as she was receiving congratulations upon her prospectively happy union with him. We felt for the amiable, benevolent princess herself, but the saddest thought in connection with her bereavement was that it was a representative one. Thousands of other English maidens have lost their lovers almost on the eve of marriage. This was the sad fortune of Lady Horatio Waldegrave, one of the three beautiful daughters of the Duchess of Gloucester, of whom we have been speaking. The Duke of Ancaster, to whom she was shortly going to be married, suddenly died. The event, which was much talked of in the "society" of the day, and which makes us think of the Princess May, is thus spoken of by Horace Walpole, the grand-uncle of the bride-widow. "You will be charmed," he wrote, "I flatter myself, with poor Horatio, who is not at all well, but has behaved with a gentleness, sweetness, and modesty that are lovely. She has had no romantic conduct, concealed all she could, and discovered nothing she felt but by her looks. She is now more pleasing, though she looks ill, by her silent softness, than before by her

youthful vivacity. Maria, almost as much wounded and to be pitied, carries off another kind of misfortune with a noble spirit." Horatio afterwards married Lord Hugh Seymour. "The Three Ladies Waldegrave" is perhaps the most celebrated of the pictures painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

In more recent times there was another Lady Waldegrave whose face made her fortune, the daughter of Braham, the singer. She first married the seventh Earl Waldegrave and afterwards Mr. Chichester Fortescue, who became Lord Carlingford. She was celebrated as one of the leaders of society in London.

After Lady Waldegrave, the most celebrated of the beauties who sat for portraits to Sir Joshua Reynolds, was Kitty Fisher. She was his model not only for "Venus," his "Danäe," and his "Cleopatra Dissolving the Pearl," but also for the arms, throats, and busts of the aristocratic sitters, whose portraits the artist was commissioned to paint. This Catharine Fisher, or "Fissher," who was said to have turned half the noblemen of England into fishermen, was the daughter of a German stay-maker. The lady did not captivate merely by her outward form, for she was accomplished, and the "life and soul of the company" wherein she moved. Whether she deserved it or not (we do not think that she did), she did not escape the tongue of scandal; but, perhaps, it was impossible in those days for so celebrated a beauty to do this. However this may be, Miss Fisher in 1766 settled down decorously in marriage with Mr. Norris, "a young gentleman of good Kentish family," his father the member for Rye. There could not have been much harm in the all-subduing Kitty, or else that stern moralist, Dr. Johnson, would not have regretted, as he did, that he happened to be out when she was brought by a friend to call upon him.

The singular loveliness of Bessie Surtees, of Newcastle, won the heart of a barrister called John Scott, and the young people ran away and were married. At first it did not look as if this were a case of a face making a fortune, for on the third day after their union their funds were exhausted, they had not a home to go to, and they did not know whether their friends would ever speak to them again. If, however, the early married life of Mrs. Scott was a struggle, she was rewarded when she saw her husband take his seat upon the woolsack, and become Lord Eldon. The heart of another young barrister was captivated when Christina Fullerton looked at him "through eyes whose glances were as gentle as the music of her lute." The young barrister was Henry Erskine, who became Lord Advocate of Scotland.

Beauty has succeeded in winning many other barristers who became famous. Miss Towry, who married Lord Chief Justice Ellenborough, was so beautiful that she was not only followed at balls and assemblies, but strangers used to collect in Bloomsbury Square to gaze at her as she watered the flowers in her balcony.

Georgiana, wife of the fifth Duke of Devonshire, was known as the "Queen of the Whigs." Her mother was one whose face brought to her very good fortune. She was the daughter of a Mr. Poyntz, who was for some time travelling tutor to the third Duke of Devonshire. Falling in love with her, the son and heir of Earl Spencer only waited one day after he came of age until he married her. Although the wedding was private, the entry into London was anything but that. The cavalcade of horses and carriages was so great that the people of the villages it passed through ran out brandishing pitchforks and spades, and shouting: "The invasion is coming!" When the bride first appeared at Court she wore diamonds worth £100,000 that had belonged to Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. She was carried in a sedan-chair lined with white satin, preceded by a negro page, and followed by footmen in splendid liveries. The happiness of the couple, however, rested on a more solid foundation than satin and diamonds. They were charitable and generous, and so genuinely in love with each other that the bride of 1755 was able in 1776 to write to David Garrick: "It will to-morrow be one-and-twenty years since Lord Spencer married me, and I verily believe we have neither of us repented of our lot from that time to this."

"May the luck of the Gunnings attend you!" was the blessing of an Irish beggar man in Dublin; and the ejaculation passed into a proverb. The "luck of the Gunnings" had reference to the extraordinary social career of Maria and Elizabeth, daughters of J. Gunning, Esq., County Roscommon, Ireland. They were "countessed and double-duchessed," Maria

COUNTESS SPENCER, AND LADY GEORGIANA SPENCER.
(After the painting by Sir J. Reynolds.)

MARIA, COUNTESS OF COVENTRY.
(*After the painting by C. Read.*)

marrying the Earl of Coventry, and Elizabeth taking for her first husband the Duke of Hamilton, and for her second the Duke of Argyle.

The father of these girls died, leaving his widow and daughters unprovided for. So poor were they that when the two beauties were presented at the Vice-regal Court in Dublin it was in clothes which their mother had borrowed for the occasion from a friend, the manager of the Theatre Royal. In 1750 the acute mother brought "the dear girls" to London, where they soon became the rage. Horace Walpole and Miss Berry speak of them. They were the chief topic of conversation in coffee-rooms and drawing-rooms. Politics were only a bad second in public estimation, for before them even ranked Miss Jeffries and Miss Blandy, two murderesses, who were hanged at Newgate the same year. "The general attention," says Sir Joshua Reynolds, "is divided between the two young ladies who were married and the two young ladies who were hanged."

Elizabeth Gunning took for her second husband the Duke of Argyle. This lady was sent to bring over Princess Charlotte. When approaching St. James's Palace, the princess began to cry. The experienced duchess smiled.

"Yes," said the princess angrily, "*you* may laugh, Duchess, you have been married twice; but to me it is no joke."

She died at the age of sixty-six. Although fond of money and of power, she used the former charitably, and she did not abuse the latter. Walpole is our great authority for the strange *furore* that was excited by these two sisters. He tells us how even the noble mob in the drawing-room clambered upon chairs and tables to look at them; how their doors were mobbed by crowds eager to see them get into their chairs, and places taken early at the theatres when they were expected; how seven hundred people sat up all night, in and about a Yorkshire inn, to see the Duchess of Hamilton get into her post-chaise in the morning; while a shoemaker made money by showing the shoe he was making for the Countess of Coventry.

Miss Anne Eaton, who married the artist Leech, may be said not only to have made her own fortune by her pretty face, but that of her husband, for it became his model, as may be seen in most of the *Punch* drawings. To share fame with a celebrated man is not always good fortune, but Leech was the best of husbands and fathers. His tender anxiety for his wife and children was almost distressing at times to those about him.

One of the three daughters of Mr. Thomas Sheridan, son of the famous Sheridan, was called the "Queen of Beauty," because she presided in that character at the famous "Eglinton Tournament" in 1839. Nine years before this her beautiful face had won the heart and hand of Lord Seymour, later St. Maur. Helen, another of "The Three Graces," as Sheridan's granddaughters were called, married, when only eighteen, Mr. Price Blackwood, who, in 1839, succeeded to the title of Dufferin.

In conclusion, we would remind those who have been gifted with beauty that this talent is not given merely in order that they may make their own fortunes, but in order that they may use the influence which it enables them to exercise to diminish in some degree the misfortunes of others. Nor must we forget that there cannot be a high order of even physical beauty where indications of mental and moral efficiency are absent. Talleyrand once said of a lovely woman that "beauty was her least charm." A good-humoured face is in itself pretty; a pleasant smile half redeems unattractive features.

ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF HAMILTON AND BRANDON, AND DUCHESS OF ARGYLE.
(*After the painting by C. Read.*)

KITCHEN TROUBLES.

A NEW BROOM SWEEPS CLEAN.

WHEN I first married Humphrey Deane, everyone said what an exceedingly rash marriage it was for any girl in her sober senses to undertake.

To begin with, Humphrey was a struggling doctor—delightful, of course, and really very clever, but as yet only making his way among the wary householders of Linton. We should have rather less than £250 a year to live on, and, of course, it would be rather a tight squeeze with the certain amount of appearance to keep up which is necessary in a doctor's position. Then, a maiden aunt of a rather muddling disposition had lived with Humphrey for years, and had furnished the house in solid matter-of-fact fashion, and trained the servant in the way she should go, and regulated the household in a manner very unattractive indeed to outer eyes.

I had been brought up under very different auspices. My mother's household was one where refinement and luxury held sway, and my friends considered that my training had not been one calculated to overcome the difficulties of the position.

When we returned home from our honeymoon, we found that Miss Deane had departed on a visit, and had left word that she would return to us in a month's time. Meanwhile, she had got the house ready for my reception, and everything looked very highly polished and totally unattractive.

"Does Aunt Laura intend to live with us?" I asked in dismay, and my husband's answer was not reassuring.

"My darling, I don't know. Any way, we've got a whole month to ourselves, to begin with."

So we had, and in that month I determined to work miracles.

I discovered that Humphrey had never known, since he settled in Linton, what it was to have a comfortable meal well served; and when breakfast was over, the morning after our return, I made my way to the kitchen.

The house was a fairly large one, and Clara, the melancholy-faced but very worthy maid-of-all-work, was in a perpetual state of exhaustion and depression.

It was perfectly possible, I felt convinced, for the maid to do all our work comfortably with a little arrangement, and I had already been turning the matter over in my mind.

The kitchen was a pleasant one, with a scullery and wash-house leading out of it, but at present it looked a little dreary, and there was a want of arrangement about details which was very evident.

I began by making a speech, which somehow was prompted by my large holland cooking apron and housekeeping keys, hanging by their steel chain.

"Clara," I said, "I dare say you have heard the proverb that 'new brooms sweep clean.' Now, I am a new broom, and I mean to sweep very clean; in fact, to sweep away any little arrangement I do not quite approve of. If you like to help me in my sweeping, it will be very nice to work together; if not, you had better begin to look out for another situation. But remember, I don't want to lose you at all."

Clara gasped. She was rather a hopeless-looking

BREAKERS AHEAD.

girl, with a middle-aged cast of countenance, and a fearful and wonderful taste in caps.

"Yes 'm," she said. "I'm sure I don't want to go, and I'll do anything you like."

This was a promising beginning, and I beamed upon her at once.

"Very well, then; we will begin immediately with a new plan of work which I have mapped out for you on this nice card."

And I proceeded to fasten upon the kitchen wall a large neatly-written card with an illuminated border, at which Clara gazed with open eyes.

MONDAY:—Clean the drawing-room, bedroom, and sitting-room.

TUESDAY:—Dining-room and servant's room.

WEDNESDAY:—Clean surgery. Devote the afternoon to cleaning the silver.

THURSDAY:—Mangle, iron, and finish the clothes which the washerwoman has washed on Tuesday.

FRIDAY:—Clean passages.

SATURDAY:—Clean kitchen and offices.

Rise early, and be dressed neatly at lunch-time.

Remember that refinement does not mean extravagance, and that a good heart makes light work.

"Lor, mum, it's beautiful!" gasped Clara, much admiring the effect against the drab painting of the walls.

"To begin with," I said, much relieved that my domestic was not going to take fright at the new *régime*, "we will nail up a picture or two to cheer you, and to encourage you to wear a lovely cap and apron every afternoon. For a household is usually judged by the world according to the appearance of the maid that answers the door; and grimy hands are very often an index to a grimy home."

"Yes 'm," said Clara feebly.

"Have you no ideas for breakfast beyond fried bacon and boiled eggs?" I went on cheerfully. "Dr. Deane says he sometimes gets a little tired of the same thing dressed always the same way. One morning we might have bacon fried with a little potato left from the day before. Another time, bacon cut thin and rolled in batter. And again, dried haddock is very good cut in small pieces, boiled, and served up with parsley butter, flavoured with a dash of chili vinegar. Then fresh herrings, split open, cleaned, sprinkled with oatmeal, and fried, are delicious. Coffee, too, is more drinkable with boiled milk instead of the lukewarm contents of the jug to which we were treated this morning, Clara."

"Miss Deane didn't care about them sort of things. She thought as long as we had food, it didn't matter how it was cooked."

"Well, you see, Clara, I don't think the same as Miss Deane, and no doubt she would much prefer to see things prettily served up. I shall take charge of the china cupboard and the store cupboards, and they must be spotlessly clean and neat. The silver that we are not using I shall keep in green baize bags, which will prevent it from being scratched."

A SMASH.

"We never washed at home in Miss Deane's time," said Clara doubtfully.

"No; but we are going to do so now," I answered. "We shall have a woman in to do the washing of the clothes and part of the mangling, and then you and I between us will do the starching and the ironing. Washing at home is often spoken of as a terrible infliction, but, properly managed, it is one of the simplest matters under the sun, and saves many pounds in the year. I am particularly fond of white curtains and bed hangings, and of course they must be kept very dainty. I will show you the valances I intend to put on every bed in the house, instead of the old-fashioned ones. They are just a slip of white dimity thrown over the palliasse, trimmed at either end with embroidery, and just short enough to clear the floor, so that they may be pulled off and washed when dirty. Clara, I don't like carpet on the kitchen floor. You must take this bit up and throw it away, and I will get you a piece of oil-cloth, with a small rug to put your feet on in the evenings when it is cold. Carpet catches the grease, and is horrid for a kitchen."

"Yes 'm," murmured Clara, with a dismal presentiment that the last landmark of old times was to be swept away.

"You know that we must not expect to go through life without coming across a few troubles on our way; and although you tell me that you have not met with any cooking accidents yet, still it is just as well to be prepared, in case of an emergency. Supposing that you are so unfortunate as to overturn a kettle or pan full of boiling water upon yourself, and I should not be at home, you must immediately mix some common kitchen whitening with sweet oil or water. Plaster the whole of the burn and some inches beyond it with the above, after mixing it to the consistency of common paste. It acts like a charm in quieting the pain. Keep the mixture moist from time to time with oil or fresh water, and at night wrap the whole part in flannel or gutta-percha, to keep the moisture from evaporating. If, on the other hand, you happen to cut yourself, and the wound is a severe one—near perhaps to an artery—send for the doctor at once. But while he is coming, bind up the cut limb with a clean handkerchief tied tightly just above the cut to stop the bleeding, and hold it under a tap of running water, so that the circulation may be thoroughly chilled. If you have grazed the skin off your hand, be very careful always to tie it up from the air in a piece of rag or a glove finger; for very often blood poisoning is the result of a neglected injury, slight though it may seem, through contact with impure substances—washing-up water or black lead. I do not expect you to be absolutely infallible in the way of breakages, but I *do* expect you to be absolutely truthful in confessing every breakage to me. Some servants, so soon as they chip or damage any piece of china, throw it away into the ash-bin at once, thinking that its absence will not be noticed. Now, if you have the misfortune to smash any of my lovely new china, bring it to me at once, before any morsel of it is lost; and I have a capital bottle of cement which will make the cup or plate nearly as good as new again. Only don't go in for wholesale smashing on purpose to try if the cement is as good as I say."

Clara laughed heartily, and I continued:—

"One other point which I shall never weary of trying to impress upon you is that the virtue of punctuality is one of the most important that a servant can possess. I want you to try to have one hour for doing every single duty in the day, and to keep to it always, without variation. I am going to have a bell hung in my bedroom to ring just at the head of your bed, and I shall ring it at half-past six every morning. Half-an-hour's lateness in the morning will throw you half-an-hour wrong all the day through till bedtime, and half-an-hour gained in the morning means a gain in temper, tidiness, and looks, for a good temper is the surest road to the possession of a pleasing face."

Here I paused for lack of breath, though not of ideas, and Clara began again, in a voice which showed she was impressed by my notions.

"The master said that I used to burn a deal too much coal, ma'am; and to do tasty dishes you want such a very hot fire."

"There are several ways of saving coal, Clara. For one thing, you must have a cinder basket, and sift the cinders every morning, throwing only the dust into the ash-bin, as the lumps make very hot fires. I will also get you a little cooking stove with a spirit lamp, which you can use in the summer for making small dishes, and which will occasionally save the lighting of a fire. For the drawing-room this winter I mean to invest in fire-balls, which are made of fire-brick, and when red-hot give out quite as much heat as coals. I also intend to have a fire-basket in the dining-room, which in the evening can be carried off bodily to my bedroom with its contents, and will save lighting a fire there. In the surgery we will have a gas stove, which can be turned on at need, and then extinguished."

Clara was balancing a spoon meditatively in her hand while I was speaking, and the dull appearance of the silver caught my eye at once.

"I don't think that you quite understand the theory of cleaning silver," I continued. "Of course my

ELBOW GREASE.

wedding presents are all brilliantly new at present, but the plate belonging to the house strikes me as very much out of order. I like to have a positively glittering dinner-table, and it is a very easy matter, after all; for it only needs plenty of elbow-grease, and when the plate is in order very little powder is necessary. You must wash the silver every day, after using, in warm soft water, with a little soda and plenty of yellow soap. Dry it on a soft towel, and polish it up with a good chamois leather. If this is done every day, 'Plate Powder' need only be used once a week, or less often even than that. Then all the table glass must be washed in a special wooden bowl, which must be used for nothing else, for fear of grease. A lather of soapsuds is better than actual soap, and each piece of glass should be dried on soft linen. When placing the glasses upon the dinner table, you should either handle them with a cloth or a clean glove, as there is nothing more disagreeable than seeing a finger-mark upon a tumbler."

"You seem to be very particular, ma'am; but I'll do my best to please you, and I hope you will help me to improve myself," said Clara cheerily, as she shouldered a tray full of breakfast things, and followed me out of the room.

"We will attack the drawing-room and dining-room to-morrow, Clara," I said, as I opened the door of the linen cupboard. "I have great ideas for those rooms, and I mean to have the prettiest house in the whole of Linton!"

Clara smiled sympathetically, and I heard her singing blithely over her work that morning; and my bedroom fireplace shone like burnished metal with the amount of elbow-grease she put into it.

HOW A WILDERNESS BECAME A GARDEN.

SECOND SERIES.

CHAPTER THE SECOND

A TALK ABOUT FERNS.

IT was Christmas Day, and our old friends John and Alice Smith were, in accordance with a previous agreement, paying their return visit to their neighbours Charles Robinson and Mary, his niece. Ample justice had already been done to the time-honoured roast beef, plum-pudding, and mince pies, when a good round log that had a few minutes before been placed on the drawing-room fire suddenly gave vent to such a pyrotechnic explosion, that the happy quartette but just seated quietly around the grate started to their feet, and took an abrupt and mirthful flight to the centre of the room. This certainly gave a turn to the conversation, for presently the host called to his guest:

"What voyage of discovery are you on *now*, John?"

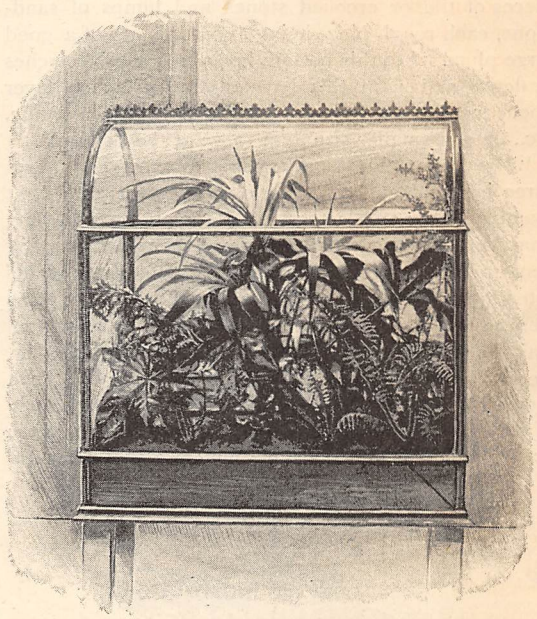
"I am looking," said John, in reply, peering about him as he spoke—"I am looking at this miniature Crystal Palace."

"Oh yes; is it not charming?" said Charles, quickly closing a book he was casually looking at; "though I suppose I must not sing the praises of my own handiwork."

All four had now gathered round the object of curiosity under discussion, which Alice described as a pretty little greenhouse.

Charles thought it a good opportunity to begin a gardening lecture, and forthwith entered upon his explanatory address.

"This little greenhouse, as you aptly describe it, Mrs. Smith, was the contrivance of a certain Mr. Ward, many, very many years ago, for the cultivation of plants, and more particularly of ferns, in rooms, and in consequence they have ever since been called, after their founder, Wardian cases. Of course we can make them of any size."



WARDIAN CASE.

"And after all," continued Charles, "a Wardian case may be said to be little more than a pot of flowers on a large scale, and with a bell-glass over it. For this is really what we do. Here, you see, I utilised first a strong old box, an old *oak* one—for good *durable* material is essential for our purpose—as a common deal one, with its sides roughly put together, would very probably fall to pieces after a short time. Anyhow, *oak*, of course, is not a necessity, but *strength* certainly is. Well, this box, you see, is rather better than a foot in depth, and I first of all removed its lid, and next I

MAIDENHAIR.
(*Adiantum Cuneatum.*)

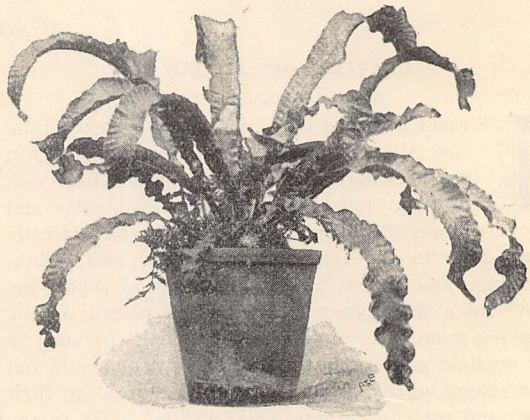
coated it *inside* with pitch, by way of preserving it from decay. And then, drainage being the first essential for the cultivation of anything whatever, I put on the bottom of my box a good layer of brickbats, broken pieces of tile, or crooked stones and lumps of sandstone, each rough piece being about the size of a good large plum. Let this bottom layer be some four inches in depth, and upon this have another drainage layer about two inches deep, but let the broken bits of tile, etc., be of a smaller size than those at the bottom.

"Next, upon this I put my first layer of soil about three inches deep, consisting of broken turf of a light loamy quality; and lastly, I placed upon the whole my final and more carefully prepared compost, varying necessarily in accordance with the nature of the plants intended to be grown. In my case, however, as ferns were to be put in, I might here describe in a general way the nature of the soil best suited for fern growing. Ferns like a light open soil, with peat, leaf-mould, and plenty of sand. Now ferns, as we know, are largely in their natural state seen to be growing among rocks: accordingly you notice I have put on and among my upper surface of soil a few rough stones and pieces of rock-work, which have a pretty effect as well. And lastly, you see I have covered over the whole with a glass case. This, bear in mind, is not really intended to exclude the air, but is mainly meant to keep off dust, and to maintain inside a uniform moisture on the plants under its protection. Open the case pretty often, and you will then not only prevent the dew from depositing itself upon the inside of the glass, but you will maintain a uniform temperature; and, what is more, we must not forget that, in addition to drainage and water, etc., *air* is a necessity for all growth."

GOLDEN LEAVED GYMNOGRAMMA.
(*Gymnogramme Calomelanos Chrysophylla.*)

"Bravo, Charles! you have given us a capital description of this Wardian case," said John; "and I shall certainly devote some of the long winter afternoons and evenings to setting up one myself, if only to see if I cannot cut yours out."

"Do you know," continued John, "if I was going to describe to a friend this glass covering, Charles—for, after all, you have not told us very much about *that*—I think I should illustrate my meaning by sketching the glass covering of a modern funeral car!"



HART'S TONGUE.
(*Scolopendrium Vulgare.*)

"Well, certainly," said Charles, laughing while looking at the hasty etching of his friend, "you have given us a melancholy, but at the same time a most apt, illustration on a large scale of the very thing wanted!"

"And," added Charles, "supposing your glass covering, or indeed that your whole Wardian case was a large one, I would suggest that the top could be made to lift off, or, if you preferred it, you might have a couple of hinges."

"And now," said John, "can you give us, Charles, the names of a few ferns or plants in general most suited for growth under a Wardian case, because I am then going to trespass on you still further, and ask for a little more talk about ferns in the abstract."

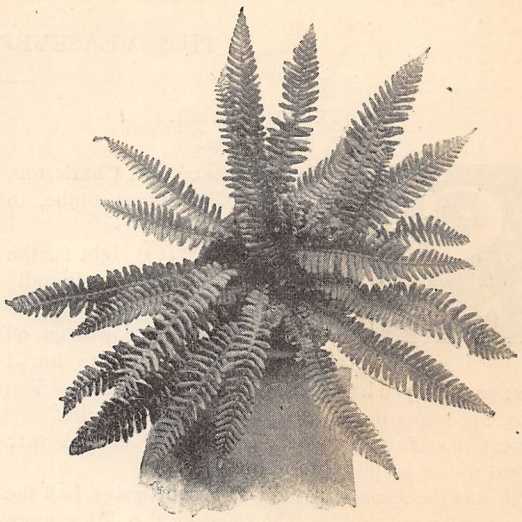
"Well," said Charles, "I suppose we had better begin with the ever popular Maidenhair—*Adiantum formosum.* This likes a sandy peat and loam; and, my dear fellow, you know, I could name many varieties of this much prized and most beautiful member of the

Polypodiaceæ, or fern tribe. Here, for instance, is another, the *Adiantum Hispidulum*, or slightly hairy Maidenhair ; or here, again, you see I have in my little collection the *Adiantum Moritzianum*. There, too, you see the Tunbridge filmy fern—*Hymenophyllium Tunbridgense*, which flourishes best among damp sandstone. Many is the party of fern explorers that I have joined in Kent in quest of that now somewhat scarce fern.

"Then, again, here is a *Begonia*—the *B. Martiana*, which I find adapted to grow in my case ; or—to go back again to our ferns—here is the *Blechnum gracile*, and again the *B. polypodyfolia*. But to sum up, you must all see that it is impossible to go on naming specimens ; but next, perhaps, to ferns, I would suggest a few of the orchid tribe as adapted for the Wardian case. And then, again, I should be careful, first of all, I think, to ascertain the *ultimate size* which any given plant is likely to attain before I introduced it into my case, as otherwise you might find by the side of some dwarf specimen a giant one that was evidently bent upon ultimately breaking a way through your glass top. And finally, I think I would not have in the case plants that were merely and strictly *seasonal* in their growth."

"Well, and now, Charles," said John, "we shall not let you off before you get out of the Wardian case to say something about other ferns."

"So as I am to begin again then, just as I thought you had had enough of me," said Charles, "we will talk generally of the culture of our hardy ferns. The best plan is first of all, when on any country excursion, to notice *where* ferns grow, that is to say, under what conditions, and then secondly to notice *what* those ferns are. Some, for example, we find growing luxuriantly in a wood under trees, some on quite exposed places, such as on rocks, while the common bracken we find nearly everywhere, down indeed almost to the sea-shore itself. Let us suppose, then, that we fit up in a shady corner of our garden a sort of lovers' retreat, known as the fernery, and pile up plenty

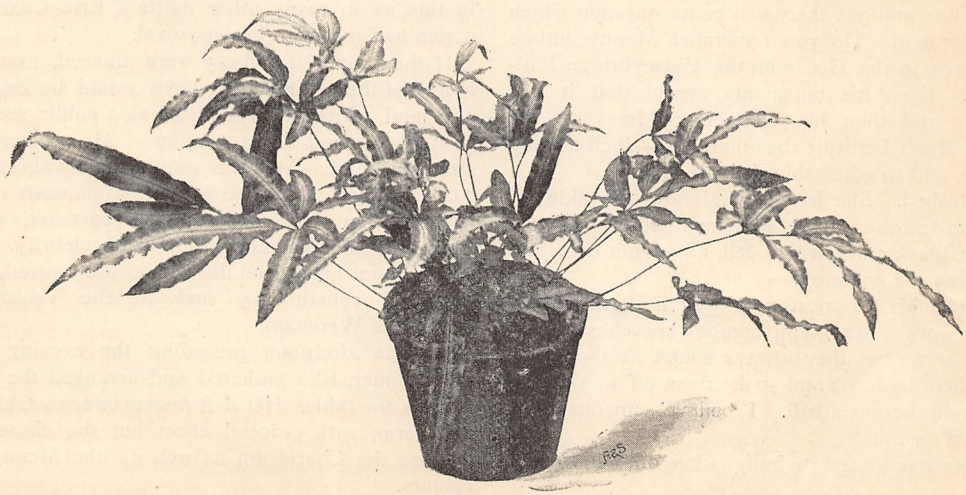


Blechnum Spicant.

of rock-work as a foundation for the whole. Well, all the varied kinds of the *Asplenium*, or Spleenwort, are suited to rock-work. So that, taking Nature as our best guide, any ferns that we find growing, say, in a low moist soil, we should do well to plant at the *base* of our rock-work, while any that we notice growing on exposed and wild places we had better therefore plant upon the top of our artificial rock-work. To wind up, then, with a few more specimens : the well-known Lady Fern (*Athyrium filix femina*) will thrive well either in a damp and shady situation, or even in a pot as an ornamental and graceful plant. Or again in damp places, all varieties of the Lastrea will do well. And one thing, when treating of ferns, must strike us all : do you know what I mean, John ?"

"Well, I suppose," was the reply, "it is that ferns one and all want plenty of water."

"Right enough," said Charles. "A fernery will never thrive in a drought."



Pteris Cretica Albo lineata.

THE VEASEYBRIDGE ELECTION.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

THE CANDIDATES.

"SO you have asked Mr. Charleston, as well as Mr. Mennycombe, to dinner, Ella?"

"Yes, father. It is right for the candidates to be on friendly terms."

"I hope everything will go off well—amicably, I mean; but I must say that you have acted rather imprudently. You know my sympathies are with Mr. Mennycombe."

Sir Giles Fairlie looked, as he felt, anxious with regard to the proposed dinner.

He was the social magnate of Veaseybridge, half the village belonged to him; he ruled local politics, more or less successfully, and was naturally proud of his position. Mr. Mennycombe was his friend; as Sir Giles often told his daughter—"a most estimable man"—"one who will make a name in the world," and, though Ella's father had not gone out of his way to push the banker's candidature, he regarded him as the only possible member for Veaseybridge.

Mr. Mennycombe had formerly represented a Scotch town in Parliament, but, having been defeated at the last election, was compelled to seek another seat, and had turned to this constituency, which he had been judiciously nursing for years. Ella was a girl of decided opinions. She did not trouble herself about the respective merits of political doctrines, but she knew that she both liked and admired Mr. Mennycombe's rival. She was standing by her father's side in the library of Fairlington Hall when the above conversation took place. After a pause, during which Sir Giles had been contemplating his eldest daughter and housekeeper with eyes of mingled admiration and disapproval, he added slowly—

"I believe you prefer Charleston to Mr. Mennycombe, Ella; and yet there can be no question which is the abler man. Do you remember Mennycombe's great speech in the House on the Veaseybridge Railway Bill? Even his opponents owned that it was masterly; and then his eloquent address at the Working Men's Institute the other day!—such flowing sentences, and so admirably delivered!"

Ella blushed. She had a wonderfully fair skin for a brunette, and the warm colour mounted even to the soft, little, black curls, which fell about her ears and forehead, as she answered—

"I do like Mr. Charleston, father; he is in earnest about his work. Mr. Mennycombe's speeches are excellent, I own; but they always sound as though he learned them by heart and spoke them off to time, as a cannon discharges a ball. I believe someone must write them for him."

Sir Giles was roused to indignation on his friend's behalf.

"My dear Ella, you are terribly prejudiced," he exclaimed indignantly, "and I regret your unfortunate predisposition against Mr. Mennycombe all the more because he is so obviously attached to you. In fact, he told me the other day that it is his intention, as soon as this election is over, to make you an offer of——"

"Oh, father, pray don't let us discuss that point now! You are always so good and kind to me that I know you will not wish me to marry any man I do not love."

"No; but you should have some reason for your dislikes, Ella."

"I do not dislike Mr. Mennycombe, but I cannot trust him as you do. He seems insincere, to my judgment, while Mr. Charleston——"

"It is a great pity," said Sir Giles, not noticing his daughter's hesitation, "for I am sure that Mennycombe will be a Cabinet Minister before he dies!"

But Ella only laughed and shook her head.

"What will he be, father? Home Secretary? No, he is not legal. President of the Board of Trade? No, for he despises commercial pursuits. Perhaps he may be Chancellor of the Exchequer, or a peerage for his party services might content him! I am sure he would like to be called 'Lord Combesborough!'"

Sir Giles shrugged his shoulder in a deprecating way, and made no further effort to urge Mr. Mennycombe's claims. Ella's bright brown eyes had a saucy merriment in them, which threatened ridicule of that worthy gentleman, both as a Member of Parliament and a suitor.

She had been mistress of her father's house so long that she had lost all girlish diffidence, and spoke her mind freely upon subjects, which, until late years, have been considered the exclusive prerogative of masculine intellects and tongues.

The Veaseybridge Railway Bill had been the great question agitating the neighbourhood of her home, and in this, as in many other matters, Eric Charleston's action had met with her approval.

If the proposed railway were allowed, many poor homes of the neighbouring town would be destroyed, and land, which had been used as a public recreation ground, covered by a station. Mr. Mennycombe strenuously advocated this step in the advancement of "Civilisation"; Mr. Charleston as strenuously opposed it. But then Eric was only a barrister, whereas Benjamin Mennycombe was a local celebrity. These things count for a good deal in a self-centred, out-of-the-world constituency such as the Veaseybridge division of Wereham.

On the afternoon preceding the evening of the great dinner, Ella gathered and arranged the flowers to deck the table. Her deft fingers interwove blossoms and ferns with graceful effect, but she chose to introduce the Charleston as well as the Mennycombe colours.

Party feeling, though only of a local character, ran

"LILIAN'S FAIR HAIR RESTING AGAINST ELLA'S DARK CURLS" (*p.* 145).

high at Veaseybridge, but not higher, perhaps, than the personal advocacy and opposition of Ella Fairlie's heart.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

THE DINNER.

THE rival candidates met, and were scrupulously polite to each other. Ella stood by, and watched with mischievous amusement while they exchanged compliments and commonplaces, and in her own mind noted the contrast between their two faces—always to Mr. Mennycombe's disadvantage.

It was true that she had facts to support her criticism. Eric Charleston's pale complexion, keen blue eyes, and brown hair, thinned and already greying at the temples, gave him a scholarly air, particularly noticeable beside florid, bearded Benjamin Mennycombe, a man of pompous presence and loud voice. Behind the banker, following meekly in his footsteps, appeared his secretary, young John Lea. The great man seldom went anywhere without this attendant satellite, this smaller orb, which shone only in light borrowed from the superior planet. Once, when progressing down Veaseybridge High Street in this fashion, Mr. Mennycombe had been grossly insulted by a small boy.

"Look out, Bill!" cried the urchin to a comrade; "'ere comes the big drum an' the little drumstick!"

The nickname had taken root in unfriendly minds, for people averred that, as the big drum would be inaudible without the aid of the little drumstick, so Mr. Mennycombe's eloquence was entirely due to insignificant John Lea, his bashful secretary.

During the dinner, Sir Giles Fairlie directed the conversation into uncontroversial channels. The Veaseybridge Railway Bill was not so much as mentioned.

"We have to oppose each other in this contest, Mr. Charleston," said Mr. Mennycombe, with a patronising wave of his fat hand, "but—er—I trust that you will believe that—er—I am delighted to meet you on terms of—er—friendship."

"We shall fight each other honourably," Eric answered, with the bluntness which characterised all his speeches, "so there will be no room for enmity."

Ella delighted in this reply, but Mr. Mennycombe did not relish it. He thought his younger opponent impertinently frank, and turned to express this opinion in an undertone to Mr. Lea; but the secretary, forgetful of all political obligations, was enjoying a quiet talk with Ella's pretty younger sister Lilian.

Sir Giles watched them with a frown upon his brow. He was not a man who would place any obstacle in the way of true love, but, nevertheless, he was disappointed by the inconvenient distastes and predilections of both his daughters. Ella laughed at Mr. Mennycombe; Lilian smiled upon John Lea.

Eric, for his part, was ill at ease; he disliked being thrown into the society of his wealthy opponent. They had met at the Town Hall at the nomination that morning, and had shaken each other's hand, murmuring the polite insincerities which courtesy demanded; but that was different to this three hours' ordeal. Eric was impulsive and outspoken, and found himself constantly touching upon a forbidden subject of conversation, or making some awkward allusion.

As soon as possible he escaped from Mr. Mennycombe's local anecdotes and his host's reminiscences. Ella was in the drawing-room, and he thought that she blushed and smiled when he entered.

There was no longer necessity for Eric to preserve the same caution with regard to conversation.

"I shall be heartily glad when this election is over, Miss Fairlie;" he said as he took the low chair beside her.

"You look tired," the girl answered gently, "but there are only three more days of work, and then the polling. Do you think you have any chance of winning, Mr. Charleston? You need not mind telling me, for I can allow myself no political partisanship. I ask as a friend, and your answer will not be repeated."

"I'm sure that I haven't the ghost of a chance!" Eric replied. "Mr. Mennycombe has so much local influence, though I think I could have won in spite of that; it is his eloquence which will gain the seat for him."

Ella flushed an angry crimson, but did not answer. Rumour averred that Mr. Mennycombe's wonderful oratory was owing to John Lea's zealous labours. If this were so, it was doubly hard that Eric should be defeated by a sham talent. She glanced at him pityingly. He was passing his fingers through the brown curls which clustered above his ears, and his eyes had a dreamy far-away look in them. Was he considering the six meetings he was to address to-morrow, or composing his speech for the great open-air demonstration at Marlingford the following day?

In truth, Eric Charleston's thoughts were not of election tricks and platform oratory. As he met her kind glance he answered it.

"No, I feel myself beaten already, Miss Fairlie, but I mean to fight to the last. Unless something happens to change the aspect of affairs before next Friday, beaten I shall most assuredly be."

"It is very hard for you. You must so have hoped to win."

"Yes, I did. But there is another hope which is nearer my heart. Must I lose in love as well as in politics? Ella, my darling, I have cared for you for the past long three years. I have been working in London to improve my position that I might come back and ask you to be my wife. I cannot offer you rank and riches, but I think we were—good friends in the old days. Tell me, has absence lost my cause for me? Is this hope also to end in failure?"

His voice had grown low and tender. Sir Giles's merry daughter did not laugh at Mr. Charleston's wooing, neither did she turn her head away, and her hand slipped, as though by accident, into Eric's outstretched palm; but at that moment the other gentlemen were to be heard approaching the drawing-room—the banker's loud tones sounding down the corridor, and increasing in loudness as he entered.

Ella drew her hand away with a quick start, but not before Mr. Mennycombe had noticed its former position, and registered in his mind another reason for disliking "that man Charleston." So this young fellow was setting himself up to be his rival in love as well as in politics! The impertinence of these legal nobodies! Then Ella tried to appear deeply interested in the problem under discussion, and the time wore away until the candidates took their departure, and the great dinner was reckoned among the things of the past.

"Lily," she said to her younger sister as the carriage drove away—Mr. Charleston's hired brougham following Mr. Mennycombe's gorgeous chariot—"I feel as though people were right who say that women have no business to interfere in politics, and yet it is work they are well fitted for. Do *you* find yourself growing tired and cross, and hating the very name of an election?"

"Yes, but I know why it is. Ella, dear, I believe your vexation comes from the same reason. It is because we see that the real, hard, true workers are always overlooked, and the big, noisy, conceited men have all the popularity. Just think of Mr. Lea, now—poor John—he never has a word of praise said to him, and——"

"And Mr. Charleston—I know he would make a much better member than Mr. Mennycombe will be. He is sympathetic and generous, yet no one gives him due appreciation. It *is* a shame, Lily—you are quite right!"

The two girls stood together with arms entwined round each other's waist, Lilian's fair hair resting against Ella's dark curls.

"Nell," said the younger, giving her sister a pet name, and blushing as she made her own confession, "I *do* care for John, and he says he cares for me. Do you think father will mind very much?"

"I hope not, Lil. If you are both in earnest he will not say no. And I—Eric has told me that he loves me, and I am so happy!"

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

THE PHONOGRAPH.

JOHN LEA was sitting in Mr. Mennycombe's library. He was hard at work, writing as fast as his pen would go, in a neat little hand upon narrow strips of paper. Sometimes he paused to correct his work, but his face was grave with that intentness of thought which usually produces worthy composition.

He was too much absorbed even to think of Lilian Fairlie and the kind answer she had given the preceding night to his presumptuous question. Still, the consciousness of a heart at ease helped him over his task.

Presently the door opened, and the floor of the room creaked. John knew Mr. Mennycombe's step, and rose to wheel up the armchair, but the banker waved him away, and gave a different command.

"Clear a space on the table, Lea. I want to put down this phonograph."

Mr. Mennycombe handled the apparatus with extreme care. He was not accustomed to it—had never, indeed, set his eyes upon it until that morning, and to his unenlightened mind its appearance suggested batteries and possible shocks.

When it was deposited on the table, he drew to a distance and contemplated it with intense satisfaction.

"That'll do it! That'll give it them, Lea!" he chuckled. "My great speech on the Veaseybridge Railway Bill is bottled-up in there! You wouldn't think it to look at the thing, would you?"

Mr. Mennycombe's pompous manner was laid aside in the privacy of his own home—perhaps he considered it too precious for daily use; certain it is that John Lea saw the affable, if vulgar, side of the banker's character.

"You intend to use the instrument on the platform, I suppose, sir?"

"Yes. They've heard a lot about my speech; now they shall have it in full. Why, man! that little thing of wood and metal work will turn the scale in my favour. It'll be a much better entertainment than magic lanterns and panoramas."

"Are the plates in now, sir? There ought to be no mistake made."

"Oh, I've taken them out. Here they are; we must put them in to-night before we go down to the Hall. There aren't any plates in now. Do you know how it works, Lea? Will it take any harm—eat itself to pieces as it were, if it is left like this?"

"I don't know, sir. Have you any plain plates? If so, we might slip those in."

"True, there they are; you do it."

Mr. Mennycombe chuckled to himself as his secretary handled the phonograph.

"A fine idea it was of mine!" he exclaimed, as soon as the virgin plates of metal were inserted. "This machine will just tickle the fancy of those hesitating idiots. There are a hundred of 'em at least, Lea, and not one with an ounce of sense; but they *must* be tickled, for they may turn the poll."

After a pause he added:

"By the bye, have you written my speech out for me, Lea? I shan't have time to learn it if you're not quick?"

"I have just finished it, sir. Will you look it over?"

"Thanks. '*For England's cause I battle—in England's name I stand or fall.*' That's a fine peroration, and ought to bring down the house. Now, one other matter, Lea. I've promised Corbet he shall have the three-acre field on easy terms if he'll vote for me. So he's safe!"

The secretary looked up with a troubled face.

"It is no affair of mine, sir, but do you think it is fair to——"

"To throw dust in the eyes of those short-sighted old electors? A set of half imbecile old men! Of course it's fair. There is not one voter in Veaseybridge with an ounce of brains! You attend to writing my speeches, Lea, and I'll manage my future constituents."

With one more affectionate glance at the phonograph, Mr. Mennycombe left the room. He was going to learn the speech which his secretary's skill had penned. "*For England's cause I battle,*" he murmured as he passed down the stairs.

In another hour the popular candidate was receiving promises of support from all the respectable associations of Veaseybridge.

"I am honoured by your confidence, gentlemen," he protested, "and I trust to prove myself worthy of it."

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

THE MEETING.

JUST half an hour before Mr. Mennycombe started in his carriage for the Concert Hall where his great meeting was to be held, John Lea prepared the phonograph for the all-important occasion. Tenderly he handled the plates recording the banker's famous speech upon the Veaseybridge Railway Bill, inserting them in the place of those which had been in all day, and laying these latter aside. He was not familiar with the working of the instrument, but he was sure that all he had done was right, and went to don the necessary attire for the eventful evening with a mind at rest as far as his duties were concerned.

Benjamin Mennycombe entering the library a few minutes later found it unoccupied, unless, indeed, the speaking instrument was entitled to consideration as being possessed of human powers. The banker went eagerly forward and handled the apparatus. Notwithstanding the slight dread with which he regarded it, he looked affectionately at it, as at some trusted friend. Slowly he removed the slips which John Lea had inserted, and replaced the other plates of metal, believing them to be those which were to further establish his reputation for eloquence and assiduous devotion to the local affairs of Veaseybridge. Hurrying out to the

carriage, with the instrument borne in his arms, he met his secretary.

"Phonograph all ready, Lea?" he remarked with a smile of complacence, and John, taking the words for a question, answered—

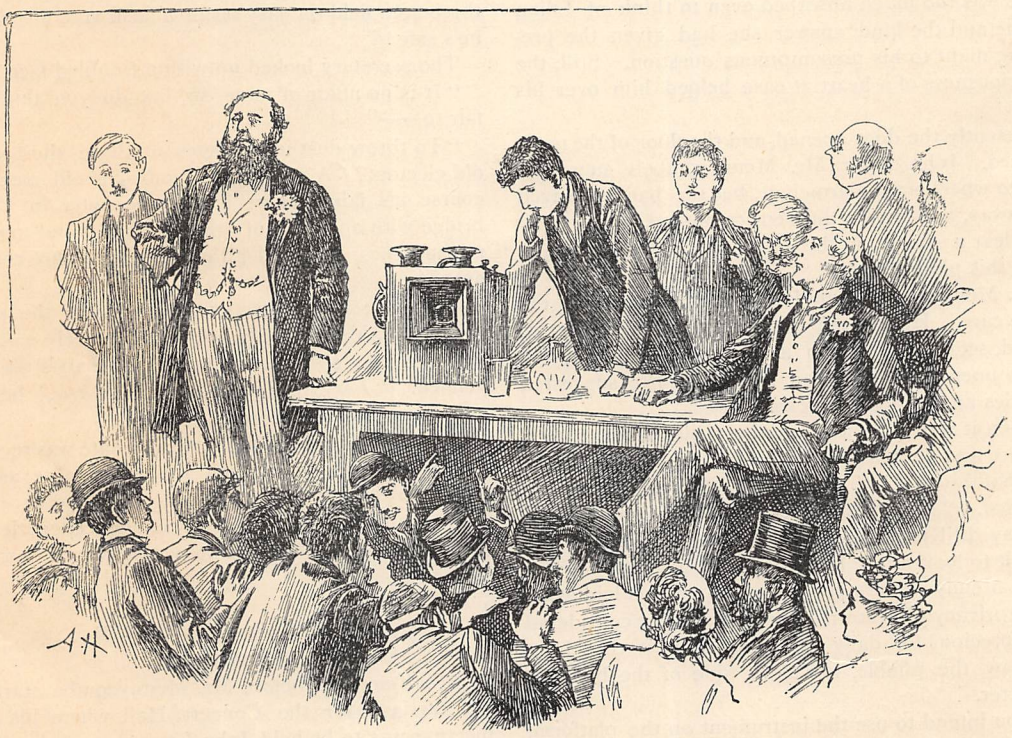
"Yes, sir."

The electors of Veaseybridge had accepted the invitation, expressed by the yellow placards and handbills. They *had* "assembled in their thousands;" the Hall was filled to overflowing with an excited people, the hundred "waverers," representing the stolidity and

He wore a white waistcoat and a diamond ring; a yellow flower adorned his button-hole; a benign smile played over his broad and heated countenance.

Sir Giles introduced the banker to the meeting as "My friend—a candidate whom any constituency might be proud to make their member." Then he went on to enumerate Mr. Mennycombe's services to the world at large, and to Veaseybridge in particular.

The banker stepped forward to respond, but he had forgotten his notes. In a moment John Lea handed



"THE HALL WAS FILLED TO OVERFLOWING WITH AN EXCITED PEOPLE."

common-sense of the division, occupied the first few rows of chairs. These were the men whom Mr. Mennycombe wished to conciliate: their very presence was a good omen for his success.

Sir Giles Fairlie occupied the chair, and his two daughters graced the platform. Ella had desired to remain at home, but she had deferred to her father's wish.

The audience had been kept in good humour by the soothing influence of music, popular airs having been played upon the large organ while Mr. Mennycombe was preparing his throat for the coming ordeal by a liberal consumption of egg-flip. The cheers were deafening as he made his appearance on the platform, even the hundred Independents expressing satisfaction at the stalwart British aspect of the candidate.

Mr. Mennycombe was indeed imposing to behold.

him the long strips of manuscript; but it was an unfortunate incident.

"There's the little drum-stick a-comin'! Now they're agoin' ter strike up, Bill!" cried a voice from the gallery, and the people fairly screamed with laughter at the well-known but apt comparison.

It was long before order was restored, and then even the peroration—"*For England's cause I battle—in England's name I stand or fall!*"—produced no more than a spasmodic cheer.

"What an unruly mob!" murmured Sir Giles to his daughters.

But Ella was smiling behind her fan, and Lilian was indignant at the rude nickname which had been bestowed upon her John.

It seemed for a time as though the phonograph would put an end to the noisy merriment of the

assembly. Each man craned his neck forward to obtain a good view of the wonderful speaking-machine.

When Sir Giles offered a few words of explanation on the subject he was listened to with breathless attention; when he alluded to the "great speech on the Veaseybridge Railway Bill," the clamour recommenced. Interest was centred in the mechanism—not in Mr. Mennycombe's eloquence.

"Oh, do let it off, please!" cried a small boy, anticipating some explosion.

The banker smilingly approached the phonograph, and completed the connection.

At the same moment the people pressed forward from the rear in their intense curiosity, forcing the Independents in a massed body towards the very edge of the platform.

Mr. Mennycombe retreated, and through the sudden silence the small voice of the instrument sounded clearly:—

"*A fine idea it was of mine! This machine will just tickle the fancy of those hesitating idiots. There are a hundred of 'em at least, Lea, and not one with an ounce of sense; but they* must *be tickled, for they may turn the poll!*"

A roar rose from the meeting—a roar of mingled delight and rage.

Benjamin Mennycombe sprang to his feet, with his face burning and his heart palpitating. Some terrible mistake had been made! This detestable machine was repeating his conversation with his secretary—*not* his great speech on the Veaseybridge Railway Bill!

At all hazards it *must* be silenced!

But the insulted voters would not permit him to silence it. The platform was already stormed. Outstretched arms and sticks prevented the banker from touching the now silent phonograph.

"The wrong plates!" gasped Mr. Mennycombe. "Let me take 'em out! You won't hear my speech at all!"

Even this threat did not avail. Confusion had reigned for a brief second, when the voice of the phonograph was again audible, saying—

"*By the bye, have you written my speech out for me, Lea? I shan't have time to learn it if you're not quick!*"

The secretary's reply was unheard in the hubbub which followed.

Mr. Mennycombe mopped his heated face, and took a hasty drink of water from the glass on the chairman's table. Sir Giles was pale with anger that his friend should prove so false; Ella and Lilian were eagerly watching the excited faces in the mob; and the voice of the phonograph continued mercilessly—

"*Thanks! 'For England's cause I battle—in England's name I stand or fall.' That's a fine peroration, and ought to bring down the house. Now, one other matter, Lea. I've promised Corbet he shall have the three-acre field on easy terms if he'll vote for me. So he's safe!*"

It was too terrible!

Mr. Mennycombe covered his face with his hands and groaned aloud; but the instrument went relentlessly on, repeating his secretary's replies and his own impolitic opinions of the intelligence of the enraged electors.

Then came the speech—

"*There is not one voter in Veaseybridge with an ounce of brains!*"

Endurance could go no further—indignation reached its climax. A rush was made towards the unlucky candidate, who was hustled by his friends out of a side door into the street, that he might drive off and escape the fury of the mob.

There was a veritable pandemonium of noises. Sir Giles tried in vain to make his conciliatory remarks audible above the din, and the Veaseybridge policemen alone had power to restore comparative order.

"Turn off the gas!" shouted the chief constable.

And so Mr. Mennycombe's great meeting came to an untimely end in darkness and in wrath!

When Mr. Mennycombe learned to understand the working of phonographs in general, he found out how it was that this particular instrument had ruined his electoral prospects.

His fear lest the machine "might eat itself to pieces" had made him insert those virgin plates of metal which had recorded his private conference with young John Lea.

The banker removed from Veaseybridge soon after the election; he no longer cared for that division of Wereham as a place of residence.

Such a poll had never been declared in Veaseybridge as that which rewarded Eric Charleston's honest effort. The majority in his favour was indeed overwhelming, for Benjamin Mennycombe only polled one vote—that of Mr. Corbet, who was true to his bribe.

"Father," said Ella one day, looking frankly into Sir Giles's eyes, but blushing all over her pretty face, "I know you wanted me to marry the member for Veaseybridge, and I am glad to be able to please you."

"So you love Charleston, my dear, and he loves you? Well, he is an honourable man, and I give my consent willingly."

"And you won't send John Lea away when he comes to you?" Ella pleaded; "for he and Lily are really fond of one another, and he is so clever! You know how you used to admire Mr. Mennycombe's speeches, and John wrote them all!"

"I will see, my dear child," he answered. "I don't think I shall prove a hard-hearted father. Ah! there is Charleston, coming up the drive. I haven't seen him since the night of the poll."

The merry girl ran to the door to meet the visitor, with a curtsey of mock respect.

"We are greatly honoured by such an early call from our new member!" she said, with a welcome smile in her bright eyes.

And Eric Charleston repaid her greeting with a lover's kiss.

MARY HAMPDEN.

WHAT TO WEAR IN JANUARY.

BY OUR PARIS AND LONDON CORRESPONDENTS.

I.—FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

"ARE you a good pinner?" proved to be a crucial question the other day when it fell to my lot to be choosing a rather smart teagown at a well-known Paris house. Time was, when it was considered sufficient for a woman to know how to put on a dress; that, however, does not suffice now, for she is expected to have mastered the art of arranging lace on a bodice with all the skill of a professional trimmer, and to be able to arrange the folds of material to the figure with the adroitness of a dressmaker. Unless she can do this it is absolutely necessary that she should forego the wearing of many new and elegant dresses now in vogue.

In England I notice that you adopt one style with a faithful persistency: that, for day wear, all the skirts are severely plain, with just a foot trimming, and the teagowns invariably open in front, showing a contrasting material. Not so in Paris; our leading dressmakers seldom make two dresses alike.

I will describe the special gown which elicited the inquiry that heads this chapter. It was a long-trained voluminous skirt of black velvet, shot with heliotrope, the heliotrope having a pinky tinge. This was bordered throughout with a full band of blue fox fur, but it did not open down the centre of the front; it was only as the wearer moved that you discovered a pink panel slightly shaded by a drapery of lace. This lace was a family heirloom, and exquisitely pretty, fine as Queen Mab's web. It fell in long ends from the throat, and required the most careful adjustment to make it set well amid the soft folds of the velvet. In my opinion it needed Parisian fingers to adjust it to perfection, but it was a beautiful dress and its grace was much enhanced by the lace falling at the back *en Watteau*.

I always recommend those who have not too much money to spend on dress, to choose everything of a fashionable make and cut, but not in any extravagant style; by ensuring the best materials and the best workmanship, and by dealing at good houses, it is quite possible to follow sufficiently the current mode without any extravagant outlay. It is on this account that I have chosen the outdoor jacket for illustration. It can be made in black, fawn, electric blue, petunia, and deep green cloth. The sleeves are plain, and fairly high but not extravagantly so. It fits well, and is calculated to display a good figure to perfection. The bodice has wide revers lined with silk, and between them a vest covered with braiding, which finds its way also on to the collar. It is simplicity itself; it might have been worn for the last two winters without being either remarkable or unfashionable, and it possibly will be suitable for appearing in for the next two or three years.

How curiously the caterers of Fashion intermingle the various styles in the fashions of our day. No dress hardly now seems to be really *à la mode* without a zouave jacket; and a Watteau pleat is equally necessary, but they appertain to totally different periods of dress. You see, however, they have been combined in the costume represented on the left of our engraving. The dress is made of a bold-patterned brown and fawn tweed, the jacket of a brocaded velvet of the same tone. It has a high upstanding collar and the gown is cut, as so many are now, in the Princess style.

I have spent some time in examining the new materials. In silk there is an irregular, corded, horizontal stripe, which presents an aspect of being covered with tinsel or snow-flakes—an appearance simply produced in the weaving. Occasionally this is brocaded, and it has firmness and much resistance. In woollens, very rough serges and tweeds, shot reps and a new tinsel corduroy. They are used alike for dresses and mantles. Everything is shot, whether it be silk, wool

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

or velvet, but the newest introduction is the mirroir velvet, which is also shot and moreover appears to be ironed. The colourings in which this is woven are of the loveliest, and it makes the most beautiful cloaks and sleeves and cape trimmings for dresses. Lace is frequently intermixed with metallic feathers, giving it much lustre and brightness. The trimmings used in Paris are singularly magnificent, and often are prepared in such a way that they form an excellent garniture to the dress itself, with very few stitches. Metallic threads have been shaped into collars, capes, and gauntlet gloves, the patterns are near akin to old point lace. Zouaves made in the same style want only large sleeves to render the dress perfect, and many of the Eastern and Munresque colourings assert themselves here.

Frisé bands, which show the groundwork through, of some vivid colour, are quite novel, and much used. We are determined to adopt belts of all kinds, many of them made of jointed and perforated plates of silver. The jewellers' shops are most fascinating; there is an endless range of small brooches and ornaments, made of turquoise and paste, taking the form of interlaced hearts. Silver is certainly coming to the fore again, not only for trimming, but for ornaments, and on the plea that women are to "have music wherever they go," the newest bangles have Swiss cow-bells attached, which ring every time that the hand of the wearer moves.

French women are now getting their way in the matter of tartan, for they are not only wearing it themselves, but in consequence of their example our English market has been flooded with it; still English purchasers are not enthusiastic. The Forty-second, the Stuart, and other well-known tartans have been utilised for a few dresses and more jerseys, but they have had their chief success with children, and tartan velvet is playing a somewhat important part in their frocks and pelises. Many a little tweed and rep gown has sleeves and the upper portion of the bodice made of the tartan, in that curious fashion which gives the appearance of one dress over another. Pointed belts of tartan encircle children's waists, some of them made in the triple shape, with points, each piped and overlapping the other. Plain velvets are employed for the cape, collar, and the upper portion of the sleeve, and the children now too often look like the miniature representations of their parents. They are wearing much vivid colouring, dark homespuns flecked with yellow, and full yellow bodices underneath jackets are almost a livery now with French children. Feather-stitching is applied to many belts, tucks, and yokes; indeed, I do not think at any period that good stitchery has shown to greater advantage. Tucks appear on skirts, and these are improved by feather-stitching, where fur is not used, and a great deal is employed on children's outer clothing. Black fox on baize green cloth is considered a most excellent combination. Felt hats are large and are much trimmed with feathers, many having a rough beaver bordering; but I greatly prefer the hood bonnets for little girls of tender age—they are much prettier, and warmer and more cosy for wearing during such months as January.

Balayeuses of silk find their way into most skirts, but ingenuity has devised a combination of utility and ornament: namely, a waterproof material which looks like silk, but is in no way affected by damp. In fact, while it is an ornament to the edge of the skirt, it answers all the purposes of leather, or of the waterproof lining which is frequently used for binding the insides of skirts for damp or muddy weather, and for country wear. An English invention has met with the approval of the French dressmakers, namely, the "Amazon" velvet skirt facing, which, being translated into ordinary language, means nothing more than a band of black velveteen introduced into the hem of the skirt by way of binding. It is firm, and, like most excellent ideas which are successful and make money, merely a clever adaptation of an everyday material to a new use.

II.—FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

There is nothing so fashionable this winter as fur, and in the accompanying illustration of a tippet, from the Grafton Fur Company, 164, New Bond Street, I have shown you how Fashion can adapt itself to that now favourite period of 1830. It is, in fact, a revival of the kind worn by our grandmothers, elongated into boa ends, but fuller on the shoulders. It is made in sealskin, Persian lamb, mink and sable. A high collar protects the throat, and the depth of the cape shields the shoulders. With the large sleeves we are now wearing this kind of outdoor wrap specially commends itself, for it is almost enough outdoor covering without any mantle at all, especially when accompanied by a muff to match.

No woman who respects herself, as far as dress is concerned, would, of course, just now ignore the necessity of wearing fur. Fashion demands that cloaks, coats and gowns should be adorned with it, and many white satin evening dresses are rendered more ornamental by the addition of either beaver or sable bands. All this has given a great impetus to the fur trade. Sealskin coats are so warm and comfortable that they never really go out of fashion; but this winter there are many fresh styles of making. We have jackets, long paletots, and round capes, some reaching to the waist, some to the knee, and others to the hem of the skirt; but they are all arranged full on the shoulders in order to give breadth to the figure. Many of the sealskins even are cut to fit as closely as a dress bodice. Individually I prefer the tippet in our sketch to the large fur capes, which are placed on mantles of velvet, cloth, and fur, for they are heavy and cumbersome, especially in sealskin. However, as Fashion has decreed that this revival of that particular period is to be the rule, women, as is their wont, blindly follow it, and some are brave enough to adopt the coal-scuttle bonnet, in marked distinction to the small bonnets which are the general mode. Imagine, however, a coal-scuttle headgear made in fur—these are worn sometimes.

The most beautiful linings are introduced into this

season's fur mantles, the richest brocades, and many lovely tints of shot silk. They are rarely quilted now, but show in the wide hanging sleeves, some of which (but they are exceptional) fall over the hand. Watteau pleats and pleated capes have been adapted to velvet and sealskin mantles, though they are apt to be heavy and cumbersome. Lovely tones of grey cloth are edged with wolverine, which is greatly

LONG FUR TIPPET.

(*By permission of the Grafton Fur Co.*, 164, *New Bond Street, W. Photographed from life by Messrs. W. and D. Downey*, 57 *to* 61, *Ebury Street, S.W.*)

in favour, some of it closely allied to sable. The greatest ingenuity has been called into play in order to bring a diversity into the treatment of fur, and sable tails are now frequently laid on round the hem of garments, so that they seem to rest between the folds of the material. Those who cannot afford sable have to be content with Baum marten, which, however, is by no means an inexpensive fur.

The shot velvets so much worn this winter season are a constant delight by reason of the beauty of their colour, but where money is an object I would suggest that women should fall back upon the shot plushes, which are considerably cheaper and yet almost as lovely and as useful. These fabrics are employed for capes trimmed with narrow bands of fur, for cloaks that are lined with fur, and for sleeves and pelerines of contrasting material. A pretty set of a bonnet, cape and muff to match, made of shot velvet edged with bands of fur, is a gift which would delight most women.

In 1830 long boas were worn, and, as a matter of course, in 1892 boas are worn also; but our English climate must have been warmer then, for many of the prints of those days show women with low bodices, long sleeves and hats, and no other protection for the neck than a boa twisted twice round it. We should fare badly in such gear now. Our old friend the squirrel is much in demand, and for the first time squirrel tail is used for trimming. I much prefer it to skunk, which is always evil-smelling, do what you will, and it has a better appearance than the natural genet.

Furs really require an education, for there is much to learn about them. Certainly one of the prettiest novelties is the Persian lamb, or astrakan, which is now to be had as smooth as satin. Tudor mantles are still worn, always provided there is a full cape. Waistcoats of fur are introduced into many of them, and a favourite tone of cloth, which shows off fur to great advantage, is a colour known as "Columbus," for of late many things have gone by that name in honour of the great discoverer of America. One fact is certain, the more voluminous the folds in which the mantles hang, the more fashionable they are, and the amount of material used in one cloak is quite wonderful. Snuff-brown cloth shows off fur well, also the new Russian chenille velvet. Fur muffs are large for carriage wear but much smaller for walking, and pockets are an essential part of them.

The cloak in the picture, made by Messrs. Peter Robinson, of Oxford Street, is long and voluminous, made somewhat after the form of the Russian dolman in rich brocade trimmed with Thibet goat, either white or tinted, to match the silk—a new departure; and few furs adapt themselves so well to dyeing.

The capes of many of the cloaks are movable, and can be worn apart from them for evening. A new feature of the capes is that they open at the centre of the back. To meet the requirements of the large dress sleeves the sleeves of the jackets are lined with silk and are of unusual size.

Tinsel corduroy is employed for mantles and dresses, and is quite one of the newest fabrics; the ground is black, and on it are close-set rows of what appears to be Russian braid, in pink, blue, or some other colour, in which are flecks of tinsel thread, the whole being interwoven in one piece. It is one of the most effective fabrics now worn.

Young girls favour more silk than any other material for evening wear; such dresses are simply made with plain skirts which just touch the ground. They are sometimes not trimmed at all, sometimes bordered with bands of velvet, sometimes with twisted rouleaux of velvet. Now these are quite easy to make when you

know how, but that knowledge is necessary. The material used is generally velvet, cut on the cross and folded, with a slight layer of wadding in the centre; it should have a twist in it, which enables it to show soft folds in the material, and this is very effective. Two such rouleaux are intertwisted very loosely. Short waists are *de rigueur*, they end mostly in a wide belt or a band of the material on the cross. It is the upper part of the low bodice which, however, should be stylishly trimmed; the newest treatment is a turn-down cape overshadowing a large puffed sleeve. The effect desired to be produced is sloping shoulders.

Women have, however, taken kindly to the veritable make of bodice which is often called the "Josephine." It ends immediately below the bust which is sometimes outlined by a band of trimming crossing back and front. A year ago we should have imagined that such a bodice was certainly pretty, but, curiously enough, we learn to admire not everything that is *à la mode*, and, truth to tell, the dressmakers are so skilful in the way in which they contrive to show off the figure to advantage that young girls are accepting it with avidity. Some of them modify it in this way. An ordinary short-waisted bodice, silk or satin, has over it a falling of either beaded net or embroidered tulle, which, gathered to a band at the top of the bodice, falls to the feet. This has all the effect of the "Josephine" style, without interfering with the natural line of the waist, and it is associated with all the pictures of Pamela and her day—the spinets, the long couches, and the beautiful forms in furniture which we are only too glad to resuscitate now.

BROCADED CLOAK.

(Specially photographed from life by Messrs. W. & D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W., by permission of Messrs. Peter Robinson, Oxford Street, W.)

FELT AND VELVET HATS.

(By permission of Madame Argentine, 54, Brook Street, W. Photographed from life by Messrs. W. & D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.)

The hat illustrated herewith emanates from Madame Argentine's pretty show-rooms, 54, Brook Street. It is of felt bound with velvet; the new upstanding satin ribbon bow at the back and ostrich feathers in front—a fashionable and most becoming style.

Hats are nearly all large and picturesque, save a few toques, and the Hussar busby with a feather aigrette at the side. The astrakan busby is evidently borrowed from Hungarian sources, but is much in favour now in London. Sable tail and mink tail are introduced into the winter hats, and match the trimmings on the cloaks. These generally take the form of large lapels.

A GOSSIP FROM BOOKLAND.

"THE king is dead—long live the king!" The new "House" is still very young, and we can none of us forget that which it has succeeded. It is too early yet to estimate the effect of "The Salisbury Parliament," and Mr. Lucy makes no attempt to do it in the handsome volume which has just been issued by Messrs. Cassell & Co. What he does is to gather together the impressions of a very close observer of the most striking incidents in the career of the late Parliament. Lords and Commons, Ministers and private members, men who are still with us, and men who, alas! are gone, are all passed briefly and brightly in review. Mr. Furniss's clever sketches, of course, add greatly to the interest and value of the book, which will preserve, for readers to whom the incidents in the last Parliament will be a matter of history, the personal appearance, the peculiarities and the demeanour of the men who contributed to make or mar its fortunes. In the illustrations we have portrait-sketches of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Balfour, the late Mr. W. H. Smith and Mr. Parnell, together with many others whose names are less familiar to the ordinary reader of parliamentary debates. Nothing is more remarkable than the influence which men, whose names are hardly known to the average reader, exert upon the proceedings of the House, as we may see again and again in Mr. Lucy's graphic word-sketches. Some of his reminiscences of the men who have gone are very interesting, notably those of John Bright, whose nervousness, as Mr. Lucy recalls it, is very little remembered. The amusing effect produced by the appearance of a Bishop, fresh from the House of Lords and arrayed in full canonicals, walking about the lobby of the House of Commons, is very curious. "A hush fell over the eager throng," says Mr. Lucy, "as the bishop, halting within the doorway, crossed his hands and surveyed the scene. There was a general vague impression that something was going to happen—a funeral, a wedding, or peradventure a confirmation service." But it was not so; the bishop only wanted to talk with one of her Majesty's ministers, and, in his haste to catch the busy man, had not waited to remove his robes. The book abounds in good stories and in pleasant pictures of the men who make our laws, and mould the history of to-day.

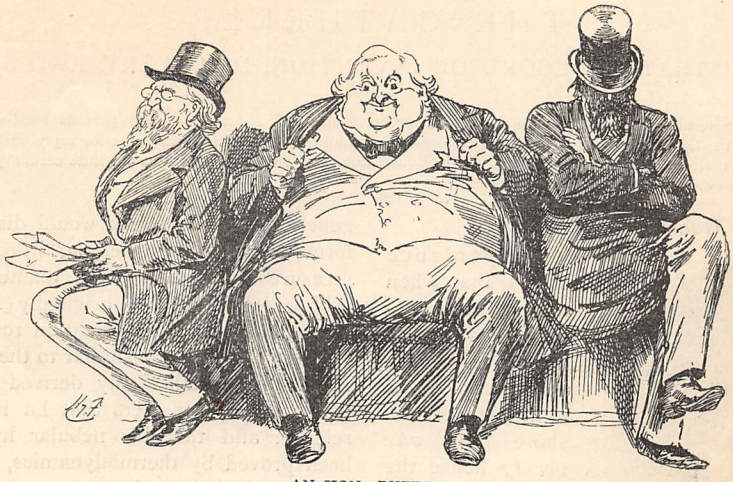
"A SUITABLE ACCESSORY."
(*From "The Salisbury Parliament."*)

The last word on Columbus has evidently not yet been written. Mr. Clements R. Markham contributes to Messrs. Philips's series on the "World's Great Explorers" a volume on the discoverer of America, *a propos* of the four-hundredth anniversary of that event. He gives us a very good insight into the geographical knowledge of Columbus' time, some very interesting portraits of the traveller, and is throughout succinct in his telling of the story of the man's life and character. He himself acknowledges the value of Washington Irving's famous book, but he has given us, in this volume, a later and more compact work. The maps by which it is accompanied are marvels of completeness.

From the biography of a great explorer to that of a stay-at-home artist is a strange transition, but to Mr. Alfred T. Story's two volumes of the life of John Linnell (Richard Bentley & Son) there attaches an interest far above the common. Many of us remember the famous artist, who died only some ten years ago, but we knew little or nothing of the beautiful character which animated the whole of his life—private as well as artistic. The principle which was his guiding star he maintained from the very outset down to the last pathetic interview with Holman Hunt, which is described in the volume. We have not space to refer in detail to the reproductions of some of Linnell's pictures which are given in the pages of Mr. Story's work, but we must commend these handsome and most readable volumes to all lovers, not only of art, but of consistent living up to a high ideal of life.

Our readers cannot have forgotten "Lady Lorrimer's Scheme," which was contributed to our last volume by Mrs. Cuthell. It is interesting to meet her in another capacity in bookland, in the telling of a splendid story for children, entitled "Only a Guard-Room Dog." It is full of interest and life, and very nicely illustrated. In fact, it is just the thing for a prize or a present at this time of the year.

New names spring quickly into note in bookland.



AN HON. BUFFER.
(*From "The Salisbury Parliament."*)

It is not many months since the author of "In a Canadian Canoe" was unknown, and now his fresh and humorous style wins him many readers. In "Playthings and Parodies" (Cassell & Co.) Mr. Barry Pain has collected a number of pleasant sketches, most of which have been previously published in various periodicals. Best of all, to our thinking, is the series of "Home Pets," which, for concentrated satire, have rarely been surpassed.

It was only last month that we were speaking of lady-writers, and now here we have another volume on the same subject, and this time from the pen of a lady-writer of no mean eminence, Mrs. L. B. Walford. She calls her volume "Twelve English Authoresses," and the publishers are Messrs. Longmans & Co. The authoresses—we thought nobody spoke of authoresses nowadays, they are all authors—range from Hannah More and Fanny Burney to Mrs. Browning and George Eliot, and readers can complain of no lack of variety. The sketches are brief and all very readable.

Unfortunately the care of the sick is a matter which concerns every household at one time or another, so it behoves us to be prepared for the sad needs of such cases. In a little volume issued by Messrs. Cassell, under the title of "Our Sick, and How to Take Care of Them," Miss Florence Stacpoole fills some hundred and fifty small pages with hints at once practical and easily understood.

Now is the time for cards and books, for calendars and other seasonable mementoes of goodwill and friendship. Year by year it is increasingly difficult to say anything fresh about the cards and other greetings, but we must give a hearty word of praise and welcome to Messrs. Raphael Tuck's collection. Anything more dainty than the large calendar called "A Year's Sunshine" or the "Watteau Minuet Screen" it would be hard to conceive. The private autograph cards, and other cards too numerous to mention, are marvels of dainty production, artistic treatment, and careful colouring. Messrs. Raphael Tuck have always deserved a high place for such works; they will certainly not lower it by this year's selection.

The dainty boxes of fancy stationery which Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode issue have now become a regular feature at this time of the year, and certainly they would serve as an admirable present for ladies. On the letter paper in each box is artistically printed a representation of a certain flower, and amongst the assortment are included heliotrope, marguerites, and heartsease. The various delicate perfumes with which the paper is scented render it specially attractive.

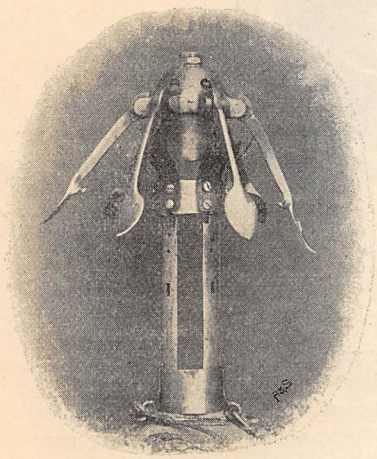
It was a happy idea which induced Messrs. Marion to issue their now well-known photograph mounts, which are at once pretty and useful, and afford an opportunity of conveying seasonable greetings in a more individual form than the conventional card. The specimens which they send us are very varied, and include many new shapes and sizes, the latest being in the form of a hansom cab, the front of which, when swung open, is intended to disclose the photograph of the sender. They are all alike carefully produced, and the tints and designs are very charming.

THE GATHERER:

AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF INVENTION, DISCOVERY, AND SCIENCE.

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.

The Rocket Grapnel.



THE GRAPNEL OPEN.

Experience shows that when a ship is in distress near land it is better if the vessel can throw a life-line to the shore than *vice versâ;* hence the rocket grapnel which we illustrate. The grapnel itself is shown in Fig. 1, and is loaded in a rocket gun as shown in Fig. 2. It carries a line attached, and when it reaches the land strikes its flukes into the ground.

A Knife for New Bread.

The "Christy" bread knife, which has achieved a considerable measure of popularity in the United States, has lately been introduced to this country. The edge is not ground in one straight line, like an ordinary table-knife, but in a series of reflex curves ground on one side only. This has the effect of producing a set of tooth-like corrugations; but in this knife the whole of the cutting edge, and not the teeth alone, is sharpened. For soft bread and for cake these new knives should be very popular.

How the Sun grew Hot.

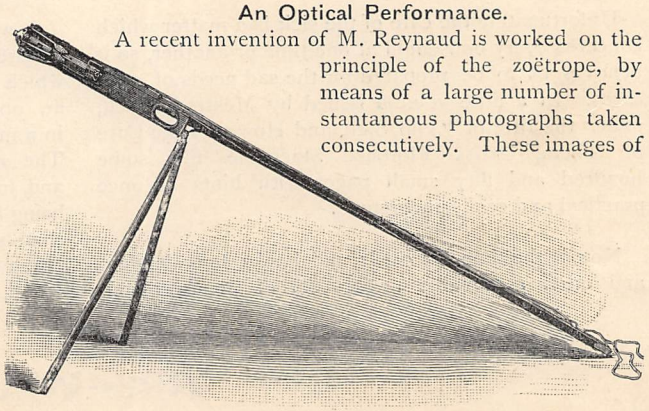
Lord Kelvin, P.R.S., our great mathematical physicist, has been considering the question of the origin of the solar heat, and has adopted the theory of La Place, namely, that the sun and its system was formed from a gaseous nebula. Such a nebula could, he calculates, be produced by an enormous number of small bodies, such as asteroids and meteorites, or by a small number of large bodies, such as planets and their satellites falling together by gravitation. To give some idea of the requirements he imagines twenty-nine millions of cold solid globes, each as massy as the moon, dotted over the surface of a sphere having a radius equal to the diameter of the earth's orbit. If these fell together in one mass the heat generated by the shock would dissipate them in the form of a gaseous nebula, whose diameter would measure twenty times the diameter of the earth's orbit. If the globes originally had certain movements, equivalent to a rotation round a central axis, this nebula would be similar to the nebula from which La Place hypothetically derived the solar system. Lord Kelvin considers that La Place was a seer of science, and that his nebular hypothesis has now been proved by thermodynamics, the modern science of heat. This investigation seems to throw some light on the "process of the suns," and the economy of creation. Science tells us that our earth and the other planets will some time be old and exhausted, in short, dead. What becomes of the defunct planets? Apparently they fall together by gravity, and generate a nebula from which develops a new system of worlds. In the case of the solar system, perhaps the centrifugal force which keeps the planets in their orbits round the sun by counteracting its gravitation, will gradually become weaker, owing, it may be, to ethereal friction, and when they have become aged will be drawn into the sun, which by then may have become aged too, as sung by Ossian :—

> "But thou art perhaps like me for a season,
> And thy years shall have an end,
> Thou shalt sleep in sky clouds
> Careless of the voice of the morning."

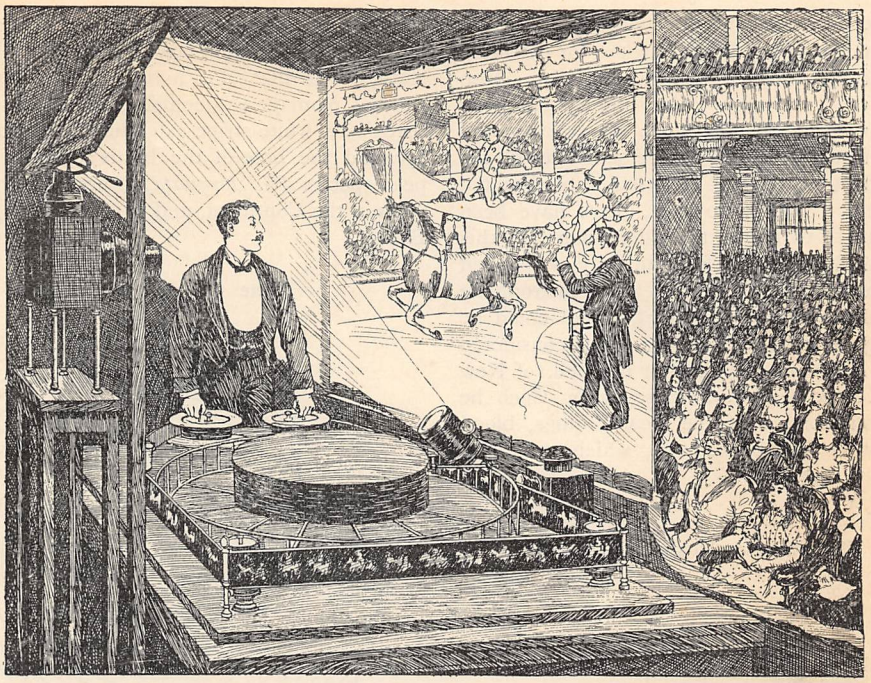
Thus from the decrepit system a new one will arise and this process of birth and death may go on to the end of time, unless Lord Kelvin's theory of the "dissipation of energy" be true, and there is a "universal tendency in Nature" to run down like a clock. In this case the cosmical process must come to an end at last, and the universe to a standstill, until an act of creative power gives it a fresh start.

An Optical Performance.

A recent invention of M. Reynaud is worked on the principle of the zoëtrope, by means of a large number of instantaneous photographs taken consecutively. These images of

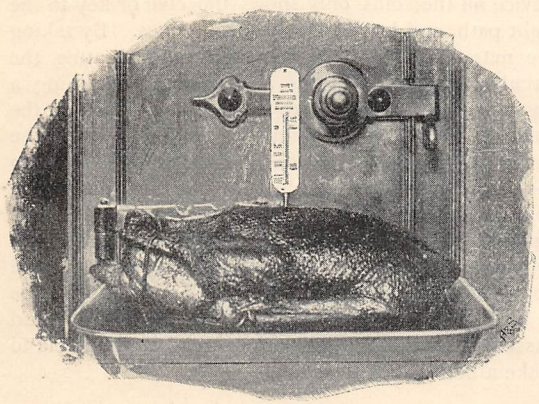


THE GRAPNEL CLOSED.



AN OPTICAL PERFORMANCE.

an actual performance by living actors, are impressed on a long strip of photographic transparency, and their number is such that every successive posture of the actor is shown. When such a strip is run through a zoëtrope, and the successive images projected on the screen one after another so quickly that the eye cannot detect any interval between them, the successive images blend in one, and give an appearance of animation to the figures. Thus all the action of the play can be represented by the magic lantern after the manner shown in our illustration, where the operator is visible working the apparatus behind the screen.



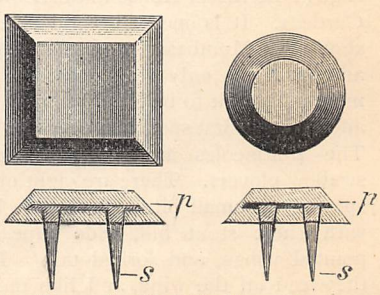
An Indicating Cooking-Skewer.

A most ingenious device is shown in the accompanying illustration, and has recently been patented. It consists of a skewer, enclosing a column of mercury, and surmounted by an indicator with a brass front. On the brass is marked the point which, experience has shown, should be reached by the mercury if the meat or bread is properly cooked. The skewer is pushed into the centre of the joint or dish in question, directly it is taken from the oven or fire, and in about forty-five seconds—if the food has been adequately cooked throughout — the mercury will rise to the given mark. So delicate is this test that if one side of a joint is not so well done as the other, the column of mercury will be appreciably lower when the skewer is thrust into the former, than when it is placed in the latter.

Rolling Stones.

If Australia has its travelling stones so has Nevada. The latter are about the size of a walnut, but are quite round, and appear to be nodules containing magnetic iron ore. When sprinkled over a smooth surface they begin to roll together and form a cluster.

A Rubber Stud.

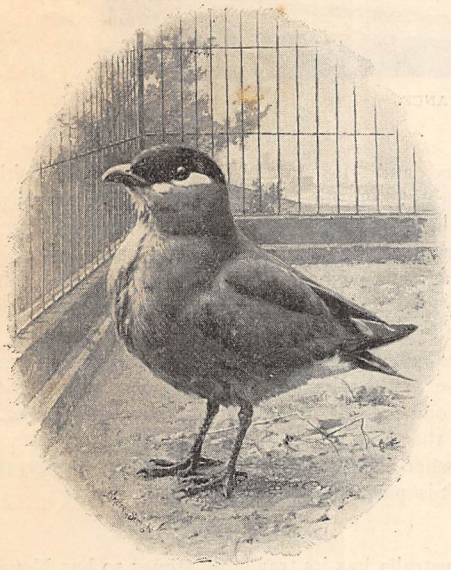


Our engraving shows two forms of a new stud or nail which can be used for boot soles or fixing carpets, matting, and so on. The stud consists of an iron plate, *p*, with projecting spikes, *s*, and the plate is surrounded with vulcanised india-rubber.

The Microphone in Medicine.

The microphone of Professor Hughes, for detecting sounds too feeble for the unaided ear, has been applied to the stethoscope by more than one physician; but, probably owing to its delicacy and want of electrical knowledge or of perseverance on the part of the doctors, its use in auscultation has not become general. Lately, however, there have been renewed attempts to adopt the microphone for this purpose. Not long ago a Russian lady was saved from premature burial by means of a microphone placed over the region of her heart, which could be heard beating, although she had been considered quite dead. More recently Doctor Bleydell, of New York, has invented a micro-stethoscope, by which he can distinguish sounds of the heart, lungs, blood vessels, and other parts of the body, which are wholly inaudible to the ear alone.

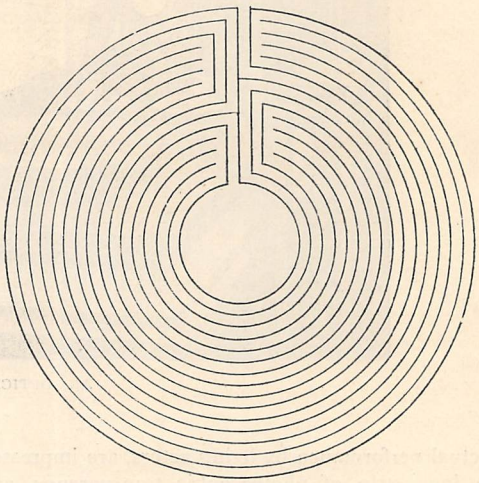
The African Pratincole.



Among the many specimens brought home by Mr. Frank Finn from his African expedition, one of the most interesting is the African Pratincole (*Glareola ocularis*), now in a cage in the Insect House in the Zoological Gardens. It is one of several that were shot near Mombasa, in Eastern Africa, and as it was only winged careful treatment enabled it to be brought home alive, and it is the first specimen ever exhibited. The pratincoles are sometimes called swallow plovers. There are eight or nine species, all small birds, of slender build, with short stout bill, wide gape, long pointed wings, and forked tail. Like the swallows they feed on the wing, and like the plovers they run very swiftly, nest on the ground, and the young are clothed with down and able to run about as soon as hatched. The middle claw is furnished with comb-like teeth, as is that of a heron or a goatsucker. The general plumage is greenish-grey, mixed with white; there is a white stripe extending backwards from the eye, and the base of the bill is reddish. The European species (*G. torquata*) breeds in the southern parts of the Continent, and is an occasional visitor to Britain.

MIDDLE CLAW OF AFRICAN PRATINCOLE. (*Twice the natural size.*)

The Cretan Labyrinth.

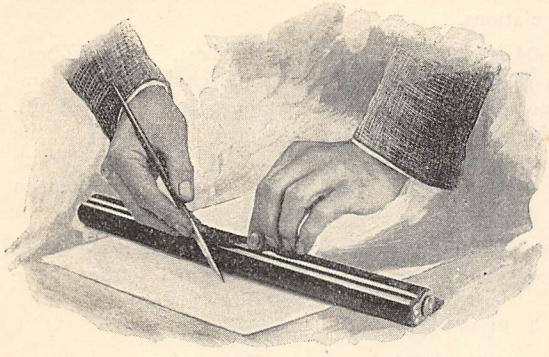


The existence of a maze or labyrinth at Gnossus, Crete, is borne out by the legend of Theseus slaying the Minotaur in its heart by the help of Ariadne, who gave him a thread to pay out behind him as a clue in penetrating its recesses, and also by the fact that old coins of Crete exhibit the figure of a labyrinth. Some of the mazes on these coins are circular, others rectangular, but the internal arrangement is the same in all, and consists of a roundabout path which leaves the traveller no choice of route or chance of error. Hence Mr. Richard Inwards has surmised that the device on the coins only shows the clue or key to the right path, and leaves out the wrong ones. By taking the maze as shown on the coins and treating the circular dividing walls as *double*, each containing a passage of the same width as the road shown on the coins, he obtains the genuine labyrinth, as seen in the accompanying figure, which is difficult to explore to the centre even when seen at a glance on paper. The coin device is simply each alternate circle of this one. To give the key in brief—avoid every alternate circle or path. Such a labyrinth helps us to understand how useful the coloured thread of Ariadne might be to Theseus, because on returning to any place he had passed he would find his own thread, and be able to make a better start next time.

A Spurting Lizard.

The "horned toad" of Texas and California, a species of lizard (*Phrynosoma coronatum*) has the singular gift of squirting a red fluid resembling blood

from its eye when it is irritated or excited. One of these animals was recently captured by Mr. Meriam's exploring party and examined by Mr. O. P. Hay, of the National Museum, Washington, who found the liquid to be real blood. One day, while holding the lizard in his hands and stroking its horns, he saw the jet of blood suddenly spurt from its right eye over his fingers.



A New Ruler.

The ruler which we illustrate is formed so that the pen does not ink its side and so smear the paper. Moreover it allows plenty of room for the fingers, and does not constrain the freedom of the pen in ruling a line.

Breathing Exercise.

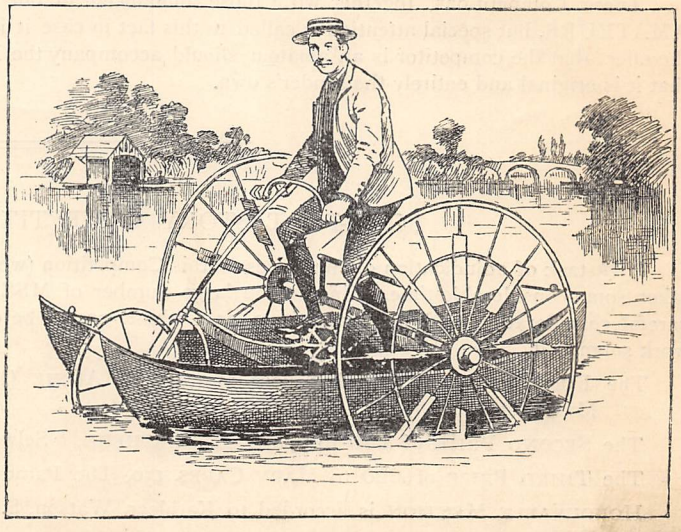
The "athemgymnastic" of Dr. P. Niemeyer is an exercise in breathing, performed twice or thrice a day, taking each time some fifty or sixty breaths. The inhalation is made slowly, deliberately, pleasurably, and with the fullest attention and intention, through the nose. In this way the air is forced into the smaller air passages and the blood thoroughly oxygenated. The practice is strongly recommended by German doctors, especially for brain-workers and persons of sedentary habits, who are apt to form habits of incomplete breathing, and stint their bodies of oxygen.

Chinese Silkworm Gut.

Some attention has recently been drawn in a report to the Foreign Office by the British Consul at Kiungchow to a substance known as silkworm gut. It may not be generally known that the so-called gut line used by anglers is the produce of the ordinary silkworm and is prepared in Spain; it is evenly round, almost like wire, and very strong, retaining its tenacity and strength for a very long period. Whether this substance could be substituted or even supplemented by the Chinese product was the question lately raised by the British Consul at Kiungchow as well as by an English resident at Foochow. The identification of the insect furnishing this gut has never been accurately determined, though in the *Kew Bulletin* for October, where the subject was discussed, it is suggested that it may possibly be *Attacus Pernyi*. The insect, however, feeds on a tree known as the Fung or Feng tree (*Liquidambon Formosana*), and the mode of obtaining the gut is thus described:—Near the end of June small boys are set to watch under the trees for the worms to descend, lowering themselves on their own threads. They do not come down till they are ready to spin. As soon as a worm descends it is at once caught and broken and the silk gut there and then extracted, steeped in vinegar, washed, and drawn out. The small boys are always provided with vinegar and water when in the capture, as the operation brooks of no delay. If the worms are kept at all, the gut is useless and will not draw. Each gut, if properly managed, will draw out to twenty or thirty feet. The gut is dried in a shady place, and is then rolled up and considered ready for use. This gut is used for fishing lines in China, where it is said to cost from 6s. 6d. to 7s. per pound. In the form in which samples of this gut have been sent to England it does not appear to have been favourably received, but it is possible that it might be better prepared if the subject were more fully persevered in, and the substance might become a valuable commodity. The samples received at Kew are now shown in the museum of that establishment.

A Road and River Cycle.

The combined tricycle and boats shown in the figure is an American invention for road and river travel. Twin boats are fastened to a tricycle having wheels fitted with paddles, and when in the water they can be guided by the steering wheel, which is made as a circular disc. The boats can be disconnected from the tricycle at will, and serve to hold luggage, fishing tackle, and other paraphernalia.



THE CYCLE IN USE ON THE WATER.

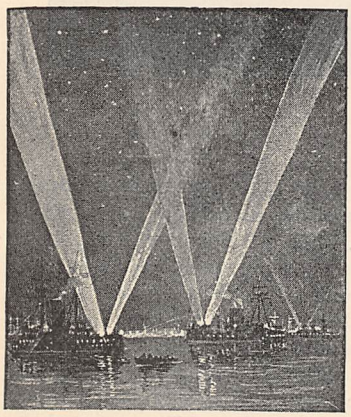
HER MORNING RIDE.

(*Drawn by* G. L. Seymour.)

THE POETRY OF THE SEARCH-LIGHT.

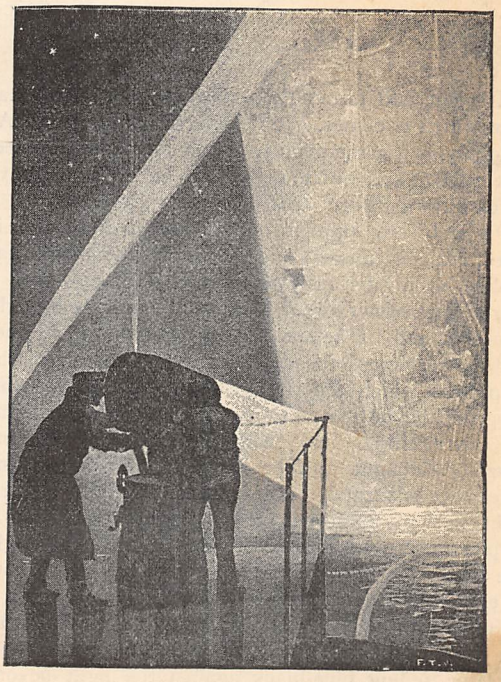
ILLUSTRATED BY FRED T. JANE.

"ALL THE AIR IS FILLED WITH A BLINDING LIGHT, APPARENTLY CIRCLING ROUND AND ROUND" (*p.* 164).



WHEN the "bloodless warfare" of the naval manœuvres is in progress countless stories are told along the coast of the havoc wrought by the electric search-light. Romantic walks on lonely cliff paths are disturbed by a flash from the deep. Night is turned into day, and chanticleer feels in duty bound to apprise his neighbours of the fact. The gas burning on parades and sea-walls pales its ineffectual glare, and the dazzled, winking watchers of the strange lights from the sea are unfeignedly thankful when the beams are turned in some other direction. So far they have experienced its prose, now they may hope to see something of what may well be called its poetry. The weird mystery of its ever-changing effects, whose infinite variety is constantly presenting familiar objects in a new aspect, the strong light and shade of its pictures, and the rapidity with which they succeed one another, combine to produce on their observer an impression as lasting as it is impossible of exact repetition.

The advantages or disadvantages of the search-light in the dread event of war belong most decidedly to the ultra-prosaic side of its character.



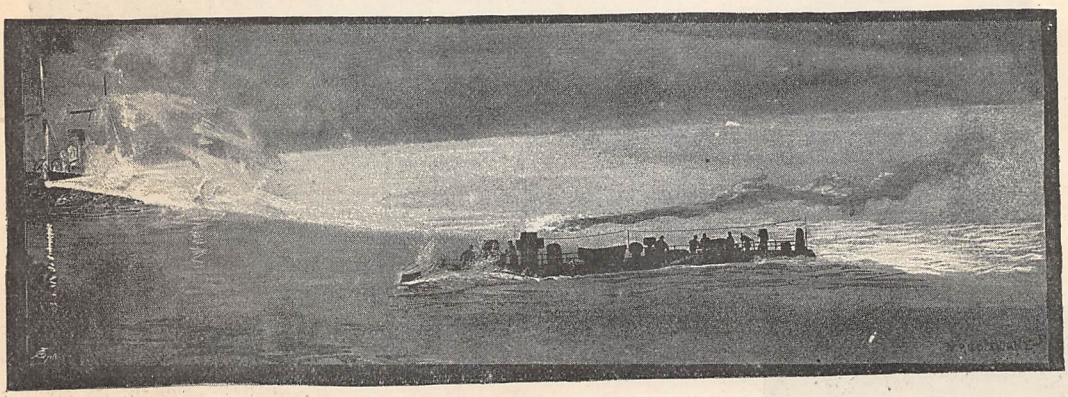
WORKING THE SEARCH-LIGHT.

Experts are at variance on the question, and expressing the hope that it will long remain of purely academic interest to European nations, we are content to leave it in their hands. We are concerned only with the strange effects of light and shade and the peculiar tricks of form and colour which are produced by the use of the light and which would presumably be the same in time of war as in these "piping times of peace."

Whatever effect is produced by the light on observers on the shore is certainly not lessened when the search-light is brought to bear upon observers at sea. From how near or far none of us on the ship can do more than guess; a beam of light shoots hither and thither over the dark surface of the ocean. Suddenly the beam is lost, and in place of it we see a bright and blazing star. And then all the air is filled with a blinding light, apparently circling round and round, and forming a pathway direct to the star from which it comes. It is only for a moment. As suddenly as it came upon us it has gone, and we feel that even at sea, where night *can* be dark, we have never known before what darkness meant.

Probably our ship is one of a squadron, and is fitted, like her consorts and the vessel whose light has broken so mysteriously upon our darkness, with a search-light of her own. This will be quickly brought into play, and its beams in their turn will dart hither and thither across the dark waters in search of the ship from which the strange light flashed. In this progress the beams will cross and recross the lights of other ships, and will show at one minute dazzlingly opaque and the next as a transparent film. Every eye is turned to the quarter whence the first light flashed upon us. If the light come from a torpedo-boat and fortune favour us we shall sight the boat in a few minutes, but it may be an hour or even more before we do so, for her commander, if he wished to escape detection, would naturally avoid the direct path of the light from his ship. But, sooner or later, telling blue-black against the light beyond her, we catch sight of the low-lying boat, which is passing through a beam and is speeding towards us. Now, in time of war, would be the "psychological moment" for the guns. But we are anxious only to keep the on-coming boat under observation. She is travelling fast, and we have to shift the light rapidly. Once again the beam falls upon the water, but it catches only the stern of the stranger, making it tell as light grey against dark. Nearer and nearer hastens the boat, darting this way and that in a vain endeavour to elude the blinding ray of ghostly light which follows her relentlessly. The weird mystery deepens as the space between us grows less, and distance, form, and colour are distorted and lost. As often as not we see from behind the light the boat which it is covering, as though it were travelling in the air or upon the bulwarks of our own ship.

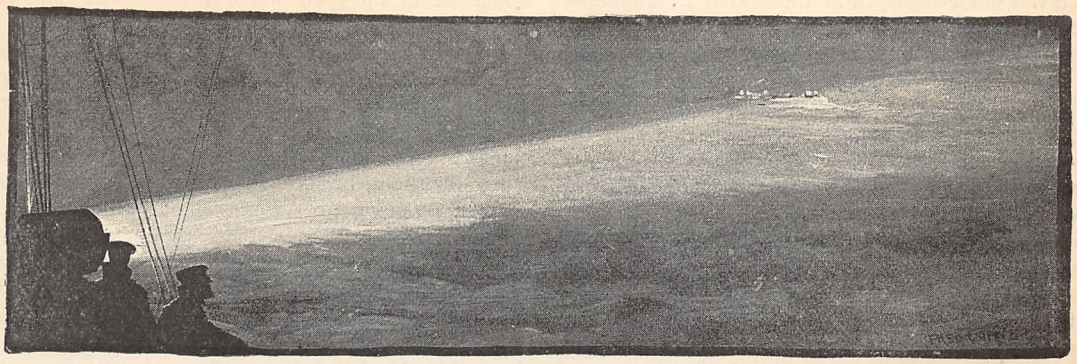
Weird and startling as is this effect, it is far surpassed by that which is given by the search-light



CAUGHT!

when it throws, as it often does, huge shadows on the sky. Not every state of the atmosphere is favourable to this phenomenon. Fog or smoke must be present in the air, which will then, being made opaque or semi-opaque, take the imprint of a shadow almost as surely as a blank wall on shore. Just in the same way one often sees on the water, when the sun is shining, the sharp shadow of a ship, formed where there is foam, though as a rule the water, being as transparent as the air, will not take a shadow. The same thing takes place with the search-light, only the light being so much nearer to the object than are the clouds upon which the shadow is thrown, the shadow often appears many times larger than the original, and a tiny boat will give a shadow moving along the clouds like a gigantic ghost ship.

Another curious trick of shadow is played by the search-light when the shadow is thrown upon a cliff or upon another ship. In that case, owing to the concentration of light, the shadow stands out by force of contrast apparently intensely black. The general weirdness, and destruction of form and distance, play their part in the illusion, no doubt. But when the shadow is that of a small boat, it is difficult at first

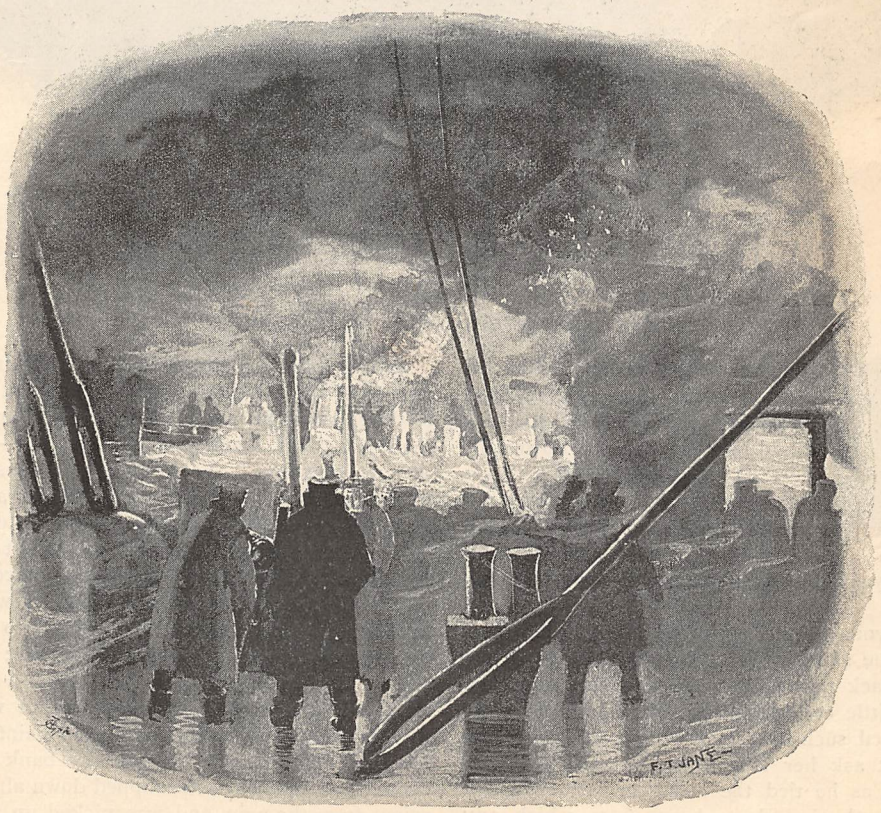


ALMOST TOO LATE.

to say which is substance and which shadow. So complete is the illusion at times that Admiral Sir Nowell Salmon, in the early days of search-lights, once chased what he thought was another boat under the cliffs of Milford Haven, only to find after he had gone a considerable distance that he was pursuing the shadow of his own torpedo boat.

If instead of looking from behind the beam of light we look across it from any distance, another curious trick of shadow is to be seen: the masts and yards of a vessel caught in the beam will cast a shadow on a cliff or coast a mile or more away, and will even, under peculiar circumstances, tell on the beam itself as deep blue bars along the silvery grey. The beam is actually straight, but sometimes from a distance it takes the form of a slight white curve athwart the sky. Of course this is another illusion, due, in all probability, to the refraction of the light in passing through the different layers of atmosphere, more or less moist.

Strangest, in some ways, of all the spectral effects of light and shade which the search-light gives is one



ABSOLUTE DESTRUCTION OF FORM AND DISTANCE, CAUSED BY SEARCH-LIGHT.

which was often displayed at the Naval Exhibition—though it would hardly be fair to take the apparatus used there as fully illustrating the powers of those in use in the Navy. Falling upon the water, the beam of light is reflected to the sky in the wildest, weirdest manner. Sometimes one edge of the beam comes out sharply and the other is lost, more often the whole is vague and blurred, but always the scene is weird almost beyond description.

Just as shell may be answered by shell, and a torpedo attack be returned in kind, so may flash be responded to by flash, and beam meet beam. In warfare the search-light should prove very useful in keeping under observation an attacking boat, and one's first thought is she would inevitably serve as a splendid target for guns fired from behind the light. But what if the attacking boat could turn on a search-light as well as the attacked? Everything would then appear blurred and uncertain to the gunners, who would be in an even worse predicament than the Bisley marksman with the sun in his eyes.

It would be impossible to describe the effects of colour produced by the search-light when turned directly towards an observer, some of which are, of course, common to arc lights under all circumstances. The normal ray is a silvery white, but when the light burns badly, the ray appears surrounded by prismatic colours, among which violet is predominant. As a rule, those portions of the ship using the light that are caught in the ray stand out in a beautiful rose-pink. The water, where the light touches it, seems an intense, almost buttercup yellow fringed with emerald green, and shading off into deep blue-black shadow. No painter has yet attempted to grapple with these changing hues and strange effects. They are vivid almost beyond belief, and add in no slight degree to the poetry of the search-light.

STRAIGHT RAY, APPARENTLY CURVED (*p.* 165).

JACK AND JILL.

A ONE-CHAPTER STUDY IN HUMAN NATURE.

"I THINK you're *horrid!*" said Jill from the sofa, where she reclined in semi-invalid style, one foot encased in bandages—"downright *horrid;* yes, I do!" and her tone was suspiciously like tears. "*I* wouldn't go away all day skating by myself if *you* were ill and had to lie by. I'd stay home and be good to you, I would."

Jack, the young man addressed, was at the table, tying up some sandwiches cook had cut him. They would not pack tightly and evenly; truth to tell, he missed his little cousin's nimble fingers, which generally performed such-like small offices for him. But he could not ask her help now; she was so cross, he muttered, as he tied the string at last around a certain curiously-shaped package, from which any sandwiches must inevitably issue much dilapidated.

Sundry pricks made themselves felt in a hidden portion of John Ashton junior's frame, but impervious to their action, he assumed a lordly manner, and remarked: "Yes, that's just like you girls—dog-in-the-manger creatures! You'd make a fellow stay home a frost like this just because you were such a silly-ninny as to fall down and twist your ankle yesterday. You wouldn't have done it, either, if you hadn't been trying to beat *me* racing—which, of course, you couldn't."

This was too much for the heart of woman-child to bear. To lose the fun of skating; to have a bad aching pain all up one's ankle and leg; Jack to be angry; and, moreover, to be called a silly-ninny, when she had borne the nasty sprain without one cry yesterday, and had even limped painfully off the ice, and climbed part way up the bank with white determined lips, until she slipped down almost unconscious from the pain, and was picked up and carried home by a strange gentleman.

"Go! I don't want you home! I wouldn't go out with you if I could!" And Jill turned about, buried her face in the pillow, and subsided into a tearful, pitiful heap.

After a few more pricks somewhere within him, Jack walked out of the room with great dignity, remarking audibly, "Cry-baby!" and a minute later the house-door banged behind him.

Hearing the door close, Jill's tears came faster and faster. She gave herself up to luxurious misery. After a time she turned the old soft sofa pillow—it was getting so damp—and wondered sentimentally *could* people die of the combined effects of over-much weeping and a sprained foot? Would it take long to kill her? Suppose Jack came back that night and found her dead: how sorry he would be! What would he say? And with this pleasing and interesting subject for speculation, the tears came less quickly, finally ceased, and the extremity of woe-begoneness left her. Poor little Jill! She was such a warm-hearted little mortal, and absolutely devoted to her cousin Jack.

Ever since, when a tiny child, she had been sent over from India to her aunt's English home, she and Jack had been playfellows and friends. He was then a sunny-haired, blue-eyed boy of four, and she a dainty, delicate dark-eyed baby of three, who struggled off her aunt's lap, and would not be comforted for the loss of the dark ayah, who, having brought the child to England, went back to her own country to serve little Jill's mother again.

Jack surveyed the small stranger, the unwilling usurper of his place and his mother, with at first dismay, which speedily changed into interest, then concern, as her grief remained unabated.

He lifted his short pinafore in a vain attempt to wipe away her tears, and finding that unsuccessful, he trotted off to a corner of the nursery where, in a basket, lay his kitten—his greatest treasure—and returning with kitty grasped in his chubby arms, he proffered her to Jill.

Jill ceased her sobs; she put out a tiny hand and stroked the little black animal. She glanced up at the pretty fair boy who stood over her, charmed at the result of his happy inspiration, and finally put up her small face to his, and announced:

"Jill 'ill kiss 'oo, boy."

From that hour Jack and Jill's friendship began, and it had continued ever since; by no means smoothly, with many a childish quarrel, and with as many a perfect "make-up."

That evening Jack returned from his expedition, cold and rather cheerless of aspect, and though he took care to tell Jill he had had a *spiffing* time, he seemed to have no pleasant merry adventures to recount.

Jill had undergone a system of comforting and petting from auntie, so that the day's martyrdom had been fairly bearable. She had missed Jack dreadfully, and had given vent to long lugubrious sighs at intervals, when the thought of cutting through the air over the ice and her prisoner's state came too keenly before her. But, on the whole, she had been very fairly happy, and now, despite the aching pain, it was a very bright-faced little maiden who, drawn up by auntie's side, nodded unconcernedly to Jack across the tea-table.

Jill was on her dignity; Jack saw that at once. She and auntie were close friends, and chatted and had intimate jokes between each other all through tea-time, until Jack felt positively out in the cold; although, of course, he would not allow it even to himself.

"Just like a girl," he meditated: "crying this morning till she spoilt a fellow's skating; and then, when he comes home and means—perhaps—to be extra kind and forgiving, she is as jolly as a sand-boy, and hasn't missed one a bit! She is like old Mother Hubbard's dog!" And Jack took quite a vicious bite out of his bread and jam as a relief to his feelings.

Tea over, uncle and auntie went into the study to talk over business, and the children drew up on either side of the fire, Jill still on the sofa—which gave her a certain unfair advantage, Jack thought, his seat being only a low stool. They both gazed into the coals in dignified silence, but when Mary closed the door, carrying with her the last of the tea-things, the ice thawed.

"Did you *really* have a good time?" questioned Jill, somewhat pathetically: "as good as yesterday—before I hurt myself?"

"It was splendid!" said Jack emphatically. "Ice smoother than ever; not too crowded, either. Harry Sparke was there, and we raced each other—he beat, though," he added honestly.

Jill looked concerned. "What a shame!" she interjected warmly. "However was it, Jack? You're better than him—ever so much better generally! Why, you won against Tom even one day, and *he's* a *much* better skater than Harry!"

Jack was gratified at Jill's partisanship. He drew his stool nearer her couch and went into confidential details.

That night Uncle John carried up to bed a very happy little maiden. She put her arms round his neck, and gave him little squeezes all the way up the stairs, which were not exactly helpful to breathing or progress.

But Jill did not think of that, only of how Jack had confessed that he had missed her—Jill—awfully, and it had not been half so decent skating without her.

The years passed quickly by.

Jack went to boarding-school, and this was Jill's first real trouble. She had been too young to remember the parting with her parents, and the subsequent news of her mother's death did not affect her with anything beyond a passing sadness, for the child had no memory of the pretty dark-eyed young mother who had parted with her so tearfully and reluctantly years before.

Auntie, and uncle—yes, and most of all, Jack—made up Jill's little world. The far-away father she wrote arduous letters to every now and again—letters full of Jack—was only a name to her. But now Jack went away to school, and Jill moped and grew so pale without her playfellow that Mrs. Ashton became quite anxious. She urged on Jill to work hard at her own lessons to keep pace with Jack, and the child

caught at the idea, and worked with so much energy that they grew afraid she would overtax her strength. though anything was better than the continual listlessness.

The holidays were now Jill's heaven. To have Jack home again, grown so manly and strong too ; even though he did sometimes speak slightingly of her, and insist she must not always want to come with him : he must go with other fellows, and a girl would be terribly in the way. Still, to have him back was enough, and she, woman-like, was thankful for small mercies, and ever content to give more than she received.

Jack and Jill grew apace.

Jack was now a tall handsome lad, who developed a walking-stick and much anxiety over his personal appearance ; still at college, though an opening had been found for him in the North of England ; and Mrs. Ashton was already preparing for his departure thither, and, mother-like, wrapping many a sigh and loving wish in the clothes she folded away in the large black trunk that stood in Jack's room.

Jill had grown tall and slim, with shining brown eyes and curly hair. She still studied under a governess and masters, and the hidden thought, though she hardly recognised it, was to be so well educated that Jack should be proud of her one day when he discovered how much she knew. Then Jack left home, and it so happened that for two years he and Jill did not meet.

The first Christmas he did not return, the distance being great, and he had not long been in the situation. At midsummer, when he came, Jill was away visiting some of her father's relations, and although she begged to be allowed to return, and even shed bitter tears in secret over the disappointment, it was judged best she should finish her long-promised visit unbroken.

The second Christmas Jack inconsiderately caught a fever, and his mother hurried off to Newcastle to nurse her boy, Jill staying behind to make a Christmas for Uncle Ashton. The months went past, and now midsummer had come again, and Jack was coming home for a long vacation ; and Jill, though now more discreet and reserved, having come to woman's years, was yet the same loving Jill, and full of joyous anticipation.

Jill had grown older of late—older this last week, it seemed to her, for something very uncomfortable and unexpected had occurred. It was this : Mr. Hatton had wanted to marry her.

Mr. Hatton was an old friend of Jill's. Indeed, it was he who, years before, had carried home the plucky child from the ice, when even a tolerably bad sprain would not let her give in. That was the beginning of their acquaintance, but he had followed it up with inquiries, calls, many kindnesses to both the children, and as Jill grew up, prettier than ever, and with winning gentle ways, Mr. Hatton discovered that his life was a very empty, lonely affair, with his old maiden aunt as housekeeper, and would be a very sunny different thing if this little dark-eyed girl would learn to care for him.

He was a good deal older than she—quite old, in her youthful uncomplimentary estimation—but he had a heart somewhere : not worn out at all : a large warm one, and it had been growing year after year more full of Jill.

And at last it came about that he had told her so.

Poor little Jill ! She was so bewildered, and vexed, and sorry all at once, she hardly knew what she answered. Somehow her old friend was altering : she felt she was losing him, and that grieved her, yet she could never give him what he wanted.

"It *wasn't* my fault," sobbed Jill to herself afterwards. "Oh dear ! I *wish* he hadn't looked so sorry about it ; but he might have known, of course, I belong to Jack—he told me so long, long ago—and I shouldn't ever think of marrying anyone else." And Jill almost smiled in the midst of her distress as she remembered when she and Jack had plighted youthful vows, and she was pledged to him with the ring off an ancient umbrella—she had it yet, that little old tarnished ring, put tenderly away with many letters in round schoolboy hand, beginning one and all : "My own darling little Jill."

Yes, if Jack did not want her, she thought later that same day, she would never marry anyone ; she would grow up a nice old maid, not cranky, but——and a soft shy smile crept up into Jill's eyes, and stayed there.

There was a great deal in that "but." Jack was coming home; she thought of their long years of friendship, and looked contentedly at her pretty face in the opposite mirror, feeling glad at heart she was not quite as old and ugly as—well, poor old Miss Hatton, for instance.

Jack came : a long-limbed, broad-shouldered, fair-haired young fellow, with as pleasant a smile as one could wish to see, and such a genial hearty way about him. He quickly fell into the old merry familiar ways.

Jill's summer began with his arrival, and what a summer it was ! Long misty happy days boating on the river, picnics and friendly merry-makings ; there were extra little festivities that summer, as there was talk of Jill's going out to India on a long visit to her unknown father, and everyone wanted to show their kindly feeling to the girl before she left. There were lazy days in the old garden, all deep in books, though no story seemed so sweet to Jill as her own little story being written in that sunny summer weather.

She would often question Jack about his Newcastle life, but on this subject he was not so communicative as cousin and mother wished, and somehow the talk quickly glided back to the present or past days they had spent together.

Mrs. Ashton often watched the two, and smiled. She was too wise a woman to say aught by look or word. Motherless Jill was almost as dear to her as her own child, and if—if—the two drifted along the stream of boy and girl affection out into the sea of man and woman love, she would only be rejoiced. It looked like it, these weeks, but she waited silently, and not even to her husband did she hint her thought.

It was towards the end of the holidays that the Ashtons gave a picnic to a little seaport town twelve miles

distant. Only real friends were invited; they were to drive in a high brake, while Jack had hired a trap, and announced his intention of driving Jill in it himself. There was a general outcry at merry Jill's monopoly in this fashion, but Jack settled it in his good-tempered, determined way; and so it was.

Jill looked very charming that morning. She wore a soft white frock and big shady hat. Her ordinary pale cheeks had the faintest flush upon them, her eyes were radiant, and her hair went in the prettiest conceivable of ways around brow and neck and ears. Jack was moved to outspoken admiration of his fair cousin.

"You *do* look jolly!" he remarked approvingly. "What have you been doing to yourself, Jill? You were always pretty, but to-day——" and he looked puzzled as to wherein the difference lay.

Jill laughed her soft girlish laugh. "I'm happy," she said; "and I mean to-day to be the very nicest day of all our holiday!"

They flew over the hard white road and bowled along the country lanes, with soon the shining sea in the distance.

The hay lay cut; men and women were busy tossing and raking; corn-fields were taking a yellow shade; larks mounted from the fields as they sped past, and flung down on them cheery, beautiful songs.

"JILL STILL LOOKED AWAY" (*p.* 170).

Jack and Jill did not talk very much. The mare was skittish, and wanted all Jack's attention, and Jill was too contented for speech. After a time, when Kitty went more steadily, Jack spoke.

"Jill," he said; "I want to tell you something."

She was looking away from him, and he noted her white throat and the delicate curve of cheek and chin outlined against the blue sky.

"I've been wanting to tell you ever since I have been home—you and mother—but somehow I didn't seem able——" Jill turned to him with a somewhat startled expression, then looked away skyward again.

"Jill dear, I know you will be glad; you're such

a staunch little friend : better than any sister. I have never even wanted one with you, but now you will have one of your own, and I'm sure you'll love her. You couldn't help caring for her. I couldn't, and—and—it was just a month before I came home that I told her so, and we became engaged——"

Jill still looked away. Her old plucky spirit did not fail her, but she could not have then either moved or spoken had her life depended on it.

Jack went on : a shade chilled by this quiet reception of his great news ; but it soon passed.

"I ought to have told you all before. I can't think how it is I did not. I mean to tell the parents to-night, and as soon as possible I want them to ask Carol down to stay. Carol! isn't it a pretty name, Jill? She was born on Christmas Day, so they named her that. Why, how white you look!" he suddenly exclaimed, breaking off. "Did Kitty frighten you with that last shy? Don't be afraid, dear ; I can manage her."

Jill gave a little smile. "I'm stupid," she said. "Do you mind stopping at the next farm for a cup of water? I shall be all right then."

Jack was genuinely distressed. "You poor little thing!" he said. "Just see how quietly she is going. We'll stop here for some water." And after Jill had sipped a little, they drove on again.

Jack continued the conversation. He seemed to have so much to say that he did not notice the small share Jill took in the talk.

And Jill sat still and cold, though the sun was blazing down upon her. The fields and the trees flew past, and she never noticed. A tiny dead bird lay on the roadside ; that she saw. Her heart gave quick, uneven beats. She felt faint and sick, and there was darkness everywhere. But the dead bird, with the flowers nodding over it, stood clearly out.

That night, driving back, someone else occupied the seat by Jack's side ; Jill preferred the brake. She had not yet got over her fright, he thought, she still looked very white : but had he heard the way the girl laughed, so lightly and merrily, leading the fun of the party, he might have been perplexed.

That same night Jack told his mother of his engagement. "Does Jill know?" was her question.

"Yes, I told her this morning," said Jack ; and then Mrs. Ashton understood, but was too loyal to brave-hearted Jill to make any remark.

"Poor little Jill! My poor little girl!" her loving heart was saying, and yet she could not blame her son. It was natural, brought up together as they had been, that he had for her only the old brotherly love. She tried to give him all the sympathy she could, and hid her own keen disappointment. He need not know of Jill, she thought : that could do no good now, and would only sadden his joy, poor fellow!

So she asked of Carol, and talked of Carol, and made promises about Carol ; though her heart was away with Jill, and, she thought, it is best she is going to India now.

His mother's question, "Does Jill know?" came back to Jack afterwards in a queer, haunting way.

"Does Jill know?" Why Jill? Why not his father first? Let it not be that! The thought was unbearable.

He sought Mrs. Ashton again. He must have this horrible fear laid once and for all.

"Mother," he began hoarsely, and his young face was lined with anxiety, "you do not think—oh, it cannot, must not be!—that—that—Jill——"

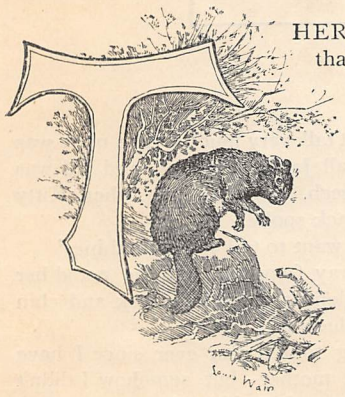
He gave one look at his mother's sorrowful face, and, with a groan, left the room.

Poor Jack ; and, poor Jill!

Next month Jill sailed for India. A. V.

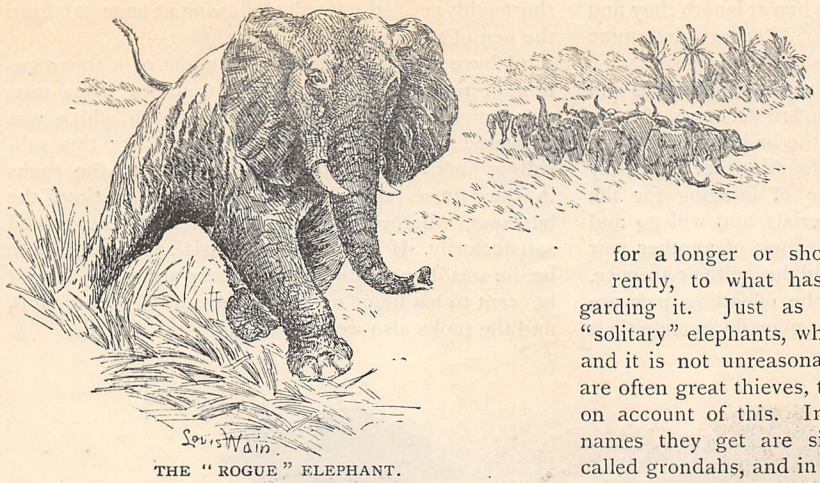
ANIMAL TRIALS BY JURY.

BY ALEX. H. JAPP, LL.D., F.R.S.E., AUTHOR OF "EXPRESSION IN ANIMALS," ETC.



THERE can be no doubt that in animals the sense of justice is more or less developed, and that in some instances it reaches a very high level. Not only do they individually exercise the revenge for injuries which Lord Bacon defined as a kind of wild justice ; but, in certain circumstances, they will combine for protection, and actually proceed precisely as men do in parliaments and in law courts against enemies to the common good. This is especially noticeable among certain orders of birds, but it is not unknown amongst mammals either ; the most careful observers and the closest thinkers, however sceptical of many stories, having to admit that, in not a few of the most remarkable cases reported, there could be no room to doubt that animals had instituted law courts, conducted what were really trials by jury, and appointed certain of their number to see the sentence carried out—that is, to act as executioners of the will of the majority, or of the whole met in solemn council. A few of the most striking and thoroughly verified instances may be given, and, we think, cannot fail of interest for our readers.

Among the beavers it is undoubted that courts were held, and judicial functions exercised, and the sentences



THE "ROGUE" ELEPHANT.

carried out with most exact discipline. This is proved by the fact that near to every beaver settlement there exists a class of what are called "bachelor beavers." This is composed of two sections, old males who had lost their mates and were held to be no longer of true use to the community, and younger "bachelors" who had been expelled the settlement for misconduct, idleness, and laziness, more generally theft, and by a jury awarded a sentence of perpetual exclusion, a kind of penal servitude, which all the community of beavers were bound to join in order to see thoroughly carried out. These "bachelors" live alone, not in warm houses protected by dams, as in community, but in holes in the banks of the rivers—prison cells, in fact—where they just manage to live, and where they can at a pinch succeed in storing sufficient winter food. Sometimes their privations must be great, but there is no escape for them. If they endeavour to build a proper beaver house—at all events, within ken of any of their old associates—it is reported, and it becomes the bounden duty of the members of the community to turn out and destroy what has been done. Penal servitude among beavers really existed, as it does among us. The beaver-thief is compelled to work hard, in isolation from his family, and yet cannot secure the most primary personal comforts—cannot exercise himself in that craft of construction in which alone he can find true pleasure. He must atone to society for his fault, just as our convicted prisoners do. Anyone who has seen the beavers at the Zoological Gardens ceaselessly comforting themselves and passing their time in constructing houses that they do not need, will realise what a punishment a jury of beavers mete out to one of their own kind who is idle or lazy, or has been guilty of theft, or violated any of the essential laws of the beaver community, when they make him a "bachelor" beaver and will not let him erect a house near to them.

The herds of wild elephants undoubtedly exercise judicial functions, and sit as juries in the case of any offence or departure from elephant rules. They will gather together in circles, the culprit in the middle, and after certain communications made with each other will trumpet distressfully, as if in concord, after which the poor offending elephant will be beaten by the trunks of the rest, driven out, rusticated, forced into solitary life, absolutely without any association with its friends, for a longer or shorter period, according, apparently, to what has been originally decided regarding it. Just as with the beavers, there are "solitary" elephants, which live apart from the herd; and it is not unreasonable to conclude that, as they are often great thieves, they have been made outcasts on account of this. In some cases, at all events, the names they get are significant—in India they are called grondahs, and in Ceylon horas, or rogues.

Of course, this judicial capacity will be found in its highest forms among social animals, that is, animals which live in herds, or in groups, and where, for their safety from enemies, very strict rules of sentinel conduct and united watchfulness are required. In these cases the maxim that "Unity is strength" is very thoroughly acted upon.

Dogs will often sit as jurymen in cases of any wrong from which they have all alike suffered. I know one case in which this happened. A big, rough dog, a cross between a collie and a hound—a sort of lurcher, in fact, which used daily to accompany a milk-cart into the town I come from, had for a long time borne the character of a surly tyrant, dealing blows, in the shape of bites, to the little dogs in the town, till more than one of them bore his memorial marks on head or body. He was a big bully of the worst sort, ill-used dogs smaller than himself, and took care not to meddle with a bigger one. With a friend I was walking in the twilight one evening, along a lane a little distance from the town, and not far from the farm where that big, rough lurcher stayed. What was our surprise to be overtaken by a bevy of dogs, big and little, some dozen or fifteen of them rushing past us from the town with such speed that they made quite a wind as they went. We speculated much on what this could mean. Next day, we heard that Nelson's "Victor" had been found in a dreadful condition at his master's door, bleeding and torn, and with just life left in him and no more. A very noticeable change was to be detected in him when he got better after that, and came into town as before. He did not meddle with the little dogs any more; but kept close beneath the master's cart, instead of roaming about and dealing punishment to smaller specimens. It was a matter of common remark, indeed, that Nelson's "Victor" was a changed dog. Are we not justified in assuming that the dogs had sat as a jury on it—perhaps engaged one or two bigger dogs in their cause—and themselves proceeded, as we saw them, to be the executioners of the law? The person who along with me saw that sight of the dogs proceeding to inflict legal punishment is now dead, but often, indeed very often, up almost to the end, was that incident referred to. The dogs acted

precisely as boys at school do, when at length they find out "the bully," and, led by a lad of energy, determine to teach him better manners and put him down.

Among birds the exercise of judicial functions is still more common. Who has not heard accounts of trials by jury among the crows? At the building time more especially, young crows will be found rather apt to try to save themselves the trouble of foraging for the necessary sticks and lining materials, and will go and pull a bit or two out from the nest of another pair more advanced in their work, and during their absence. Found out in their pilfering, the offending pair are taught that, whatever the crows may do outside their settlement, no thieving is allowed among themselves. Crow courts, or trials by jury, have often been observed and described. What a chattering and loud caw-cawing there is—these are the calls to come to court. Then one old fellow, the head village-man, patriarch, or chief, who for years on years "has led the clanging rookery home," as the poet sings, takes up the parable and addresses his companions in the most solemn judicial tones. Then there follows the chorus of agreement in the law laid down, "caw, caw," "hear hear," "let judgment be done," and straightway the nest of the offending pair is torn to pieces, to be worked into other nests by-and-by, and the offenders are driven out—for a time at all events—to find a site for their nest-building and pairing elsewhere than with their own family or tribe.

Mr. Romanes in his "Animal Intelligence," into which he admitted no statement that he had not thoroughly verified, gave the following at page 324, from the pen of the late Bishop of Carlisle:—

"I have seen a jackdaw in the midst of a congregation of rooks, apparently being tried for some misdemeanour. First, Jack made a speech, which was answered by a general cawing of the rooks; this subsiding, Jack again took up his parable, and the rooks in their turn replied in chorus. After a time, the business, whatever it was, appeared to be settled satisfactorily. If Jack was on his trial, as he seemed to be, he was honourably acquitted by acclamation; for he went to his home in the towers of Ely Cathedral, and the rooks also went their way."

"VICTOR'S" PUNISHMENT.

Many observers have noted about the stork that, in certain circumstances, the decision of whole communities holds with regard to certain offences, as they evidently regard them, though generally the poor female storks, who are the victims, become to the others monsters through the devices of men. Here are a few instances vouched for by the Rev. Mr. Morris, the famous ornithologist:—

"A French surgeon at Smyrna, wishing to procure a stork, and finding great difficulty, on account of the extreme veneration in which they are held by the Turks, stole all the eggs out of a nest and replaced them with those of a hen. In process of time the young chickens came forth, much to the astonishment of the storks. In a short time the male went off, and was not seen for two or three days, when he returned with an immense crowd of his companions, who all assembled in the place and formed a circle, taking no notice

"ITS COMPANIONS STOOD LISTENING, TO ALL APPEARANCE WITH GREAT EMOTION."

of the numerous spectators which so unusual an occurrence had collected. The female was brought forward into the midst of the circle, and after some consultation the whole flock fell upon her and tore her to pieces ; after which they immediately dispersed and the nest was entirely abandoned."

The following, in many respects similar, case occurred on the estate of a gentleman of large landed property near Berlin, and is a valuable corroboration of what might to many appear as unworthy of credit :— "A pair of storks built a nest on one of the chimneys of his mansion ; having a curiosity to inspect the nest, the owner climbed up and found in it one egg, which, being about the size of a goose's egg, was replaced by one belonging to that bird. The storks seemed not to notice the exchange, but no sooner was the egg hatched than the male bird, perceiving, rose from the nest, and flying round it several times, with loud screams, disappeared, and was not seen again for three days, during which time the female continued to tend what she took for her own offspring as usual. Early on the fourth morning, however, the inmates of the house were disturbed by loud and discordant cries in the field fronting the house, when they perceived about five hundred storks assembled in a dense body, and one standing about twenty yards before the rest apparently haranguing its companions, who stood listening, to all appearance with great emotion. When this bird had concluded it retired and another took its place, and seemed to address them in a similar manner. This proceeding and noise was repeated by several successive birds until about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, when the whole flock simultaneously rose in the air, uttering dismal cries. The female all this time was observed to remain on her nest, watching their motions with apparent trepidation. In a short time the body of storks made towards her, headed by one bird supposed to be the male, who struck her vehemently three or four times and knocked her out of the nest ; the whole mass then followed the attack, until they had not only destroyed the female stork (who made no attempt either to escape or defend herself) but the young gosling, and utterly removed every vestige of the nest itself. Since that time no stork has been known to build there."

"Some hen's eggs were laid in a stork's nest and the others removed. The female stork, not aware of the change, sat patiently the appointed number of days, till the shells were broken and the young chickens made their appearance. No sooner were they seen by the old birds than they testified their surprise by harsh notes and fierce looks, and after a short pause they jointly fell upon the unfortunate chickens and pecked them to pieces, as if conscious of the disgrace which might be supposed to attach to a dishonoured nest."

Something of the trial by jury character also connects itself with the habit of the small birds to follow and surround the owl if he chances to find himself out of his nest through the day. Those who have witnessed this little bit of animal revenge say that it is very funny. The owl goes tumbling and blinking, incapable of flying straight in the clear daylight, and they flutter around him, scream and set up their feathers, while he becomes nothing but a nondescript bunch of feathers. The little birds play precisely the same part with the cuckoo in the brooding season. The male cuckoo has a peculiarly hawk-like aspect ; and when he is thus surrounded and hunted by juries of small birds, he often presents a very wretched aspect. Clever and selfish though he is, his life is not all pleasant either.

Even the shy and shrinking swallows have been known to sit as a jury and to resolve on combined action against an enemy. Here is a story of the way in which the wiles of a cat to make prey of some of their number were defeated by them. It was told and vouched for by the Rev. Philip Skelton :—

"I once saw a remarkable instance of the sense and humour of the swallows played off upon a cat which had, on a very fine day, placed herself on the top of a gate-post, as if in quiet contemplation, when about a dozen swallows, knowing her to be an enemy, took it into their heads to tantalise her. One of these birds, coming from behind, flew close to her ear, and she made a snatch at it, but was too late. Another, in five or six seconds, did the same, and she made the same unsuccessful attempt to catch it. Then followed a third, and a fourth, and all the rest; and every one, when it passed, seemed to set up a laugh at the disappointed enemy. Then they formed a kind of circle in the air, and flew round and round her for nearly an hour; till at last pussy, tired of being made a butt of, jumped down and fled, as much baffled, I believe, as I had been diverted."

Sir John Lubbock has completely demonstrated that ants, by their antennæ, communicate with each other and hold conference, among many other things, with regard to the intrusion into their nest of certain individuals of other species of ants. After a great deal of discussion and conference—trial by jury, in fact—has ended, certain members of the ants are delegated to turn out the intruders, which they do in the most deliberate and systematic way.

There are certain insects which very closely imitate the colours of bees, and intrude themselves into the hives of these bees, with the definite object of robbing them of their honey. When they are detected there is great excitement in the hive, one bee communicating to another, and considerable disorder seems to prevail, until, finally, a sort of court is held, after which the business of dealing with the intruders comes on, when a certain number of bees, as though deputed for the purpose, proceed to seize with their pincers the unlucky personator, and either turn him out or tear him to pieces.

But there are instances of hive-bees on being injured, as they conceive, by a human being, taking up a definite case against the individual, and deputing certain of their number to watch and deal out sentence, as is attested by the following anecdote, vouched for by a correspondent of *Land and Water*:—

"A friend of mine at Stratford-on-Avon, wishing, this past autumn, to procure some honey from his hives, applied the fungus to stupefy the bees, as usually done. However, whether from his own awkwardness or the badness of the fungus, he could not thoroughly succeed. The consequence is, he has become an outcast from his garden. The inmates of those two hives will on no account allow him to enter it. His wife and children walk as usual, and stand and watch the hives without any molestation, but immediately he is recognised, however far off, he is pursued and stung by constantly-increasing numbers, and made to fly at his best pace; and this occurs months after the event; and he expects the only remedy must be the total destruction of those hives and their vindictive little tenants."

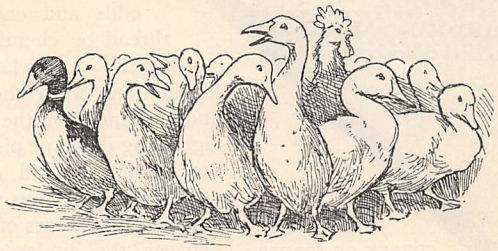
"THE SMALL BIRDS' REVENGE."

Here is another instance of jury-like deliberation issuing in definitely concerted action for punishment, on the part of ducks, not generally credited with much cleverness or power of united action, vouched for by another clergyman. He writes:—

"One more anecdote in evidence of the sagacity of the duck. I had five Aylesbury ducks, with a number of fowls. The lord of the yard, a most despotic chanticleer, would never suffer the ducks to feed with his family and friends when, at the regular meal-times, the grain was scattered for their common use. Ferociously and without pity he drove them from the ground. This had been going on for many weeks, and one day, at the usual twelve o'clock repast, the act of expulsion was performed as usual. I was present, and saw the discomfited ducks retire to a corner of the yard. There they evidently held a conference, or resolved themselves into a jury. Having been so engaged some five minutes, they proceeded with deliberate and resolute air, in single file, as is their wont, towards their oppressor. Having reached the tyrant, they surrounded him, each duck turned his posterior towards the enemy, and with concerted action fairly hustled him clean out of the yard. To see the surprise of the cock, as he jumped from side to side to avoid the pressure of the attacking party, was ludicrous in the extreme. The victory was complete; from that hour the ducks were never again molested."

Now, concerted action, in all these cases, with a definite penal purpose, could only have resulted from conference at which a systematic process of procedure was settled on. That the animals perfectly understood and agreed to this was essential to success. We might cite many more cases, but the principle in all is the same—the recognition of a common cause, or right, or interest first; next, the full consciousness that individual action could not avail, but that united action would prevail. There could hardly be a higher or more definite proof of the exercise of reason. The animals suffer from the fact that they have no clerks to make record for them, as we human beings have; but human beings, observing their action are compelled to draw certain inferences, that animals, the more closely they are observed, reveal more and more likenesses to men, even in the higher aspects of moral and social development. Surely, that nice observer and thorough lover of the animals, Henry Thoreau, was right when he summed up his deliberate conviction

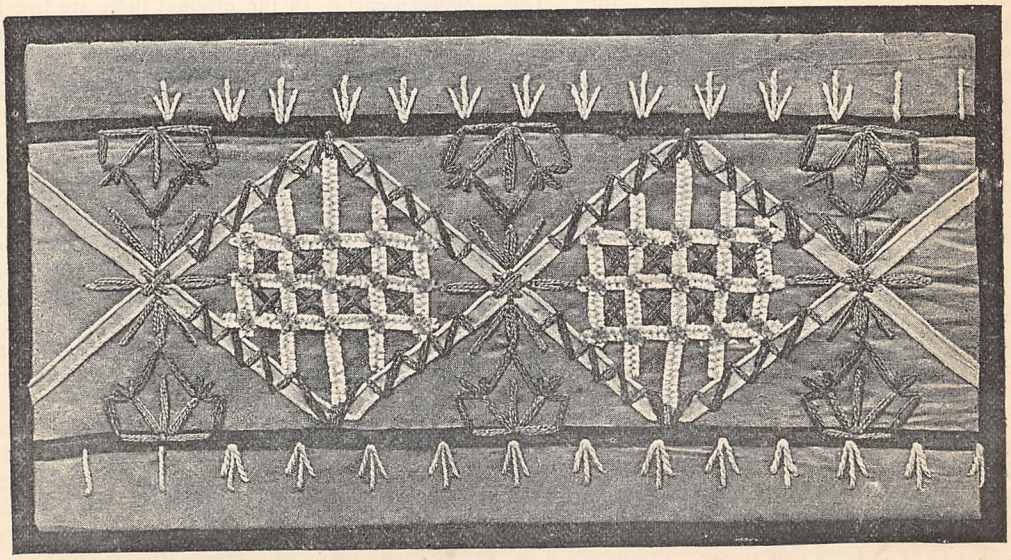
in the words : "Animals are undeveloped men, standing on their defence awaiting their transformation." Thoreau in much anticipated Mr. Darwin—only, though he would have joyfully hailed many of Mr. Darwin's results, he would have mourned over the lack of that sympathy and poetic imagination which seemed more and more to have, on his own confession, deserted Mr. Darwin the more completely the longer that he lived, observed and succeeded in justifying his theories. No gain but there is loss to set against it. Mr. Darwin was a kind of martyr, too, to his own success.



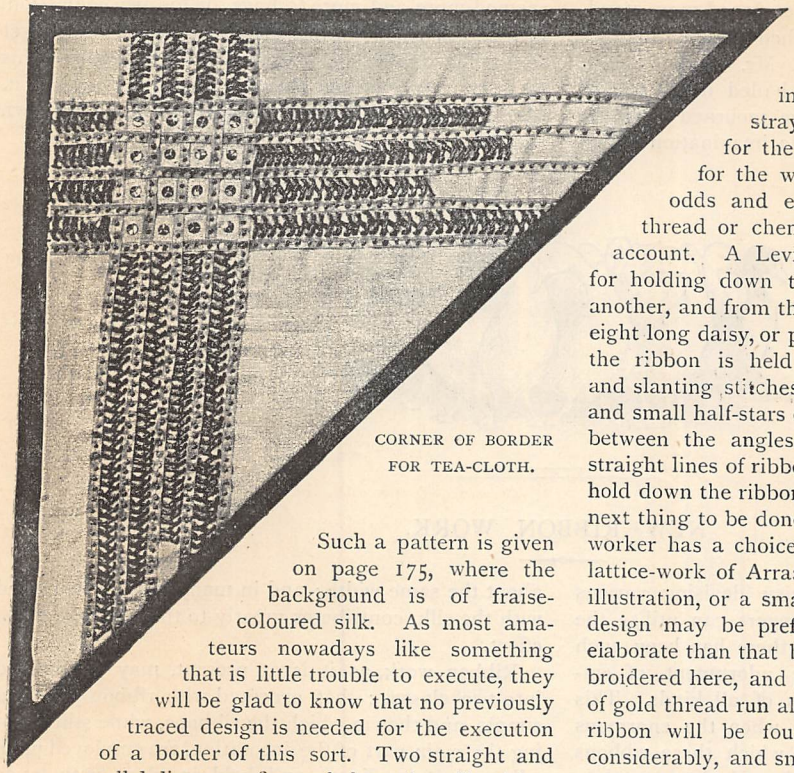
NEW RIBBON WORK.

INGENUITY is now busy devising various ways in which skilful fingers can utilise the baby ribbons, for which there has been such a rage of late, in the adornment of embroidery and fancy knick-knacks of all kinds. This is scarcely to be wondered at when the enormous variety of colours and shades in which these ribbons are to be had is remembered, and they certainly seem better suited for the decoration of fancy work than for using in hats and bonnets, and on dresses, where they had decidedly a straggling and weedy appearance. Many baby ribbons are of dull silk merely corded, others are satin ; more frequently than not, whatever may be the centre, the edge is corded, or is more fanciful, but the width seldom exceeds a quarter of an inch. Velvet is to be had in about the same width ; and in many cases, when used with the silk, contributes greatly to the richness of the effect.

Ribbon work, as it is at present, may be divided into two classes : that executed with ribbon pure and simple, and that in which the ribbons, while still forming the main part of the decoration, are employed upon silk, velvet, or linen, and held in place with fancy stitches of coloured silks. In the ribbon embroideries executed by our great grandmothers, it is the finer makes still that were utilised, such as could easily be drawn through the material with the aid of a large needle. Except when the coarsest kinds of canvas are employed, baby ribbons are unsuitable for this class of work, and the designs worked are consequently of a very simple nature without many curves and windings.



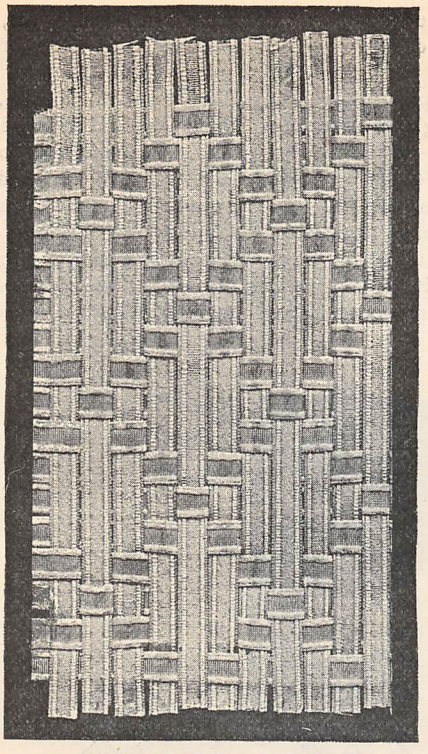
BAND EMBROIDERED WITH SILKS AND BABY RIBBON.



CORNER OF BORDER FOR TEA-CLOTH.

Such a pattern is given on page 175, where the background is of fraise-coloured silk. As most amateurs nowadays like something that is little trouble to execute, they will be glad to know that no previously traced design is needed for the execution of a border of this sort. Two straight and parallel lines are first ruled on the silk with a piece of white or coloured chalk, about three inches apart. Then along each of these lines is tacked a piece of the ribbon, of any colour fancy may suggest, care only being needed to ensure its being quite straight. At half-inch intervals along these two lines dots of chalk are made, to serve as a guide for placing the groups of three stitches which hold down the ribbon. Along the outer edge of the border it is as well to place the stitches rather further apart to avoid a crowded appearance. The eye of most workers is, or should be, sufficiently well-trained to allow these stitches to be made all the same length, and no guide should be needed either for the placing of the side stitches which, while about an eighth of an inch from the longer and middle stitch at the top, are passed through the same hole at the bottom. These three stitches are taken just over the corded edge of the ribbon, and so one side of it becomes firmly held down to the silk. Now the worker must take her piece of chalk again, and make dots at intervals of three inches along the inner edge of the straight lines of ribbon. The dots on each band should be opposite each other. Some baby ribbon of another colour should now be laid upon the silk diagonally between the two straight bands : that is, from a dot on one line to the next dot towards the left on the opposite line, then to the next mark on the first line towards the left, and so on all along. Where the ribbon touches a dot it must be folded over so as to set flat before starting on its next journey across the material. Thus is formed a zigzag pattern which in the original was turned into a series of squares by a similar set of vandykes, the ribbon for which touches all the dots that were left unnoticed in the last part of the pattern. Any stray needlefuls of silk may be used for the embroidery—no small advantage for the worker who has a large hoard of odds and ends—and short lengths of gold thread or chenille may also be turned to good account. A Leviathan cross-stitch is convenient for holding down the ribbons where they cross one another, and from the angles beyond it should spring eight long daisy, or picot, stitches. Beyond the picots, the ribbon is held down with alternately straight and slanting stitches worked with silk of two colours, and small half-stars of the same two colours are placed between the angles of the squares and against the straight lines of ribbon. Any stitches that can help to hold down the ribbon must be arranged to do so. The next thing to be done is to fill the open squares. The worker has a choice of many ways of doing this. A lattice-work of Arrasene may be employed, as in the illustration, or a small leaf or flower of some fanciful design may be preferred, while a star rather more elaborate than that between the squares may be embroidered here, and gives an excellent effect. A line of gold thread run along the middle of each band of ribbon will be found to brighten the work very considerably, and small beads and spangles may be added, if desired. Such work as this is suitable for the ornamentation of many fancy articles, such as work-bags, book-covers, or glove and handkerchief sachets.

The second example represents the corner of a simple, but very effective border, suitable for a tea-cloth. It is worked upon Tussore silk, the brownish cream-colour serving admirably as a background for the embroidery in shades of yellow and brown. Here the ribbon, of a bright tone of yellow, is run along in straight lines, rather less than half an inch being left between each. In the original there are five lines of ribbon, and they are accurately darned alternately over and under each other at the corners, as can be seen in the illustration. The only difficulty in such a piece of work as this consists in spacing the ribbons equally ; but anyone accustomed to run tucks will understand the convenience of measuring distances with the help of a piece of card. If a still more detailed guide is required, the material may be stretched out upon a board or table, and the necessary lines ruled upon it with a piece of chalk. The worker will find the business of working the French knots with which the ribbon is held down greatly simplified if she has been very particular in tacking the bands upon the foundation. The more stitches used for this the less will be the chance of puckering the work, and so hindering the ribbon from setting flatly upon the silk. The knots should be about one-eighth of an inch apart, and should be worked with silk a shade darker than the ribbon. As far as can be, it is advisable to avoid placing the knots upon the tacking threads, as this renders them more easily removed. Hence the tacking should be rather to the side than exactly in the middle of the

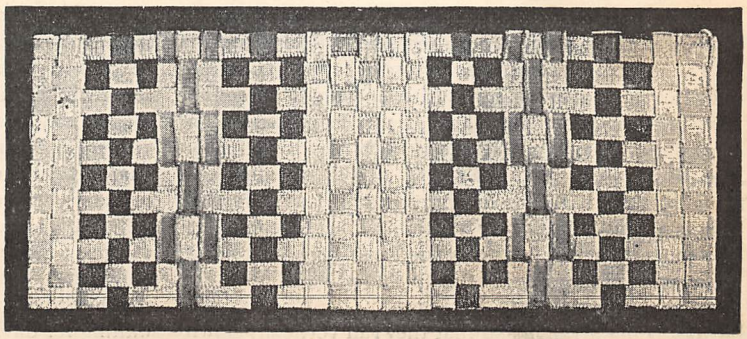


SIMPLE DESIGN IN RIBBON PLAITING.

ribbon. Between each band is worked a line of fancy stitching, which, while filling the space, does not actually touch the edge of the ribbon on either side. There are several ornamental stitches suitable for this part of the work, such as herring-bone, coral, feather, fish-bone, and oriental stitch ; indeed, if a variety is desired, a different stitch may well be placed in each division. The small squares left between each band of ribbon at the corners have next to be filled. In the original work, spangles were employed here, one being placed in the centre of each space, but, if preferred, French knots, jewels, or a little lace wheel, may be substituted. Even so simple a design as this may be greatly varied. The ribbons, for instance, may be different in colour instead of all alike, or the five bands may be each of a different shade of the same colour, the outer one being the darkest. Or the centre and two side lines may be of narrow velvet, which mixes charmingly with the satin. Or again, the middle band may be wider than the two on each side of it. A further addition may also be made in the shape of a line of gold thread along the outermost edges of the ribbon on each side of the border. The gold should be used double, the outer strand being sewn down in a series of loops at half-inch intervals. Art serge, Sicilienne cloth, or linen, can be used as a background, if desired, but the silken ribbons are by most people considered worthy of being laid upon a foundation of silk. They look handsome, too, upon a background of velvet or velveteen.

The next three illustrations show a way of utilising baby ribbon that is totally different from the first, inasmuch as that the design itself is formed with ribbons only, no foundation material being needed. The work recalls the paper plaiting used in Kindergarten teaching. The small pattern at the top of this page is the simplest of all given here, and would make up into charming little scent sachets, photograph and card-cases, note-book covers, and similar small things for bazaars. Ribbon of two colours should be used, and by preference these should be light in tint, such as pale pink and heliotrope, green, or blue. The easiest way of managing the work is as follows :— Take a drawing-board, and arrange upon it a number of pieces of ribbon all of one colour, and of the length required for the work with about two inches over. Set these bands side by side longitudinally, and hold them down to the board at each end with a pin or a tin-tack driven in so that it can be easily removed. Drawing pins answer better than anything else, but so large a number as are required for good-sized patterns is not always at hand. Now begin the weaving, darning the second set horizontally over and under the first set of ribbons, taking the bands over certain lines and under others, according to the requirements of the pattern. To give an example :—In the top row in the pattern shown here, the horizontal heliotrope lines are taken alternately under five pink ones, and over one. In the second row, under three, over one, under one, over one, under three, and so on. In the third row, under three, over one, under one, over one, and in the fourth row, under five, and over one. The fifth, sixth, and seventh rows are like the third, second, and first respectively. If possible, the wrong side of the ribbons should set uppermost while the work is being executed, the right side resting against the board. The reason for this will be seen hereafter. As each band of ribbon is threaded, it should be pushed up so that it rests evenly by the side of that which was laid last, and should be held down at each end with a pin.

When all are placed, they must be secured in one of two ways, the former being the best when the plaiting

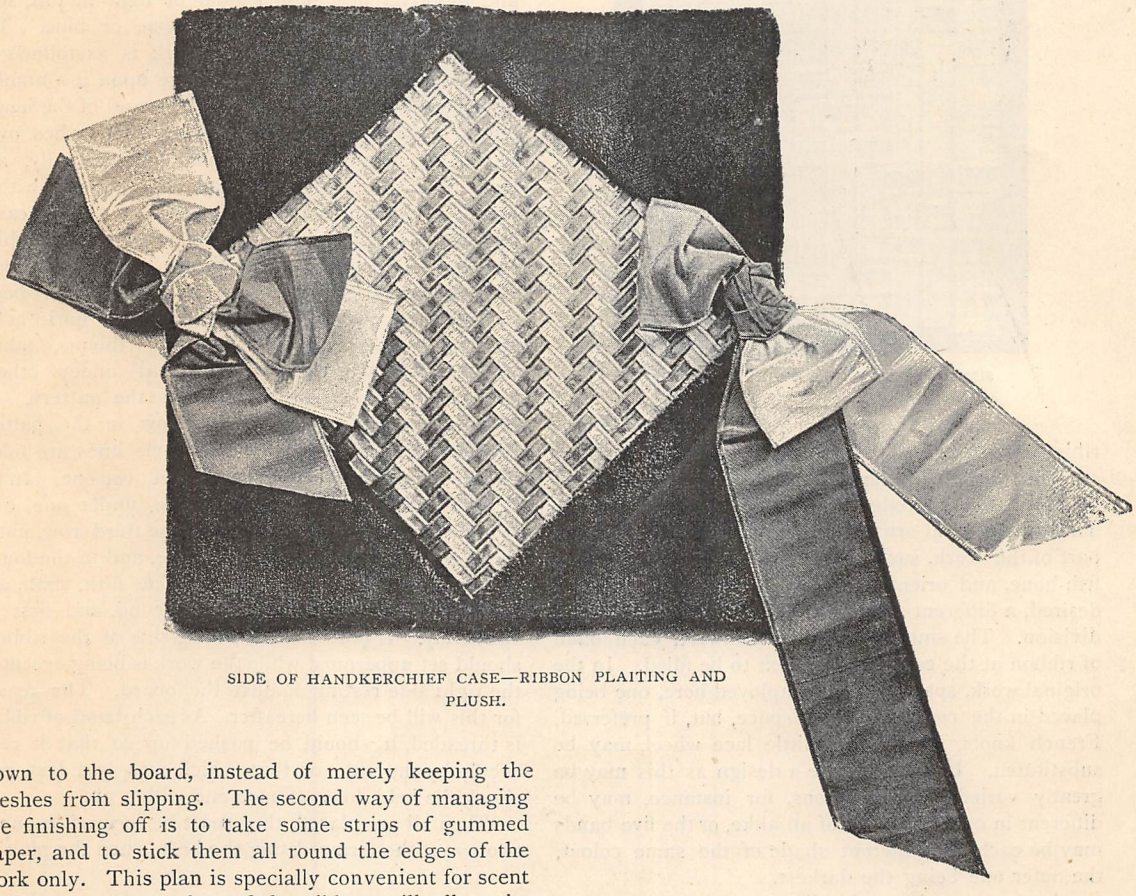


RIBBON PLAITING IN THREE COLOURS.

is to be laid upon a second material, and held down with embroidery stitches. The first plan is to take a brush and a very little paste—it is scarcely possible to get too little—and spread this over the ribbon. Then lay a piece of tissue-paper over the work *inside* the rows of pins, which are removed when this is dry, and the plaiting is thereby released from the board. It can now be seen that this backing could not be done without disturbing the plaiting by removing the pins if the ribbons were used with their right side uppermost. Also, that if too much paste is taken, or if it is too moist, it would have the effect of holding the work down to the board, instead of merely keeping the meshes from slipping. The second way of managing the finishing off is to take some strips of gummed paper, and to stick them all round the edges of the work only. This plan is specially convenient for scent sachets, as the meshes of the ribbon will allow the perfume free passage, and for any other fancy article for which the plaiting is required soft instead of stiff.

The second piece of weaving on page 177 shows the effect of three colours: red, white, and blue. Here the vertical strands are white, the colours being added in horizontal lines. All the bands, with the exception of the blue cover, are under only one of the longitudinal strands, the blue being taken over two. Hence this is a particularly easy pattern to manage, and at the same time one which lends itself as well to the decoration of large articles as to that of small ones. It can be made up into very pretty book-covers, the stripes being arranged so that they run vertically down the sides of the book.

The side of a handkerchief case, shown here, proves how effective is the ribbon weaving when made up as a panel in a frame of coloured plush or velvet. The plaiting here is executed with two colours, cream and green, either of which can be used for the longitudinal strands. The plaiting is composed only of simple darning alternately over two and under two bands, the pair picked up in each row being just one band further to the left than was the case in the preceding row. Nothing could be easier, and the effect is quite as good as that of many of the patterns which require more care and attention. When it is necessary



SIDE OF HANDKERCHIEF CASE—RIBBON PLAITING AND PLUSH.

to make up the plaiting upon a tolerably firm foundation, as in the case of a handkerchief sachet, it should be backed with thin paper, as above described, and can then be handled, and indeed embroidered upon, without any fear of disturbing the weaving.

Enough has now been said to show the worker what a large field is open for her ingenuity in devising new and complicated patterns in this ribbon weaving. She will find it a most interesting occupation, and one that will pass many a winter evening pleasantly, provided only that she label her ribbons according to tint, that her work may not be hindered by the necessity of waiting for daylight to distinguish the colours.

ELLEN T. MASTERS.

RICHARD JENKINS, MASTER.

"'BRADFORD, IF YOU DON'T GO AWAY AND LEAVE ME ALONE, I'LL GO AND SIT UP IN THE DECK-HOUSE ALL NIGHT'" (*p.* 181).

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

CAPTAIN JENKINS RETURNS GOOD FOR EVIL.

THE path was quite invisible in the darkness, and Rex was obliged to feel his way among the bushes with his hands, happily never remembering the danger he ran from snakes. He went on, up and up, until he wondered whether he had missed the right path; but after nearly an hour's climbing he saw a light in front of him. Determined to proceed with caution, for fear of spoiling everything, he crept noiselessly towards the light, and found himself on the brink of a roughly-cleared open space, on one side of which was a tumble-down hut. Only two people were visible. Directly opposite him, on one of the arched roots of a great silk-cotton tree, sat Maud, her face white in the moonlight, and her whole attitude expressive of despair. In the doorway of the hut was an old negress with a gun in her hand, the firelight from within shining on the barrel of the piece and on the bright scarlet handkerchief round her head. As Rex watched, Maud began to speak in French,

apparently making a piteous entreaty to be allowed to depart. The old woman answered angrily in her own *patois*, and pointed the gun directly at the girl's head. But Rex had seized the opportunity afforded by the short colloquy to steal from his place of concealment among the tall coffee-bushes which fringed the clearing, and before the old woman was even aware of his presence the gun was wrested from her hand. Maud sprang up with a cry of joy, and ran towards him. She did not faint—that sort of thing has rather gone out for young ladies rescued from distressing circumstances—but she clung tightly to his hand, and tried in vain to speak.

"Don't cry," he said hastily, reading in her quivering face what the strain upon her had been, and fearing an outburst of tears. "You have kept up splendidly, but you mustn't give way now, or we shall never get back to the ship."

Maud scrubbed her eyes fiercely with her handkerchief, while the wretched old woman, completely subdued, crouched before Rex, and sobbed out something which he gathered to be a prophecy of evil consequences if the lady would not wait for the *remède* now that it was nearly ready.

"Tell her to bring it down to the ship to-morrow, and she shall be paid for it," said Rex to Maud. "Where is the old man?"

"He is gone to summon his followers," answered Maud, with a shudder.

"Then we had better go," said Rex. "I will take the gun with me, for fear of accidents."

He gave his arm to Maud and led her down the path, the old woman standing and muttering curses after them. Scarcely had they gone half a mile down the steep hill-side when they heard a strange trumpet-like sound proceeding from the clearing they had left. Maud turned pale again, and clung to her companion's arm in unconcealed terror.

"It's the conch-shell," said Rex. "The old woman is sounding it to call the rest. We must get on."

He threw the gun into the bushes, for it only impeded him, and hurried Maud along at a faster pace.

"You have no doubt that their intentions were unfriendly?" he asked at last, in the hope that in conversation she might forget the pressing danger.

"None whatever," panted Maud. "They are a priest and priestess of the Vaudoux, and they meant to offer me up to the snake which they worship. If it hadn't been that they were determined to get a great crowd of people together, I suppose it would have been over now." She laughed a little hysterically. "But they were afraid of sounding the conch, lest anyone from the ship should be looking for me, and be guided by the sound. So they tried to get me to go into their temple while the old man went to call his friends. But I refused to move, though they tried coaxing and threats and promises, and he left us as you found us. They meant to make a great feast after the sacrifice. They were preparing things for it all day; but I suppose they would have eaten me too."

"Don't!" cried Rex hoarsely, as she ended with a little sob. He would not ask any more questions, but dragged his companion along at an almost break-neck pace: a speed which caused them many falls and bruises. All this time the conch from the clearing continued to utter its summons, and others answered it from various directions and distances, so that the air seemed filled with the sound. At last it ceased, and Maud gave a sigh of relief; but Rex cast anxious glances behind him as he ran, for he felt sure the conch would only cease sounding because a sufficient number of men had been got together to begin pursuit. In what seemed to him a miraculously short time, a light on the path behind them, dimly seen high up through the trees, showed him that the pursuers were on their track. He urged Maud to greater exertions, hoping that the noise made by the stones rolling under their feet would prevent her from hearing the shouts of their enemies, which he could distinguish. She obeyed bravely, resolved that no weakness of hers should place in peril the life of the man who had hastened to save her from the danger she had brought upon herself. But the pursuing shouts came nearer, until Rex paused desperately at a spot where another downward path branched off from the one they were following.

"We must separate, Miss Cheveley. Give me your hat, and keep on in this path. I will take the other. If we do not meet at the end, don't wait for me, but go straight on to the boat."

"But it is more dangerous? You are sacrificing yourself to save me?" she cried, making no attempt to move.

"Nonsense! I will wait till that is needed," he said. "Go on quickly, and do as I tell you; otherwise we shall both be sacrificed, indeed."

"Forgive me," she said, still lingering, unable to discover whether he did intend to secure her safety by his own danger or not.

"I have nothing to forgive!" he cried angrily, as the sounds of pursuit came nearer and nearer. "It is a farce to talk of forgiveness between you and me. Go, go! I forgive you freely, heartily! Only go, for Heaven's sake!"

And Maud obeyed him at last, and disappeared in the darkness, while he hurried down the other path, dropping the large white hat she had worn, just where it could be seen from the entrance. Maud saw no more of him, but hurried on with wildly beating heart along the path he had pointed out to her. She could not resist stopping to look round now and then, and when the lights and the shouting arrived at the spot where the two paths separated, her heart stood still with terror. She scarcely knew whether she felt more relieved or terrified when she saw that the pursuers had finally decided on the path Rex had taken, but her blood ran cold with fear when she heard a tremendous shout of triumph. That meant that they had captured him. He was in their hands, would suffer the fate destined for her, and she——? Wringing her hands wildly, she fled on through the darkness, until she came suddenly face to face with the men from the *Valentina*, who were labouring up the steep,

with the boatswain and Tommy Wastle at their head. When their employer's daughter rushed upon them like a whirlwind, with flying hair and torn garments, the worthy sailors gasped with amazement, but recovering themselves quickly, opened their ranks to receive her, while Mr. James asked where the captain was.

"They have taken him prisoner," panted Maud. "Come back and save him."

"We've got to take you back first, Miss," said the boatswain.

"I won't go on board till he is safe!" cried Maud in her despair. "Save him, and never mind me."

"It's my duty to see you safe into the boat, Miss," responded the imperturbable Mr. James, turning his men and leading them back as he spoke. "Mr. Cheveley has woke up from his faintness, and is fit to go mad about you. I got him to let me come instead of him, being as he's so weak, but I daren't go for to alarm him farther by letting you in for a fight."

Maud protested energetically, but the boatswain was immovable, and took her solemnly down to the beach, where one of the boats was lying, guarded by two men, in whose charge he placed her, with instructions to take her to the ship instantly, and return to the shore. Unresisting from sheer despair, she submitted to be rowed off to the yacht, and when her father helped her up the side, threw herself into his arms, and sobbed out her terrible story. He could offer her little comfort, but he let her stay beside him on deck and held her hand for an hour—a terrible hour, during which they watched every movement on the shore, and listened feverishly for the slightest noise. At last there came the measured plash of oars breaking the perpetual sound of the soft roll of the waves upon the beach, and the boatswain and his men returned, sad and dispirited. They could not penetrate into the forest, for the negroes were lying in ambush among the trees, and had wounded three of the sailors with their muskets. To try and force an unknown path in the darkness, and in the face of a strongly-posted foe, would be madness.

"Oh, papa!" wailed Maud, when she heard it, "tell them to go back. Don't let them leave him to die!"

"We can do nothing until daylight, Maudie," said her father gravely. "The men's lives are not to be risked uselessly. You had better go below now, and get a little rest. Bradford, take your mistress to her cabin."

Bradford was the maid, who had been tormenting Maud all through this hour of agony with suggestions of wraps, tea, eau-de-Cologne, biscuits, anything and everything that might recruit exhausted nature, but Maud was subdued now, and submitted to her dolorous attentions with unheeding meekness.

"And I'm sure, Miss, I don't wonder at your feelin' it," pursued the good woman, as she helped her mistress to undress. "Sich a fine tall young man, too, as me and Mr. Wilkins the steward was a-sayin'. And to be ate, of all things, as Mr. Wilkins tell me is the way of them negers here——"

"Bradford, be quiet!" cried Maud, sick at heart.

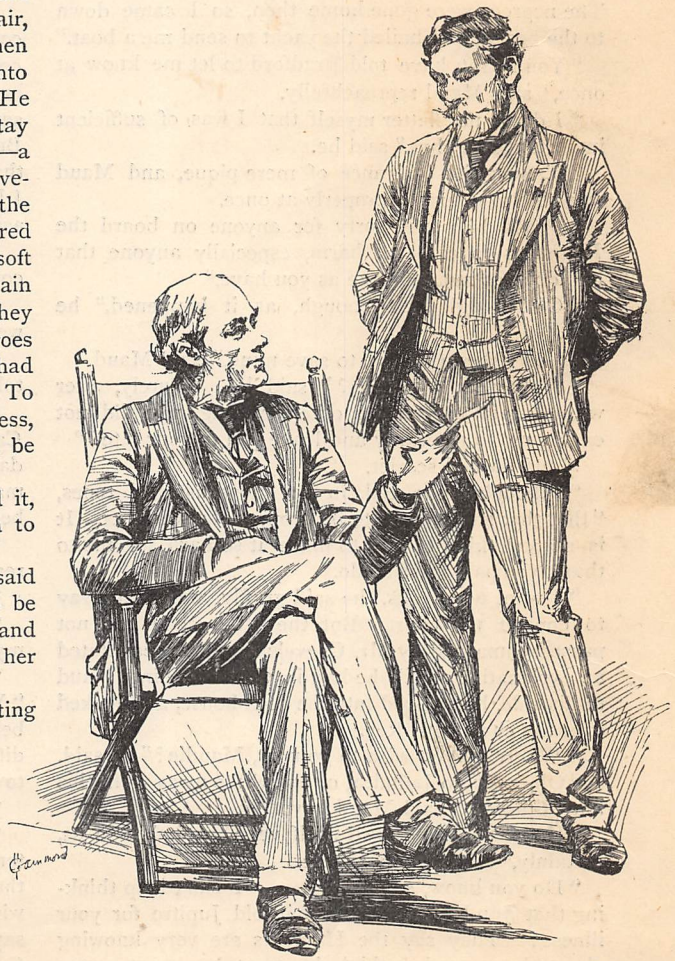
"Dear me, Miss, your nerves is all to pieces, and I'm not surprised, with all you've been through. Better him nor you, Miss, any way; and I'm sure as Captain Jenkins would say so himself, s'posin' he was able to be asked, poor man!"

"Bradford, if you don't go away and leave me alone, I'll go and sit up in the deck-house all night," said her mistress desperately.

"Wouldn't you rather me sit with you, Miss, to cheer you up a bit, if so be as you couldn't sleep? I've heard say as it do cheer one wonderful, just talkin' things over like with someone else."

"No, thank you," said Maud, so firmly that Bradford retired at once, and she threw herself into her cot, and gave herself up to misery.

The long slow hours wore themselves away, marked by the strokes upon the bell overhead; but through all her wretched thoughts, through all the weary recalling of the incidents of the past day, three ideas were prominently before her mind, three sentences



"MR. CHEVELEY TURNED IT OVER, AND DISPLAYED THE ADDRESS" (*p.* 183).

always on her tongue, and always in the same order :—

"It was all my fault. I do wish I had not been so rude to him the other night. If I had only known what he was like, I might have cared for him a little, some day."

Worn-out with sorrow, she dropped off to sleep at last, and awoke in the morning with the sound of Captain Jenkins's voice in her ears, saying, "All right!" as she had so often heard it. Grieving to think that she would hear that voice no more, she crept out of bed, and dressed herself listlessly enough. Bradford, thinking her still sleeping, did not come near her, and she left her cabin and passed through the saloon without meeting anyone. Going wearily on deck, she paused in bewilderment, for before her stood Captain Jenkins, unmistakably in the flesh.

"I thought you were dead," was all she could say, as she put her cold hand into his.

"Happily not," said he. "After I left you, and had heard them find your hat, so that I knew they were safely on the wrong track, I took to a tree, and waited until they had gone by, fifty or sixty of them. Then I went back and mounted another tree some way from the path, and stayed there till morning. The negroes were gone home then, so I came down to the beach, and hailed the yacht to send me a boat."

"You might have told Bradford to let me know at once," said Maud reproachfully.

"I dared not flatter myself that I was of sufficient importance for that," said he.

This was the utterance of mere pique, and Maud was able to punish it properly at once.

"I should be very sorry for anyone on board the *Valentina* to come to harm, especially anyone that had done as much for me as you have."

"Oh! I did little enough, as it happened," he said.

"You risked your life to save mine," said Maud.

"Well, what was that?" said he. "Surely, after what I said to you the other evening, you did not expect me to run away and leave you to your fate?"

Maud flushed scarlet.

"I thought," she said, in her most dignified tones, "that that subject was to be dropped between us. It is scarcely kind in you to make it so hard for me to thank you as I want to do."

"I want no thanks," he said gruffly, and went away to consult the chart. But the little scene had not passed unmarked by Mr. Cheveley, and it precipitated an explanation which he had in view. Calling Maud to his side, he stepped into the deck-house, and looked over the chart with Rex.

"Where do you wish to go next, Maudie?" he said.

"Oh, back to Jamaica, or anywhere away from this horrid place!" said Maud fervently.

"Hayti has not shown itself very hospitable to us, certainly," remarked her father.

"Do you know, sir," said Rex, "I can't help thinking that you have to thank that old Jupitre for your illness? They say the Haytians are very knowing about drugs, and I think he must have put something into the food you ate at the restaurant at St. Elie aux Haies, foreseeing some profit to himself."

"Well, we shall never know whether that is so or not," said Mr. Cheveley, as Maud shuddered; "but I think we shall none of us be sorry to leave Hayti behind us. By the way, Captain Jenkins, when you have made your arrangements for sailing, I shall be glad to have a few words with you, if you please."

"I shall be at your service in a short time, sir," said Rex, and went to order steam to be got up and the anchor weighed. Returning to the deck-house, he found only Mr. Cheveley there, lounging easily in a deck-chair. Maud was nowhere to be seen. Truth to tell, she had thrown herself on the saloon sofa, feeling very tired and most unreasonably cross—cross with the captain and also with herself, for she felt that her remorse had been wasted, and that she had surprised herself into the uncalled-for avowal—though only in the silence of her heart—of the existence of an emotion whose presence was quite undesired there. In the saloon Bradford found her, and insisted upon ordering the steward to bring her some breakfast, so that she knew nothing of the colloquy proceeding in the deck-house.

"Captain," said Mr. Cheveley, "you will naturally conclude that I wish to thank you for your heroic conduct last night. You have, indeed, laid me under an everlasting obligation, and if I can at any time serve you in any way, I shall be most proud to do so. But before we discuss that subject, I must mention that there are one or two things I should like explained. I have an idea that you are on board here under an assumed name."

"You are very sharp-sighted, sir," said Rex uncomfortably.

"With a daughter like mine to look after, I may well be," said Mr. Cheveley.

"I think Miss Cheveley can take care of herself very tolerably, sir."

"Happily, it is so in this case. I am not blind, Captain Jenkins, and if I had not seen that my daughter was in no danger, I should not have allowed matters to go on for so long. I do not wish her to become the prey of an adventurer."

"Sir!" said the captain hotly, "I have never represented myself as other than I am."

"No?" said Mr. Cheveley, with polite incredulity.

"At least," said Rex, flushing, "I have not made myself out better or richer than I am."

"That I can well believe," said Mr. Cheveley. "You may have succeeded in making my daughter believe you comparatively illiterate, but it is more difficult to mislead a man like yourself. I believe you to be a University man."

"You are right, sir."

"One of my friends," said Mr. Cheveley, contemplating his shoes with much interest, "has an idea that he can tell a man's college by merely conversing with him. I cannot go quite so far, but still I should say that you belonged to my own college, Trinity, Cambridge."

"You are right," said Rex again.

"And you were, no doubt, a First Classman, possibly Senior Classic?"

"No; I only took a Poll degree. I throw myself upon your mercy, Mr. Cheveley. I am Reginald Joscelyn."

"So I imagined," said Mr. Cheveley, taking a paper from his pocket.

It was the message which Rex had sent to the boatswain by Tommy Wastle the night before. Mr. Cheveley turned it over, and displayed the address on the front of the envelope, "R. Joscelyn, Esq. Care of Messrs. Trevor and Sons."

"I have suspected a mystery for some time, but I was unaware until last night whom I had the honour of entertaining," said Mr. Cheveley.

"Let me tell you the reasons for my conduct, sir," pleaded Rex, pained to see the change in his employer's pleasant manner. Silence encouraged him to proceed, and he told his story, ending up with—

"I have been ashamed of myself from the very first day for living under a false name, sir. I will do whatever you like. If you wish it, I will leave the ship at Port Royal, and confess the truth to Miss Cheveley."

"Well," said Mr. Cheveley, "perhaps you will think it strange if I ask you to do just the reverse: that is to say, to remain with me until the end of the voyage, and not to say anything to my daughter. You came on board, I presume, for your own convenience, so perhaps you will not object to staying for mine?"

"I will do anything I can for you, sir. I am as ready to continue with you until we reach England as I ever was."

"With regard to Miss Cheveley," continued her father, "I do not wish her enjoyment of the voyage to be interrupted by hearing of this. I will leave it to you to tell her or not, as you please, when we get home. I think I need not say that the discovery of the truth is scarcely likely to impress her in your favour."

"I fear not," said Rex humbly.

"I leave it quite in your hands," said Mr. Cheveley. "If you prefer to quit the ship at Southampton without undeceiving my daughter, I will say nothing to her on the subject, but you will do as you think best."

"You are very good, sir," said Rex. "I can only thank you for your considerate kindness."

"I can truly say," said Mr. Cheveley, "that I am very sorry that there should be any unpleasantness; but it would be no kindness to you to attempt to reassure you as to the impression such a discovery is likely to make on Miss Cheveley's mind. It will be no worse for you to leave us permanently at once on landing than to tell her the truth. I am convinced that she would never look at a man, whatever his attractions, who had once deceived her."

"I have never had any hope," said Rex; "so this makes my position no worse, except in Miss Cheveley's opinion of me. I will try to remember this, and to act as you would wish, sir."

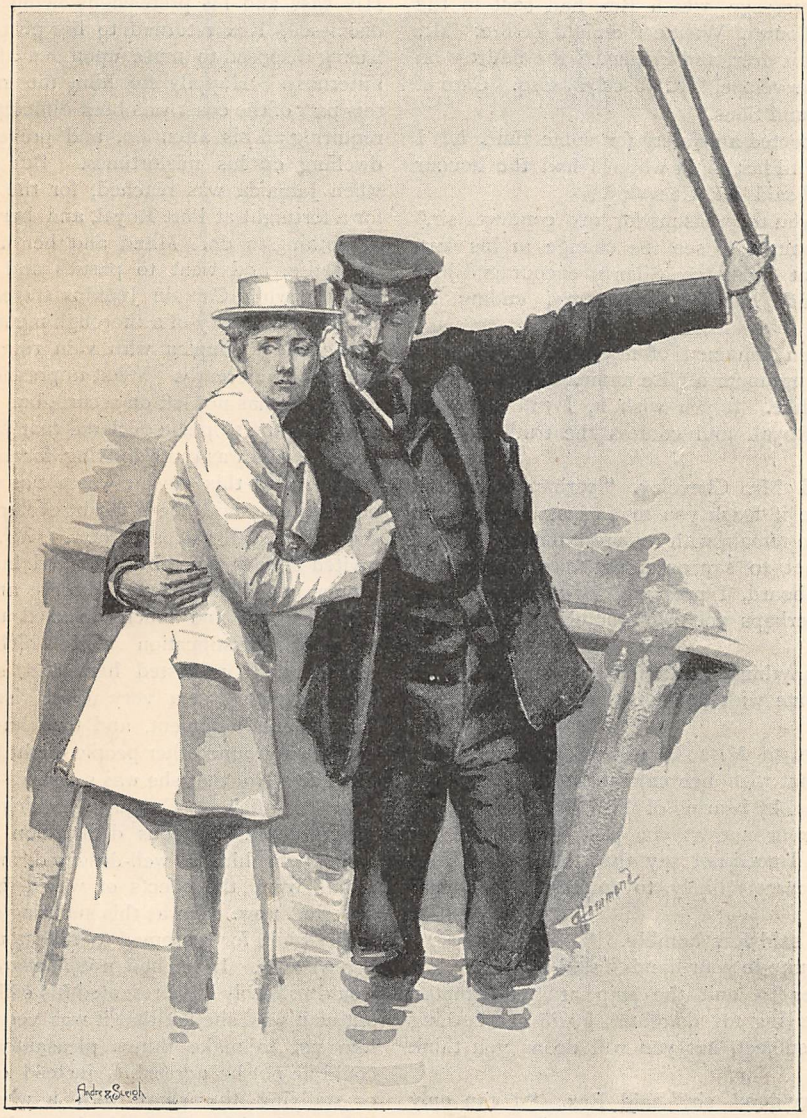
"Right!" said Mr. Cheveley. "Then we will consider the subject closed, Captain Jenkins."

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

MISS CHEVELEY RESIGNS HER COMMAND.

HIS case and his pretensions being thus summarily dismissed, Rex returned to his post on the bridge, feeling disposed to muse upon his affairs with some bitterness. Happily for him, the navigation along this part of the coast was both difficult and dangerous, requiring all his attention, and preventing him from dwelling on his misfortunes. But it was different when Jamaica was reached, for the yacht remained for a fortnight at Port Royal, and her crew had little or nothing to do. Maud and her father paid visits on shore, and went to parties and picnics without number, while Captain Jenkins stayed on board, and enjoyed the luxury of a thorough mental review of his past conduct, coupled with vain regrets that he had not acted differently. What impression this produced on him he has not left on record, but when Maud returned to the ship she declared that Jamaica was dull, and that she was quite looking forward to the voyage home. But this voyage was not as successful as the outward one, and the pleasant evening talks on deck seemed to fall flat somehow. Mr. Cheveley still invited Rex to join himself and his daughter after dinner, lest Maud should observe anything strange; but Rex was too much dejected to continue the elaborate mystification with which he had both pleased and interested her, and she herself was beginning to feel a very novel distrust of her own powers and judgment, and to acknowledge that on their own ground other people might know more than she did. Not that she was satisfied with the present state of affairs. Captain Jenkins had made an absurdly presumptuous declaration to her, and she had given him a well-deserved and much-needed rebuff, from the effects of which he was evidently suffering now. It was this suffering of his which displeased her, for it seemed to reflect upon herself and her wisdom. If he had not appeared to suffer, she would probably have resented his callousness strongly, but as it was, she felt that it was very inconsiderate of him not to make things pleasanter for her. Why could he not be agreeable, instead of moping about, or studying the chart with a wholly unnecessary diligence? After all, he had saved her life, and for this she was willing to reward him—to the extent of forgetting his presumption, and allowing a return to their former pleasant intercourse. What was to come after, Maud did not seek to know; indeed, she put away sedulously all thoughts of the future, prepared to enjoy to the full the pleasures of the passing hour, if only that tiresome man would have seconded her efforts. But he would not, and Maud felt justly that she was injured. The evenings, then, were rather silent, and no one pretended to be very sorry when on reaching the latitude of Charleston very rough weather

was experienced, which quite precluded any open-air gatherings. Maud liked the rough weather, and her spirits rose higher every day that the *Valentina* drew nearer to the shores of England. She became almost her old self again, and recovered a considerable share of her former happy self-sufficiency. Throwing aside and his energies were now all bent on securing the skipper's approbation by his smartness and his sailor-like qualities. Maud was honestly glad of this, but she did not quite like the idea of Tommy's deserting her for anyone else, until a chance thought suggested to her that though Captain Jenkins swayed Tommy,



"SHE FOUND HERSELF CLINGING TO REX, KNEE-DEEP IN THE WATER" (*p.* 185).

with delight the flimsy muslins and silks she had worn in the tropics, she pervaded the ship once more in her business-like tweeds and serges, and taught everyone his duty, from the captain down to Tommy Wastle. In former days the last-named youth would have been encouraged by the interest shown in him to presume; but he had transferred a large share of his young affections to the captain, who represented to him an actual living hero of the melodramatic type, she could sway Captain Jenkins. The thought was a pleasant one, though it was only in accordance with her notions of the fitness of things, and the opposite idea never obtruded itself: namely, that Captain Jenkins might sway her. Never, at least, until one day, when Maud was finally conquered by one of the thoughts which had attacked her on the night of her rescue, when she was bewailing the life sacrificed, as she thought, for hers.

It was on a Sunday morning that the awakening came. Mr. Cheveley had read the service and a sermon in the saloon, and his congregation had dispersed to their respective quarters. Maud went on deck to look at the sea, and catching sight of Captain Jenkins on the bridge, called upon him to admire the waves. The night had been stormy, and the great green hills of water were racing past the ship, tossing their foaming tops as if they meant to overwhelm her, and blotting out the dim line where grey sky merged into troubled sea. Maud watched them with the keenest delight. Rex responded in words to her admiration of them, but took advantage of his position to look at her instead. She had on a dress of white cloth trimmed with gold braid, and a smart sailor hat, with the yacht's name in gold letters upon a white ribbon. The rough wind reddened her cheeks and disordered her brown hair, and her eyes shone and sparkled with delight. She was far too much occupied with the waves to think of her companion, who stood a little behind her, watching every change upon the mobile face. He was like a man in a dream, until he awoke with a start when a wave breaking nearer the ship than usual cast its spray upon them both.

"Steady!" he called to the man at the wheel. "Excuse me, Miss Cheveley, I don't think you are quite safe there. The wind is getting up again, and we may be shipping seas in a moment. You would be all right on the bridge."

"Oh, but I couldn't see nearly so well," said Maud. "I like to be near the water. And I don't a bit mind the spray coming on board. It's great fun!" shaking the drops of water from her hat brim as she spoke.

"Let me beg of you to come up on the bridge," said he.

"No," said Maud shortly; "I prefer this."

"Steady, Johnson!" cried the captain again to the steersman. "Is the fellow losing his head? Look out, Miss Cheveley!"

He sprang forward and caught Maud round the waist with one arm, holding firmly to the rigging with the other. Before Maud could realise what was happening, a great cataract of water seemed to descend upon them, like a roaring sea-green avalanche, and for a moment, which felt like a lifetime, she thought she was being swept away with it. But it passed on, and she found herself clinging to Rex, knee-deep in water, while from the forecastle and the companion came half-stifled voices, crying that the ship was sinking. At the same moment Rex became aware that he was embracing Miss Cheveley in a very pronounced fashion, and reddening at his own temerity, begged her pardon and hastened to withdraw his arm. Springing to the wheel, he took the place of the unskilful steersman, and brought the ship again into her right course, shouting at the same time to the men who came rushing up from below that no harm was done.

"This is the second time you have saved my life," said a shy voice beside him.

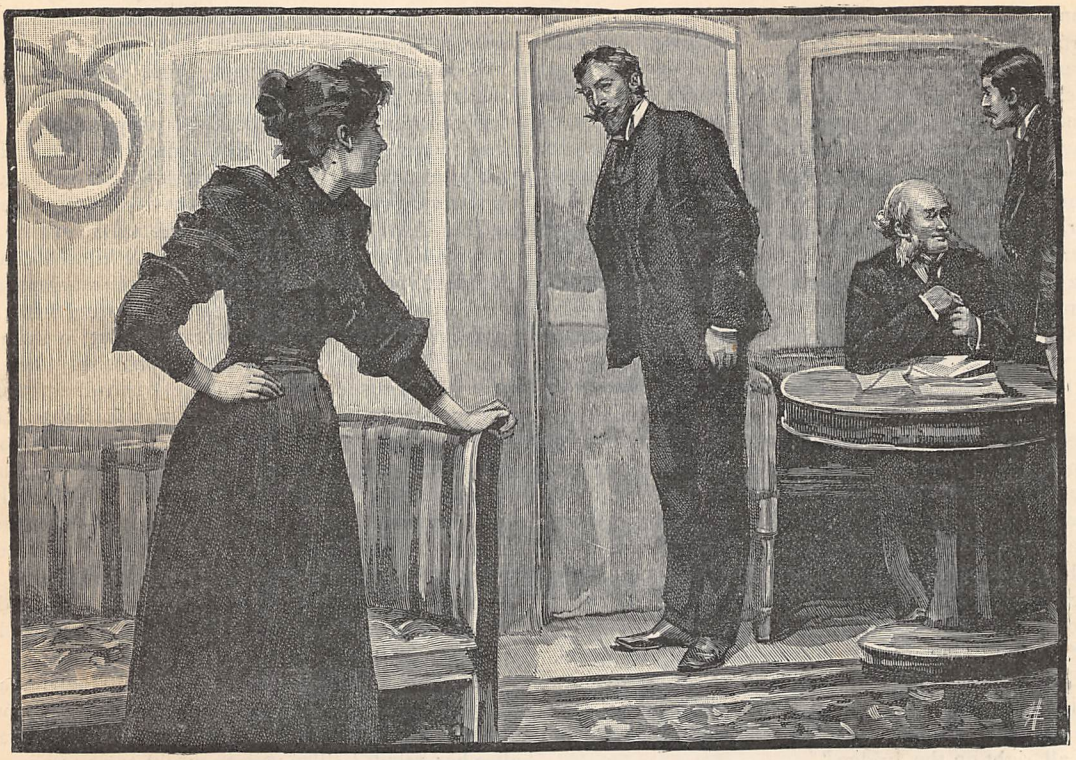
He would not look at her, and kept his eyes fixed on the tumbling waves, while he forced himself to reply, in his coldest tones—

"You must be wet through, Miss Cheveley. You had better go and change your things."

With astonishing meekness she obeyed, but as she went she lifted her eyes, soft, reproachful, appealing, to his, and he forgot his resolution so far as to look up and catch a glimpse of her face—a glimpse which set his heart beating wildly. The next minute he reminded himself of his position, told himself that if she cared for him it only made it all the worse, since the revulsion of feeling when she learned his true name and history would be greater. But in spite of this, he felt happy, foolishly, unreasonably happy; while Maud rushed below, and gave herself up to the tender mercies of Bradford, who was fortunately too much occupied in lamenting the amount of water which had poured down the companion-way and into the cabins to notice her mistress's expression. When the handmaid was at length dismissed, Maud sat down to consider her position. Would he speak again, after what she had said to him that night on the reef? And supposing he did, what would she do? He had said that she was capable of sacrificing her pride and station for a man she loved—was she?

"I think I could, for him," she murmured, and then blushed at the enormity of which she was guilty. How could she expect him to speak again, after her rebuff? The voyage would come to an end, and he would never know of the change in her feelings, and they would part, and she would go back to London and the old life, and—forget? No, never, but perhaps endure. And after all, what would Papa say, and Addie and Lina? What would she herself think of the matter when the first glamour was over, and she began to perceive what it meant to give up all for love? Could she trust herself to Captain Jenkins, secure that he could make up to her for all she lost? Her heart answered at once. She could trust him unreservedly, and she felt a strange joy in knowing that her pride was crushed, and that she was ready to submit herself to him whenever he should claim her. As for the obstacles before her, hope told a flattering tale. Papa could be managed, and the girls did not signify. When she entered the saloon, one glance at her face showed Mr. Cheveley what had happened, and for a moment he regretted that he had not accepted the captain's offer of leaving the ship at Port Royal. But they were nearing England now, and when Maud was once undeceived, there would be no room in her heart for sorrow, only for anger.

The captain thought the same, and during the short remainder of the voyage, when Maud kept away from him with a new shyness, which he knew how to interpret, he found himself constantly longing for, yet dreading, their arrival in port. It seemed such a mean and shabby thing to let a girl begin to care for him, as he could not help knowing Maud did now, when she would turn from him in disgust if she knew all, and he desired most intensely to get his



"'DON'T GO!' SHE CRIED. 'I CAN'T BEAR IT!'" (*p.* 187).

confession over, and to leave her for ever. He had quite settled in his mind that she must know all. He would not leave her to perplexity and disappointment, ignorant still, but the necessity of telling her was a dreadful one. Every moment after they sighted land increased his agitation, and he hailed with positive delight the prospect of one more night's respite, when they reached the port too late to enter in the darkness. And all the time Maud was thinking that he refrained from speaking to her because of the prohibition she had laid upon him, and was trying in her own mind to frame some sentence which might intimate to him its removal, without telling him too much. They got into port early in the morning and berthed the *Valentina* in her old place beside the quay, when she was at once boarded by various persons intent upon business. To the captain's surprise, among the foremost of these was his friend Trevor.

"How are you, old fellow?" he called out. "Haven't heard the good news yet, have you? I wanted to be the first to tell you."

"The best news you could tell me just now would be that my name was really Richard Jenkins," growled the captain.

Trevor stared, but hurried on.

"Explain your riddles afterwards, old man. Well, the news is that the house is fairly on its legs again, thanks to that Kaimakoonga Mine. Immensely rich vein struck suddenly two months ago—yield colossal ever since—prospects as good as possible. Shares at an enormous premium—your uncle and cousins jubilant, ready to receive you with open arms, indeed. No more need to lie low or command other people's ships. By the bye, how have you got on? What! you don't mean to say you've done it? When is it coming off?"

"Don't be an ass, Trevor!" said Rex angrily. "Just listen to what I have to say;" and he told his story, his friend whistling sympathetically as he recognised the situation. "So now, all I want you to do for me," concluded Rex, "is to help me to get it over, and that you can do best by addressing me by my own name in Miss Cheveley's presence. I must go below in a minute and report, and you can follow."

"All right. Always ready to help a friend in a tight place," said Trevor, and Rex descended into the saloon to make his report.

Maud noticed with surprise his pale face and distracted manner, her father read both accurately, but the attention of both was presently drawn from him by the entry of the steward, who announced Mr. Trevor.

"My father heard I was coming down, and asked me to bring you some important papers which want signing," said the latter to Mr. Cheveley when his greetings were over. "I hope you have enjoyed your

trip? My friend Joscelyn has been telling me a little about it on deck."

"Joscelyn?" said Maud quickly.

"Yes; Rex Joscelyn, *alias* Richard Jenkins, who has had the honour of accompanying you on your voyage, Miss Cheveley," said Trevor, laughing.

"Is this true?" she asked, turning to Rex, with a look he dared not meet.

"It is," he replied humbly, still not looking at her.

The others saw her flush and pale suddenly, but she turned away from him without a word.

"If you have no objection, sir, I should be glad to leave the ship at once," said Rex, in a strained voice. It was all over now, and he wished only for escape and solitude.

"As you please, captain," said Mr. Cheveley kindly. "I am very sorry to part from you in this way, but if you think it best——"

"Oh, altogether best, quite the best!" muttered Rex incoherently, like a man suffering from a blow. "Good-bye, sir."

"Put your things together and come back," said Mr. Cheveley. "I have not settled accounts with you yet."

"No, I forgot," he said, still in the same strained tone, and turned to go out.

Passing Maud, he gave one pleading look at her. She turned angrily and faced him, with a stamp of her foot.

"You have deceived me!" she said fiercely. "I never want to see you again—never!"

"I am sorry for that poor fellow," said Mr. Cheveley to Trevor, when the door had closed behind Rex. "He is a thorough gentleman, and one of the pleasantest men I know. We are under immense obligations to him, too, and I am afraid this seems ungrateful. But under the circumstances, it is best for him to go. It might be too hard for him to stay with us."

"Don't, papa!" cried Maud, choking back a rush of painful tears, and she sat down on the sofa, and read a book very industriously upside down, until a tear fell and blurred the page, while Trevor and her father discoursed upon business matters and the latest news, including the good fortune of the Joscelyns, of which she heard nothing. Now that he was really going, it seemed too dreadful to lose him. Could she forgive him? Was her indignation less in the sacred cause of truth than because she had been tricked and her boasted penetration deceived?

In an incredibly short space of time Rex came back prepared for departure, and took up mechanically the money which Mr. Cheveley had placed upon the table.

"Good-bye, sir," he said again.

"Good-bye, captain," responded Mr. Cheveley, with a cheerfulness which Maud could hardly endure. "I hope we may meet again under happier circumstances."

"I'm afraid not, sir," he said brokenly, and waited a moment to see whether Maud would vouchsafe him a word or a look. But she was still sitting with her face turned away, her eyes fixed on her book. He could not see that she was quivering all over with the effort of restraining her sobs.

"Good-bye, Miss Cheveley," he said.

His hand was on the handle of the door, when the book fell to the ground with a crash, and Maud started up.

"Don't go!" she cried. "I can't bear it!"

"Shall we adjourn to the deck-house?" said Mr. Cheveley resignedly to Trevor. "It strikes me that we are two too many here."

THE END.

DINNER AND DIGESTION.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

SOME live to eat, others eat to live. Both are wrong in their way. We all know the end of the glutton. To all of us he is repulsive. On the other hand, we all are familiar with the man who boasts, "Oh, I can eat anything!" He is usually an energetic person, who thinks it a crime to have a palate. His day generally comes sooner or later, and he learns, when his digestion has failed, that cookery is a fine art—even a moral agent.

The palate has been degraded for the purposes of the mere epicure, and so has acquired an evil reputation. Still, we must not forget that it is the guardian of our digestions, and so of our health. Many poisons are detected by our taste, and thereby avoided. Again, other things being equal, the more palatable the food the more good it does us. Bad cookery has driven many a man to the public-house. Taste is one of our senses, like sight and hearing; as such, it should be educated. It should neither be stifled nor allowed to enslave us.

In these days the same name, "dinner," is given to a meal taken by one class of persons from noon to about two o'clock, by others from six to eight, or later. By this name is understood the principal meal of the day—the meal that would survive were all others abolished, the one in which animal food predominates. The time does not matter.

In the last four centuries, every hour of the day, from ten in the morning to ten at night, has at some date been the royal dinner-hour. In general the hour has steadily become later. Henry VII. dined at 11 a.m., Cromwell at 1 p.m., Addison and Pope at 2 p.m.,

Cowper at 4 p.m. After Waterloo, 6 p.m. became the hour. Of course, there were protests. Pope complained of Lady Suffolk's dissipated innovation of four o'clock dinner. In deference to the wishes of his young English bride, Louis XII. of France changed his hour from 9.30 a.m. to 11 a.m. These late hours killed him.

There are many reasons for this onward movement of the dinner hour. In old times lighting was expensive; the day was regulated by sunrise and sunset. Sunlight was necessary for cooking and eating the meal. There was not much business to do, and dinner made an agreeable break in the day for persons destitute of candles and books. As business increased and lighting became cheaper, men would like to get their business over before they sat down to dinner, and so it became later. Then gaiety and fashion stepped in, and pushed the hand of the clock on still further.

Now, the time at which the principal meal is taken is not, within limits, of such great importance if certain essential conditions are complied with. The selected hour should be adhered to; for the stomach acquires the habit of getting ready at the usual time—if it is disappointed, either the appetite fails or indigestion follows. The food last taken should not have been too recent, nor should there have been too long a fast. The diner should not be over-tired, otherwise the stomach will share in the general exhaustion. If the stomach has been fatigued by efforts to digest too recent a meal, or by too long abstinence, or partake of the general exhaustion of its proprietor, it will be unable to form the juices necessary for digestion. To his principal meal a man should bring his body fresh and vigorous, and a stomach refreshed by rest after having done work within a reasonably short period. Dinner should never be bolted and hurried over. The food should be well masticated. The materials should be the best obtainable, the meat good, and the vegetables fresh. The cooking should be carefully and properly done. Indigestible things, or those which disagree with the individual, should be eschewed. After the meal the diner should rest or have some light occupation for an hour, or, still better, two. He should neither undertake active physical exercise—not even moderately-rapid walking—nor should he study, think over business, or occupy his mind seriously in any way. It is well to remember that a piece of beef remains in and engages the stomach for about three hours, a piece of salt beef or pork four and three-quarter hours. Nor is it right to sleep for some time after a meal. During sleep digestion is suspended; the food remains in the stomach and undergoes improper changes; digestion is deferred till the sleeper wakens, and then takes place imperfectly. Indigestion and nightmare are the consequences. Finally, do not eat too much. It is better to eat too little. The rule to get up with an appetite, though hardly an inviting one, is not without reason. Habitual repletion is much to be deprecated. If people would or could always attend to these simple directions, the benefit to health would be enormous. The gain in economy, too, would be greater than many of us think. It is astonishing how little food a man requires to do hard work and remain in health, if that food is proper in quality and properly taken. Improper food, improperly taken, is not only to a great extent wasted, but will, in the end, lead to serious disaster.

The man who, in the midst of business, rushes into an eating-house, bolts a badly-cooked dinner, thinking all the time about his affairs, and then rushes back to his business, will soon break down, though, from the early hour, he brings a comparatively unfatigued body to his meal.

A similar fate awaits the man who, fatigued by a hard day's work, having had an insufficient lunch, comes home late to dinner, eats a heavy meal, and then goes to sleep.

Notwithstanding the enormous diversity of materials used as food by man, modern science has reduced them all to five headings. These are: albuminous foods, farinaceous foods, fats, salts, and water. The albumens include white of egg—which is typical albumen—lean meat, fish, fowl, game, the casein of milk and cheese, the vegetable casein, most abundant in beans, lentils, peas, and in the cereals, whereas potatoes and rice are poor in them. Unfortunately the cook, in his desire to please the eye by white bread, uses flour which has been deprived of the part in which the albumen mainly resides. It would thus be an immense advantage to the poor to use whole-meal bread, as it is a substitute for meat. The Scotchman preserves the albuminous part in his oatmeal, and the German in his black bread; the English poor must have white bread. Thus, if they cannot get meat, fish, milk, or eggs in sufficient quantity, and are prejudiced, as they usually are, against lentils and cheap foreign beans, it is appalling to think what they are really doing. They are depriving their children of albuminous food—the food, of all others, which repairs waste and supplies growth. They are starving them.

The farinaceous foods include all starchy food, such as bread, potato, rice. They are fattening, and supply the body with force. The fats and oils contribute to keep up the body heat, and are obtained from the vegetable as well as animal kingdom—olives, the cereals, and beans containing them.

The problem of a dietary for mere subsistence, or economy, is to combine certain food-stuffs so that they may contain all these alimentary principles at one meal, or in a day's meals. Such combination is obtained by a meal of black bread, a little oil or a few olives, some salt and water; or by eating some fat meat, with some bread, salt, and water; or, again, in oatmeal porridge, milk, and salt. On the other hand, the Irishman, who tries to get all his albumen out of potatoes, has to eat enormous quantities of them to get the requisite amount of albumen. This entails his taking much more starch than he needs. He is much better off when he adds milk or buttermilk and salt to his potatoes. The same applies to the rice diet of the Hindu: he has to add fish to maintain health.

Thus, by proper selection, a small quantity of cheap food will preserve life, and even health. What, then,

are we to say of the luxurious dinner of soup, fish, *entrée*, joint, game, sweets, cheese, dessert? Obviously, there is too much, especially of albuminous food. Fish, *entrée*, joint and game, and cheese are all albuminous, and most puddings are mainly farinaceous, or consist of prepared fruits. The soup is an animal extract, made by heat; it consists mainly of salts and water. It has no food value, unless, indeed, it has farinaceous thickenings or cream added to it, or unless the meat from which it has been made is eaten with it; for all the nutritious albuminous matter is retained in this meat, which is too often rejected as having had "all the strength taken out of it." It is impossible to make a nutritious broth or beef-tea by heat, for the simple reason that the more you heat it the more solid the nutritious albumen becomes, as is well seen in the white of a hard-boiled egg. It is important that this should be clearly understood; for so many people trust to beef-tea, in preference to milk or anything else, to nourish their invalids. Anyone fed on beef-tea or broth alone must die of starvation. It is a valuable stimulant, but is not a food in any other sense than salt and water is a food. These animal extracts and dextrin (a kind of gum) are most powerful agents in stimulating the stomach.

Now, when a piece of bread is chewed for a short time, the starch becomes converted into dextrin. Further, the act of sipping fluids has a remarkable effect in stimulating the pulse, and thus both the stomach and nerve-centres on which it is dependent are stimulated by an increased flow of blood. These effects are also produced by the act of mastication, and are greatly aided by savoury food. From all this it appears that if the stomach is in an exhausted condition, there is nothing so efficacious as a preparation for a proper meal as to sip some soup and chew some bread. It is far more efficacious than fluid of bitters with sherry and other stimulants, and free from the objections attached to these. A man worn-out by worry can by such a preparation make a hearty meal and digest it often when, without bread and soup, he would hardly touch his dinner, or it would be followed by indigestion.

We now come to the albuminous bodies—fish, flesh, and fowl. Starchy material, such as bread, is partly dissolved in the mouth, as we have seen. Albumen begins to be digested in the stomach, and remains there three or four hours if well chewed—if unchewed, as long as seven hours and a half. Now, the object of all digestion is to dissolve the solid food; till the solids are thoroughly dissolved they are of no value as nourishment whatever, and may cause much pain and mischief. If we want to dissolve anything quickly we break it up small; so, if we want our meat dissolved in the stomach, we must chew it fine. A piece of meat well masticated has more nutritive value than a piece many times larger half-chewed, to say nothing of the stimulating action of mastication.

Fish, forming the next course, is much more easily masticated than flesh, and therefore more easily digested; but if served with sauce containing fatty matter, like melted butter, it is much less digestible; for fats are not digested in the stomach, and are apt to coat the albuminoids with an oily film, which prevents the stomach juice from getting at them. For this reason fried fish is less digestible than boiled, and oily fish like salmon and eel than white fish.

With meat come vegetables. The green vegetables have not a high value, but are important in furnishing salts. After the meats come the sweets, further stimulating the stomach through the palate, as also do the cheese and dessert. Finally, the whole meal is subjected to the action of the liver and sweetbread, which is efficacious in digesting all alimentary principles.

IN PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED.

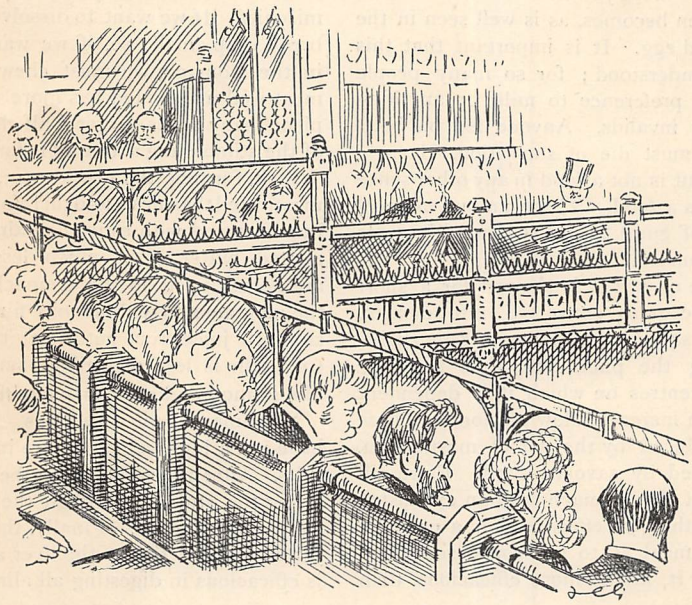
BY ALFRED F. ROBBINS.

II.—HOW MEMBERS ARE REPORTED.

THE constituent who, after a fitting display of bated breath and whispering humbleness, obtains from his local member for the first time an order of admission to the Strangers' Gallery of the House of Commons soon exhausts his sense of awe at the bewigged and begowned occupant of the chair. His previously existing admiration for some one or another party leader similarly loses a shade of its enthusiasm when he sees the rival statesmen lolling opposite to each other in careless attitudes, and many with hat on head. But, as he raises his eyes and looks towards the opposite gallery, his attention is closely arrested by a body of men sitting side by side in a series of small pews right above the Speaker's chair, who seem on business bent. He is certain that they cannot be members, if only because they are at work; and the certainty is justified, for the ever-changing body which fills what is technically known as boxes—strangely resembling the pews of an old-fashioned prison chapel—form that journalistic corporation called "The Gallery"; its members are never backward in claiming their position in "The Fourth Estate"; it is through them, in fact, that the debates of the Imperial Parliament are conveyed to an always listening and occasionally admiring world.

"The Gallery" was not always so important as it is to-day; and, although it is not necessary at this

point to trace in detail the steps by which it rose to its present influence, it may be indicated from what small beginnings, and in spite of what difficulties, parliamentary reporting has developed. In the early days of the House of Commons it was a high crime and misdemeanour—and, down to our own time, has been gravely held to be unconstitutional—to communicate the debates even to the Sovereign ; and members have been committed to the Tower and expelled the House for publishing what had passed. Even at the commencement of the Long Parliament a representative had to yield up his notes to the Speaker ; but the rule was privately defied by certain industrious occupants

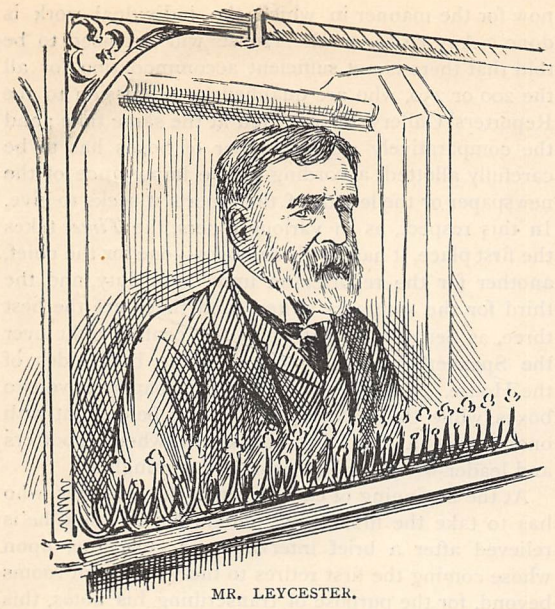


"THE GALLERY."

of the St. Stephen's benches. The notes of Sir Simonds D'Ewes, Sir John Northcote, and Thomas Burton, all members, and Thomas Rushworth, a clerk at the table, have left us information invaluable for the understanding of the stormy period of the Great Rebellion ; but these were records privately taken, and not intended for immediate publication. Diaries continued to be kept, but the outside public wanted news which was not of a posthumous kind ; and the growing desire was so frequently gratified that, soon after the accession of George II., the Commons made a despairing effort to secure secrecy for their work by formally resolving, "That it is an indignity to, and a breach of privilege of, this House for any person to presume to give in written or printed newspapers any account or minutes of debate, or of the proceedings of this House, or any part thereof ; and that, upon discovery of the authors, printers, or publishers of any such written or printed newspaper, this House will proceed against the offenders with the utmost severity."

Yet, within about a dozen years of this threat, Johnson was writing for Cave's *Gentleman's Magazine* "The Senate of Lilliput," an astounding attempt at giving an idea of what had passed at Westminster ; for he who was to be afterwards known as "The Great Lexicographer" compiled it from the scanty notes furnished by persons employed to attend the Houses, and sometimes had no more to work upon than the names of the speakers and the part they had taken in debate. In such circumstances it was easy for Johnson to justify his own claim that he "took care that the Whig dogs should not have the best of it"; and it was this partisan treatment, almost as much as the inherently poor reporting, that destroyed the value of many of the fragments of the older parliamentary speeches which have come down to us.

Carlyle characteristically observed of those of Cromwell that "certainly no such agglomerate of opaque confusions, printed and reprinted, of darkness on the back of darkness, thick and threefold, is known to me elsewhere in the history of things spoken or printed by human creatures ;" and the greater of the orations of Bolingbroke and Chatham have reached us only in most mutilated form. Even when the House had ceased to interfere with professional note-taking, untoward circumstances, right into the present century, would occasionally intervene ; and Brougham has placed it on record that, upon the occasion of the younger Pitt's speech on the renewed breaking out of the war against France in 1803—the greatest ever made by "the pilot who weathered the storm," and of which his illustrious rival, Fox, declared that the orators of Greece and Rome would have admired—and, perhaps, envied it—an accident prevented the gallery being opened to the reporters, so that the heads only are preserved, and hardly any part of the



MR. LEYCESTER.

magnificent peroration, which, according to some who heard it, almost took away their breath.

Accident, indeed, did more on a later occasion to call public attention to the desirability for establishing a gallery to which reporters alone should go, and wherein they should not have to compete for places with casual visitors, than even the final great struggle of the Commons to prevent reporting altogether. Readers of *Junius* will recall the fight between the House and the London printers of the debates during what is known as "The Unreported Parliament," which sat from 1768 to 1774, for throughout its existence the standing order for the exclusion of strangers was strictly enforced; and, though one of the members, Sir Henry Cavendish, followed the old example of taking copious notes, these have not even yet been fully given to the world, lying in only semi-disturbed repose in the Manuscript Department of the British Museum. But although that was the last such effort, another sixty years had to elapse before a regular Press gallery was instituted; and as lately as the historic occasion of the sudden dissolution of Parliament by William IV., in the spring of 1831 upon the Reform question, the *Times* had to complain that the reporters of the morning papers had been excluded by some blunder of the officers appointed to keep the doors, and had to acknowledge its indebtedness to two friends for the description it furnished. But in 1833 the Lords set the example of allotting a particular gallery to reporters; that was followed when the temporary House was constructed for the Commons after the fire which destroyed St. Stephen's Chapel and its surroundings in the next year; and provision was made for the Press in each chamber when Sir Charles Barry erected the new Palace of Westminster.

Even since then, however, there have been occasional instances of newspapers having to depend upon members for an account of what had passed within the Commons, owing to the operation of the rule excluding strangers; but these sporadic attempts to keep the proceedings private have illustrated only how firmly fixed as an institution the Reporters' Gallery has become. Like "our glorious Constitution" itself, it has grown from small things to great; and it is now as complete a specimen of *imperium in imperio* as could be found within these realms. Speaking specially of the House of Commons—where the accommodation is much greater, just as the work is far harder, than in the Lords—it is in the House, but not of it. Not merely does it possess its own entrance—immediately adjacent to the carefully guarded door by which members of the House of Commons who are Privy Councillors alone find access—and its own suite of writing, smoking, and refreshment rooms, but it is governed by an annually elected committee, which conducts all necessary negotiations with the authorities of the House; it is supplied with creature comforts by a firm of contractors, because of its own preference no longer to be fed in the same fashion and by the same *chef* as the members upon whom it looks; and it is even so corporate in its ideas that the Gallery Lodge, No. 1928 on the roll of the Grand Lodge of England, has been formed mainly of the free and accepted Masons within its ranks.

This corporate spirit has been strengthened by the traditions of the Gallery itself. Johnson may not be able to be claimed directly as one of its members, but Dickens can—all readers of "David Copperfield" being supposed to know that that passage is autobiographic which records that the novelist was once "joined with eleven others in reporting the debates in Parliament for a morning newspaper." In more recent times, at least two who have sat within it as leader-writers—Mr. Justin McCarthy and Mr. Herbert Paul, both contributing to the *Daily News*—have stepped straight down, by favour of the

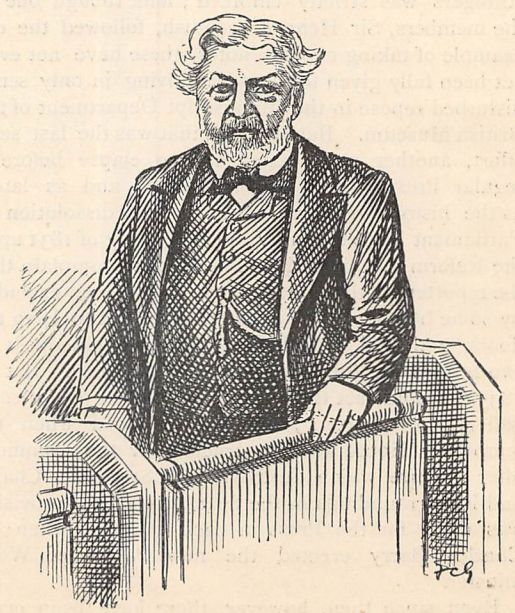
MR. JOHN DOYLE.

constituencies, to the green benches beneath; while Mr. Dalziel, who therein represented the *Scottish Leader*, did the same only a few months since. But it is upon its own veterans rather than upon those who have passed through it to the parliamentary realms below that the Gallery most prides itself. Just before the close of the last Parliament its *doyen*—Mr. Coleman, of the Central News—who had sat in it continuously for more than half a century, and whom tradition, indeed, affirmed to have reported debates in the old St. Stephen's Chapel, withdrew from the work, full of years and honours. To his position, in respect of length of service, has succeeded Mr. John Doyle, the chief of the *Morning Advertiser's* parliamentary staff; while among the other veterans of the Gallery are Mr. Leycester, the *Times'* chief; Mr. Thompson Cooper, the well-known writer of biography, who now supplies the summary of the leading journal, and who has sat in the Gallery for over thirty years, and has represented the *Times* for twenty-six of them; and Mr. Henry Bussey, formerly of the Press Association, and now of the *Standard*. In addition to these, Mr. Henry Lucy, the chief of the *Daily News'* staff, merits mention as having done long and worthy work in the Gallery, not only in the capacity named, but as a political diarist, a prolific writer of "London Letters," and the creator of "Toby, M.P.," the "member for Barkshire," familiar to every reader of *Punch*; while such other chiefs of staff as Mr. Geddes, of the *Standard*, Mr. Peacock, of the *Morning Post*, Mr. Rendle, of the *Daily Telegraph*, and Mr. Fisher, of the *Daily Chronicle*—to take those of the London morning papers alone—have made their reputation among journalists, and some in the wider field of authorship.

When there has thus been traced the development of the institution of parliamentary reporting, with an indication of some of the leading men who have been, or who now are, engaged in the work, there remains to be told how that work is done. It will have been gathered that every morning journal in the metropolis has its own staff, the *Times*—which prides itself upon continuing the tradition of furnishing the completest of all the reports that are daily issued—heading the list with a total of eighteen, the *Standard*, however, being close up, and the *Morning Advertiser* not far behind. In addition, the *Scotsman*, the *Freeman's Journal*, the *Manchester Guardian*, the *Leeds Mercury*, the *Glasgow Herald*, the *Dundee Advertiser*, and the *Aberdeen Free Press* are supplied by their own reporters, the telegraphic accounts being sent by special wire from London direct into their offices; and some dozen or fifteen other provincial journals are represented in the Gallery, though merely for the purpose of fully dealing with the members from or the discussions affecting their immediate district. But the bulk of the reports which are read outside London are forwarded by the two leading news agencies, the Press Association and the Central News, of the parliamentary staffs of which Mr. McCallum and Mr. Ashenden respectively are chief.

So much for the external machinery of distribution; now for the manner in which the individual work is done. Any visitor to the House will not need to be told that there is not sufficient accommodation for all the 200 or 250, who are qualified for admission to the Reporters' Gallery, to be seated at the same time; and the comparatively small number of boxes has to be carefully allotted, according to the importance of the newspaper or the length of the reports it seeks to give. In this respect, as in various others, the *Times* takes the first place, it having three boxes—one for the chief, another for the reporter on immediate duty, and the third for the summary writer—and these are the best three, as being immediately in the centre, right over the Speaker's chair, and commanding both sides of the House. Certain other prominent papers have two boxes, while the rank and file have to be content with one or even a seat in the back row, where reporters and leader-writers are pleasantly commingled.

At the beginning of each sitting, the reporter who has to take the first "turn" enters his box, and he is relieved after a brief interval by a colleague, upon whose coming the first retires to the writing-out rooms beyond, for the purpose of transcribing his notes, this process being repeated until the list of reporters is exhausted, and the time has arrived for Number One to again come into the box. It is a significant comment upon the complaint which is occasionally made that questions occupy much time that could be more usefully employed in debate, that the newspapers are agreed that the question hour is, on the whole, the most interesting to the public generally of any during which the House sits; and at question time, therefore, the "turns" are short, because of the necessity for getting out a fairly full report. When discussion commences on an ordinary evening, the "turns" are lengthened to half an hour, and even at very dull sittings to an hour; but after eleven at night they are again

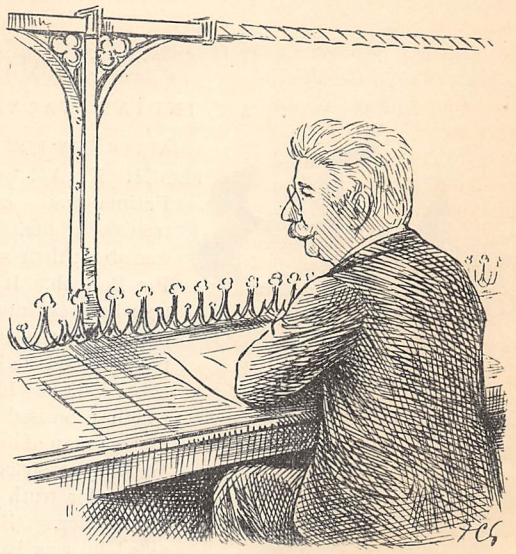


MR. THOMPSON COOPER.

shortened, in order to enable the report to be more rapidly written out in ample time for "getting to press." Upon extraordinary evenings—when a Vote of No Confidence in a Government is being moved, a leading Ministerial measure is being expounded, or a Budget is being introduced—the "turns" are brief, in order that a full note may be taken and quickly transcribed. When Johnson was once told of a person who could report *verbatim* the speeches in Parliament, he brushed the statement aside in his accustomed dogmatic fashion with the words—"Sir, it is impossible!" But, if he could visit the Gallery in these times, he would not repeat the phrase, for, although the popular appetite for long parliamentary reports is steadily abating, there are still occasions when a *verbatim* note has to be taken, and it is taken with accuracy and ease.

When the note has been taken, it has to be transcribed before the speech can be handed to telegraphist or compositor; and for that purpose the reporter, as has been said, has to leave the Gallery for a writing-out room. Of such apartments, there are several attached to the Commons, though only one to the Lords. Among the former is the large or "black room," as it is called—partly from the colour of its tables, though it might also be from the quantity of "blacks" for manifold paper used therein. No one is allowed to smoke in that place, but devotees of the pipe have a small writing-room for themselves; while Number XVIII. Committee Room has in recent years been set aside for the growing number of reporters, who still complain of insufficient accommodation on busy nights, though there are two other rooms for them in the approach to the Gallery. But the *Times* is not likely to grumble, because it has a writing-room of its own; while Reuter's Telegram Agency, as supplying last session the official report of the proceedings was allotted Committee Room XIX., as well as another in the basement: which latter, it may be of interest to note, was that occupied by Mr. Chamberlain when a member of the Government.

The reports written in these apartments vary as much as the rooms themselves. The official report—no longer the historic "Hansard," but another—gives all the answers to questions in full, *verbatim* transcripts of every leading speech, and at least one-third of each discourse delivered, however pointless and rambling it may be; and as it is recognised that not merely are the acoustic properties of the House of Lords abominable, but the Press representatives are placed at the wrong end of the chamber for hearing, a Reuter reporter was given last session a position on the floor, so that at least one account should not contain the frequent notification, "The remarks of the noble lord were quite inaudible in the Gallery." Of the ordinary newspaper reports, the *Times* supplies the longest, while the printed summaries, forwarded each half hour to the London clubs by the Central News and the Exchange Telegraph Company, are the shortest. The greatest rush is made by the metropolitan evening journals, some of which have mounted



MR. LUCY IN HIS BOX.

messengers to carry the "copy" to the Strand or Fleet Street; while the Press Association and Central News have a direct wire from the Gallery to the General Post Office for the transmission of their evening paper reports to the provinces, as well as of important divisions, taken late at night, to the country papers, in time for their earliest editions. The bulk of the "copy," however, is sent to the various London and special wire offices by messengers, or, for the journals served by the news agencies, to St. Martin's-le-Grand by pneumatic tube; and, though the *Times* has an elaborate system of telephones from Westminster to Printing-House Square for the more rapid transmission of late reports, this has been comparatively little needed since, during very recent years, the Commons have taken to keeping good hours.

Such is parliamentary reporting as it exists to-day. It has made considerable strides since those times when "A Collection of Parliamentary Debates," in many volumes, dulled even the patient souls of the politicians of the early Georgian era; but, though in point of speed and diversity it has never been better than now, no higher standard of fulness and accuracy was ever reached than in the publication during the Thirties of "The Mirror of Parliament," to which—far in preference to the "Hansard" of that period—Mr. Gladstone always points as the standard record of his earliest utterances in the Commons. With the ever-growing demand for the earliest and the ever-decreasing wish for the fullest reports, the Gallery, though far more tenanted, is not all that it was when to obtain a seat in it was to win the blue riband of the reporter's calling. But for its general services to the public, for its freedom from partisan or personal prejudice, and even for its genial toleration of a bore—especially when that perennial parliamentarian is on the watch for occasions to count out the House—it is an institution to which hearty praise can be given, and praise which promises to be long deserved.

THE BALD-HEADED BOY.

AN INDIAN TALE. BY ARTHUR MILTON.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

BILOCH KHAN and Fatima had one trouble in life. It was about their son Pir Bakhsh. It is true he grew into a fine boy; it is also true that he had a spirit about him which promised to make a man of him. He had as strict a regard for truth as his father. But, alas! he was bald. Why it was, no one could tell, but his father and mother had to face the fact that no hair would grow on his head. Some who had heard of the story of the poor tiger who lost both his ears and his tail declared that this misfortune was a judgment upon the farmer and his wife for their treatment of the poor animal.

The want of hair is esteemed a very great misfortune among the people of that country; for the men cultivate long curls, which hang over their shoulders. These might well be the envy of the fairer sex. They comb and oil them so carefully that they might be thought to be vain; but, being men, we know they cannot be.

So the prospects of young Pir Bakhsh's hair were watched most keenly by his fond parents; but to no purpose. The small amount of fluffy stuff that had adorned his head at his birth fell off, and not a hair would grow again in its place. So great did the disgrace seem to those people who spoke of the tiger that they candidly said—

"The best thing you can do is to find that poor fellow and give him the miserable child for breakfast; though," they would add, "we are not sure that he would care for him, because we understand that, in the cookery-books of tigers, hair takes the place of pepper."

But if this was regarded as a misfortune and trial by Biloch Khan and his faithful spouse, how much more must it have distressed the boy himself as he grew up? Boys are the same all the world over, and Pir Bakhsh's young companions, when he began to grow up, were no exceptions to the general rule. They seemed to regard the lad's defenceless head as a fair object at which to hurl their sarcasms.

One day, when he was about sixteen years of age, he went out to look for one of his father's camels which had been grazing among the thorny bushes of the jungle hard by. As he passed under the boughs of an acacia-tree he heard a shrill voice call from above—

"Welcome, O bald-headed one! What news to-day?"

Now, Pir Bakhsh was always sensitive about the subject of his hair, or rather, his want of hair. So it is no wonder if his reply was not very polite, especially when, on looking up, he saw that it was only a shabby old crow that addressed him.

"You will have to speak to me more civilly than that if you want me to hold any conversation with you, you old scarecrow!" he said.

"How foolish you boys are!" was the reply. "I do but speak the ungarnished truth when I call you bald-headed. It is, as the saying is, calling a spade a spade. But when you call me a scarecrow you do not speak the truth, for I do not seem to scare even you. Besides, if you knew what I could do for you, you would keep a civil tongue in your head. Qua! Qua!"

This last utterance, in crows' language, was half-defiant, half-scornful.

"What can you do for me? Can you make the hair grow on my head?" asked Pir Bakhsh.

"Well," said the bird, "there is a country where a certain lady has invented a wonderful hair restorer, but I suppose it would be no use to you because you never had any hair to be restored. Qua! Qua!"

"There you are again——"

"Where?" asked the crow. "I have just been sitting on this branch the whole time. Do not be in such a hurry. I will not be interrupted in this way. I was just observing that hair restorer would be of no use to you because——"

"Spare my feelings!" cried the lad.

"Because you never had any that could be restored; but I am told by birds of passage who visit that country that there are people who sell mixtures that would make hair grow even on that stick which you are carrying. But if your head should prove to be less fertile even than that, they sell hair and curls which you can put on and take off at pleasure."

"Oh!" exclaimed the boy, his face lighting up with joy; "tell me, oh! tell me how I can obtain this, and wipe out my disgrace among men."

"How fast you do go on! Talk about men. You are not a man; you must wait many a year yet. You must get rich; you must become great. Qua! Qua! You must knock down the king. Qua! Qua! You must rule the country. Farewell. Qua! Qua! Qua!"

The bird flew away, and as he grew more and more distant his excited utterances became less and less audible, until they were altogether lost.

Pir Bakhsh stood where he was for some minutes as if rooted to the ground. He could only gaze in the direction where the bird had been lost to his view.

"Well," he exclaimed at length, "bald or not, there is a future before me; though I have not a notion what the bird could mean."

But from this day forward the boy felt that life was no longer the desolate blank to look forward to that it had been. He was conscious, however vaguely, that there was something to live for.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

IT was some five years after the conversation between the crow and Pir Bakhsh, which was recorded in the last chapter, that the country people were all astir with excitement, hearing that the king of the country, who lived more than one hundred miles away, in the town of Shahpur, intended to make a tour all through his dominions. The chief man of the tribe to which Biloch Khan belonged had received notice that the king intended to remain two days, encamped on an open plain, about a mile from his farm. He was required to see that all was in readiness for the camp; provisions had to be supplied: three oxen and ten sheep for slaughter, many scores of fowls, some hundreds of gallons of milk, besides many other things, would be needed.

The day arrived. The king and all his followers came into camp with great pomp. The tents had been sent forward, and now were pitched and ready to be taken possession of. All seemed as comfortable as could be.

But when the time for cooking the evening meal came, it was found that a most serious mistake had been made. The fuel had been forgotten, and a general outcry arose.

"SUDDENLY HIS ROYAL PERSON WAS PUSHED FROM HIS SEAT" (*p.* 196).

While others were talking and scolding aimlessly, Pir Bakhsh ran off as fast as he could, and brought from his father's dwelling a large bundle of wood. He came through the crowd, and laid it down by the king's tent. The king himself saw him, and, being pleased with the young man's prompt attention, he gave him two rupees in payment.

His example was immediately followed; men went off in all directions into the jungle, and soon the

evening fires were blazing brightly and cheerily from every quarter of the camp.

But Pir Bakhsh went home and meditated upon what had happened. He looked at the money, and said to himself—

"This is far more than the value of the wood. It is a stroke of luck that has come to me. This must be the time of which the crow spoke five years ago. I will pursue my fortune."

But then he found the next step more difficult, for he remembered the exact words of the bird, and he kept saying to himself—

"You must knock down the king. You must rule the country: this is what was said. It cannot mean that I am to kill the king. No. I will just take the words in their plain meaning, and see what follows."

The next morning many persons came to visit the king, bringing him offerings, and at the same time presenting their petitions to him. The day was very hot, and so an old barn had been emptied and turned into a sort of court or reception-room for the king's use.

It was about eleven o'clock in the morning; the barn was filled with visitors of various descriptions. Pir Bakhsh watched his opportunity, and entered the building by a door behind the king. His Majesty was sitting cross-legged upon his charpoy (or bedstead), as is the fashion in many Eastern countries.

Suddenly his royal person was pushed from his seat, with great violence, and fell headlong amongst his visitors, who were sitting upon the floor in front of him.

At the same moment there was a great crash, and a portion of the roof exactly above the spot where the king had placed himself fell down. The charpoy was broken to pieces, and the king, it was quite clear, must have been killed had he not been pushed away in time.

Pir Bakhsh soon emerged from the clouds of dust, and bowed himself very humbly before his fallen sovereign.

"Pardon me, sire," he said. "I trust you are not hurt. There was no time to speak. I had to use violence to save your life."

"There is no reason to ask pardon," replied the king. "You have saved my life at the risk of your own."

He then ordered his treasurer to give the young man two thousand rupees as a reward.

Pir Bakhsh went home, much pleased with his morning's work.

"But still," he said, "there must be more to do. I shall have to knock him down again. Next time I will do it better by hitting him with a big stick over the head."

Accordingly, the next day the bald-headed one stationed himself again in a convenient position. Just when the king was most occupied with his visitors, he raised his stick, and aimed a vigorous blow at his Majesty's head.

Whether it was that his nerve failed him or not, it is impossible to say, but fortunately for the royal skull, the blow missed the mark, and merely caught the king's turban, and sent it flying into the middle of the room.

Poor Pir Bakhsh for a moment stood aghast. He was so frightened that his hair would have stood on end—only he had none. But he was brought to his senses by the wild scare of those amongst whom the turban had fallen. Some half-dozen of them rose, and rushed pell-mell from the room, shouting—

"A snake! A snake!"

Then was Pir Bakhsh's time. He pointed in triumph to the turban, out of which was crawling a most venomous reptile.

He turned once more to apologise for the indignity he had offered to the king. But the latter embraced him, saying—

"You have saved my life twice; you shall never leave me again."

Pir Bakhsh became great and rich. He was at last appointed as the king's wazir, and in years to come he was really the ruler of the country.

It is said that when the king was able to spare him for a lengthened holiday, he actually visited Europe, and bought a wig with handsome curls.

THE FILLING-UP OF CWM ELAN

["In order to supply water for the new Birmingham water-works, it has been decided to form a lake, thirteen miles round, in the Elan Valley. A huge dam will be constructed, and thrown across the narrowest part. The valley is one of the most beautiful in Wales, holds many prosperous farms and two fine country seats, all of which will now be destroyed."]

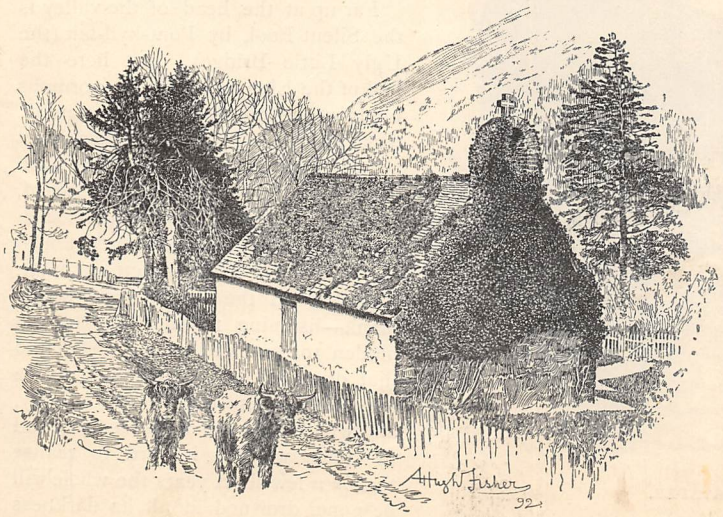
NO sound but the rush of the river over the stones, the baa—a—a of a mountain lamb, or the shrill note of the grouse upon the hill-top. This valley, right in the heart of Radnorshire, is so beautiful that it seems incredible, nay, impossible, to realise that soon its beauty will be gone, merged into the great lake which will be made to supply water to Birmingham. The soft, sunny breezes will ring with the clang of hammers upon iron rails, as hundreds of navvies construct the railroad that is to bring concrete to the spot where the huge dam is to be built.

About a mile from the little town of Rhayader the river is a broad, glistening sheet of water, rippling quietly over the shallower part by the ford, and hurrying faster where the stones have separated into deep holes and crannies, holes where the trout and salmon love to lie and watch the flies playing above their

CWM ELAN VALLEY
RHAYADER.

(*From a photograph by Hudson.*)

heads. Then the road winds to the right, between slopes of woodland, and hedges sweet with honeysuckle, until a turn brings once again the sound of rushing water, and the valley of the Elan lies spread before us. Surely none more beautiful could be found! High on either side the hills tower towards the blue sky, their bases seeming to fold lovingly across each other like the locked fingers of clasped hands. Straight ahead is the road, white and hard, and bordered on one side by the heather-covered slope, on the other by more heather, short grass, and bracken already turned to golden brown. Beside the road the river hurries along, wide and clear, and tumbling over huge boulders of grey rock, now swirling round some corner in a little torrent of white fury, now deepening quietly into a clear pool, so clear that the trees on the opposite bank are reflected cool and green upon its face. Then on and on with new beauty in each wind and turn.



CAPEL NANTGWYLT, RHAYADER.

The hills are not all covered with heather. Some are quite bare, their slaty peaks standing out rugged and lonely against the sky, while the moving clouds lay light grey and purple shadows on their sides. Then comes a patch of woodland, and a dainty little flower-bordered path runs down to the river, ending in a giddy suspension bridge made of strong wire and crossed by a single plank. There are fields, too, all rich and green with soft grass, in readiness for the winter when the snow begins to whiten the heights, and the farmer drives his sheep from the hill pastures down to the more sheltered meadows below. The farms are numerous, not large, but small and prosperous, and hidden away from sight in the nooks of the

hills. They speak but little English, do these farm-people; but that English is of the best, pure and correct, and quite free from the everyday corruptions and abbreviations which have so crept into our language. They live in their homesteads, herd their sheep and cattle, and do a small amount of horse-dealing among themselves with their active, quick-stepping ponies. The women attend to the dairy, and spin the sheep's wool into blankets, flannel, and a peculiar warm, firm homespun, which last they dye themselves, either with indigo, or else with the lemon-coloured juice of a small yellow flower which grows in the fields. Their life is a peaceful one, broken only by rides (sometimes two on a pony) to the town on market day. Every farmer's wife and daughter has her own habit skirt, and then she rides over the hills, with a basket on either arm, to sell her fowls and butter in the neighbouring town.

Sheep-shearing is the great event of the year, and on this occasion "no cool cash passes," as they express it. Each farmer helps his neighbour, and is in his turn helped. They begin shearing at daybreak, and work until evening, only resting long enough for meals, which are provided by the farmer; and we heard of one party of shearers who consumed during the day a whole calf, two sheep, and a side of bacon, besides unlimited tea, coffee, cheese, and cake. At any of the farmers we visited, we were served readily with delicious tea, and home-made bread and butter, our hostess only anxious to make us comfortable.

Meanwhile the hills tower above us on either hand, and side by side with the rushing river, the road winds on till the valley narrows, and on the right is a cottage, its front room converted into a little shop for the sale of lemonade, biscuits and ginger-beer. Before the door trickles a baby stream, a tiny tributary of the Elan, bordered with Lilliputian ferns, blue forget-me-not, and golden cistus.

At the head of the valley is the moss-covered chapel. The bell hangs in a small grey stone arch, which supports a cross, round which the ivy twines lovingly. The service is held here on Sunday afternoons, alternately in Welsh and English, and attended by nearly all the neighbourhood, from the family at the "seat" to the poorest cottager. The "seat," as all the people call Nantgwylt Hall, is a large home-like-looking house, built in a lovely nook on the side of a hill. Within a stone's throw of the windows the river rushes along over its rocky bed, fir-trees and oaks bend over the water, and on every side are the beautiful hills, purple, grey, and golden brown. A high wall of moss-grown grey stones runs round the house and grounds, and inside are the stables, farm-buildings, carpenters' and gardeners' cottages, a perfect little colony, busy and happy within its own area.

There is no sound but the rush of the river and the song of the wind in the swaying pine trees, and with the feeling that we are looking for the last time on all this beauty, we gather a handful of fern from the old stone wall. Alas! that the growth of our large cities should demand the sacrifice of such an ideal English country home!

Further on there are more farms, and we had a good deal of conversation with the tenants, who were mostly out in the very uphill fields, surrounded by their households, young and old, endeavouring to get in the hay while the sunny days remained. Five-and-twenty, forty, fifty years have they lived in the same spot, grandfather, father, and son, nor do they wish to change. Their farms look as though they prospered, and the good feeling and familiarity that seem to exist between the men and their animals is really remarkable.

CWM ELAN VALLEY, RHAYADER.
(*From a photograph by Hudson.*)

Far up at the head of the valley is the Silent Pool, by Pont-hyll-fan (the Ugly Little Bridge). Just here the bed of the Elan is a mass of enormous boulders, perforated like a gigantic fossil sponge. The river dashes down a narrow gorge, so hidden that even from the little bridge it is only heard, not seen, as it falls into a hole of such awful depth that, on coming again to the surface, the water is quite stagnant. Standing on the bridge—one single plank—listening to the roar of the hidden torrent, and gazing down into that deep, black, hideous pool, where the bubbles rise darkly and silently, and where even the birds seem afraid to come, we find it hard to realise that in a few short years the whole will be gone, drowned in all its darkness

and intensity, drowned with the happy farm life, the active birds upon the hills, the little chapel, the quiet graveyard, in the depths of that lake, the waters of which are to be carried to Birmingham to supply the thousands of rich and poor in its streets.

A short journey by rail, a noisy bustling station, trains rushing in and out, busy porters wheeling barrow-loads of luggage upon the heels of the unwary passenger. A little delay, and we are out in the crowded streets.

PONT-HYLL-FAN, ELAN VALLEY.

(From a photograph by J. Owen, Newtown, North Wales.)

The air seems heavy with smoke and steam, and there is an indefinable odour everywhere. We cannot describe it otherwise than as an unpleasant taint to every breath we draw. In any other place the sky would be blue and clear. Here it is dull and heavy, and only a few pale sickly rays do their best to pierce the greyness and show that the sun is somewhere, above the maze of houses and factory chimneys. The people do not appear to recognise this, but with bent heads they hurry along, looking either at the passers-by or else into the shop-windows. If they consider the matter at all, it is but to be content that the pavement will dry after the rain, or that the sun is good for trade, because it tempts people out to look and buy. What a contrast to the peaceful life in the Welsh valley! Can they belong to the same world, the same island?

The streets grow rapidly narrower and more dirty. The houses are crammed together, row after row, street after street, of the same dead level of dwellings. Some have dingy window blinds, others have none. Here and there a board or a chair is put across the open doorway to prevent the baby crawling into the road, and meeting an early death at the heels of some passing horse. Three little ones are sitting in the gutter, playing with bits of broken crockery, and their shrill voices are perpetually raised in angry altercation, while a lame boy, of some five or six years, props himself against the nearest doorway, and contributes his share to the wordy fray. The air is sultry and full of dust. We shudder to think of the heat inside the squalid houses, and now a woman comes out of a door with a pail in her hand, and makes her way towards a little group of children, principally boys, further down the street. As she approaches they separate, and we see that in the midst is a rather dilapidated pump, from which a small stream of water slowly trickles. From the damp appearance of the children's pinafores it is evident that they have been in close contact with the stream. The woman dashes them angrily on each side of her.

"At that water again, you wasteful imps!" she exclaims. "And you, Jess Harding," addressing the biggest girl, "as ought to be ashamed of yourself, and knowing there's never enough water to drown a flea! Get out with you!" dealing a cuff to a boy who has dodged her under the spout of the pump. "If I catch ye round here again I'll break every bone in your body, that I will, and yer little sister crying her heart out for a drop of water but two nights since!"

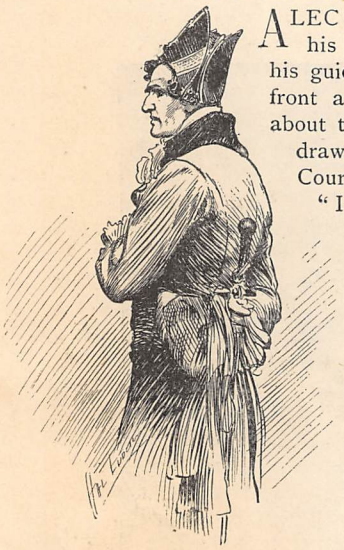
Our thoughts travel back to the peaceful Elan Valley. Its almost perfect beauty of heather and fern, its sunlit slopes and rushing river, and yet—a sick child cries in vain for water and there is none. The ruin of life on the one hand, the saving of life on the other—the pity of it all, and the salvation. Which is the worthier sacrifice? Who can tell?

A ROMANCE OF MAN.

By C. E. C. WEIGALL, Author of "The Temptation of Dulce Carruthers," "A Lincolnshire Lass," etc.

["*This little story is the true record of the sufferings of an Englishman in the last century.*"]

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.



VICTOR HUGUES.

ALEC resigned himself to his fate, and followed his guide with as calm a front as though he were about to enter his mother's drawing-room at Urleigh Court.

"If I have to die," he said to himself, as he set his teeth, "I will die like a Manxman, with my face to my enemies, and no one shall hear me utter a word of complaint!"

MacDermot was equally determined to uphold the honour of "Ould Oireland," and followed his master with a face on which fear was ludicrously mingled with a jaunty expression of contempt, intended to overcome the "fire-eating frogs."

As they walked across the court-yard, through various knots of revolutionists—some in uniform, others in the rough blue blouse of the ordinary peasant—Alec noticed with astonishment the altered demeanour of those around him.

Instead of brutally jeering at his misfortunes and his nationality, they now regarded him with something like rough respect, if not astonishment. They went some distance through the streets of Basseterre without breaking the silence, and Alec, in spite of the strangeness of the situation, had leisure to observe the fine buildings and orderly look of the streets of the little town.

At last they paused before a house, far handsomer and larger than any they had yet seen, and their guide suddenly presented arms, and then motioned the young man to ascend the steps.

Alec, lost in wonder, did so, and at that moment a man plainly dressed advanced from the door as if to meet him, accompanied by one or two officers in brilliant uniform, wearing the tricolour.

"By all the powers!" groaned MacDermot half aloud, as he followed at his master's heels, "'tis the villain himself. What delicate torture is he reserving for us? To be cooked alive, maybe, and served up for his breakfast in the morning! May the Lord protect us!"

But any sensation of fear on the part of Alec at the unexpected sight of this formidable governor was at once dispelled by his first words.

"Young man," he said, after an instant's keen scrutiny of the handsome young face before him, "if the virtues of the father descend with the features to the son—you are welcome."

Alec looked up.

The man before him was evidently in his right mind. He was certainly not the hideous monster that imagination had depicted him; for blood-stained and ferocious though Victor Hugues might be, he was an insignificant, swarthy-looking man, almost mild in his expression, and dressed with a simplicity that was in those times astonishing. His dark sombre eyes and full coarse mouth were certainly indications of the vile soul within, but at present a smile of pleasure lighted up his whole face, and showed what, under happier auspices, the man might have been.

For if one virtue still lingers in the heart, a man cannot be wholly irreclaimable. And Victor Hugues possessed the virtue of gratitude in its keenest form.

"I—I think you are under a mistake, monsieur," stammered Alec. "I am Alexander Constantine, from the Isle of Man."

As the conversation was conducted entirely in French, of which language MacDermot possessed only a slight smattering, he continued to gaze open-mouthed from behind his master at Victor and his suite: conscious of safety, yet in complete darkness as to how that safety had been assured.

"I make no mistake," continued Victor, still smiling. "I was unknown to your father, and yet, as a stranger, he showed me great kindness, which I shall now have pleasure in returning to his son. But come in, Mr. Constantine, and I will tell you the whole history of our acquaintance, while they set some refreshment before you. Deschamps, look to Mr. Constantine's servant."

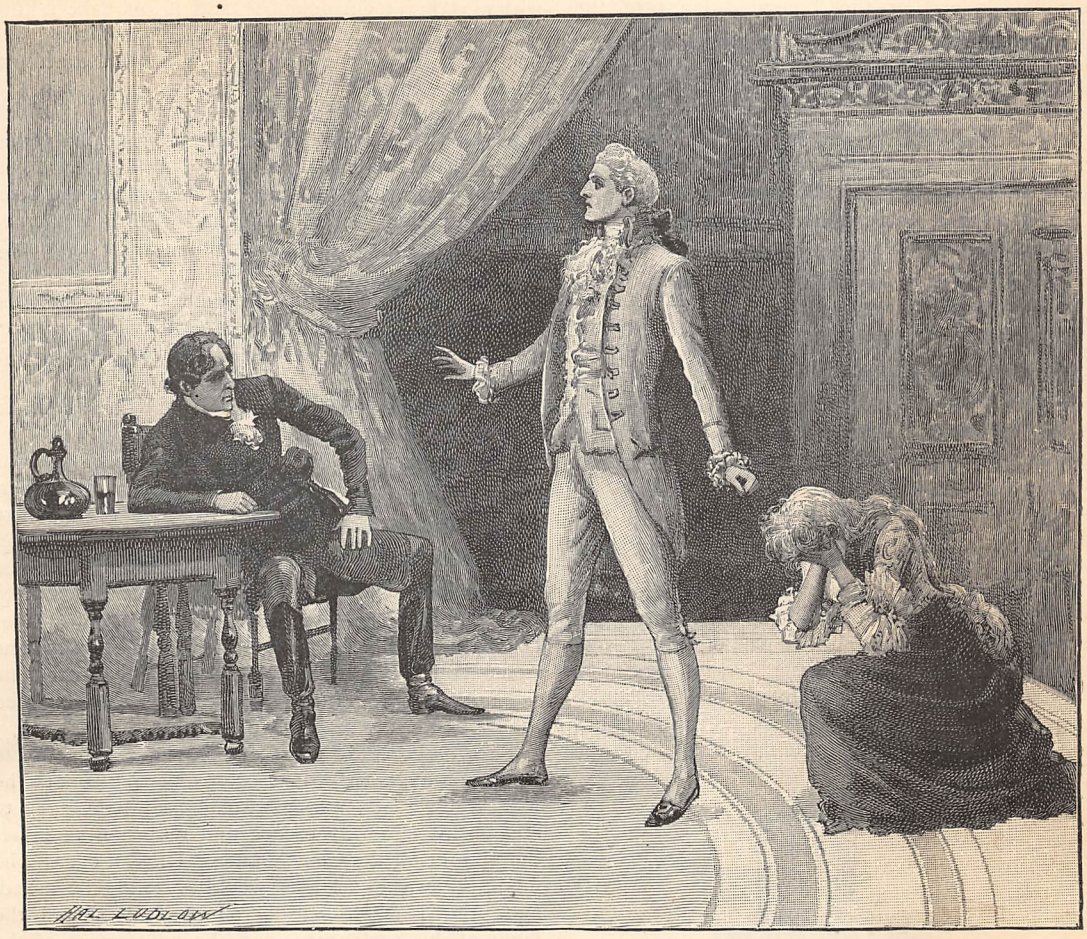
MacDermot departed, gloomily shaking his head, in charge of one of the officers, who was vainly trying to explain to him the outcome of the situation.

"Me no talkee French, monsieur," was all that MacDermot vouchsafed in answer, evidently under the common impression that a little "pidgin' English" went a long way with a foreigner.

The room into which Victor Hugues conducted his guest was sumptuously furnished, and upholstered in crimson velvet and gold.

Several pictures hung against the wall, representing different battle scenes, and among them was an oil painting, across which was scrawled in red ink "Sainte Guillotine."

The very look of the formidable instrument which had left so many homes desolate filled Alec with



"'SHE IS AN ENGLISHWOMAN, MONSIEUR,' HE SAID FIRMLY" (*p.* 203).

repugnance, and he could not restrain a shudder when he saw that the massive candlesticks were modelled in the shape of two gibbets, and that the silver ink-pot was a block and a dripping axe.

Blood-red seemed to be the prevailing colour of the surroundings, but when Alec brought his eyes back to the impassable face of his host he found it hard to realise that before him stood the monster whom men called the devil in human shape.

"Sit down, my friend," said Victor, peremptorily dismissing his suite with a wave of his hand which would have become a Nero. "And let me tell you once more that you are welcome to my roof and my hospitality. I was in Edinburgh many years ago, staying with my friend Sir William Forbes; your father came to stay there also, and at a time of great trouble advised me, and also during two days was my companion about the city, introducing me to several of his friends, and endeavouring to make my visit as pleasant and agreeable as possible. He afterwards gave me letters of introduction to many friends in Ireland. I have never forgotten his kindness, which I hope to be allowed to return in some small measure to his son."

Through Alec's mind there flashed the words, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." Though it was difficult to look upon Victor in the light of an angel, yet had it not been for his father's kindness to an unknown foreigner, Alec would have lost his life that day.

The young man stammered out a few words expressive of his astonishment and gratitude, and Victor Hugues, with one keen glance round the room, as if to ascertain that they were alone, lowered his voice, and continued—

"Is Bishop Claudius still alive?"

"Yes, he is alive and well," answered Alec.

"He confirmed me," said Victor, in a tone of considerable agitation, and eyes which for one brief instant softened with something like remorse. But it was only for an instant; the next he was himself again, erect and alert, with his hand on the gong that stood on the table at his side, to summon his attendants with refreshments for his guest.

When Alec was escorted to his splendid bedroom that night, it was as the honoured guest of the governor, and he had promised to spend at least a week in the close companionship of the man whose hands were red with the blood of his fellow countrymen.

"It goes against the grain, MacDermot," he said, as his servant listened with cautious astonishment to his account of the events of the past few hours. "I feel as if my whole nature revolted against the man, but it would not be wise to offend him when our lives are in his hand."

"Hist, sir!" said the old man, looking through the keyhole, as if to discover an imaginary spy. "Our lives are in the hand of the Lord. As we are at present in the house of the servants of Baal, it befits us to proceed with caution. There's a deal of loveliness in this island, maybe, but at present I've a violent itching in the soles of my feet to be out of it. If I had my way, a moonlight flitting is what I'd be after. If we're to be fattened before we're eaten, why can't he say it straight out, instead of gambolling around, like a cat with a mouse!"

"MacDermot, don't be absurd," said Alec, as he drew off his coat and flung it down on to the great spider-legged couch which formed part of the bedroom suite, and which, in its delicate beauty, was fit to adorn the palace of a king. "I intend to enjoy myself in this land of plenty for a week or so. Victor has promised to convey us under a flag of truce to the next English man-of-war that drops anchor anywhere within sight of Guadeloupe; and if you take it into your wilful old head to try a moonlight flitting, the guns of the fort will certainly flit you up to the moon in double quick time!"

MacDermot indulged in a dry chuckle.

He was secretly delighted to find that his young master had recovered his spirits, and after all, in spite of his fears and complaints, his own lot had been such a pleasant one that evening, and his supper so rich and plenteous, that he could not be absolutely desponding.

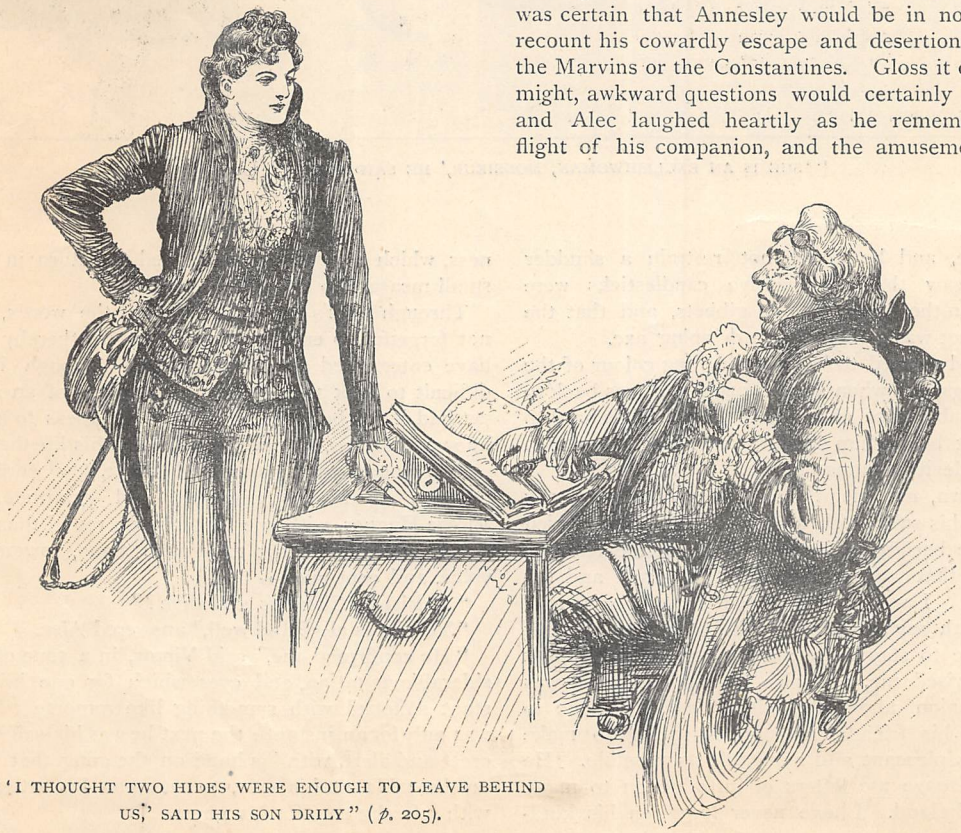
It was one thing to be a prisoner in Guadeloupe and another to be the honoured guest of its governor, and glory, even when only reflected, is always pleasant.

Constantine's thoughts as he lay in his tapestried bed were almost happy ones.

The one drop of bitterness in his cup of joy was that Rosemary had deceived him, and proved herself unworthy of his trust. But time and anxiety might steady her, and that she would be anxious about him when the news of his capture reached Clyeen he well knew.

It would not be possible at present to get a letter conveyed to Man, but Victor had assured him that he would reach home long before the *Commerce* if he secured a passage in the next man-of-war that crossed the horizon of the island.

The *Commerce*, of course, would have to complete her negotiations in Boston before her return, and he was certain that Annesley would be in no hurry to recount his cowardly escape and desertion to either the Marvins or the Constantines. Gloss it over as he might, awkward questions would certainly be asked, and Alec laughed heartily as he remembered the flight of his companion, and the amusement of the



"'I THOUGHT TWO HIDES WERE ENOUGH TO LEAVE BEHIND US,' SAID HIS SON DRILY" (*p.* 205).

Frenchmen as they regarded his clean pair of heels, without even an attempt at re-capture.

True, it had been unpleasantly cowardly on the part of the little *Commerce* to weigh her anchor and desert him at once, without making even a feeble effort to assist him.

But Alec was in that benevolent condition between sleeping and waking which makes the vices and failings of others to appear "small by degrees, and beautifully less," and he forgave the *Commerce* without more ado.

The next week was spent by Alec in seeing the island, and in being amused and *fêted* by his strange host.

Every favour and honour that was in Victor's power to bestow was heaped upon him, and every unpleasant topic of conversation avoided.

One day Alec was taken to see a review of the revolutionary troops. Another, Victor drove him in his splendid carriage to look at a mausoleum which had been erected over a former governor of the island, who had, strangely enough, been a relation of the Constantines. He was laden with presents of rare work, and curious island seeds and nuts mounted in silver; and, in fact, he began almost to regret the near approach of the day that should part him from so kind a host.

Only once did Victor's savage nature display itself in all its hateful colours before him, but that was enough to remind Alec that he was living upon the thin surface of a volcano.

The crust of civilisation was there, but beneath its flimsy surface was the spirit of the wild beast.

They were sitting at dinner one evening, when one of the officers of his suite announced that a small English sailing-ship had been captured, and that the passengers on board her were in custody, awaiting his pleasure.

"Bring them before me," said Victor, with a reassuring smile at his guest.

The table at which they were dining was placed on a raised daïs at the end of the hall, and Alec, glancing down from his chair towards the entrance door, had a good view of the entry of the English prisoners.

They were four in number: evidently a man and his wife well advanced in years, and their son and daughter, young people of perhaps eighteen and nineteen.

The girl possessed the most beautiful face that Alec's eyes had ever beheld.

Pale, almost deathly in hue, she clung to her father, gazing out with eyes of wild terror through a cloud of golden hair that wrapped her like a mist.

She seemed to be terrified beyond the relief of tears, and Alec pitied her with all his heart.

He looked at Victor to see if the sight had in any way touched him.

The governor was lolling back in his chair, his hands folded on his crossed legs. His face was inflamed by the wine he had drunk, and his eyes had assumed an expression of ferocity which altered the whole cast of his countenance.

"Bring them up here," he said shortly, fixing his eyes upon the girl's shrinking figure.

"Monsieur," said the gentleman with quiet dignity, as he approached the daïs on which the governor was seated, "what right have you to hinder us on our journey? We are peaceful members of society, concerned with nothing political, and I must beg you to restore to us our freedom."

"Is that your daughter?" said Victor abruptly, still with his eyes on the girl.

Then, without waiting for an answer, he put out his hand and pulled her towards him.

"You are very pretty, *ma chère*," he said coarsely, turning her face up to the light, with his fingers under her dainty chin.

But the next moment Alec had sprung to his feet, and before anyone had time to interfere he had placed himself between the trembling girl and her rude admirer.

"She is an Englishwoman, monsieur," he said firmly; "and is used to the society of gentlemen, not of wild beasts!"

Victor, with an exclamation of stifled fury, looked at the young man for an instant as though he would spring at his throat and throttle him.

The veins on his forehead stood out like knotted whipcord, and for one instant Alec knew that his life was hanging by a slender thread.

But he stood rooted to the ground, the dying sunbeams shining full upon his steadfast face and clear, honest eyes.

Behind him was the fainting girl, and before him the evil face of the governor.

But he had the trust of God in his soul, and, like a second St. George, faced the dragon with a stout heart.

After a pause, Victor turned away. The fury died out of his eyes and the passion from his voice. He motioned the prisoners sullenly aside.

"Get you gone!" he said. "Be out of the harbour before daybreak, or it will be the worse for you. Deschamps, see that they have all they require and a free pass."

Then he looked at Alec.

"Young man, I should have killed you just now, had not the soul of your father looked out of your eyes. But, nevertheless, it is well for you that you are leaving Guadeloupe before to-morrow night. There live few men who can say that they thwarted the will of Victor Hugues, and there certainly will never live one who can say that he thwarted him twice. But a truce to hostilities! Success to your next voyage, and may balmy winds waft you safely to your little sea-girt island."

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

Hector Annesley had made up his mind in one desperate flash, as to the course he should pursue when they were accosted by the French revolutionists.

One of those sudden impulses to evil had come upon him which we can only say are the devil's direct work—one of those temptations which it must take a well-balanced mind to resist.

And his was far from being a well-balanced mind. His moral being owned no guiding star save that of Rosemary Marvin. He had never been brought up to trust God absolutely and completely, and subject every impulse in the first case to His guidance. So when temptation came, he fell away, and at once took his place amongst the blackest traitors the world has ever known.

The seamen were on the look-out for the return of the three men, and lay only a few yards from shore, so that when Annesley, like an antelope, came springing down the quay-side and into the water, without the least hesitation they pulled him on board at once.

"Where are the other gentlemen, sir?" said one of the men to whom Alec had been kind, and whose thoughts turned at once towards his benefactor.

Hector shook himself free from the water that dripped from every thread of his clothing, and then looked up.

"Dead!" he said, with an imperative wave of his hand. "Row for your lives at once, or they will open fire upon us. Mr. Constantine and his servant were shot dead by a pack of ruffians, and I barely escaped with my life."

Without waiting for another word, the men laid to their oars with a will, and made the little craft spin through the waves as though terror had lent it wings.

But as Hector scaled the side of the *Commerce* he caught a muttered word or two from his men which made him redden with anger.

"We could better have spared this young cock whose crowing is over-loud. Yon lad that's gone was a fine fellow."

No one ever suspected Hector of foul play. Such an idea did not come within the range of their mental vision; and although Captain Holmes mourned for his loss, yet both crew and officers forgot him before the *Commerce* weighed anchor again in Bristol Harbour. It is the way of the world; and perhaps if it were not so, we should never be able to support the weary burden of loss which every year of life brings to us. The waters of Lethe must pass over our heads, leaving a gentle regret in place of poignant sorrow.

To Hector, the return voyage was one of torment. He did not regret what he had done for an instant; but he feared lest it should fail in its result, and lest he should not reap the reward for which he had laboured.

As he paced the deck at night beneath the starry heavens, with no sound to break the loneliness of that dreary waste of water save the measured step of the officer of the watch or the creak of the wheel as it rotated, his meditations were not desirable.

The thought of Rosemary filled his soul with eager longing. She would weep for her dead lover for a short time, but if Hector knew her well, she would soon be consoled. His admiration and faithfulness would go far towards administering balm to her vain little soul—and with consolation would come love. And when she was once his wife, what would it matter were twenty Constantines to rise from the dead?

Ay—there lay the sting. Was Alec, indeed, in safe custody? Was it true that the prisoners of Victor Hugues never saw light of day again? He might, perhaps, return, after years of suffering and imprisonment; but what would that matter when Rosemary would be as far removed from him as though he had never loved her?—as though he had never seen her face?

True, she might turn and accuse him of his traitorous crime—might even forsake him, and refuse to live with him more. But then, again—love would come with married life, and a wife of necessity cleaves to her husband.

But the one wild fear that now and then forced itself in upon his brain was that Alec might after all escape—might return to Man before his wooing of Rosemary was complete.

Then all his lies and fabrications would have been useless, and he would be an absolutely ruined and hopeless man.

But this thought came only in the long and silent watches of the night, when he was tired, and apt to look at life only on its shadowed side. And he dismissed it with the first rays of morning.

When the *Commerce* cast anchor in Bristol Harbour, the first thing that Hector did was to buy a suit of mourning, that he might the better break the tidings to Rosemary.

He had to take some time to substantiate his facts, and to weave the network of his fabrication with thorough completeness. For were the story to break down in any one detail, the Constantines would suspect false play, and his fate would be sealed.

There were so many conscience pricks to stifle, that when his boat touched the shore of the little green island he had left so short a time before, he felt like a mental pincushion, and wondered if by any chance he looked as sore as he felt.

He had chosen to break the news to his own father first, and by the time Mr. Annesley had absorbed the evil tidings into his portly and slow-moving frame the lies came more glibly to his lips, and he even dared to make up a touching dying speech, purporting to have come from the lips of Alec.

"Lord bless me, my dear boy!" said the merchant, looking over his spectacles with an air of concern, while one fat finger marked the exact place in the column of figures he had reached when his son entered. "And so the poor young fellow said that? Very pretty—very pretty, indeed. 'My whole heart's love to my mother.' Very nice—but what will Miss Marvin say to that?"

"Don't know, I'm sure," said Hector, with a shrug. "It's sad for her, but worse for Mrs. Constantine. Now I must be off to Urleigh Court, for it's no good delaying the telling of bad news. It makes it no easier in the end."

"Stop a minute—stop a minute. And so you saw

no possible opening for driving a trade with Guadeloupe? No opening for hides and tallow!"

"Didn't stay to see, sir," said his son drily. "I thought two hides were enough to leave behind us, and mine would be more useful at home!"

"Very good — very good indeed!" and Mr. Annesley was left chuckling over the grim joke, which he duly repeated to everyone he met next morning as, "My latest, sir! Rather neat, ain't it?"

The shock of young Constantine's death touched the whole island deeply, and, as is the case with bad news, no sooner was it known at Urleigh Court than high and low were weeping with the bereaved parents.

Mrs. Constantine had asked few questions when Hector brought her the news of her son's death.

She had never liked Hector so well as at that moment when he broke the tidings of their loss to the assembled family.

He was so delicate in his words and consolation, touching so lightly on the awful scene that must have preceded Alec's death—telling them the little he could without the painful necessity of questioning.

"If it had been possible to have saved him, sir, I would have done it, you may rest assured. I wish with all my heart I had been the one taken. I should have been easier spared, for I should have had no mother and no sweetheart to weep for me!"

Old Mr. Constantine pressed his hand warmly.

"You are spared for some good purpose, no doubt," he said gravely. "The Lord knows best; and may His will be done on earth as in heaven."

Mrs. Constantine had taken upon herself as a sad duty the task of telling Rosemary of her lover's death, so that it was impossible for Hector to know how it had affected her.

But in two days' time Rosemary sent for him. She wrote a piteous little note, few in words, but deep in suggestive tragedy.

"*Clyeen.*

"DEAR HECTOR,—Come to me and tell me all. It will tear my heart cruelly, but in the end it will comfort me to hear about him.

"ROSEMARY."

Hector put the little three-cornered note impulsively to his lips. A big tear had fallen where she had signed her name, and he could see that she had smeared it into the faint semblance of a blot with her tremulous fingers.

The sweet scent of violets that clung to it re-

"'AH, HECTOR!' SHE CRIED PATHETICALLY. 'I KNEW YOU WOULD COME TO ME IN MY SORROW'" (*p.* 206).

minded him of her, and he laid the note away next his heart, to give him courage to get through the dreaded interview.

He presented himself at Clyeen, and was duly shown into the drawing-room, with perfect outward composure, though inwardly he was quaking with fear that by some chance word or gesture he might betray himself. For the sight of Rosemary would try his strength to the utmost, and in his very eagerness he might overshoot the mark, and lay bare his crime to the searching light of day.

Miss Maria Marvin was in the drawing-room when he arrived, and greeted him in perfect silence, but with a slow enigmatical smile that puzzled him.

She lifted her eyes from her work as Rosemary's step was heard on the floor outside, and seemed to be about to speak, but her niece's quick entrance checked the words on her lips.

Rosemary came straight up to where Hector was standing, and put out both her hands.

"Ah, Hector!" she cried pathetically. "I knew you would come to me in my sorrow. Tell me everything that he said and did, for my heart is broken; and now I have nothing left me in life but to think of him, and remember how good he was to me, and how often—how very often—I tried his patience."

She broke off and put her handkerchief to her eyes.

Hector stood awkwardly enough, with her hand in his, and his eyes drinking in every feature and expression of her pale tear-stained face.

She had never looked more lovely, for the *rôle* of Niobe suited her to perfection, and the heavy gown that she wore served only to enhance the beauty of her blue eyes, and the faint colour that much weeping had still left on her cheek.

"I—I—what is there to tell you?" he stammered; then taking heart of grace, he repeated his lesson glibly enough. "We had just landed at Guadeloupe, when we were set on by a rascally lot of Frenchmen. They seemed to have no pity, and the very idea of our being Englishmen inflamed their hatred tenfold. Alec was felled before my eyes, and MacDermot, who rashly struck at his captor in his struggle for freedom, was horribly mutilated. I escaped by a mere chance, for when I saw that Alec was done for, and that no human aid would be any use—for he was cut nearly in two—I made a dart and released myself from their hideous clutch. I shouted to poor Alec that I should return straight to Man, and he raised himself on his elbow for an instant. 'Go, my brave friend,' he cried; 'you have done all you could!' And those were his last words, for they beat the life out of him with the stocks of their muskets, and I saw no more."

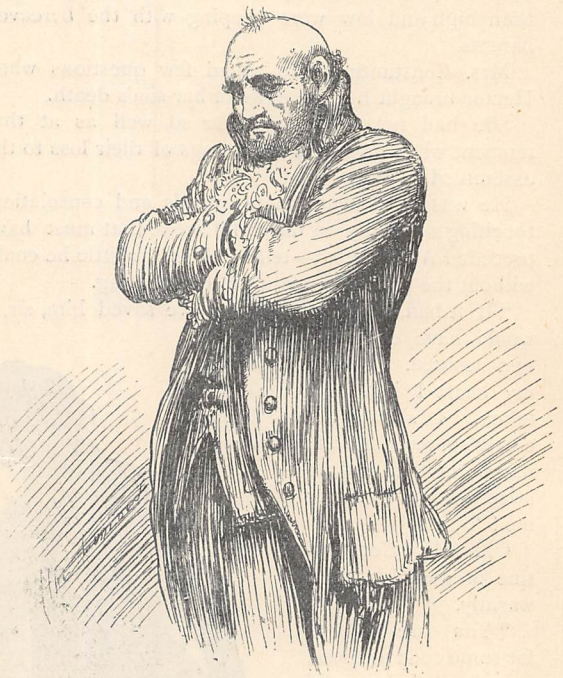
"Dear me!" said Miss Maria drily. "I was under the impression that the young man's last intelligible words were addressed to his mother. How accounts do vary!"

Hector flushed uneasily.

"I—he had been speaking of his mother before that."

"He seems to have timed his dying well. I should have thought that instead of composing pretty speeches he would have been engaged in fighting his murderers. And there is really something quite uncanny in the idea of his talking so much when he was cut in half. Reminds me of a wasp that can sting after he is dead!"

"Aunt Maria, you wicked, cruel woman! How can you talk in that cold, heartless way? You will hurt this kind friend who has all this painful scene to relate. Do you think he likes telling me about it?



"HIS ARMS FOLDED ON HIS BREAST" (*p.* 207).

Do you think that his words are not true?—words brought from the very lips of death? For shame—for shame!"

And Rosemary, with heaving breast, turned to Hector, giving him a faint smile of sympathy which stabbed him to the heart.

"I believe nothing I hear, and very little I see!" was Miss Marvin's oracular answer, as she gathered up her possessions and left the room.

"And now, Hector," said the girl eagerly, coming closer to him: "did he speak of me? Did he leave no message for me, as well as for his mother? Ah! tell me that he believed me faithful to him, that he knew how passionately I loved him! Did he see the miniature?"

She wrung her hands together, and Hector braced himself for his answer, which was to be the crowning point of the interview.

"He—never—mentioned your name. He found out about the miniature, and flung the pair of them into the sea, saying that thus and thus he would cast away his treacherous love from him and crush every

vestige of affection for you out of his heart," said Hector slowly, his eyes fixed on the ground. "Do not blame me for telling you the truth. Believe me, I would have kept back everything that would have hurt you, only I knew that you wished absolutely to hear the truth."

Rosemary stood silent for a moment as if petrified, her slender figure rigid, her feet rooted to the ground. Then, with a low cry of agony, she rushed from the room, and Hector was alone.

He looked furtively around him before following her, and wiped the sweat from his deadly pale face. He had done his work with thorough completeness, and, Judas-like, had betrayed his friend; but he had not realised that the task would be such a hard one, and he shuddered as he pulled himself together and tried to smile.

"First the pain—then the triumph!" he said to himself, as he crossed the hall and made for the front door.

As he passed the library he noticed that the door was half open, and at the sound of his step Miss Maria came swiftly out.

She looked him up and down with that same inexplicable smile.

"Good-bye—Judas!" she said, lowering her voice to a whisper that hissed through the deserted hall like the venom of a snake.

Hector started back.

"What do you mean?" he ejaculated.

"I mean what I say," said the woman, her light eyes glowing with a fire of suppressed malice. "I am glad—glad of it. But, Mr. Annesley, I have you in my power. I hated him too, so we are friends in the same enterprise. I will keep your secret. But where is he?"

"I don't understand you!" gasped Annesley, struggling to regain his composure, with absolute failure. He could not escape her, for her bony hand clutched him like a vice.

"Ah, well!—ah, well! look innocent to the last; it is good practice!" she laughed hideously. "But, nevertheless, you are in my power, and you had better have fallen into the clutches of Victor himself than thwart me in any way. Good-bye, Judas!"

And she had departed as noiselessly as she had come, while Hector staggered out into the daylight like a man in a dream.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

MR. MARVIN felt the death of Constantine very deeply. He had never been the same since the tax riots, and was perceptibly failing in health and spirits.

He never dared to openly express his opinion, for Miss Maria's tongue was always ready tipped with keenest venom whenever Alec's name was mentioned, and he could not afford to offend her, for his affairs were in a most shaky condition. Like many other business men at that date, he had been speculating wildly, and his ventures had not been successful.

He could afford to pay Miss Maria the interest on her money which she exacted, but if she were to call in the lump sum it would certainly precipitate the ruin which he trusted to be able to avert.

It would have been wiser had he immediately reduced his establishment and cut down his expenses on every side, but he was afraid of what the world would say, and went on hoping from day to day that the turn in the tide of his misfortunes would come.

Rosemary came in one morning unexpectedly, and found him in his study, with his arms folded on his breast, and his eyes bent in deep thought upon the ground.

It was a bright room, stocked with books and curiosities, but the face of its master was anything but bright, and the girl came softly up to him and laid her fresh blooming cheek against his wrinkled one.

She had begun, with the natural buoyancy of youth, to recover a little from the first shock of her lover's death, but her black gown and quiet, subdued manner showed very plainly that it had wrought a lasting effect upon her disposition.

"What is it, father dear?" she said tenderly, noting with quick eyes of love the sudden change that had come upon the energetic little man in the last few weeks, and how completely he had grown old and grey. "Has Aunt Maria been worrying you again with her bad tongue? Or are you thinking of—him?"

She lowered her voice as she mentioned her dead lover, and Mr. Marvin looked up wearily.

"Child," he said, "I am in trouble. I am anxious about you, for I thought to leave you when I die safe and happy with the husband of your choice. And now, Rosemary, I cannot rest, for I know that I am not very long for this life, and when I die you will be left dependent on your aunt maybe for your bread."

"I'd eat potatoes and a crust sooner than live under the same roof with Aunt Maria," said Rosemary emphatically.

She was accustomed to her father's constant prophecies of an early death, so that ordinarily she would have laughed away his gloomy thoughts. But now a vague sense of coming misfortune seemed to strike her, and she shivered as she spoke, as though a cloud had come across the summer sun.

"But what will be your lot, my Rosemary—alas!—when I am gone?" he answered wistfully, touching her light hair. "Unless you find a husband before long——"

"Father!" said the girl indignantly, her whole heart rising in rebellion against the sacrilegious thought. "I have not done weeping for the dead. Would you have me a bride when I am just a widow?"

"I should be the last to bid you forget one of the noblest young men that ever stepped this earth," said Mr. Marvin gravely. "But if you knew half my troubles, Rosemary, you would pardon my anxiety on your behalf. To your mind I may be unfeeling, but in my own heart I know that my every thought is bound up in your well-being."

"Dear father," said the girl, with an attempt at lightness which was pitiful to see, "you are over anxious about yourself and me. Remember that Alec has been dead but two months, and do not mention the word marriage in connection with my name. What does poverty matter so long as you and I are together? Let us dismiss half our establishment, and best of all, let us get rid of Aunt Maria, and just take a tiny cottage and live for one another. Let me cook your dinner and wait upon you, and do you turn off all your business troubles, and begin a new happier life."

Mr. Marvin pushed his daughter away from him half impatiently.

"Tut, tut! Rosemary; you are only a child—you do not understand the ins and outs of life. Go and sew; and for goodness' sake keep your Aunt Maria in a good temper, for she has more in her power than you reck of!"

But as the days wore on and Mr. Marvin grew no better, he became more irritable and outspoken as to his wishes for Rosemary.

The stubborn tenacity with which Annesley pursued his quiet courtship of Rosemary struck Mr. Marvin with a new idea, which Miss Maria, by dint of hints and veiled innuendoes, assisted. And he determined that his daughter should marry Hector, if she could be persuaded into such a step. It would be a fine match for her, for old Annesley was the richest man on the island, and the two merchants had known one another for many years, and had in a cautious way been on friendly terms outside their business relations.

Miss Maria had set her mind on having Hector for a nephew. It was difficult to comprehend the reason why she had arrived at this determination. It had, perhaps, originated in a sensation of his being a kindred spirit in some fashion. And it had certainly culminated in the great fact that he was now completely in her power, and for many reasons Miss

"'FOR YOUR SAKE I WILL MARRY HECTOR'" (*p.* 210).

Maria would have liked to crush Rosemary to the earth by means of her husband's downfall.

It seemed to her mind a delicate revenge for numerous petty slights on the girl's part, to get her safely married, and then bit by bit, as a slow torture, to reveal to her the whole depth of her husband's infamy.

Surely the delicate soul of the girl would wither under the knowledge that the man she loved was alive —a hopeless prisoner in the hands of a merciless tyrant—lost to her for ever, with the insuperable bar of her marriage stretching like a black cloud across her path.

"You always were a mealy-mouthed creature," said Miss Marvin contemptuously to her brother one day, as she sat in the study, knitting at her endless yards of twine, which she declared were intended for lemon-bags.

Mr. Marvin, who was listlessly turning over the leaves of a London journal, started at the abruptness of this remark, but, with his strange lack of energy, failed to resent it as briskly as he would have done a few weeks back.

"My dear Maria," he expostulated, "you are a little too violent, I think. What have I done now?"

"My dear brother," mimicked Miss Maria in her genial manner, which was about as warm as though an iceberg had left the Arctic Ocean and taken shelter in her bosom, "don't be a fool! It's bad enough to be a mealy-mouthed creature! But why don't you hurry matters on a bit?"

She jerked her head in the direction of the garden, where Rosemary and Hector were strolling aimlessly about together in front of the window: she with an air of constrained weariness, and he now and then glancing at her with a look of adoring love.

"Hurry it on?" stammered Mr. Marvin, with a stealthy glance in the direction of the young couple. "I don't think that Rosemary is—in fact, she does not care to have the subject of marriage brought forward in connection with her."

Miss Maria tossed her head and bit her lip, with an expression that gave the casual observer a pleasant insight into the affection with which she regarded her pretty niece.

"Rosemary, indeed!" she snorted, her words, through excess of contempt, being clipped and rendered slightly unintelligible. "And pray, why is that minx to be considered before everyone? Oh, if I had the training of her for one short week! Why don't you lock her up and starve her till she consents to marry him?"

Her violence confused Mr. Marvin. He could not see why Rosemary should be forced to marry anyone, and rashly said as much.

"Not understand?" shrieked Miss Maria. "I'd have you know that *I* wish Rosemary to marry that young man, and if *I* wish it, and she don't do it, I'll make it unpleasant for you, Mr. Marvin; and you know how!"

She emphasised each word by an expressive rap with her bony knuckle on her brother's knee, and the pain, that made him wince, was not only mental, for her bite was even sharper than her bark.

"Very well, Maria," he said, with much meekness. "I will do my best to persuade Rosemary to marry Mr. Annesley. But why are you so anxious for the match?"

"That's my affair!"

"Suppose Alec were to return, after all, and have escaped miraculously from Victor Hugues?" went on Mr. Marvin musingly. "I dreamed of him last night —so vividly, that I feel sure something must be happening to him, and that he is still numbered among the living."

"Numbered among the fiddlestick ends!" said his sister emphatically, a flush of anxious rage rising to her high cheek-bones as the possibility of such an event flashed in upon her. "A truce to you and your idiotic dreams! I should think that the mere fact of your having dreamed that he was alive would prove to any sensible brain that Alec Constantine was dead. But bear in mind what I say to you, for I have heard of an investment that promises a fine percentage, and I am in two minds——"

"Nay, nay, my dear Maria!" broke in Mr. Marvin, in hurried agitation. "Of course, any wish of yours will be respected by me; and if you like, I will at once go out and encourage the young couple."

"Better go gently, Jonathan," said Miss Marvin, with a smile, as she left the room. "Slow and sure generally wins in the end, and a little pressure brought constantly to bear on that dear girl of yours will work wonders."

So "a little pressure" was brought to bear on Rosemary, which meant that day by day and hour by hour the fact was dinned into her that she must marry Hector, and at last the rasping sound of her aunt's voice acted upon her nerves like the edge of a rough saw grating on a delicate tooth.

Miss Maria had secretly been infected by her brother's fear as to Constantine's return, and to her it would mean detection and shame, for she knew that Hector would not fail to incriminate her also. For there is no honour among rogues.

But Rosemary stood firm for a while, contrary to her own nature, which was yielding in the extreme. She had made up her mind to keep true to her lover's memory, so that across the river of death she might meet him face to face, and tell him that she was still Rosemary Marvin, and that, in spite of his suspicions, she was loyal until death.

It was a fine resolution, but perhaps it would have required a heroine to keep it; and Rosemary was not of the stuff that heroines are made of.

She grew white and tearful, and lost her light-hearted buoyancy of spirits, so that every trouble seemed to weigh doubly heavy on her slight shoulders.

It was her father who at last broke down her wavering resolution. Aunt Maria might have nagged at her for ever, but tenderness effected what malice failed to do.

She was on her knees at the window one evening, doing her embroidery by the fading light, or rather, perhaps, only setting a stitch in here and there, while her mind was running on many things.

She started when her father laid his hand on her shoulder, for she had not noticed his approach; but she did not look up at him, for she did not wish him to see that her eyes were heavy with unshed tears.

"Ladybird," he said tenderly, with a break in his voice—for he could not bear to see her grieving—"does the thought of your marriage with this young man fill you with trouble?"

"I cannot marry him!" said the girl unsteadily.

"Then God help me, for I am a ruined man!" said Mr. Marvin. "I make one more appeal to you, my child—and an appeal from a father to a daughter should surely count for much—will you not marry him to save me from dishonour?"

She sprang to her feet, her hair streaming unchecked down her white face, and flung her arms around his neck.

"Father, for your sake I would do anything!" she sobbed. "For your sake I will marry Hector Annesley; but he must not seek to marry me until Alec has been dead for a year and a month. I will honour his memory thus far."

He kissed her quietly and left the room, too much overcome to express his thanks and relief.

He knew that he had acted an unfatherly part towards his only child, but the love of worldly prosperity, the passion for gold, had been too strong for him; and though he was ashamed, yet he did not regret the part he had played.

He had saved his own name, and had secured a rich future for Rosemary.

The girl, left alone, flung herself down on the sofa, and sobbed out her grief-laden heart.

How could she have resisted her father's pleading?—the father who, whatever his faults might have been, had always treated her with the most tender solicitude. She knew that she must have been right in yielding to his wish, for it was not as if the deed she was about to do was a desirable one. She hated the idea of a marriage with Hector, for, though she had cared for him all her life in a friendly fashion, yet now that she came to analyse her feelings, she discovered that her liking had never been—and could never be—love.

If she married him, it would be only to save her father from ruin and consequent misery.

She cared nothing for herself, so far as poverty went. She would gladly have given up the satin petticoats and lace-frilled gowns that she wore, and have gone about in russet and homespun for the rest of her life.

With Alec her heart had died, and if Hector was willing to take an unwilling bride, he should at least know that she could never love him as a wife should love her husband.

She rested her aching head on her hands, and prayed for help in her distress as she had never prayed before; and her prayer was heard, for she rose refreshed and comforted in spirits, and went to find her father, to show him that she would do his bidding cheerfully, without aggrieved complaining or idle tears.

Miss Maria was in the drawing-room when she entered, and Rosemary knew by her father's look that her submission had already earned him a little unwonted peace.

"Well, miss," said Miss Maria, glancing up sharply, "so you have come to your senses at last; and to show you that I bear you no malice for your shilly-shallying, I'll buy you a new muslin cap at Douglas Fair."

"I have no need of your presents, Aunt Maria, and I have given way to please my father," was the girl's answer; and she turned to Mr. Marvin. "Father dear, I will marry Hector; I only care now to live to please you. But, Aunt Maria, if you ever weary me with your unkind tongue again, I will break off my engagement, and now you know that you have my future in your own hands!"

"Hold your tongue, miss!" snapped Miss Maria, for Rosemary, in her black dress of French silk and her soft white muslin mob cap, looked so lovely and yet so determined, that the very sight of her was gall to the bitter old maid.

"I am glad that you called me Rosemary, father dear—for Rosemary is for *remembrance*, and my life will be made up of remembering, like the sad Ophelia of Mr. Shakespeare's tragedy. Good-bye now—I am going to meet my new—lover—on the shore."

END OF CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

MY KITTY.

HOW could I help but love my Kitty,
She was so fair and winsome, good and true,
Her heart so kind and full of pity—
The sweetest flower that e'er in garden grew?
She met me with a smile each morning,
Love laughing in her grey-blue Irish eye,
A rose her dark-brown hair adorning,
And seemed to say, "You love me, don't deny."

How could I help but love my Kitty,
So full of archness and so queen-like too?—
She was the belle of all the city,
And many a handsome lover came to woo.
But all in vain; her love and kisses
My bonnie lassie kept for me alone,
And now I know what perfect bliss is,
For sweet true-hearted Kitty is my own.

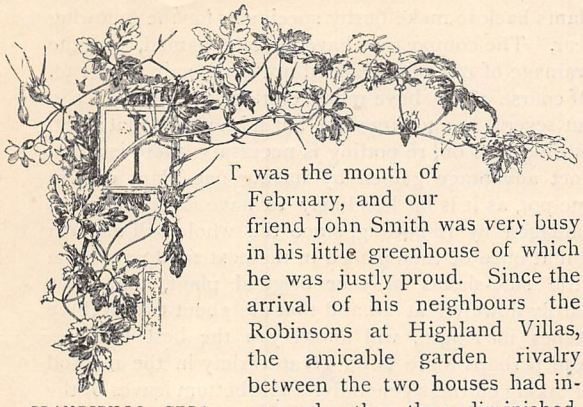
WILLIAM COWAN

HOW A WILDERNESS BECAME A GARDEN.

SECOND SERIES.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

A TALK ABOUT PELARGONIUMS.



CRANESBILLS—GERANIUM ROBERTIANUM.

IT was the month of February, and our friend John Smith was very busy in his little greenhouse of which he was justly proud. Since the arrival of his neighbours the Robinsons at Highland Villas, the amicable garden rivalry between the two houses had increased rather than diminished, and so it came about one February morning that another opportunity occurred for a garden talk. "A day off," as twenty-four hours' freedom from ordinary business had got to be called, was always with both families a great "field day" in the garden, and it was on one of these happy occasions that Charles Robinson walked into his neighbour's garden an hour before breakfast—gardeners *always* catch "the early worm"—just to see what young John Smith was up to, and to find out what he was going to do with the holiday.

"Good-morning, John; at it already, I see, as busy as a bee."

"Well, you see, Charles, February is always a busy month in the greenhouse; this shifting, as you know we call the re-potting, takes up a lot of time, but then it *must* be done."

"Very true," said Charles, "I always shift my entire stock about now. Those pelargoniums you are doing look strong and healthy; should say you mean to be great in those, John, eh?"

John replied with merely an approving smile, which was not only suggestive of the fact that he meant to try, but that he felt pretty confident of success.

After a moment's pause, John suddenly broke out—

"It's a long word, pelargoniums, I think, but I suppose when we are talking of flowers, we don't find our own language expressive enough to describe properly the distinctions and differences which exist in the infinite varieties that come before us. Still, when it is possible, I certainly prefer describing our flowers by English names; don't you remember that old Charles Waterton, the naturalist, was strong on this point, and wrote to his rival, Swainson, that his 'nomenclatures gave him the jaw-ache.' But now, Charles, I dare say Mary will spare you a little longer, so come in and have some breakfast with us and let us have a talk about these pelargoniums—*fancy geraniums* I shall call them for the time being."

Charles Robinson was a burly Yorkshireman, and, conscious that her breakfast table would, by his arrival, be rapidly eased of its load, Alice Smith contrived to ask for a few minutes' respite before commencing, and while the two innocent men returned for a while to the greenhouse, a speedy reinforcement of rashers and sausages enabled her presently, with a lighter heart, to tell them that breakfast was ready.

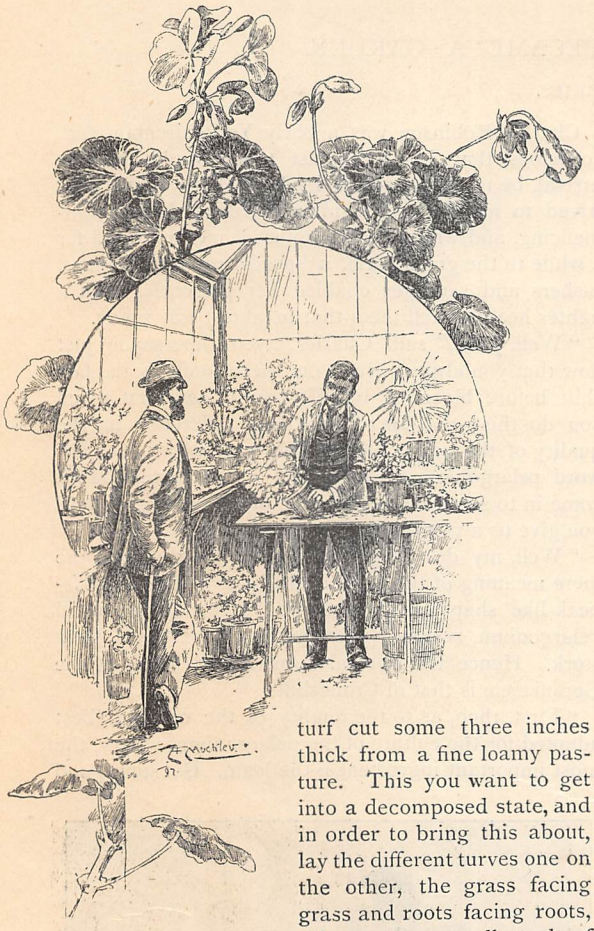
"Well, John," said Charles, "you were saying just now that you always give your pelargoniums the last shift before blooming in *this* month, and that when you do this you don't make any difference in the quality of the soil; but, by the way, what does the word pelargonium mean?—and now, as here is Mary come in to see what has become of her uncle, suppose you give us a pelargonium lecture."

"Well, my dear sir, I will do my best. As to the mere meaning of the word itself, I suppose the stork's-beak-like shape of the seed-pod gives us the word pelargonium, πελαργός (pelargos) being the Greek for a stork. Hence the natural name for this order of the Geraniaceæ is that of Cranesbills.

"First, then, as to the quality of the compost best adapted for the culture of the pelargonium. Now, the most important ingredient is the loam. Get some good

PELARGONIUM.

(From a photograph by Messrs. Valentine & Son, Dundee.)



turf cut some three inches thick from a fine loamy pasture. This you want to get into a decomposed state, and in order to bring this about, lay the different turves one on the other, the grass facing grass and roots facing roots, till you get a small stack of them; at the end of a year this may be chopped up into pieces and thrown into a heap.

"This heap must be turned over every three months, and at the end of a year it is well fit for use. A little turfy peat with the vegetable fibre among it is a good addition to it, and certainly a good allowance of silver sand."

"I think," interposed Charles, "that we should try to find room for a small compost shed in our gardens, or, at all events, devote a good corner of our potting shed to a prepared compost heap."

"Undoubtedly," said John, "and a well-prepared loam heap is a necessity, leaf-mould and other things we could get in smaller quantities as we wanted them.

"And now for our pelargoniums themselves. Naturally, the best thing to do at the outset is to visit a nursery in blooming time, that is, for the most part, about April and May. Select for your plants such as have a strong and bushy appearance, short as well as strong joints, rich foliage and compact looking flowers, the petals of which should be thick, with thin edges, smooth, and their colour well and clearly defined. Perhaps the charm of a pelargonium show is the striking variety of colour; some, for example, may be pure white without a blotch on the petal, some with a light blotch and some with a dark one; then come the pink varieties with a light and a dark blotch on them, and so on.

"And then, having made our selection, we can at the fitting time propagate them first by means of cuttings. This is best done some time from about midsummer up to August, for before this their bloom is over, and we can, when that is the case, cut our plants back to make bushy specimens for the following year. The compost we have already named, and the drainage of our pots we need not here again advert to. Of course if we have many cuttings to strike we can put several in one large pot, but it is evident that since, as time goes on, re-potting is necessary, there is a distinct advantage gained by having one plant only in one pot, as it is far less likely to have its tender roots damaged by re-potting, since the whole ball of earth can at once be then placed in the next sized pot. The little side-shoots of your original plant, that have hardly flowered at all and that are about two to three inches in length, will afford you the best cuttings. And perhaps there is no great variety in the method of taking cuttings generally. The bottom leaves of the small cutting should be pinched off and only two left on at its upper part, and when you have several in one pot or box, do not allow the leaf of one cutting to touch that of its neighbour. The compost should be of sufficient solidity to hold the cuttings well together, but take care to let silver sand predominate on the surface of the soil. Give a gentle watering and do not, particularly at first, allow your cuttings to be exposed to the rays of the sun. They can then be placed in the propagating house or in any quite gentle heat, and finally at Michaelmas they will take their place in the greenhouse among others. But, of course, it will be impossible to go into minute detail when giving merely general hints as to the culture of pelargoniums. One thing further, however, had better be here named. Anyone who has reared them, even on a small scale, must have noticed how partial the green fly is to them, and that, too, nearly at all times, but perhaps more particularly just before the period of bloom. A good fumigation, followed afterwards by a light syringing would seem to be the only effectual remedy. I might further add that if the seeds of the geranium are sown as soon as they ripen in the summer, the young seedling plants will bloom early in the following season."

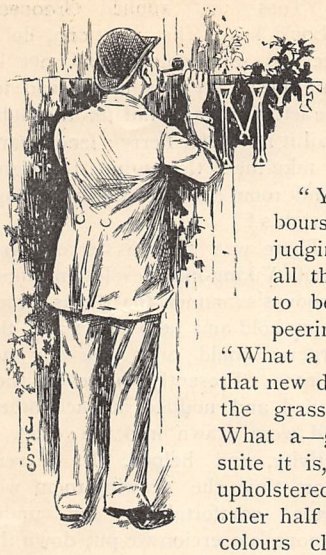
"And of course," said Charles, "one becomes embarrassed at the very thought of naming specimens of the geranium."

"Well, certainly their name is legion, but here, if you like, are a few, just by way of illustration. Of the greenhouse herbaceous class we might name Pelargonium procumbens; P. columbinum; P. althæoides, the last resembling the marsh mallow; then again among the tuberous rooted class may be named the Pelargonium carneum, P. melananthum, P. luteum, all of which are bloomers in May. Useful show geraniums again are the Matilda, Painted Lady, Othello, Harlequin, and others."

*** The illustration of a Wardian Case given in last month's article was from a photograph of a case specially prepared by Mr. Dick Radclyffe, 128, High Holborn, W.C.

THE ARGEWS.

BY J. F. SULLIVAN, AUTHOR OF "THE REMORSELESS ABLETT," ETC.



FRIEND Grooves had come down to see me from Saturday till Monday.

"You have new neighbours next door, I see, judging by the confusion all their furniture appears to be in," said Grooves, peering over the wall. "What a queer thing to leave that new drawing-room suite on the grass-plot in the rain! What a—gad! what a queer suite it is, too—half the chairs upholstered in brick-red and the other half in crimson; the two colours clash so horribly! I wonder what sort of people could go and——"

Grooves stopped short, and knitted his brows as though struck by a memory.

"You well may wonder," I replied. "They seem to me to be most eccentric people——"

I was interrupted by the opening of a back window next door, followed by the violent ejection of a pair of curtains which descended amid the drawing-room suite on the damp lawn. The light of memory or association grew brighter in the eye of Grooves.

"Do they differ in opinion much?" he said.

"*Differ!* Well! They *may* sleep at times; but there has been no evidence of it since they arrived here last week. *Differ!* My goodness!"

"Husband has a slight squint and a narrow bald lane right over his head? Wife rather tall, good figure, calls him 'Bunny'——"

"No, Bunny," said a voice in the room with the open window. "It wouldn't look at all nice—not at all! Hideous!"

The light of memory blazed in the eye of Grooves.

"The Argews, by all that's queer!" said he. "The best people in the world: do anything for anybody. They have their peculiarities, I'm bound to say."

"They seem to," I remarked.

"You must know them," said Grooves. "You'll get on with them first-rate. Come in now. Old friends of mine."

As we stood on the door-mat a male voice upstairs was saying: "You're wrong, Fatty; you're wrong—it wasn't the walnut washstand——" The sentence was evidently interrupted by the housemaid's announcement of our arrival.

"Ask them into the drawing-room, Sarah," said the male voice.

"No, no, Sarah: the dining-roo——" said the female voice.

"No; here, Sarah—the dining-room isn't——"

"Yes it is, Sarah. Mind, the dining-room."

Sarah came down, looking puzzled, and, throwing open the doors of the dining and drawing-rooms, said:

"If you please, will you walk in here?"

Grooves walked into the dining-room and I into the drawing-room; then the Argews came down and found Grooves, and welcomed him in the most hearty manner; and then all three came and found me in the drawing-room.

"Very glad to know you!" said Mr. Argew genially. "So nice to be friendly with a neighbour——"

"A next-door neighbour, Bunny dear," said Mrs. A.

"*Any* neighbour, Fatty, my love."

"Ah! but a next-door neighbour is——"

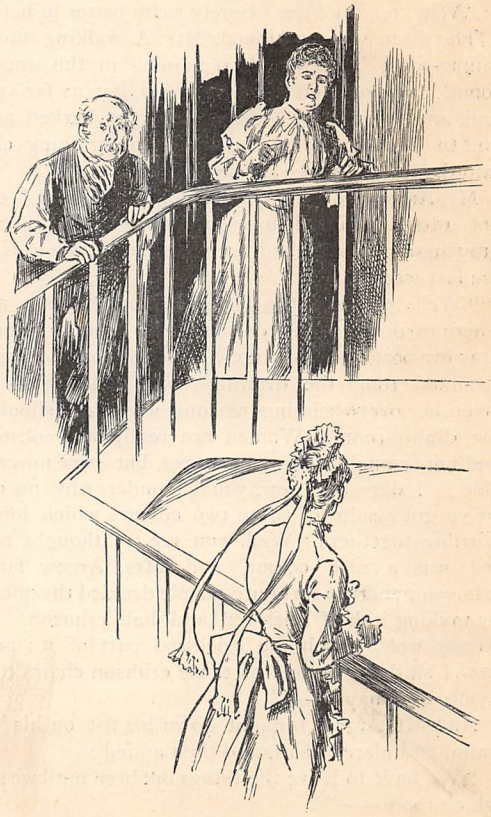
Here the discussion was drowned by a small terrier, which rushed out from under a chair and began to bark violently.

"He always does that when we——" began Mrs. A.

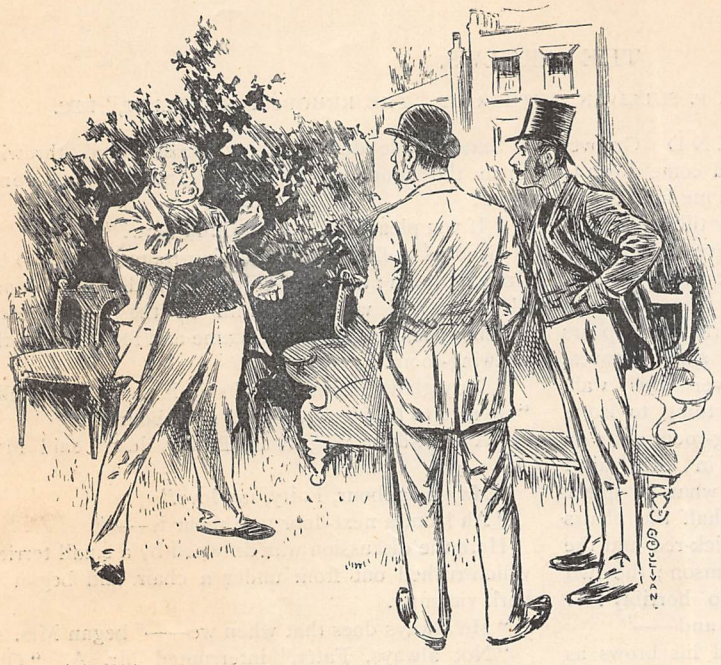
"Not always, Fatty," interrupted Mr. A. "One afternoon last week, when he was out of sorts——"

"One *morning*, Bunny."

Here the terrier joined in again, and drowned the argument.



"SARAH CAME DOWN, LOOKING PUZZLED."



"MR. ARGEW BROUGHT DOWN HIS FIST ON HIS OPEN PALM."

"Shall we go in the dining-room?" said Mrs. Argew. "It's less uncomfortable than this, and——"

"Why, no, my love. Surely we're better in here."

The discussion continued, Mrs. A. walking into the dining-room, and Mr. A. remaining in the drawing-room. Grooves and I were puzzled, got as far as the hall, and stood there; then the terrier barked again, and the servant settled the matter by bringing chairs into the hall; and we sat down there.

Mr. Argew took us round the garden; and I could not restrain myself from asking why the peculiar drawing-room suite had been left out on the grass for the last week.

"Well, you see, the fact is we can't quite agree where to put it—can't decide which room is to be the drawing-room. Mrs. Argew will insist on making the left-hand room the drawing-room, although I have given her overwhelming reasons why that should be the dining-room. Women are really very obstinate and unreasonable—dear creatures, but *very* unreasonable! I dare say, now, you'll wonder why on earth we've got a suite of those two colours which look so horrible together? Well, you see: I thought brick-red was a nice colour, and Mrs. Argew fancied crimson; and the furniture people decided the question by making it half brick-red and half crimson. Mrs. Argew won't touch the brick-red part of it: and, if ever I sit down on one of those crimson chairs to my dying day, may I——"

And Mr. Argew brought down his fist on his open palm, and glared at us, and then added:

"We have to leave the things out here until we agree which room——"

"But they're going to rack and ruin!" said Grooves.

"I know they are; but what on earth is to be done?"

"Toss up," replied Grooves. "Look here," he went on, in a decisive way which could not be gainsaid: "*I'll* toss up. Head for the left room, and tail for the right. Tail it is. Here, Perry; lend a hand to take these things into the right-hand room; we'll soon get things to rights!"

There was such a fierce, dare-devil, Viking-like resolution about Grooves's manner, that I was forced to lay hold and help him; and the Argews could only passively acquiesce. Presently, however, they smiled and nodded at each other, and were drawn into the vortex of activity, and helped. In a very short time the drawing-room was made comfortable; for under Grooves's coercion we put down the felt and the carpet, and hung up the pictures.

"But the colours!" cried Mr. and Mrs. Argew together.

"One half of the things have got to go back and be altered," replied Grooves, fixing the couple with a severe eye that brooked no rebellion. "And I'll toss to decide which half. Ha—tail again: brick-red has lost, and the thing must be done at once. Argew, you must write to the furniture people and tell 'em to fetch the things away and alter 'em. On consideration, do it *now*. Here's the ink."

Mr. Argew meekly sat down and did it, and Grooves took possession of the letter. Grooves stayed the rest of the day, despotically settling all furniture questions in dispute; and by night the house was really beginning to look comfortable and straight.

* * * *

The Argews were very good-natured people, and very good neighbours. Now, we had a local tennis-club in our road, and the Argews really made themselves so pleasant that I felt we ought to ask them to join the club, particularly as I saw rackets among their belongings. Ours was a very successful little club, considering its size; we were all enthusiastic practisers, and entered heart and soul into the game; and we had two really presentable net-men and a dozen good all-rounders, masculine and feminine, and a lady with an unanswerable service who always got her first in; and the plantains on our ground were the largest in the neighbourhood.

Well, the Argews willingly joined, and made their appearance on the ground. There was a strict understanding in the club that the games should be interrupted by as little talk as possible. We were business-like workmen, and kept our attention on the game, and hated to have to wait while somebody "jawed." Two of our members formed a double set with Mr. and Mrs. Argew.

"Thirty, love," said Mrs. Argew.

"No, Fatty, my dear: fifteen all," said Mr. Argew.

"Not at all," said Mrs. A., going to the net. "In your first service you made one fault and one net, and——"

"I beg your pardon, Fatty: it was one net, and *then* one fault, and then——"

This went on for four minutes, during which the two other players grew more and more impatient; and this went on during every game in which the Argews took part, and the Argews were always on the ground, and always playing in one of the courts. What's more: whenever a ball from another court strayed into the court in which the Argews were playing, before throwing it back they would dispute for several minutes whether it *had* come from that other court, or whether it was another ball which had done so. And we could not persuade the Argews to separate themselves; they *would* play in the same sets. It was maddening; our meetings were spoilt, and the attendance dropped off; and at length I was deputed, as secretary, to speak seriously about it to Mr. A.

He listened very patiently, nodding his head in sad admission of all my arguments; then he said:

"You're quite right, old boy; I will speak seriously to my wife about it. She *is* dreadfully argumentative, I know; can't get her out of it, though I've often tried. She really means well, you know; but I admit she's most irritating—*most* irritating! There's no peace in one's life with all this arguing! I know I shan't be able to stand it much longer, Mr. Perry. It's wearing me bodily away!"

The bodily wear was not conspicuous: Argew was a round rosy man, in excellent health and spirits.

"It's wearing both of us away," he added.

Mrs. Argew was just as round and rosy as her husband.

He did go straight upstairs to speak seriously to his wife about it: and when the argument which arose had lasted some five-and-twenty minutes without any sign of abatement, I quietly let myself out and departed.

But the Argews went on just the same, and our club was getting ruined; several members had left; and at last we held a special meeting, as the outcome of which I was instructed to request the Argews to withdraw from the club. Poor Argew came in to me in a dreadful state of tearful contrition.

"You can't realise how I regret the thing!" he said. "I know you're right, quite right, and we ought to withdraw, and will. I'm sure we're only too grateful to the members for bearing with us so long. It's all that dreadful incurable habit of Mrs. Argew's!" he suddenly added, pacing the room and glaring wrathfully. "I—I'll have a separation, Mr. Perry—see if I don't!"

He had a separation; a few days later the Argews went to the seaside, and there Mrs. Argew caught a severe cold, resulting in inflammation of the lungs, and in less than three weeks Mr. Argew was alone. Our club talked it over, and felt dreadfully sorry for the step we had taken in asking the Argews to resign: for Argew's good nature and pleasant ways had made him really a great favourite with us already.

We went to see him, of course, and we were shocked at the change in him: he was no longer rosy, and he was far less plump. After a time our people decided to invite him to join the club again, and he did.

He's always to be seen on the ground; he never plays, but makes himself useful in every way which his good nature suggests; he talks very little, but he smiles—when he is not alone. He gets paler and more careworn every day. I saw him through the window one day at home, with his arms on the table and his head low down on his arms. I looked in again in an hour, and he was still in the same position; then I went in to get him to come out. He started up hurriedly, and pretended to have been reading the paper.

"Perry," he said, "do you remember how she used to argue with me—all day long, about everything? Well, I've no one to argue with me now—and I miss it—I miss it—I miss it! Don't say anything to the other fellows: but between ourselves, I can't get on much longer without it."

To judge by the look of him, I don't think he will.

"THIS WENT ON FOR FOUR MINUTES."

Love's Slayer

Words by ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER. *Music by* J. W. ELLIOTT.

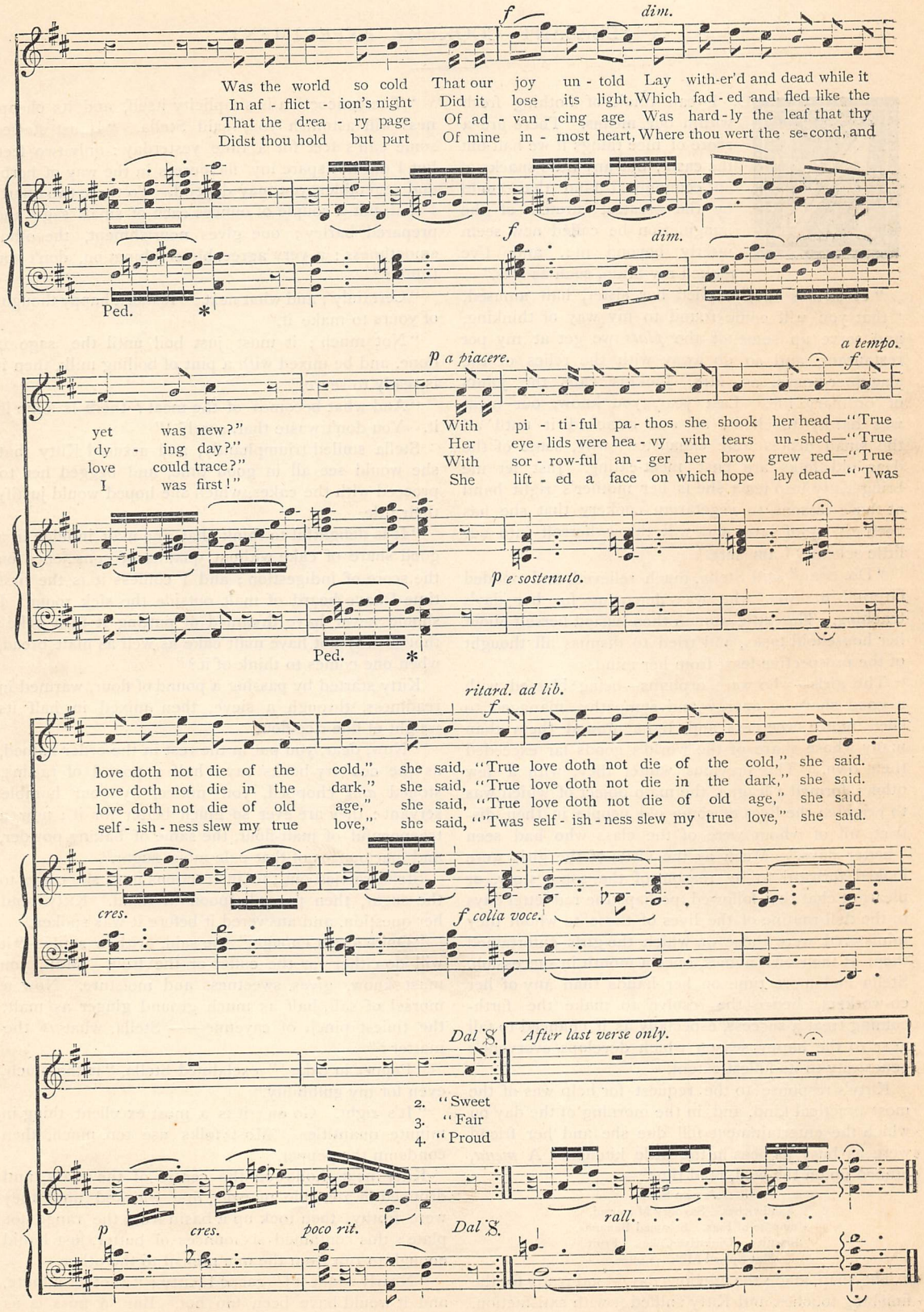
VOICE.

1. "Dear la - dy," cried he, "Can thy
la - dy," cried he, "Can it
la - dy," cried he, "Didst thou
la - dy," cried he, "Did I

Andante, con moto (♩ = 104).

PIANO. *p*

love for me Be gone past re - call like the morn - - ing dew?
tru - - ly be That love which seem'd per - fect hath pass'd a - way?
chance to see, When fate was un - fold - - ed be - fore thy face,
keep from thee My best love for ev' - - er?—and give my worst,


f
dim.
Was the world so cold That our joy un - told Lay with-er'd and dead while it
In af - flict - ion's night Did it lose its light, Which fad - ed and fled like the
That the drea - ry page Of ad - van - cing age Was hard - ly the leaf that thy
Didst thou hold but part Of mine in - most heart, Where thou wert the se-cond, and
Ped.
*
p a piacere.
a tempo.
f
yet was new?"
dy - ing day?"
love could trace?"
I was first!"
With pi - ti - ful pa - thos she shook her head—"True
Her eye - lids were hea - vy with tears un - shed—"True
With sor - row-ful an - ger her brow grew red—"True
She lift - ed a face on which hope lay dead—"'Twas
p e sostenuto.
Ped.
*
ritard. ad lib.
f
love doth not die of the cold," she said, "True love doth not die of the cold," she said.
love doth not die in the dark," she said, "True love doth not die in the dark," she said.
love doth not die of old age," she said, "True love doth not die of old age," she said.
self - ish - ness slew my true love," she said, "'Twas self - ish - ness slew my true love," she said.
cres.
f colla voce.
Dal 𝄋.
After last verse only.
2. "Sweet
3. "Fair
4. "Proud
p
cres.
poco rit.
Dal 𝄋.
rall.

A PLEASANT COOKERY EXPERIMENT.

NO, I can think of nothing fresh within our means. There are a score of nice things if we had but the cash; but any little snacks of an economical kind that could by the greatest stretch of the imagination be called new seem utterly beyond me, and I've racked my brain, such as it is."

"It strikes me," replied her sister, half amused, "that you will come round to my way of thinking, and serve up some of the *plats* we get at my pet restaurant, and so do away with the relics of the slaughter-house, as Mrs. Jenkins calls the joints of ordinary life. Last year, you know, our meat was hardly touched; no one attacked it until all the small dishes were exhausted; why, some of the dear old folks are past meat-eating. Just let me bring Kitty into tea; she is her mother's right hand at those lessons in vegetarian cookery that she has been giving of late, and will throw herself into our little scheme, I am sure."

"Do, dear," said Stella, much relieved, and nodded farewell to Ada, who was departing for her day's teaching. The little woman then busied herself about her household tasks, and tried to dismiss all thought of the prospective feast from her mind.

The girls—who were orphans—being blessed with a good share of energy and sympathy, managed to shed more sweetness and light around them than many whose share of the world's goods far exceeded their own. The previous winter they, with a few others, formed a league, the main object of which was to brighten the lives of some old people in their district, all of whom were of the class who had seen "better days." Much as the visits of the girls were looked forward to by reason of the song, story, or pleasant chat that followed, perhaps the red-letter days in the dull routine of the lives of those to whom they ministered were those on which the girls entertained them at their own homes, once a month in succession. Stella had more time on her hands than any of her co-workers, hence the resolve to make the forthcoming treat a success, especially as it chanced to fall near to the happy season which develops everyone's generosity to its fullest extent.

Kitty's response to the request for help was of the most practical kind, and in the morning of the day on which the entertainment fell due she and her friend were as busy as bees in the little kitchen. A *menu*, pinned up on the wall, read thus :—

Stella's own Soup.
Sandwiches. Savoury Macaroni.
Compôte of Figs. Steamed Bananas.
Biscuits. Digestive Cakes. Fruit.
Hot Spiced Milk. Coffee.

The soup, made the previous day, stood ready for the finishing touches, and Kitty sniffed it with satisfaction.

"The concoction is simplicity itself, and its cheapness will astonish you," said Stella. "I just stewed some calf's feet for a time yesterday: only two feet, but I did not spare my flavourers in the way of herbs and vegetables, you may depend. To these two quarts I shall put a couple of ounces each of small sago and prepared barley; one gives nourishment, the other smoothness: a very agreeable combination, don't you think?"

"Certainly; and what next? It was a happy thought of yours to make it."

"Not much; it must just boil until the sago is done, and be mixed with a pint of boiling milk, then it is ready to serve."

"And what becomes of the meat? there is none in it. You don't waste that, surely?"

Stella smiled triumphantly, and assured Kitty that she would see all in good time, and begged her to proceed with the cakes, which she hoped would justify their title.

"It is delightful to think that one may indulge in a good share of cake without qualms of conscience on the score of indigestion; and I confess it is the first time I have heard of malt outside the sick room. I should never have dreamed of putting it in a cake; though why not have malt cake as well as malt bread, when one comes to think of it?"

Kitty started by passing a pound of flour, warmed in readiness, through a sieve, then mixed in half its weight of fine rice-flour.

"Now, dear, you put in the rest in the order named, as the cookery-books say: half a pound of raisins, stoned *and* chopped, you notice, by your humble servant: they are ever so much better for it; now a teaspoonful of malt-flour, the same of baking-powder, and four ounces of that pale moist sugar."

Stella carried out the instructions until she came to the sugar, then paused, spoon in hand. Kitty read her question, and answered it before it was spoken.

"Quite sweet enough," she said, with a smile; "it will do either for the coffee or the fruit. Malt, you must know, gives sweetness and moisture. Now a morsel of salt, half as much ground ginger as malt, the tiniest pinch of cayenne—— Stella, what *is* the matter?"

"Pepper in cake!" exclaimed Stella, "is too much, even for my gullibility."

"It's right. Go on; it is a most excellent thing in minute quantities. Most folks use too much, then condemn the pepper."

Kitty next hollowed the centre of the mass, and dropped in a couple of eggs, first whisked until they were frothy, then took up a basin from the range hot plate; this contained six ounces of butter, just liquid enough to run from the one utensil to the other.

"Nearly spoilt it!" gasped Kitty; "another minute, and it would have been too hot. But 'a miss is as

good as a mile.' Bring four forks, please; take two yourself, and help me spread little heaps over the baking-sheets. It takes but a minute to mix, you see, and wants no beating. Please notice that the forks will stand up in the mass. I well remember my first malt cake," Kitty ran on. "I made it too sloppy, and it emerged from the oven like a pancake, and had to be served in squares. My recipe said 'a little milk'; like poor Dora Copperfield, I failed to hit the happy medium. Now I dispense with milk by melting the butter, and it always turns out all serene."

As soon as the cakes were in the oven Stella vanished for a moment; when she returned she was laden with spoil.

"See!" she cried, "here are the materials for my sandwiches. Behold the soup meat in the form of this delicious mince; and here is work for the next half-hour in rasping the rolls. Don't they look tempting? The baker made them, two for a penny. I had set my heart on them, and dared not trust to my erratic little oven for the baking."

A warning whiff from the oven interrupted the girls as they were vigorously removing the entire crust from the rolls by the aid of a huge bread-grater; and Stella was mentally congratulating herself that the raspings would come in beautifully for the sprinkling of the breakfast bacon.

Again Kitty was only just in time; indeed, a few of the cakes were subjected to the grating process to remove traces of burning from the bottoms. The filling of the rolls was then proceeded with, and most inviting they looked when piled up daintily on a pretty dish paper, although the garnish was nothing more than celery tops and bits of lemon.

"Lovely, are they not?" said Stella delightedly; "and purely original. My little mincing-machine came in most handily there; the mince is as fine as sausage-meat, and all I did was to moisten it with a spoonful of the soup and—let me own my one extravagance—a dash of cream. A sprinkling of salt and pepper and a spoonful of chopped capers finished the business."

"Next, my figs," said Kitty.

Into a bowl of water they went, and were removed after a rub round with her hand, then transferred to a stew-pan and covered with fresh cold water. To Stella was the task of watching the pan to boiling point entrusted, though she declared that a watched pot never boiled. Again was she concerned about the sugar.

"When they are soft and well plumped is the time for that," answered Kitty; "but do be light-handed with it. Many people would find them sweet enough as they are; I should, for one."

In a very short time they were taken up carefully, to avoid breaking them, and Stella was asked to grate the rind of a lemon all over, for, according to Kitty, it gave a better flavour than all the essences in the world. A few minutes' fast boiling to thicken it, and over went the syrup.

"There, dear, set that dish by to cool, then you can decorate it to your heart's content with that little pile of green fruits," pointing to some angelica. "I do prefer almonds, but in a feast of this sort one must sacrifice something to digestibility."

"And are you not going to steam the bananas now?" was the next query.

"No, they are for a hot dish; but we will prepare them."

The fruit in the dried state was packed in a box like figs. Kitty cut each banana across lengthwise, then laid them in a large saucer, and sprinkled them with sugar and spice, finally placing a few bits of butter here and there about them.

"If it goes into the potato-steamer about the same time that the macaroni is put on to boil, it will be ready just in the nick of time," she explained.

Stella was about to plunge a heap of macaroni into a pan of cold water, but was checked by Kitty.

"How you would have ruined it!" she exclaimed. "You would have had a pasty mass that no after-treatment could separate. In the cooking of all the Italian pastes one rule is absolute: it must go into fast-boiling water at starting, and it should not cease boiling for a second. I suppose half of it will suffice for your savoury dish. I think you said that it is only ordinary beef-tea that you are going to mix with it?"

"That is all, but it is thickened, so that it clings to the macaroni; then the two have to simmer together for a little while. It is a delicious dish, and digestibility itself. Our doctor told me of it."

"I am sure it will be splendid diet for your guests; but be sure to reserve half the macaroni to send in with the fruits; and if you can spare a spoonful of cream, do; pour it over as soon as dished: it completely transforms the dish. Mother prefers custard, but give me cream. I am just thinking I shall have no chance to win honours; I must pin my faith to the hot milk, I suppose."

"I am glad you named it, for I am wanting to hear about that. Is that one of your doctor's wrinkles?"

"No; I made its acquaintance at Mrs. Munroe's last Christmas. She is quite famous for her liquid concoctions, and I like this the most of all."

Kitty then produced a small bottle from the depths of her pocket.

"This," she said, "is the magic spice; it is made at a very old distillery, and you must go to a first-class chemist or grocer for it. You will see what a few drops to a quart of milk will do. Dry spice gives roughness, and often starts people coughing, and the flavour is entirely different. I hope the old folks will enjoy it, for it is cheap enough to become a standing drink in their own homes."

"And now," said Stella, "I vote that we prepare to receive our company. Ada will be here directly, and will expect to find us dressed. What little there is left to be done is not of a messy kind; let us indulge in a woman's luxury, an early cup of tea; for once, I think we have earned it."

So off went the girls to carry out the suggestion.

Deborah Platter.

A HIGHLY RESPECTABLE FAMILY.

SHE WHO MUST BE OBEYED.

THE BREAD-WINNER.

THE SON AND HEIR.

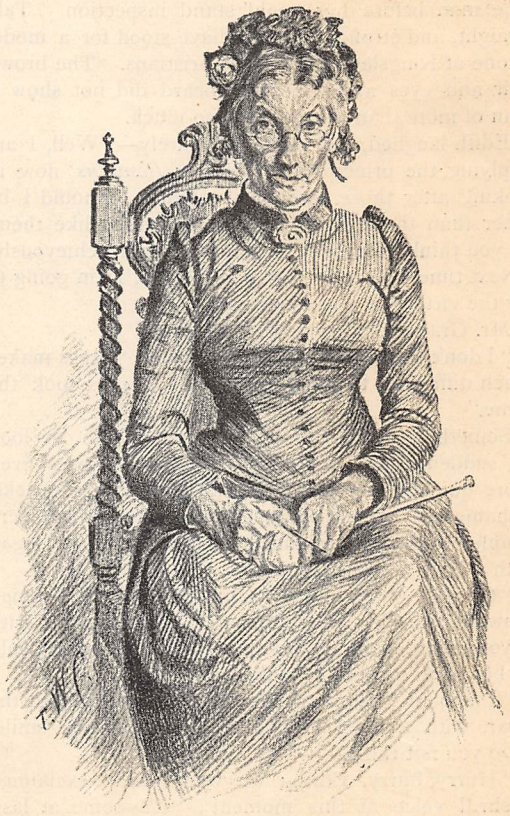
THE DAUGHTER OF THE HOUSE.

A HIGHLY RESPECTABLE FAMILY—(*continued*).

MISS ELIZABETH.

MASTER GEORGE.

UNCLE PARKER.



AUNT JANE.

A FAULTY HEROINE.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS. BY NORA M. MARRIS.

I.

THE vicar walked quickly down the lane.

He saw a figure in front of him that he knew, and he wanted to overtake it. If you had observed very keenly, you would have seen that the girl in front of him gave a slight start just before he came up with her, and walked on a trifle faster. It was of no use, and she faced him with a nervous little air of either dislike or embarrassment.

The vicar did not seem to take it as the former.

"Have you finished your district, Miss Payne?" he began, "and distributed all your tracts?" with a mischievous glance at the parcel she was carrying, which to any but masculine eyes would have betrayed itself at once as millinery of some description.

Edith Payne blushed slightly, and said mischievously—

"Do you read '*Sartor Resartus*,' Mr. Gray?"

"In my young days I did," returned he wickedly.

Edith gave him a look: "took stock," as we say. The man before her could stand inspection. Tall, straight, and strong, he might have stood for a model of one of Kingsley's muscular Christians. The brown hair and eyes and the short beard did not show a man of more than thirty-five, if so much.

Edith laughed, and replied demurely—"Well, I am applying the principles of '*Sartor Resartus*' now in looking after those essentials—clothes. Should I be other than those of my district if dressed like them, do you think, Mr. Gray?" she went on mischievously. "Next time I go to see my poor people, I am going to try the virtues of a summer hat."

Mr. Gray smiled somewhat absently.

"I don't think," he said, after a pause, "dress makes much difference to you; to me you always look the same."

Something in his manner caused Edith to look up suddenly, and then she dropped her eyes even more quickly, and a hot colour flushed her cheeks. Ashamed of having perhaps misconstrued such very simple words, and ashamed of the blush, she began with a little nervous laugh—

"Oh, Mr. Gray, how dreadful! Always the same! How exceedingly monotonous! Fancy living with anyone who looked always the same! Why, you would be bound to quarrel, to make some change."

"I should like to try the experiment," began the vicar, with a keen look and a mischievous smile. "Do you not think——"

"Hurry, hurry, Edith; we want you!" exclaimed a shrill voice at this moment; "it's come at last. Hurry, now do!"

Mr. Gray had known the Paynes some years, but had not seen much of them until Edith took a district under his directions, and began to bestir herself in good works generally. Edith had not been specially easy to make friends with, he thought; there were plenty of ladies who found it impossible to get through their work without endless consultations with the vicar, but Miss Payne had seemed specially independent. Her work was chiefly among factory girls, of whom a considerable number worked in her father's factory, and in a large and flourishing Band of Hope, that had grown by degrees from a handful of Sunday scholars to a large meeting, chiefly supported by voluntary contributions, and not specially attached to any church or chapel.

Edith's independence was owing to several causes. In the first place, the Paynes' position was a little peculiar; the mother and father were Dissenters, and the children had been brought up as such. By-and-by they moved farther out into the country, away from the smoke of the large town of Middleford, which, as well-informed people know, is one of the most go-ahead of all Midland towns.

So it came to pass that though Edith taught factory girls and lectured to street Arabs, she lived in a lane, and the pretty country house known as "The Fields" was her home.

The factory being within the bounds of Mr. Gray's parish, he soon, not unnaturally, came to know of Edith's work in it, and also, very naturally, it often happened that the evening services in the old church were oftener attended by the sisters than the little chapel five miles away in the town.

Mr. Payne simply made the vicar welcome as an agreeable, well-educated guest, an industrious worker in the cause of the poor, a thoroughly honest man, an excellent companion for his boys and girls. He thought the vicar's theological principles no more a bar to his hospitality than the Conservatism of his old friend who lived over the way, though he, Mr. Payne, was a staunch Liberal.

Mr. Gray's sentiments on the subject of the Payne family may appear in the course of this history; so far, he does not appear to be indifferent to one of the daughters, at any rate.

"I am to congratulate you then, Miss Eleanor; you have kept the secret well," said the vicar, with a keen glance of admiration, and with a hearty shake of the hand, as he entered the drawing-room at "The Fields."

Eleanor Payne, a tall handsome girl, about two years younger than her sister, flushed uneasily as her hand met his, and her eyes dropped.

Edith looked at her in astonishment, started slightly, and turned hastily round to one of her brothers.

"What is this 'secret,' Tom? and what are we all

"She faced him with a nervous little air" (*p.* 222).

to congratulate Eleanor about?" she asked a little sharply.

"Ha, my dear!" exclaimed Thomas the Rhymer, as his sisters called him, "you'll have to take a back seat now; the 'domesticated' isn't in it with the 'literary.' When did you ever earn ten pounds by a scrawl, eh? Why, that precious effusion only took Miss Eleanor about a week, and those weak-minded ones up in London have actually sent her ten pounds for it! It's a perfect gold-mine, because of course, now she has begun she can go on doing one every week, and ten pounds a week is a tidy little sum in the year, eh, Jack?" finished up this sanguine youth.

"Why!" exclaimed Jeanie, who had been carefully putting it all down on paper, "ten pounds a week is £520 a year; fancy that! Oh, Eleanor!" And here little Jeanie stared open-mouthed at her wonderful sister with such awe that Jack promptly seized the opportunity to put a cinder in her mouth.

"Oh, do stop that nonsense, Jack!" said Edith, a trifle impatiently, "and tell me what it is all about. What 'effusion' is Tom talking about, Eleanor? and for what have you earned ten pounds?" she said, striving to look pleasant again.

Eleanor turned silently, and held towards her the new number of *Cassell's Magazine*, and a business-like looking envelope with a cheque inside.

Edith took it, and read an intimation to the effect that Miss E. M. Payne's story having gained the first prize in the Short Story Competition, the Editor had much pleasure in enclosing a cheque for ten pounds.

To Mr. Gray's surprise, Edith started violently on hearing this, and looked doubtfully—could it be *jealously?*—at her sister.

Eleanor, for her part, looked no more comfortable; she fidgeted uncomfortably with the letter, and said in a constrained voice—

"Well, Edith, won't you congratulate me?"

Edith started nervously, her eyes filled with tears, and she said in a low voice: "Yes indeed, Eleanor, I am very glad you have it;" and then, with a furtive reproachful glance at Mr. Gray, she left the room without a word.

Curiously enough, Eleanor seemed relieved. Mr. Gray was exceedingly puzzled; surely Edith could not be jealous of her sister's success. It was impossible: he could not believe it of her; yet she seemed startled and surprised. She had put an extraordinary emphasis on the word "*secret*," and she had certainly looked at him most reproachfully as she left the room. It seemed as though Eleanor's achievement had, for the first time, brought dissension into the family. Perhaps Eleanor herself could have enlightened him. She was a striking-looking girl, tall and dark, with fine eyes and plenty of dark hair; as they had come in her face had been all alight with excitement and pride, the dark eyes were glowing, the usually rather defiant mouth smiling; and not until her glance fell on himself and Edith had that curious constraint and shadow fallen on her.

"Well, Eleanor," he said, "I must see 'The Sisters' Heritage' in print, you know; it will look even finer, no doubt, than in manuscript."

Eleanor shook her head and stepped back, holding the precious *Cassell's* firmly to her.

"Eleanor won't let anybody see it," grumbled Jack. "I made a grab at it once, but she collared it. She might let a fellow have a look at the pictures; the rest's sure to be awfully silly: all girls are!" he finished contemptuously, and stood on his head in the corner of the sofa.

"How did *you* know Eleanor had written anything?" said Jeanie to the vicar, as she dexterously seized Jack's heels, and pulled him back again to a normal position.

"I? Why, I signed it for her, to be sure," said Mr. Gray, smiling, "as her own unaided production." Eleanor left the room hastily as Mr. Payne entered.

Edith had gone to her room, feeling strangely cast down. How different everything seemed an hour ago! Then the sun was shining, the summer scents and sounds filled the sleepy air. She had noticed the hum of the bees in the lime-trees overhead, and the noise of the haymakers sharpening their scythes as she came up the lane. But clearer than all these sounds and scents, she had seen the expression in the eyes of the man talking to her; softer than the hum of the bees the vicar's voice had sounded as he told her—

"You are always the same to me."

Yet a moment after she had seen him look with undisguised admiration at her handsome sister, and marked Eleanor's blush and downcast eyes as he clasped her hand in congratulation.

She had never suspected anything of the kind before. True, Eleanor and the vicar were great friends; having known her as a school-girl he had called her "Eleanor," while she had always been "Miss Payne," at least (with a blush), when everyone was there.

And then Eleanor had won the prize. There was a little bitterness mingled with the thought. She had intended trying for it too, until her mother's illness stopped her. She had begun and half done her task. Not a very long one, certainly: "under 8,000 words" the regulations said. Still, it was fairly new work to Edith, and the thinking out of her little plot and of the scenes best fitted to develop it had been a labour, though a labour of love.

It had been carefully done; a rough idea of the plot had been drawn up, with names and details of seasons, days, and times. Then she had planned the chapters, each of a certain length, to reach a certain point in the plot, and lastly, written the details of them, indicating the scenes and conversations by which it was to be unfolded.

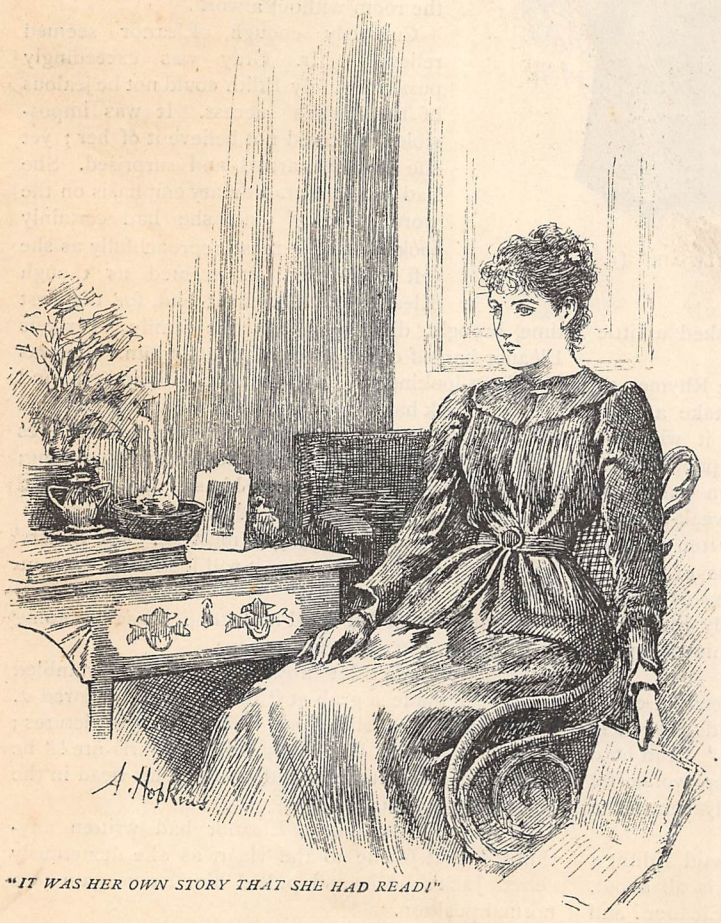
A sudden impulse came to her to look at it once again. She remembered the pain of that day when she had first decided, "I cannot do both," and had seen that the tale must go if she were to give her complete attention to her mother. It had only been a matter of time; two days after the date for sending in the MS. her mother had begun to mend and she had leisure again.

It seemed hard, in looking back; for unconfessed to herself was a deep desire to write something worthy, to win the good opinion she so coveted from one. It was this had made it seem hard to give up. She would fain have distinguished herself in his eyes. And now Eleanor had succeeded where she had failed.

Soon, however, she rose, determined to put away all doubts of Eleanor, and went to her room meaning to congratulate her heartily.

It was empty, but *Cassell's* lay on the table. She picked it up and turned eagerly to "The Sisters' Heritage." Strangely enough, after reading a page a troubled look came into her eyes; she read on more hastily, her colour came and went. She finished at last, and leant back, looking dreadfully pale.

It was her own story that she had read!



"IT WAS HER OWN STORY THAT SHE HAD READ!"

II.

THE great town of Middleford, like most Midland towns, is very forward in all educational matters. Besides the big foundation schools of St. Alban, there is a college which has the peculiarity of admitting both men and women students on absolutely equal terms to all subjects therein taught. And this equality has been maintained from the first. The good things of learning were not in the beginning made sacred to the lords of creation, and finally, after heroic struggles, snatched at and obtained by the weaker vessels.

The reason of this extraordinary

liberality towards women students is due to the fact that the founder was not a venerable monk or abbot of former times, duly impressed with the uselessness of learning in women.

He was the celebrated "self-made" man who founded the college to help other self-made men through the uncomfortable process of making things uncomfortable to themselves, except for the inevitable assurance and self-complacency that always seems to sustain them, doubly uncomfortable to those around them. And the founder himself had not made his fortune without, it was said, ruining others.

Certainly, even if he had not successfully solved the problem of making bricks without straw, he had known how to buy up all the straw at the cheapest rate for his own bricks in later years.

About five o'clock of the eventful day when Eleanor received the communication from *Cassell's*, she ascended the steps of this college to attend a debate: one of the ordinary meetings of the "College Common Society." The C. C. S. had been established to meet the want which the "earnest student" had at length confessed to feeling for some kind of intellectual relaxation.

The professors had consented to chaperone the proceedings by the nominal presence of themselves and their wives. Sometimes a professor turned up, sometimes a wife, sometimes only a deputy in the shape of an assistant lecturer or demonstrator.

The relaxation was provided for by tea, followed by a debate, "papers," or "music" for the "intellect." Sometimes there were "readings and recitations," and if these were "dramatic" there was usually more "relaxation" than "intellect" about it.

Nevertheless, though you might quarrel with the form, the raw material was generally good, and the surface cleverness in debating shown by those really in earnest was very diverting, and sometimes extraordinary.

A little ill-dressed, curious-spoken, spectacled youth would get up, and, despite his odd appearance, demolish previous arguments, and by shrewd sense, if not by wit, establish his point. Where they got into deep waters was with the metaphors and illustrations. Eleanor never could say how it was, but the tragic always seemed to turn to comic, and the high-flown sentiments to sound like an advertisement puff.

"Well, Eleanor," said one of her friends as she entered the tea-room (a transformed laboratory), and tried to exchange a few words amidst the Babel of sounds, "so *Cassell's* is out, and you have the prize. I'm sure I congratulate you heartily. We shall have to chronicle these doings in the *Magazine*, but tell me, I thought Edith meant to try. Did she give it up, after all?"

"Hallo, Miss Payne!" broke in one of the "advanced" lady students, before Eleanor could answer. "So you've come out as a literary character, have you? I certainly should not have expected it, to judge by the effusions in the *Magazine* that have been talked of as yours. But perhaps"—with an ill-natured smile—"you didn't think it worth while to waste your best efforts on *us*."

Eleanor turned to her, standing very tall and straight. She looked very handsome in her summer costume of brown cloth skirt and jacket, with a perfect-fitting white cambric blouse, dotted with red spots, tucked into the leather belt round her slim waist. The neat sailor hat, just showing the coils of dark hair, admirably became her tall and elegant figure.

Miss Jones was a contrast, in a loose snuff-coloured gown of no special make, much trimmed with greasy-looking green plush, and an enormous shade hat, trimmed with a much-bedraggled "Liberty" scarf of another shade of green.

Several people had heard Miss Jones's gratuitous attack on Eleanor, and they all listened for her clear, deliberate answer.

"I generally try to write my best when I do write, Miss Jones, even for the *Magazine*. I can only suppose the reason we are so seldom favoured with contributions from your pen is that the editorial board does not care for second bests?"

Eleanor had scored, but she was angry with herself for having taken any notice of the taunt. Something had made her nervous to-day, the congratulations on all sides worried her, and she was glad when the bell rang and the students trooped into the lecture theatre. There was a debate on some educational question, and Eleanor did not mean to speak. It was very fairly kept up among the men; the women were willing enough to vote or recite, but to make a point in impromptu debate was too much for most of them. Some of the quieter ones had come to consider speaking at "social" "bad form," discredit having been brought on women speakers through the particular style of Miss Phœbe Sparks, a young "person" (Eleanor dubbed her) with enormous plaits of hair, a violent red plaid dress, a slight lisp, and an appealing manner, joined to incoherent wanderings during her speeches, which were garnished with many personal reminiscences and a great deal of "I," and "my feelings."

To Eleanor's horror, she took the seat next to her, and began in the usual style—the only woman speaker.

Eleanor felt a sudden indignation on behalf of her sex, and with the quieter specimens of it who sat giggling behind, instead of showing that they could do better.

Without pausing to consider her words, she jumped up, and began with the preliminary that she would like to say a few words from a woman's point of view on the subject, and was afraid she must differ from the previous speaker on nearly every point.

After a few vigorous arguments, she concluded by saying, "I am sorry that the previous speaker should have brought the matter of personal feeling into this debate. It is as well to keep to the point, if we can (with a little sarcastic smile). We are here to discuss whether such a measure had a certain effect, and will continue to have it under the new conditions. That is, we are to decide this as far as we can with our *somewhat* (sarcastily) imperfect knowledge. To 'feel'

is supposed to be woman's province. We may feel as much as we choose about the matter in private, but it is useless and absurd to adduce our private feelings as arguments in this matter either for or against. I do not feel personally that the Act has benefited me one whit; but what does that matter in the face of the facts which are evidence in its favour?

"May I express the hope that in future debates ladies will take a fair share, and try as far as in them lies to keep to the point, and discuss only the matter in hand."

Eleanor went out amid loud applause, without waiting for the close of the debate. Again she sighed discontentedly as she made her way to the station over the part she had taken. "It was only because I felt in an ill temper," she said remorsefully. "If they knew all, I wonder what they would think of me?"

She chose a carriage to herself for the short ride home, but just at starting a tall man of about thirty jumped in.

"How do you do, Miss Payne? I am lucky this evening," said the doctor, shaking hands with Eleanor, who blushed slightly. "I have not seen you lately, but I hear you have been very busy. May I know when the three-volume novel is expected to be finished?" with a mischievous smile.

Eleanor flushed angrily, and said, as haughtily as she could, "I never can understand why people feel free to make such absurd jokes about a woman's writing. If a *man* writes anything and is successful, he is congratulated heartily, the same as if he gets a picture in the Academy, or wins a race or a University prize. But if a *girl* does anything, or attempts it, she is sure to be met with naïve remarks about 'a budding literary genius,' or equally vulgar chaff about a 'fair blue-stocking,' or 'sweet girl graduate,' etc. I wish people would learn the art of congratulation in a pleasant form, and not make themselves ridiculous and their victim miserable!" she concluded, with great heat.

"Allow me to congratulate you, Miss Payne, and say that I am delighted to hear of your success, though not surprised, as I shall be if it is the last of the kind," said Dr. Conelly gravely, with the fine courtesy which he knew so well how to use.

"Thank you, indeed; that is a very pretty speech," said Eleanor in a subdued voice, rather ashamed of her previous outburst, and abashed by the warmth with which the doctor had spoken.

"Then I must congratulate you again," he went on, "for your speech of this evening; it was very telling. I heard every word."

"Oh," said Eleanor, "I did not mean to speak at all, but that inevitable Miss Sparks does disgust me so."

"Yes, I can quite believe it," suavely; "it is the more to be admired that you spoke so dispassionately and without a touch of feeling. You always were distinguished by a horror of all shams and false pretences, Miss Payne," said the doctor, with a slight twinkle in his keen blue eyes.

To his amazement and distress, Eleanor changed colour rapidly, her eyes filled with tears, and she could only ejaculate in a stifled voice: "Don't, *please!*"

"My dear Miss Eleanor," cried the doctor, with horror, "what have I said? Do you not feel well? You must let me feel your pulse; you surely are not sickening for influenza," he went on, willing to tease her if he could make her smile again.

There was a tinge more earnestness in his tone than was strictly professional, and perhaps Eleanor felt this, for she drew her hand away and tried to regain her composure.

"Don't think too well of me, Doctor Conelly," she said, smiling through her tears, "or you may be deceived, and repent it;" and the beautiful brown eyes looked so miserably at him that the doctor puzzled himself in vain over the reason.

"Plainly, she has not found her literary venture all beer and skittles. Wonder who has been worrying her?" he added savagely.

Dr. Conelly had been first called into the Paynes' during their mother's recent illness; their own doctor, an older man, had had his hands more than full, and at the last, sadly enough, he himself had succumbed. The new doctor had shown himself clever and attentive, and Mr. Payne was greatly taken with his Irish fun and good spirits. The boys waged open war with him, yet were his devoted allies; while, though as yet no one suspected it, the doctor entertained a very tender feeling for the charming and faulty Eleanor.

Late that night Edith and Eleanor sat talking.

Edith appeared extremely agitated; Eleanor defiant, though ashamed. Again and again had they gone over the same ground, again and again Edith pointed out to Eleanor her fault and what were likely to be the consequences of it. Eleanor had only answered by a dogged reiteration that she knew it all: it was done now, and could not be helped, and she could not be more miserable than she was already.

"You were to have half the money, Edith. I always meant it for you, if I could get it. You may not believe it, but I was so sorry you could not finish your tale, that was what first put it into my head; and then I wanted the money too, for something," she added in a low voice.

"As if I would touch the money!" said Edith indignantly, and turned to leave the room.

She relented a little as she saw how white her sister looked, and added, as kindly as she could: "You had better get to bed now, Eleanor; it is clear it can't be undone, though what is to be the end of it I can't think, I am sure. I don't see how it's to remain a secret."

Eleanor cried herself to sleep that night, repeating over and over again: "They will never understand, and they won't believe me."

III.

THE next morning Edith had to go over to Egerton, a fashionable suburb, lying a good three miles from "The Fields." But to go round by Middleford would be much longer, so Edith, though heavy at heart, tramped steadily on her three miles, and finished her business.

"You will stay to lunch, Edith," said her aunt. "I want to tell you all about Miss Leslie's wedding. By the bye, Mr. Gray was there, too; he seemed in the greatest spirits. I should not wonder if he were thinking about his own."

"His own!" ejaculated Edith.

"Yes; why, you know everyone says he is or will be engaged to the beautiful Miss Shaw, of Egerton Hall. Rumour says he never comes over without seeing her."

"Good-bye, aunt," said Edith suddenly, after lunch. "I want to go to the Botanical Gardens on my way, and look at those new orchids."

I am afraid the orchids were but an excuse for quiet and loneliness, and a chance to sit down and think things over. She did not feel physically able to start on her walk with such a tumult in her brain. For some time she sat alone, thinking of her aunt's words, and of Eleanor and this new trouble. If he were going to marry Miss Shaw he could not care for Eleanor; and if he did care for Eleanor, how could he marry her now?

"A penny for your thoughts, Miss Payne," said a gay voice close to her.

Edith started and looked up. There was Mr. Gray, in all the glory of wedding bravery. Edith knew he had been one of the guests, but had never dreamt of seeing him in the quiet gardens.

"Why, how did you know I was here?" was her incautious question, and then she blushed scarlet. Why should he not come too to see the orchids?

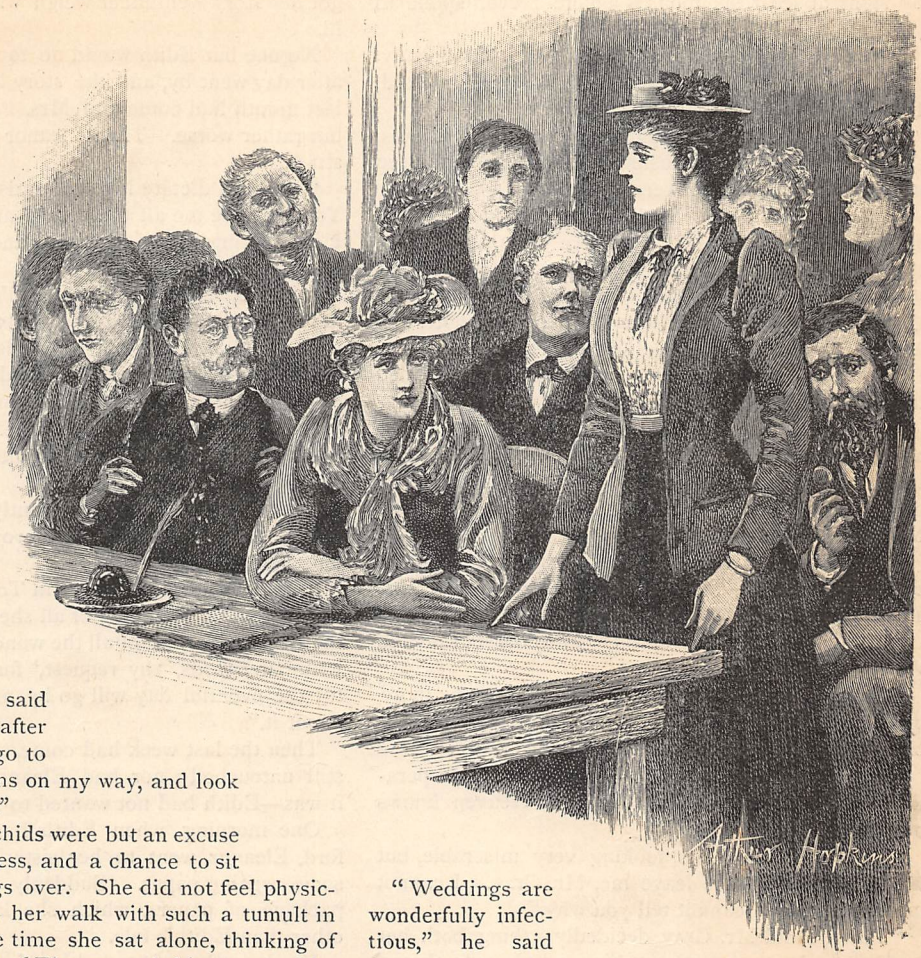
His next words did not re-assure her.

"Mayn't I see the orchids also, or is it a private view?" he asked, with a mischievous smile, as he took a seat beside her.

"Oh!" stammered Edith. "I thought—I supposed—I did not know that you often came here."

"Your aunt told me you were here," he said: as if it were the most ordinary thing in the world for him to be seeking Edith Payne.

Mr. Gray looked so gay and mischievous, and altogether unlike his usual sober self, that Edith felt rather puzzled. He seemed a new and different Mr. Gray, and all at once she felt very shy.



"WITHOUT PAUSING TO CONSIDER HER WORDS, SHE JUMPED UP" (*p.* 225).

"Weddings are wonderfully infectious," he said presently, in another voice. "It makes one think of what one will have to go through one's self sooner or later," with a comical sigh.

Edith laughed, despite herself.

"There is a remedy."

"What?"

"'Dont,' as *Punch* says."

"What was the matter with you when I came in here?" he said, abruptly turning to her, and surveying her with very keen eyes.

"It does not matter much. It is nothing; it would not interest you."

"How do you know that? Do you think I ask for mere curiosity? If it does not interest me, why should I ask?"

Edith abstractedly pulled a harmless leaf to pieces, and did not look up.

"How long have you known me, Edith?" he said quietly.

"Two years next June," she answered meekly, not noticing the smile on his face, nor the eagerness in his eyes, as he heard the form of her answer.

"I have known you longer than that; I knew you

by sight at least six months before I ever spoke to you."

"You didn't ask me *that*," said Edith innocently. "It is three years since you first came to Middleford, I know."

But here, happening to catch the look in his eyes, she turned away in confusion, wishing she had been more discreet in her answers.

"Edith," said Mr. Gray, bending towards her and speaking very distinctly, "it is three years since I have seen and known you, and loved you. I know your parents are Dissenters, Edith, but the differences that divide us are not so great, after all: they are not great enough to divide us altogether, are they, Edith? nor to prevent your loving me, are they?" he added tenderly.

Edith lifted her head and looked at him; there was a lovely colour in her face. "I do love you," she said softly. Then she knew what her admission meant to him. But before he had time again to speak she began in a frightened voice—

"Oh, don't! Mr. Gray, you must not! I forgot—I cannot—I—we——" and here she looked so miserable and ashamed, the vicar was alarmed.

"Edith, darling, what is it?" said the bewildered vicar. "Have I startled you?"

"No, no," stammered Edith; "don't say any more, don't ask me anything; but it is no use; I cannot—cannot marry you!" she said, in a stifled voice.

"But, Edith, this is sheer nonsense!" in desperation. "Why, child, you love me, and Heaven knows how I love you!"

"I know," said Edith, looking very miserable, but determined. "Please leave me, Mr. Gray. I cannot marry you, and I cannot tell you why."

"Edith," said Mr. Gray decidedly, taking both her hands, "look at me and answer me truly. Is there," turning rather pale, "anyone else to whom you fancy you are promised?"

"No," said Edith directly. "I never cared for anyone but—— Please let me go, Mr. Gray, and believe me I can say nothing else."

"I shall not take this for an answer, Edith; I am off for my holiday to-morrow. I had hoped," he said brokenly, "to have had special reason for a holiday this summer. But," firmly, "I shall see you directly I come back, and you will be kinder to me then, Edith," he added tenderly.

Before she had realised it, he had stooped and kissed her warmly, and was gone. Poor Edith gave way then. "Oh, Eleanor!" she sobbed, "what have you not brought upon me? How could I be engaged to him when my sister——" For half-an-hour she sat stupefied, then she pulled herself together, and started for home.

Eleanor had spent a miserable day. When the Story Competition had been announced she had intended to compete, but with her usual carelessness had begun and trifled with half-a-dozen plots, and had written experimental chapters in each, to see how they would "*do*." Then Edith had fairly set to work, and got her story well under weigh when Mrs. Payne fell ill.

No one but Edith would do to wait on her, and day after day went by, and the story lay untouched. The last month had come and Mrs. Payne was no better, but rather worse. Then Eleanor offered to help her sister.

"You can dictate it to me and I will write it down. You can give me all the details and all the ideas, and I will string them together, and you can go over them again and revise it."

"Oh no, Eleanor, I can't. I'm sure that would never do. You know it is to be our own 'unaided work,' and if I can't get it finished in time, why it must just go: that is all," she added, with a sigh.

"Well, never mind, Edie; don't fret," called out Jack, with consoling cheerfulness. "You know you wouldn't have got the prize, so, after all, you are spared the fag."

"Jack," said Jeanie indignantly, "you ought to be ashamed! Of *course* Edie would have the prize, unless Eleanor did."

"Oh, Eleanor!" chimed in Tom sceptically: "she will just go on dreaming of all she is going to buy with the ten pounds, and of all the wonderful stories she will write afterwards, 'by request,' for various magazines, till the eventful day will go by, and she will forget all about it."

Then the last week had come, and Edith's story was still untouched; nor had Eleanor any idea of what it was—Edith had not wanted to show it.

One morning, when Edith had gone into Middleford, Eleanor went to her sister's room to look for some writing-paper. Suddenly she came upon a package of papers, which she knew could be none other than Edith's tale.

Her heart beat fast, and her hands trembled—there was no one about; Edith would never know, and it could not hurt her to have it read. Besides, was her own story not already sketched in?

"Why," said Eleanor in a moment, "it is *my* story, after all!"

And in a way she was right. Edith had taken an old plot, no doubt originated by Eleanor, and often discussed between the sisters as to the fine "situations" it might afford: so often discussed that Edith had forgotten where she had originally heard it.

Eleanor read it with the keenest interest, occasionally nodding her head with approval, or shaking it over some weak passage. Where the story ended she began to build in her own fancies, writing scenes and conversations in imagination, forgetting everything except her own ideas of working the plot out.

Suddenly she heard steps, and gathering up the papers hastily, fled to her own room and locked the door.

There she found a letter just left by the maid for her.

"DEAR ELEANOR,—Will you help me? I am in the greatest trouble. Can you lend me five pounds? You will think me mad, but I am not, unless from trouble. Listen: it is Tom again. You know he has been in debt before, and father paid for him, and he vowed if it happened again he would turn him from the door. Then Tom will be lost for ever. It is not a bad debt this time. He gave all he had to a poor

creature to keep the bailiffs out. But there, it is no use telling you all the details. He has no one but me to help him, and I have no one but you. You must not tell this to one *single soul*, or it will certainly reach father's ears.—Yours ever, KATHLEEN."

The miserable note was undated and unsigned, except for the Kathleen. Eleanor knew well enough where it came from, and she knew well enough the character of Kathleen's father.

The secret was not her own. How could she ask her father now, with Mrs. Payne so ill, too? No; if there was to be any help she must give it. She hastily counted over her money. There was only £4 15s. put by for bills already due and a few shillings in her purse. Where could she get money now, at once?

Suddenly she remembered the prizes, the competition. She would give Kathleen her money, and wait on the chance; either she or Edith would be sure to get it. She felt convinced Edith's story must win—it was so fresh, so interesting—and of course Edith would lend her the money.

Then with a start she remembered that her sister was out of the race: had given it up.

And suddenly the temptation came upon her with overwhelming force to use Edith's MS. Edith should have half the prize, and more than half the glory. She would tell everyone it was not all her own work, and she would sign it "E. M. Payne." How lucky their initials were the same!

There was not much time to lose: only a week; and she would have to alter some of it, too. Of course she would not tell Edith, as she might not like to see her work altered.

So the week passed, and two days before the eventful 30th of the month she went to her friend at the College, and persuaded her to type it off on her machine. "Only six thousand five hundred words, dear; it won't take you so very long," begged Eleanor. "It looks so much tidier."

Not until she hunted up the regulations about sending and signing did it flash across Eleanor what she was really doing; and then she quieted her conscience with the plea that she *must* have the money, and that, after all, the story had been originally hers, though Edith had developed it.

But since Edith's reproaches and the congratulations, she had looked at things differently. Most of

"THE DOCTOR MADE HER SIT DOWN ON A FALLEN TREE UNDER THE HEDGE" (*p.* 230).

all, she felt remorse for having drawn Mr. Gray into the deception, as he had signed the story for her.

Then she remembered with anguish the doctor's words—"He knew she hated all false pretensions and shams." Oh! what *would* he think of her? Assuredly, a more unhappy girl than Eleanor was not to be found in Middleford that afternoon. But her cup was not yet full. Edith returned pale and ill from Egerton, and told Eleanor, in a few sharp cold words, that "she had refused Mr. Gray because her sister had deceived him. She could not betray her sister; neither could she marry him so long as her sister had 'taken money under false pretences.'" Even after these dreadful words Eleanor was too proud to attempt any excuses or tell her sister of the pitiful letter she had received, and for what she wanted the money.

Never had the consequences of her fault seemed so awful to her. There was no choice now between her own reputation and her sister's happiness. Edith could not be sacrified: that was certain; but first she would tell Dr. Conelly. He should not think she was *obliged* to tell him. He should know the worst at once.

"Doctor Conelly," said Eleanor, as she met him the next day by the Old Farm, "I have been waiting for you. I have something to tell you."

The doctor saw that she was trembling from head to foot, and made her sit down on a fallen tree under the hedge.

"What is it, Miss Eleanor?" he asked reassuringly. "Nothing very bad, I hope?"

"Yes," said Eleanor in a dull tone, "very bad indeed. I did not really get the prize for Cassell's competition, because it was Edith's tale I sent in, and not my own. Edith never knew it, and now she says I have 'obtained money under false pretences' and involved Mr. Gray, and I have come to tell you, that you may know the worst at once."

A dreadful silence ensued. So this was the explanation of all the worry. And Gray was involved, was he? How on earth could he be in it? And Eleanor—bright, handsome Eleanor—had done this disgraceful thing.

The doctor was an honourable man, and the thing seemed to him outrageous. He flushed a dull angry red, and Eleanor, looking at him, saw it.

"Good-bye," she said quietly; "you know now;" and turned to go.

"Stop!" he said roughly, holding her arm fast. "Stop, Eleanor! As you have told me so much, you must finish your explanation. Begin at the beginning, and tell me as clearly as you can how it all came about, and what Gray has to do with it."

So in a low, monotonously-miserable voice, without once looking at him, she told him all, except of the letter from Kathleen.

He listened in silence, but with a lighter heart.

"What did you want the money for?" he asked sharply.

Eleanor did not answer. "Why did you not ask *me* for it?"

"You—a stranger and a gentleman!"

Dr. Conelly winced at the word "stranger."

"Your own method of obtaining it was hardly to be preferred."

Poor Eleanor could stand no more. She felt giddy and her head reeled; if he would only go and leave her to her misery!

"My poor Eleanor," she seemed to hear a very gentle voice saying, "it is all very dreadful——"

At the first kind word her composure gave way, and Eleanor burst into a perfect storm of tears. Ashamed as she was to cry before the doctor, and at such a time, she could not control her tears.

At his reiterated demand to know for what the money had been needed, she drew out Kathleen's ill-fated letter, and gave it him.

To Eleanor's despair, she learnt that the vicar was away. After a long talk with the doctor, who saw several extenuating circumstances—though he did not tell the culprit so—Eleanor left him to write a letter of confession to Mr. Gray. "You cannot keep him any longer in ignorance," said Dr. Conelly; and Eleanor agreed, though she dare not tell him what urgent need there was for putting Mr. Gray out of his misery. She left it to him to decide what should be written to the magazine when the offer to refund the prize-money was made.

A week later Mr. Gray returned, looking not much the worse for his suspense. He called at once at "The Fields," and found Edith in the Long Avenue.

"Silly child!" he said, when all was made right between them; "it was you I wanted, whatever your sisters or brothers might be. Poor Eleanor! she has suffered grievously, and I have told her I think it well your father and mother should not know. It is needless pain for them. It was a sudden temptation; it will never happen again."

"You are very good, Sydney," murmured Edith, and rewarded him with her first proffered kiss.

To Eleanor he gave a grave kiss of forgiveness and adoption as a sister, and Eleanor always declared "Sydney was the best man in the world but one."

When things were straight between Edith and the vicar, Dr. Conelly met Eleanor again one day outside the Old Farm. And at the same place, which had such sad associations for her, he asked her if she would not come to him, and let him help her through her difficulties, and draw on his purse-strings in future.

"Dear child," he said, "I have always wanted you. I love you dearly, Eleanor, and have loved you a year now. And I think you must care for me a little, for you sought me out in your trouble; eh, Eleanor?" he said tenderly, bending down to kiss her.

Eleanor's beautiful eyes looked strangely troubled, but she never flinched, and answered bravely—

"It would not be right; it would be pity. You are sorry for me, but I have no right to accept your goodness. I do love you; oh, I do love you!" she cried passionately; "but just for that I will not marry you. I am not fit for you."

To all his remonstrances she paid no heed.

The next day he called to see Mr. Payne, and found him out. Edith told him Eleanor was gone on a long-

promised visit to an old blind aunt in Dublin. It would be dreadfully dull, but she would go, and seemed to think it a sort of penance.

Dr. Conelly said nothing, but a fortnight later he was in Dublin. He was not at first allowed to see Eleanor. She was ill, but representing that he was the family doctor, he was admitted.

The strain had been too much for her; a chill caught on the boat had dangerously complicated matters.

Slowly Eleanor got better, and slowly she regained her strength. Then Dr. Conelly had another interview, and, as Eleanor always declared, bullied her into accepting him.

"Are you not ashamed of me?" she asked him one day. "Do you never think of it now?"

"I should have been ashamed of you, my poor child, if you had not confessed; but as it is, Eleanor, I can only think of all my own faults, and wonder whether you would ever have accepted *me* if you knew how unworthy I am of my Queen Eleanor!"

"Ah, Jack!" said Eleanor, kissing him; "I love you so much. I couldn't love you more if you were perfect."

WHAT TO WEAR IN FEBRUARY.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS. BY OUR LADY CORRESPONDENT.

THE OLGA COSTUME.

(By permission of Messrs. Redmayne, New Bond Street. Specially photographed from life by Walery, Regent Street, W.)

"WHAT to wear" becomes an important question when February dawns upon us. We have not, as yet, begun our preparations for bidding farewell to winter, and yet spring is approaching with stealthy steps, and spring sunlight makes the garb of winter dark, shabby, and sombre-looking. Still, there is no month in the year when fur becomes us better or is more thoroughly in request. The two beautiful cloaks illustrated on pages 232-233 from Messrs. Jay's establishment in Regent Street give the best impressions of how fur garments should look.

The sealskin cape is warm as warm can be, and yet not heavy; it is bordered with sable, which, when the necessities of the purse render it advisable, can be replaced by mink. A fur boa, with the head visible, encircles the neck, and the muff is in unison with the rest. The other cloak is quite a new departure. It is of the finest brocade, mingled with satin, with a huge roll collar of fur, like those worn in Russia by men; but this is not by any means the only masculine footstep in which women are wont to tread. The waistcoat is loose, so that the whole garment is easily slipped on and off, and handsome embroidery appears on the cuffs of the sleeves, which are gathered full and high on the shoulder; lace figures on the cuffs, and it is indeed *un vêtement de luxe*. Everything that material can achieve has been combined to produce a magnificent cloak. It does not quite reach to the hem of the skirt: an advantage on the side of comfort.

Fur.

Under the head of "Fur" we must remember that skins of natural colouring are the mode: mink tail, for example, made of the tail split up and joined, which gives a variety of tint, the dark shading to the light, like the single sable tails.

Canadian sable skins are utilised in their entirety for the small boas that encircle the neck, and, as in our illustration, are fastened beneath the head of the animal. To my thinking, it is too like a ferret to be altogether a suitable appendage about the throat of a delicate woman. Baum-martin and stone-martin are both employed, but wolverine has the preference in Paris, both for dresses and mantles. Here also the musk rat has been favourably considered, and the Russian musquash, which for the first time is being used in its natural state, shading from grey to black—a really pretty fur. The unplucked musk resembles beaver. And for the first time this season the furs taken from the different portions of the animal are allowed to show their natural distinctions. For example, the so-called saddle of wolverine is dark, while the sides are light. Guanaca fur comes from an animal not unlike a goat, and the sloth has contributed to Fashion's needs, as well as skunk, racoon, bear, and the black and white Thibet goat. They serve for boas, made large and wide, encircling the throat, but having only one end falling in front. The majority of these, however, are made from the Isabelle bear; but it must be cub bear fur, for when taken from an older animal the pelt is coarse and hard.

The old shape of boa with the two ends is, however, by no means discarded, nor are the rounded tippets which end in boas. Squirrel has fallen into evil odour, because when used for lining cloaks the hairs are apt to come off. The secret of this is that the lining consists of many small pieces, and if not very carefully joined, the hairs will sometimes come off at the edges: so that, in fact, it is more the worker than

the skin which is to be blamed. A new treatment of the popular astrakan is the use of strips with the black in the centre and the grey on each side; seal also is often sandwiched between two bands of musquash.

The "Terry" toque, which has been sketched at Madame Yorke's, 51, Conduit Street, shows the application of fur to hats. This particular hat is made of black felt, bound with sable, tails of the same fur are introduced at the side, with clusters of velvet roses. The colouring is red, pink, and mauve, a most happy contrast to the fur.

Millinery.

With regard to Millinery, the modes are constantly changing, and we seem to find it difficult to make up our minds whether we are going to wear bonnets the size of the hand, very little more than a morsel of material and a handful of feathers, or the large, heavy poke bonnets which belong to that 1830 period which a section of the fashionable world seem determined to resuscitate. It is difficult to know why, for the modes of that time have very little to recommend them on the side of beauty.

How our views alter as the years roll on; and how easily we accustom ourselves to admire anything that Dame Fashion favours! Not so long ago a coal-scuttle bonnet was considered so comical a head-dress that we never saw it save on the stage, worn in the character of an ancient charwoman or some equally insignificant person; now there are plenty of women found to rave of its beauties. At present it is more affected by Americans and Parisians than by English women, who are slow in adopting anything new; and it certainly wants some courage to return once more to the old shape; and yet one of the prettiest bonnets I have seen recently was made in pink satin, with bands of black velvet and fine black lace with a high crown.

SEALSKIN CAPE.
(Specially photographed from life by Walery, Regent Street, W. By permission of Messrs. Jay, Regent Street, W.)

DETAIL OF THE OLGA COSTUME SHOWN ON PAGE 231.

Feathers are treated in quite a new fashion this year. They are covered with paillettes, and then are arranged as large bows, or as birds with outstretched wings, or as rams' horns sufficiently large to grace the mountain sheep of the most approved order. Ostrich feathers are frequently edged with jet, and the kingfisher is set on hats and bonnets; so is the bird of Paradise. Its tail is there, but the head which accompanies it is not its own. Some feathers are mounted in a fan shape, and wired bows of chenille are large enough to cover the entire front of a hat or bonnet. Paisley mixtures of colouring have been introduced with ostrich feathers for edging the brims of hats, and are being sold by hundreds of yards.

Felt hats are now worn of a bright magenta pink, of sea-green, reddish peach, and scorpion green, while some are of two colours; the crown red, for example, and the brim black. The last novelty is the "Mascotte," a sort of sailor hat with a sunken crown, round which rises above it a band of another colour: brown and pink, grey and blue, amber and brown. Then there is the saddle crown, the top blocked in exactly the same shape as the top of a saddle. White felts and shaded beavers vie with each other in Fashion's favour. Brims are waved in the most extraordinary fashion, and sailor felts are trimmed with tartan ribbons.

The Olga costume, sketched at Messrs. Redmayne, New Bond Street, is made of a shot rep, the skirt

bordered with velvet headed with gold and jetted galon; the sleeves of velvet also have a large upstanding puff on the shoulders, caught in at the back by a band and bow of the velvet; beneath this the sleeves tighten to the wrist, and then expand into a turn-down cuff, which falls over the hand and is covered with rows of the black and gold galon. The front of the bodice displays the Bolero jacket, and is bordered with gold trimming. A rope of velvet edges the skirt, and large revers emphasise both the sleeves and front of the bodice.

Materials.

The caterers of Fashion are busy with the large number of new stuffs by the yard, and sold in skirts and panels. An original Empire skirt ready for making is of black tulle, with emerald green goffered ribbons carried across it, seven at the edge, four above, and then three with gold thread embroidery between it. This makes up into a most effective dress with silk and satin beneath.

The Parisians are showing their determined approbation of tartans by forming the same with narrow ribbons of different colours, threaded through black frosted tulle, a clever treatment which produces a great effect. Lisse has been printed with pines and cashmere and Paisley designs. As the Spring advances plain woollen will be worn; and fine soft serges suitable for summer, as well as fine reps and diagonal cloths, diminutive weaving and yielding fabrics, are the mode. Everything will be shot or *changeant* as the months go on, the colours will be blended in a charming fashion; grey and fawn being among the newest amalgamations, and blotting-paper pink will be one of the most favoured colours. There is a great deal that is new, and one of the effects which pleases me most is that of white lace on a coloured ground, and a watered effect on some of the crêpe cloths. Very large checks are produced in silk and wool, and while the battle rages as to the respective merits of silk *versus* wool, we seem to be splitting the difference by adopting woollens which present an entire surface of silk. Sackings, that is, loosely woven woollens, are both shot and have borders; in these tan and mauve, pink and fawn, and grey and fawn are frequently mixed. Many *voiles* in plain colours have printed cashmerian pines for borders, and in other materials the shot ground displays tiny pin spots and lozenges. Some of the new weavings are a most faithful reproduction of basket work, and reps have tiny pompadour coloured sprigs all over them. Metallic colouring is likely to come well to the fore, especially greens and pinks, not forgetting coppers. Tape borders, in violent contrast, will be made to assert themselves strongly in our Spring dresses. For example, a fawn ground with a brilliant orange border.

Silks.

The one great advantage in the new silks is that they are exceedingly wide, sixty-three inches some of them, and the skirts can be cut thereby to the best advantage, also the full circular mantles that have no join at all, but are cut on the cross simply by describing a huge circle with a piece cut out for the collar, and split up in the front to the necessary opening.

Peau de soie has been one of the most beautiful fabrics we have had for some time; but peau de chevrette is an improvement on it. It is thicker in texture and more lustrous. The colourings are *eau de Nil*, the most delicate pinks, and the deepest clarets, full rich terra-cottas, primrose and peach, indeed, a number of all the most charming tints which have been worn of late are congregated about this lovely fabric, which has all the softness and rustle of silk, and the firmness and texture of kid. The brocades are of the damask order, thicker and richer, and more ornate than we have had this century. The patterns stand out in bold relief; we copy Nature in leaf and flower, and are now trying to produce in our silks the effect of clouds, the reflection of water, and the ripple of the waves.

Englishwomen hesitate to reconcile themselves to

BROCADED CLOAK.

(By permission of Messrs. Jay, Regent Street, W. Specially photographed from life by Walery, Regent Street, W.)

plaids on account of the bright colours, so we have split the difference, and our richest black silks are woven in plaid lines and tartans. The soft silks are likely to be worn by young girls a great deal this year, and they are being printed to imitate the graining of wood, and in many close designs after those that appear in cashmere shawls. But in silks, as in everything else, there is the dominant idea of shot, and certainly this treatment enhances the beauty of the colour.

Mantles.

A word more as to mantles. These are sometimes lined with foulard, but woollen linings are the newest, and we are to become so sensible—we have hardly acted on it as yet—that rich brocades are kept only for the outside. Among other pretty models I have seen of late is a cloak of cream chiné brocaded cloth, with flowers in grey and coffee ground. It reached to the ground and had three fully gathered capes, two of mushroom velvet and one of cloth, all bordered with white fleecy fur. The back of this garment was so gored that it fell in large folds, and was of exceeding fulness. Velvet on jackets and cloaks is so cut that the pile shades upwards, giving a lighter aspect. Velours du nord in black shows up well in some of the new mantles which have under-sleeves of rich brocade and plastrons of the same. There is a new cut by which long pendant velvet sleeves can be buttoned up over the brocade to resemble large puffs. Black satin is being used for many of the new jackets trimmed with astrakan. Travelling cloaks, circular in shape, have exceedingly large collars edged with rows of fur, so that the maximum of width is seen on the shoulders and the minimum at the waist.

Children's Millinery.

Children's hats are large and many of them are trimmed with shot velvet which forms the upper crown and a huge pleated bow all cut in one, a couple of ear-like ends standing on one side. Coral pink and black, and sea-green and black are well worn. I have seen a sea-green felt hat edged with beaver, and trimmed with velvet in four loops, with a jewelled trimming round the crown, which was fully gathered, a quill thrust through the bows. Shot plushes in such mixtures as heliotrope and brown, pink and yellow, have watered ribbon bows, holding up the Prince of Wales' plumes. The Padré shape of hat has simply the crown represented by a large bow made with four loops tied in the centre. White felt hats are much worn, edged with dark feathers and gimp. Some of the newest ribbons are interwoven with ostrich feathers, and rough beaver felt brims are attached to many of the felt crowns. A hood bonnet is the most suitable of all headgears for little girls. I greatly admired one in shot green and pink striped velvet, made with a curtain which formed itself into three capes. It was pleated over the face, with ribbon rosettes beneath and lined with pink.

Hair-Dressing.

Any lady coming from the country at the present moment, and desiring to have her hair dressed in the latest mode, would, I am inclined to think, be sorely puzzled to decide which style to adopt. The general notion is that there should be a suspicion of a parting amid the curls in front, that the hair generally should be waved and dressed in a low coil at the back.

THE "TERRY" TOQUE.

(*By permission of Madame Yorke, 51, Conduit Street, W. Specially photographed from life by Walery, Regent Street, W.*)

But some of the most fashionable hair-dressers are trying to bring in the styles of 1830 with large upstanding loops and bows at the top of the head. The coils and the bows need some accessories, and there is a clever little invention which greatly assists in the hair-dressing. It is a slight framework of wire, a few inches in circumference, round in form, smaller at the top than the base, with a hole in the centre. The hair of the wearer at the back is slipped through this, and then it is possible to dress it in almost any style, with a coil or even the fashionable bun-shaped chignon. To produce this, the tail of hair is divided into four, each piece being rolled into a curl and pinned round the framework. There are many inventions for waving the hair, the coarser the wave the more fashionable; and in the way of head-dresses the right thing is a twist of velvet on a wire with upstanding ends before, or a small tuft, equally erect, placed in the front.

Gloves.

Some of the new black gloves are not only sewn with a colour, but have coloured welts and broad and decided stitchings at the back. Gauntlets without any fastenings, slipped over the hand and drawn in at the wrist with elastic, are now often lined with fur or have soft woollen linings which add greatly to their comfort, and some have borderings of fur.

A GOSSIP FROM BOOKLAND.

FROM whatever cause it springs, the revival of the essay has been marked of late. So noticeable is it that an essay upon "Essays," in general, would perhaps be timely, but our "Gossip" would be exhausted before we had touched all the different points, historical, critical, and didactic, that it would be necessary to take up. One very important point that would call for elaboration, did space permit, would be the connection between the temperament of the poet and that of the essayist. It would hardly be too much to say that every good essayist is capable, at any rate, of poetic thought, if not of poetic expression, and Addison comes to mind at once as an example. But it is time to pass from the general to the particular. During recent months Mrs. Meynell has been, deservedly, much talked of as a writer of verse, and now we have before us a volume of short essays of hers, under the title of "The Rhythm of Life" (Elkin Mathews & John Lane). She has much to say of style, both in literature and art, and a good deal of her writing is devoted to criticism, more or less direct. We like best of her essays those on Oliver Wendell Holmes and Russell Lowell. She points out admirably the effect of each on American literature. Let us quote a couple of sentences from her essay on Lowell. "He represented the little-recognised fact that in ripeness, not in rawness, consists the excellence of Americans; an excellence they must be content to share with contemporary nations, however much it may cost them to abandon we know not what bounding ambitions, which they have never succeeded in definitely describing in words. Mr. Lowell was a refutation of the fallacy that an American can never be American enough." This is, it seems to us, true criticism. Perhaps it would not be fair to take it as typical; but it is a specimen of many an equally good and thoughtful touch of suggestive work, expressed with a brevity that adds to its force, and in a style that lends the book grace throughout.

ILLUSTRATION FROM "BASHFUL FIFTEEN."
(*By permission.*)

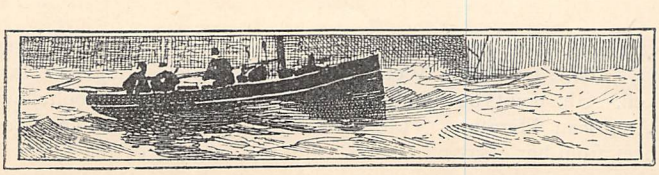
To say that books for girls have changed as much as the more-discussed books for boys during the same time, is hardly to convey an adequate idea of the change which has been wrought in the last ten or fifteen years. Once very little plot sufficed for a story for girls. Now they demand at least as much as their elders, for by "girls" of course we mean *young* girls. Here in Mrs. L. T. Meade's "Bashful Fifteen" (Cassell & Co.) is one of the latest specimens, and from the page on which Bridget O'Hara's abrupt introduction of herself to her schoolfellows is described to the scene in which we bid her farewell, there is no flagging in the interest of the tale. It is no more *all* school than are boys' stories nowadays. The girls live and move; and they do it in a natural and lifelike way

that rivets and holds the attention of the young reader, and appeals to her interest much more effectively than would daring "situations" which she could not grasp, or sentiment which she could not yet appreciate. Mrs. Meade is a queen among writers for girls, and her latest work is so fresh that it is hard to realise that it is only the most recent of a long line of similar stories, at once healthy and vigorous. Our readers perhaps know her best as the author of such stories as "Engaged to be Married," and "Out of the Fashion," but even readers who are older than those for whom "Bashful Fifteen" was written, would be amused and interested by its heroine's adventures. The story is illustrated by Miss M. Ellen Edwards, who is as great a favourite with girls as is Mrs. Meade herself.

Mrs. Meade's heroine was Irish to the backbone. There is a certain natural sequence, then, in taking up next to her story Miss Jane Barlow's "Irish Idylls" (Hodder & Stoughton). The dictionary definition of an idyll (or "idyl"—there is warrant for both) is a "pastoral *poem*" and, as an afterthought, "a narrative poem." Miss Barlow's "Idylls" are poems in prose, showing the awful poverty and the pathos, and at the same time the genuine kindliness and good-feeling of the Irish peasantry. The pathos of the sketches is sometimes almost tragedy, but their vividness on the one hand, and their bright sidelights of humour on the other, always make them good reading. Bad to beat, in its way, would be the story of the widow M'Gurk's "windfall," which consisted, after all was said and done, only of *fifteen shillings*, "the share accruing to her from the divided estate of some unknown kinsman, who had died possessed, as was apparent, of property, in Connecticut, U. S. A." How she spent it, and the pleasure she got out of that seemingly meagre fortune, is well told, and to abbreviate the tale would be to rob it of all its picturesqueness. But when the widow had delivered to all her neighbours the presents she had felt bound to buy for them and "finally completed her unpacking in the seclusion of her own cabin, it appeared that she had brought nothing home with her except a penn'orth of salt. The small brown paper bag did not present an imposing appearance on the bare deal table, and she stood looking at it with a somewhat regretful expression for a few moments. She was saying to herself, 'If they'd axed an anyways raisonable price for them red woolly wads'—she meant knitted comforters—'hangin' up at Corr's, I might ha' got one for Mrs. Sheridan's Joe. It's starved wid the could the imp of a crathur does be, and she's hard set to keep a stitch to its back. But sivenpence-ha'penny's beyond me altogether.'" There is an Irish question, far removed from politics, revealed in these "Idylls" which is well worth studying.

In the compass of something less than 800 pages "Cassell's Biographical Dictionary" contrives to convey succinct, but at the same time reliable, information about all the people of whose lives the general reader is at all likely to require particulars. How often is the demand made suddenly for the date, or the birthplace, or the reason for the fame, of some person whose name is glibly quoted in a newspaper or magazine article! Macaulay's "schoolboy" would have known, of course, without need of reference to any book. But most of us must admit that, whether in knowledge or in memory, we are sadly below the standard of that legendary phenomenon. So we are glad to welcome a work which, in handy form and in readily-found references, gives us the aid of which we so often stand in need.

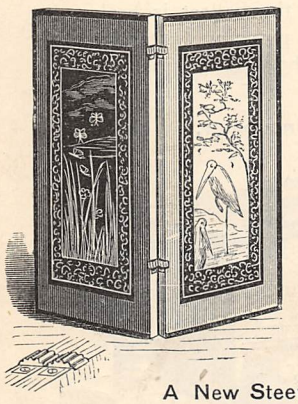
Spenser and Shakespeare were contemporaries. Many of the writers who claim the attention of the historian of English literature as belonging to the "times" of one, belong equally to the epoch of the other. It must have been no easy task for Professor Henry Morley to say of which writers he would treat under "Spenser and His Times" in the ninth volume of his "English Writers" (Cassell), especially when we remember that the dramatist was only twelve years the junior of the author of "The Faerie Queene," and only survived him about seventeen years. But the choice has been made, and of Spenser and Sydney, Camden, Marlowe, and Hooker, to mention no more names, the Professor has much to say that is freshly put, and that triumphantly carries on what he modestly calls his "attempt towards a History of English Literature" to the point at which Shakespeare's influence began to tell on our writers. The Professor has a happy knack of showing us just as much of an author's environment as is necessary to a proper understanding of his works. To know the why and the wherefore of a book is often to clothe its otherwise dry bones with life, and to make clear allusions which, apart from this knowledge, would be apt to puzzle. "English Writers" should prove a boon not only to the professed student of our literature, but to such readers as the countless circles and unions have enrolled to good purpose all over the land.



THE GATHERER:

AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF INVENTION, DISCOVERY, AND SCIENCE.

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.



A New Hinge for Screens.

The leather straps and webbing formerly used for hingeing clothes-horses and folding screens have been conveniently superseded by the semi-revolving hinge which is depicted in our illustration. This hinge is made in several sizes to suit the screen or clothes-horse.

A New Steering Balloon.

Commandant Renard, who designed the controllable balloon "La France," has constructed another and better one called "General Menuisier," which is to be tried early in the spring. It is cigar-shaped and about 100 mètres long. The car of bamboo and steel is in the shape of a platform, in the middle of which is a cabin, holding a gasoline engine and the appliances for navigation. The engine drives a fan propeller at the rear of the car, and the rudder is mounted in front of the car. The balloon has been constructed with great care at the military balloon works of the French Government.

An Ethnographical Survey.

A committee of the British Association have undertaken to conduct an ethnographical survey of the United Kingdom, and Mr. Francis Galton, author of "Hereditary Genius," and chairman of the committee, has issued a circular to this effect. It is proposed to select a number of typical villages throughout the country, and institute, by means of private volunteers and others, certain observations on the physical types of the inhabitants, historical evidence as to continuity of race, the monuments and other remains of ancient culture still extant, as well as the current beliefs and traditions. We still persist in calling ourselves "Anglo-Saxons;" but it is well-known to anthropologists that such a term is only a partial truth, referring to a single element in our blood by no means so large as has been supposed, and not necessarily the highest and best, although in England there has been a natural tendency to consider it so. The British race is a very mixed one, drawing its sources from the entire western sea-board of Europe and further afield; old manners and customs of the country, as well as the old legends and monuments partake of this diverse origin, and the proposed survey will help to clear up many obscure points, and destroy many popular errors at present existing on the subject. While upon this theme we may advert to the recent discovery of a "lake-dwelling" near Glastonbury, Somerset, and its examination by Doctor Robert Munro, the well-known authority on Scotch lake-dwellings. The ruined huts were unearthed in a level ground, where old maps show the existence of a "pool," or mere, which was doubtless a vestige of the ancient lake. It also appears that the district was originally inhabited by Belgæ. Dr. Munro thinks that the dwellings, with their bronze weapons and other articles, belong to what he calls the "Late Celtic" period which followed the Bronze Age, as the superiority of the articles mark the influx of a more highly-cultivated race.

A Revolving Sprinkler.

Fig. 1 illustrates a new water sprinkler for extinguishing fires, the special feature being the revolving arms which scatter the jets all round. The internal construction of the device will be understood from Fig. 2, which is a section through it. The valve, A, is a hollow ball of india-rubber fixed on the inner

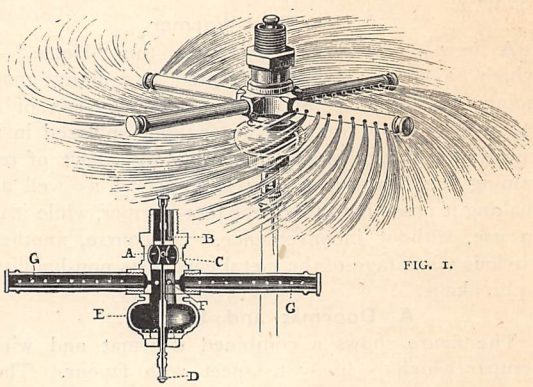


FIG. 1.

FIG. 2.

tube marked B, which communicates with it by a hole marked C. The water under pressure enters the ball by this hole and distends it so as to fill the pocket in which it rests. The lower end of the tube, B, is closed with a cap of fusible metal, D, which melts when a fire breaks out. The pressure in the ball valve is now reduced, and it collapses, allowing the water under pressure to escape by the holes, F, into the arms, G, which rotate on the principle of Baker's mill and whirl the water on the burning material underneath. The device can also be used as a fixed sprinkler by simply removing these arms.

A Fan for Rocking-Chairs.

The figure illustrates an ingenious American device by which the occupant of a rocking-chair, in swaying backwards and forwards, works a continuous rotary

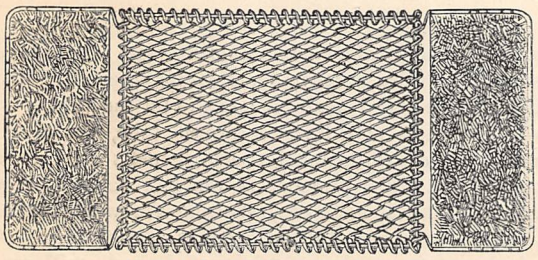
fan. It is a purely mechanical arrangement of levers and pinions which, by means of a screw, rotates a vertical shaft carrying the fan at its upper end. In hot sultry weather this device, which, we may point out, might be supplemented by a sunshade, will prove refreshing.

A New Foot-Warmer.

A new foot-warmer — by name the "Hecla" — which has recently been patented has many good points worthy of commendation. It consists of a metal cylinder, thoroughly water-tight, enclosed in a covering of natural wool, which has the effect of retaining the heat for a very long period, as well as making it possible to touch the foot-warmer, while it is in use, without inconvenience. Of course, another obvious advantage of the metal case is its non-liability to breakage.

A Doormat and Scraper.

The figure shows a combined doormat and wire scraper which is likely to meet with favour. The

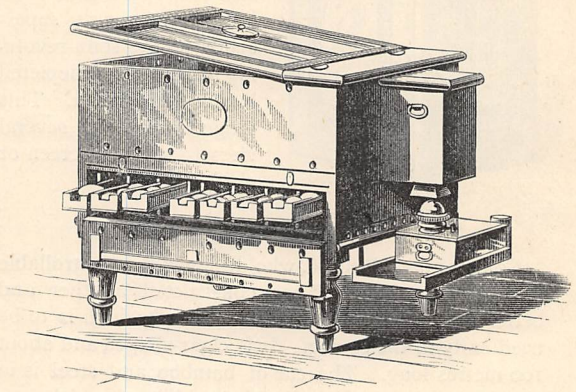


wire portion is made of galvanised iron, and the side mats of the best fibre, which can readily be renewed. Such a mat not only scrapes a boot but dries it, and is therefore a means of saving carpets.

A Railway on the Ice.

Between the Victoria tubular bridge at Montreal and the ocean there is no bridge over the St. Lawrence, and all the other railways have to pay toll to the Grand Trunk Railroad for the right of crossing it. To avoid the heavy tax one of the companies builds a railway on the ice every winter between Hochelaga and Longueil, where the river is about two miles wide. The rails are supported on strong pine timbers laid on the surface of the ice, and the ballast is broken ice, which is consolidated by pumping water from the river over it and allowing the whole to freeze.

A New Incubator.



In the egg-hatcher which we illustrate there is a large chamber with a glass lid above, in which the cold eggs are dried and warmed before they are placed in the partitions of the drawers underneath for incubation. The partitions of the drawers are of different sizes, allowing the eggs to be classed according to size. The hot air from the heating lamp travels through a pipe or flue on the right-hand side of the incubator, an arrangement which gives a large heating surface. The eggs are guarded against fumes and are only warmed by radiant heat.

A Curative Helmet.

Thomas Carlyle found the jolting of an omnibus to relieve his dyspepsia, and probably a good many find a railway journey, if not too long, a benefit to the liver. It appears, however, that the vibration of a train is also a remedy in certain nervous affections, such as the trembling palsy or Parkinson's disease, which is characterised by a trembling of the hands, a stooping of the head, and an odd manner of walking as though the subject were about to throw himself down head foremost. Acting on this hint Professor Charcot, of the Salpêtrière, Paris, has constructed an arm-chair which oscillates by means of electro-magnetism and shakes the patient in a manner which, however disagreeable to a person in good health, is welcomed by the paralytic, who feels the better for it and can enjoy his night's rest. Vibration by means of tuning-forks has also been applied to the cure of neuralgia, headache, hysteria, and sleeplessness.

Moreover, a vibrating helmet has recently been introduced by Dr. Gillis de la Tourette, a pupil of Dr. Charcot. The interior of the helmet is shown in Fig. 1, and the electro-magnetic hammer for causing the vibrations in Fig. 2. The steel plates, P, in Fig. 1 are flexible and designed to keep the helmet firmly on the head. On the top of the helmet (Fig. 2) by way of crest, is mounted a small alternate-current electric motor, M, the armature of which, on being excited by an electric current, makes about 600 revolutions a minute, and produces vibration of the helmet at every revolution. The head partakes of this vibration, and after a few minutes a feeling of lassitude is experienced by the patient, which inclines him to sleep. This curative helmet is said to have proved very beneficial to sufferers from neurasthenic complaints. It has succeeded in cases of hemicrania, a disease for which no efficacious remedy has hitherto been found.

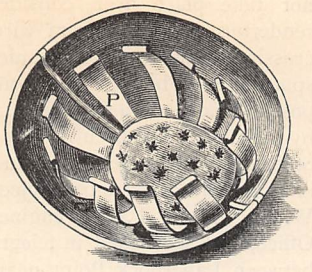


FIG. 1.

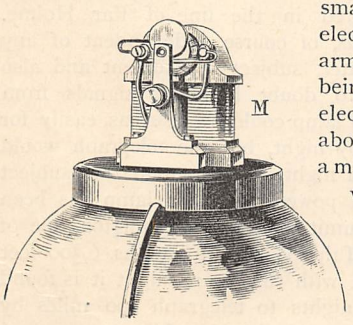
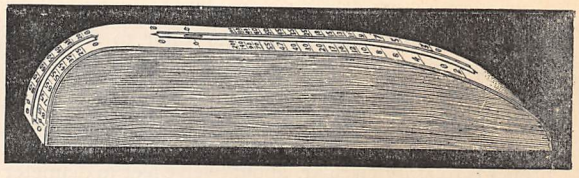


FIG. 2.

The Nansen Polar Expedition.

Reasoning from many particulars, for instance, the occurrence in Greenland waters of Siberian driftwood and diatoms, as well as flotsam from the ill-fated *Jeanette* which was wrecked off the Siberian coast, Dr. Fridthiof Nansen, who won his fame by crossing Greenland, has organised a Polar expedition which is to start this year and proceed to the New Siberian Islands with a view of reaching the North Pole or passing near it. The *Fram* or "Forward," as the ship is called, is not large for an Arctic vessel, but is very strongly built, her timbers being over four feet thick at the bows. Her hull may best be described as resembling a longitudinal section of an egg, so that she may rise to avoid being nipped by two pieces of ice. The rudder is well below the water line and the skin of the hull is formed of greenheart, a South American wood chiefly from Dutch Guiana, which is not only very hard, slippery and durable, but is not affected by marine borers, and has, therefore, been employed in harbour works. With twelve men Dr. Nansen hopes to catch the supposed current from Siberia and float with the ice across the roof of the world by or over the Pole. He takes provisions for five years and intends to have an electric arc lamp on his mast head during the long winter night. The current will be supplied by a dynamo driven by the men in taking their walking exercise or by the wind. He may also take a captive balloon for reconnoitring, and in the event of having to abandon the *Fram* and take to the ice he will have several smaller boats to trust to for getting home. The expedition is a hazardous one, and many will picture to themselves the weird electric star of civilisation amidst the frozen waste during the long Polar night.

A Gradient Indicator.



The indicator of slopes or gradients which is shown in the figure requires no calculation or levelling. It is simply placed on the slope, and the position of the bubble in the tubes gives the inclination. The longer tube indicates gradients of from one foot rise in two feet horizontal measurement to one in 200; and the shorter tube is used for vertical slopes ranging from fifteen degrees to plumb. As there are no parts to wear out or derange, the instrument is durable as well as convenient.

The Cave-Dwellings of Arizona.

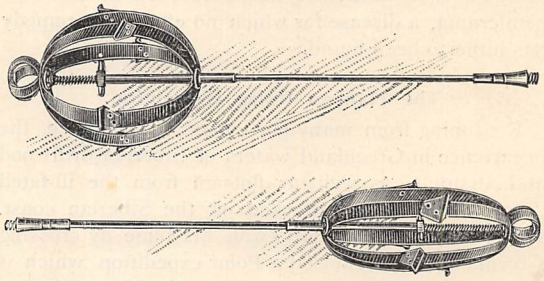
In Arizona and the south-western States of North America large numbers of cave-dwellings and buildings of sun-dried bricks or "adobes" bespeak the existence of an ancient civilisation which is still a mystery to science. No key has yet been found to the strange marks on the rocks and potsherds which remain, and the Indians, when questioned about them, only shake their heads. The valley of the Verde river, near the abandoned Fort Verde, contains many of these ruins, especially along Beaver Creek, where the cliffs rise 100 feet above the water. Halfway down the cliff is a ruin called "Montezuma's Castle," part cave, part house, which can only be reached from below by a ladder from ledge to ledge. The front is a mortarless wall built of flat limestones with openings for doors and windows. The rooms are small, about five feet high, and are generally connected by narrow openings in the partitions or ceilings. Steps are not required to pass from one room to another above or below, and the holes in the ceilings are never directly under each other, so that one cannot fall two storeys at once. The floors are of stones supported on timber cut from the neighbouring mountains. The cave has generally a large apartment in front and a small one hollowed out of the rock behind with a low partition or screen of rock between them. These black holes are now the abode of countless bats which are disturbed by the explorer. A few miles above this remarkable cave on the opposite bank of the creek is a conical hill a few hundred feet above the valley. The top is the narrow rim of a crater 300 feet in diameter, partly occupied

by a lake of dark blue water 100 feet below. The lake, which is 100 yards across and of unknown depth, is known as Montezuma's Well. In the steep sides of the crater are numerous caves, some natural, others artificial, which were formerly inhabited. The ruin is crowned with the fallen ruins of a building over 100 feet long; and down the hillside there is a spring in the rocks which forms the outlet of the crater lake, and was formerly used to irrigate portions of the valley, as, indeed, it is now used by a rancheman. Stone and cement ditches may also be seen in the valley, and last year one was unearthed twelve feet below the surface, while others are found on the top of "mesas" or mounds where there is now no water to fill them. Rows and tiers of caves in the sand and limestone cliffs occur below Fort Verde, and can be reached from the valley. The entrance is usually an arched opening four feet high by two feet wide. The cave proper is roughly circular, about twelve feet in diameter and four to six feet high. There is a bench cut in the rock all round it except at the entrance. The bench is twelve to eighteen inches high and three feet wide, sloping gently towards the centre of the room; opening from this main cave at either side or at the rear were smaller circular caves, three to five feet in diameter and about the same in height, but having their floors at a slightly lower level than the main cave. The only light they receive comes from the main cave. Occasionally two large caves are united by passages between the lateral caves, and pocket-like cavities, twelve inches in diameter and nearly spherical, have sometimes been hollowed in the rock two feet above the floor on either or both sides of the entrance. Mr. J. W. Towney, of Tucson, Arizona, whose account we have followed, thinks that the side caves were stores for grain. Broken pottery, charred embers, reed mats, and grinders were strewn amongst the rubbish of the floor in the main cave.

Telegraphing Through the Air

When the telephone was first introduced it was found extremely sensitive to the currents induced in its own circuit by telegraph and telephone currents in some neighbouring line. In fact these telegraph currents induced corresponding currents in the telephone circuit which caused a disagreeable "pattering" noise in the telephone and threatened to drown the spoken message. Moreover, the words spoken by telephone on a neighbouring line could be overheard, and this "cross-talk" was very troublesome. As good often comes out of evil in ordinary affairs so does it in matters of science. Properly investigated, this phenomenon, at first a nuisance, has been turned to profit, and is likely to prove still more valuable. Mr. Edison and Mr. Phelps have based their systems of telegraphing to and from a moving train upon this electric induction through the air, or rather ether, from one wire to another. In this case, the circuit on the train is very near the circuit along the railway, but with more powerful currents there was no reason to suppose that the induction would not take place over considerable distances, thus rendering telegraphy from wire to wire of service in crossing estuaries or communicating with inaccessible spots, such as beleaguered forts. Indeed, it was proposed some years ago to telegraph across the Atlantic by means of two circuits, one on the American, the other on the European seaboard; but this, of course, is at present a visionary project. Quite recently Mr. W. H. Preece, F.R.S., engineer-in-chief to the Post Office, has succeeded in telegraphing through the air between Lavernock Point, near Cardiff, and the island of Far Holme, a distance of three miles. A telegraph circuit was run along the shore at both places and that on the mainland was supplied with strong signal currents from a dynamo. The message sent along it was received by induction on a "sounder" telegraph instrument connected in the line of Far Holme. Such a telegraph is, of course, independent of any cable across the water, subject to accident and also thick weather. No doubt luminous signals from an electric or an oil lamp could be read as easily for a greater distance by night, but the telegraph would be feasible day and night. While upon this subject we may add that a powerful electric lamp has been installed on the summit of Mount Washington, one of the highest peaks of the White Mountains, 6,300 feet above the sea, and with this search-light it is found possible on clear nights to telegraph 100 miles by occulting the beam and thus breaking it up into signals as a telegraph current is broken up in sending by the Morse code.

A New Scraper.



The scraper for cleaning chimneys and drains which we illustrate, is made of steel hoops which are capable of changing their shape as shown in Figs. 1 and 2. This is effected by turning the thumbscrew at the end. Hence the same scraper can be used for different vents or pipes.

PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

Intending competitors in the **Photographic Portrait Competition** *are reminded that under the regulations published on page* 80 *of our December number, February 1st is the latest date for receiving entries.*

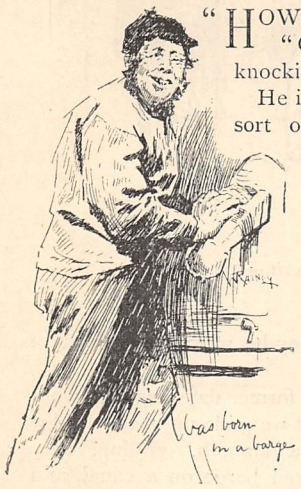
Full particulars of the first six competitions in this year's series were given in our December and January numbers.

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF FIFE.

(From a photograph by Messrs. W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.)

THROUGH LONDON ON A BARGE.

BY F. M. HOLMES.



"HOW goes it, old feller?"

"Oh! pretty fair; keeps knockin' about pretty steddy."

He is a pleasant, good-tempered sort of man: not at all like the coarse, foul-mouthed bargee one thinks of as typical of the race; and he has a cheerful greeting for most of the men he passes.

His wife is something like him in temper, and his introduction of her is queer.

"Oh yes, go in the cabin. The missus is there; she won't hurt you; she is very quiet;"—a gentle indication, we take it, that some bargees' missuses are not so pleasantly disposed.

Within the cabin a plague of flies is going on. The wretched insects are buzzing everywhere. On the right hand stretches a broad settle, on which a bed could be made up at night; in front is another, though smaller, settle; while on the left are cupboards in which the bedding can be kept.

"Sleep here? Oh yes; and we shets the doors and the top part there, and we're as snug as possible."

Ugh! the very idea is repulsive. The cabin is stuffy even now—as stuffy as some country cottages—and what it must be with the doors and hatchway shut is sickening to contemplate. Strange, the inflexible dislike which some among us cherish to fresh air in their dwellings. But the bargee likes his life.

"I'd sooner live in our boat than in they places," says he, pointing to some London dwellings on the canal side. "I lay a penny we're more comfortable than what they are in their rooms. And if it's anyways hot, you can always hev a bath!"

A glance at the dirty greenish water did not promise a very enjoyable ablution. But not long before I had seen a boy lie on his chest over the canal side and wash his face in the water, and then comfortably polish his dripping countenance with his cap. So, apparently, this is one of the unrecognised uses of the canal.

"I was born in a boat," declares bargee in a triumphant tone, "and I've bin at the work all my life. Yes, I likes it all right."

He seemed to do so. There was an air of contented happiness about him which was as refreshing in its way as, no doubt, he found the canal bath.

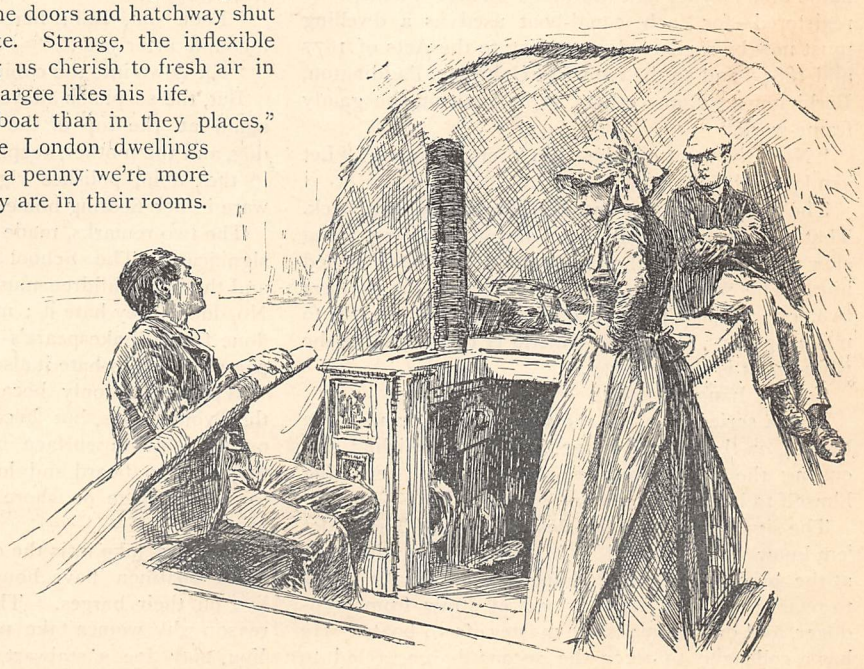
"Is that a lamp you've got over there?"

Yes, that was the lamp, and so polished was the little brass contrivance that it shone like gold.

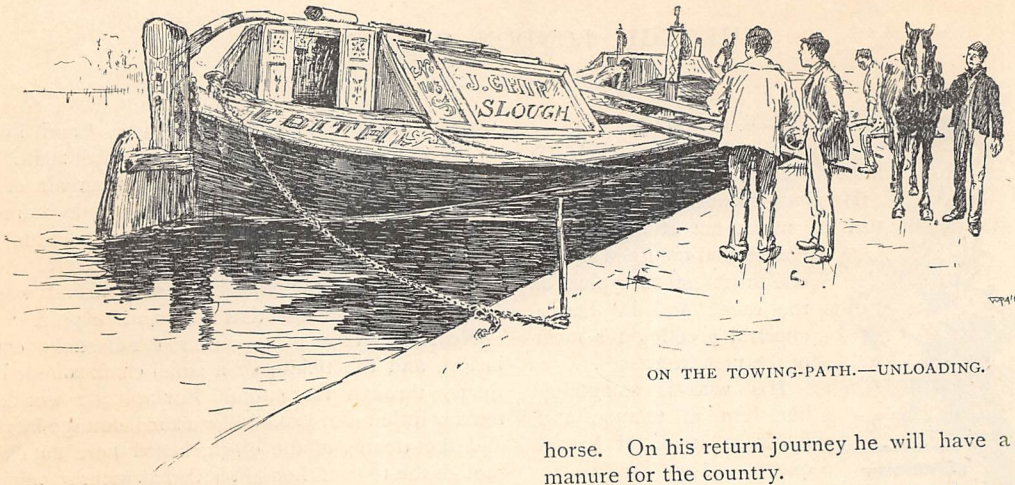
Near by gleamed a brass candlestick, equally bright, and the ticking of a small clock sounded distinctly through the cabin. For all the world, the narrow little room looked like a small cottage kitchen; and the ticking of the clock, heard here so clearly, though the roar of London sounded without, added to the semblance.

Yet, of course, there were differences. The stove would perhaps seldom, or never, be seen in a cottage. It was on the left as you entered, near the door, and on the opposite side from the broad settle. It was a curious egg-shaped contrivance of iron, with the lower part of the oval cut off, as it were, and the upper point prolonged into a pipe which passed through the roof, and served as chimney. A large part of the front could be removed, to disclose the glowing fire, or hooked on to serve as a "blower," and save puffing out the cheeks of the fire-lighter.

Like a cottage kitchen, too, was some of the painting. It glared in such crudely vivid colours that South Kensington would have been shocked. Nor was the scene depicted, which represented a curious



A STRAW BARGE.



ON THE TOWING-PATH.—UNLOADING.

kind of a castle, particularly enchanting. This adornment beamed forth from cupboards—or, being on the water, we should call them lockers—lining the left side of the little cabin.

"Roof watertight? Oh, yes, that's safe enough."

It rises a little above the sides of the barge, so that more height is given within the cabin, which is situate at the stern of the boat, and the level space affords a sufficiently pleasant lounging-place outside in fine weather. The narrow doors of the cabin open outward near the tiller, and the "man-hole," or hatchway, at the top gives space in which the tiller can work. When not wanted, the tiller can be unshipped from the rudder.

Crudely bright colours flame outside the barge cabin, as well as inside. It is adorned, too, by the name of its owner and the place whence it hails, or is registered—for each canal-boat used as a dwelling must now be registered, according to the Acts of 1877 and 1884—and so the names of Uxbridge, Paddington, Berkhampstead, and others, shine forth on the gaudy frame-work.

"Now, then, get out the whip!" cries bargee. "Let 'em know we're comin'."

The long lash is not intended for the horse's back. That patient quadruped is not far off, stepping along slowly in front; but the thong could not have reached him. The whip is in the second barge, for we have two, one towing after the other. No; the whip is to make signals. What the whistle is to the engine the whip-crack is to the barge.

Crack! bang! crack!

Like a series of pistol-shots they sound; and there behind, on the second barge, is a youth whirling and curling the long thong around him, and enjoying himself to his heart's content.

The signals produce the desired effect. They "let 'em know we're comin'!" In other words, the men at the bridge near the Paddington Basin make ready to receive us. We have a load of straw from Wendover, and our bargee is the master of two boats. He has a colleague to steer the second barge, a lad to help him on the first, and someone to look after the horse. On his return journey he will have a load of manure for the country.

Now the horse, which on former days has seen work on a farm, is unhooked, and we glide up to the bridge most beautifully. It is a smooth, gliding, easy motion, that of a horse-towed barge on a canal, and the pace is about four miles an hour.

Through the bridge opens up a picturesque little scene. The canal broadens into a small lake, with an island toward the centre, pleasant with trees. Away to the right branches one arm of the water to the Paddington Basin, where the Grand Junction ends in a nest of dust-yards and wharves; and away to the left runs another arm, which is the well-known Regent's Canal. After encircling half London in its sinuous embrace, this noted waterway loses itself in the Thames at Limehouse.

At first some of the bargees view bargee's visitor with suspicion.

"Look out, Bill; here's the School Board man a-comin' arter you!"

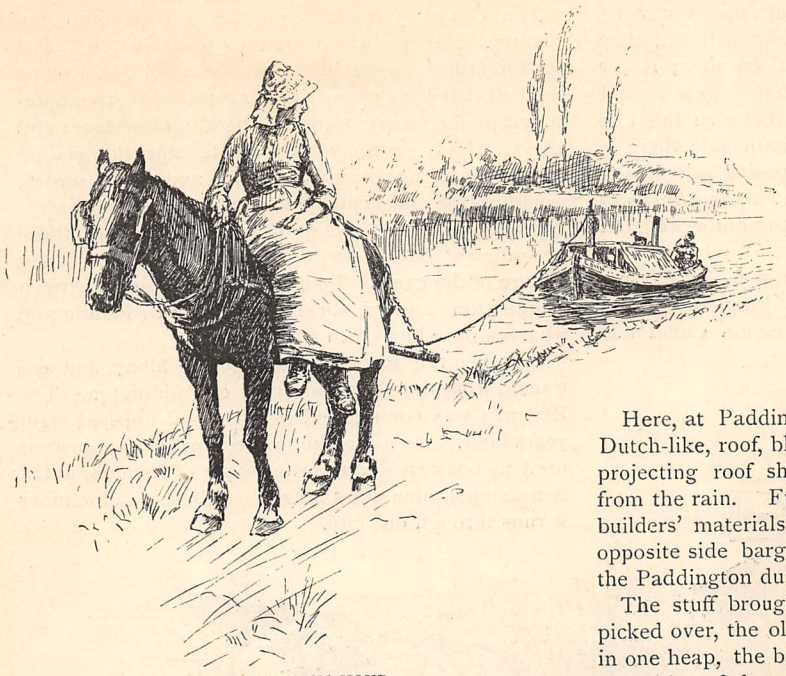
"Git down into the cabin, will yer? Hide yerself!"

But, the suspicion allayed, the little maiden appears again at the top of the cabin beside the sleeping dog, and the mother, keeping guard over another child in the cabin, polishes vigorously the shining brassware in her floating home.

The two remarks, made on two different barges, are significant. The School Board inspector is abroad, and the boat children must go to school with the rest. No doubt they hate it; most children do, and have done from Shakespeare's day to this. But the boat parents seem to hate it also.

Why? Not only because they did without it in their young days, but because, being always floating on the smooth surface of their narrow waterway, they have to board and lodge their children in some town or village on shore when they send them to school.

Such, we take it, is the chief reason; for, although some boatmen have homes ashore, many of them live on their barges. That is also, no doubt, the reason why women take part so largely in canal life. You may see a stalwart young damsel guiding the horse on the towing-path, or climbing on old Dobbin's



FOUR MILES AN HOUR.

back when the creature's work is over, and riding it to the stable, or grasping the tiller, and steering the barge itself.

The little maiden of a few summers old, the vigorous young damsel of, perhaps, nineteen or twenty, and women of uncertain age, are all engaged in play or work about the canal-boat. A man and his wife will have charge of one, and while the wife steers the husband drives the horse, or *vice-versâ*. The little toddling child begins to pull at a rope, or shout like its father, and it is wonderful that in the close, confined space it does not get hurt.

Canal life is not without its casualties, if we may judge from the fact that there are several boatmen in the Infirmary of Paddington Workhouse.

"How are you a-goin' on, mate?" shouts a voice from the balcony as the barge glides by.

"Oh, jess right!" returns the boatman, as he gives a turn to the tiller to guide his clumsy, yet easily managed, craft aright.

Yes, he has a friendly word for most of those whom he passes on his watery road; but there are others who seem quite disposed to maintain their tradition for hot and strong language.

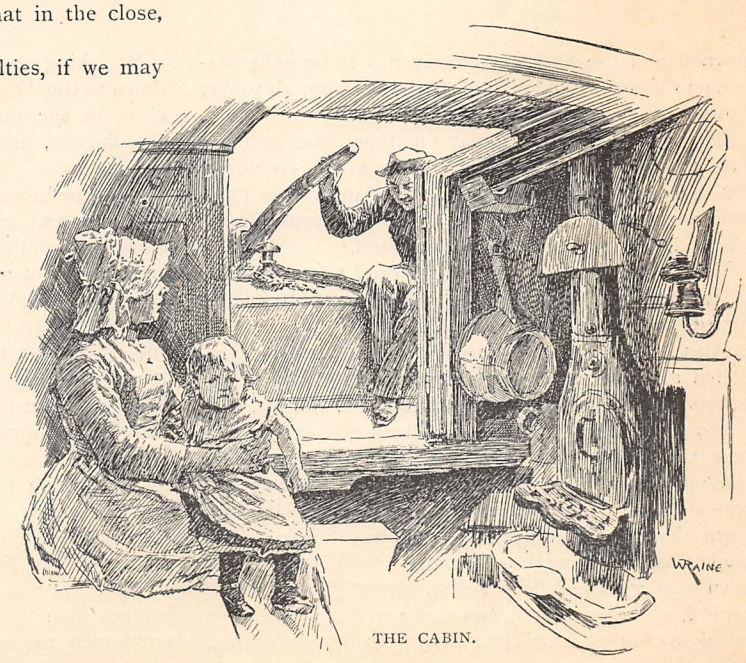
Though the rivalry of railways has greatly affected the good fortune of canals, they are not dead yet. The Grand Junction—or, to speak more accurately, the Paddington branch of the Grand Junction—which enters London by way of Willesden, Kensal Green, and Paddington, connects with a network of waterways, which spread far and wide over England.

Paddington Basin, where the Grand Junction ends, is like a small dock. Here barges are laden and unladen, though there are also wharves and landing-places further up the canal. Another end of the Grand Junction is at Brentford, where it joins the Thames.

Here, at Paddington, under a picturesque, almost Dutch-like, roof, blocks of salt are being unloaded, the projecting roof shielding the easily melting mineral from the rain. Further on, bricks and lime, or other builders' materials, are being put ashore, while on the opposite side barges are being filled with refuse from the Paddington dust carts.

The stuff brought in by these is first sifted and picked over, the old and broken bottles being placed in one heap, the battered tinware in another; finally, quantities of the refuse are taken off by the barges to be used as manure on the land. Quantities of stable manure are also taken away by barges along the canal in the same way; in fact, they convey all kinds of heavy material and bulky and weighty goods, such as sand, straw, bricks, coal, etc., in and out of London along the smooth and silent waterways. Sometimes one proprietor owns several barges, hiring men to work them; some owners, again, have but a couple, and work them themselves.

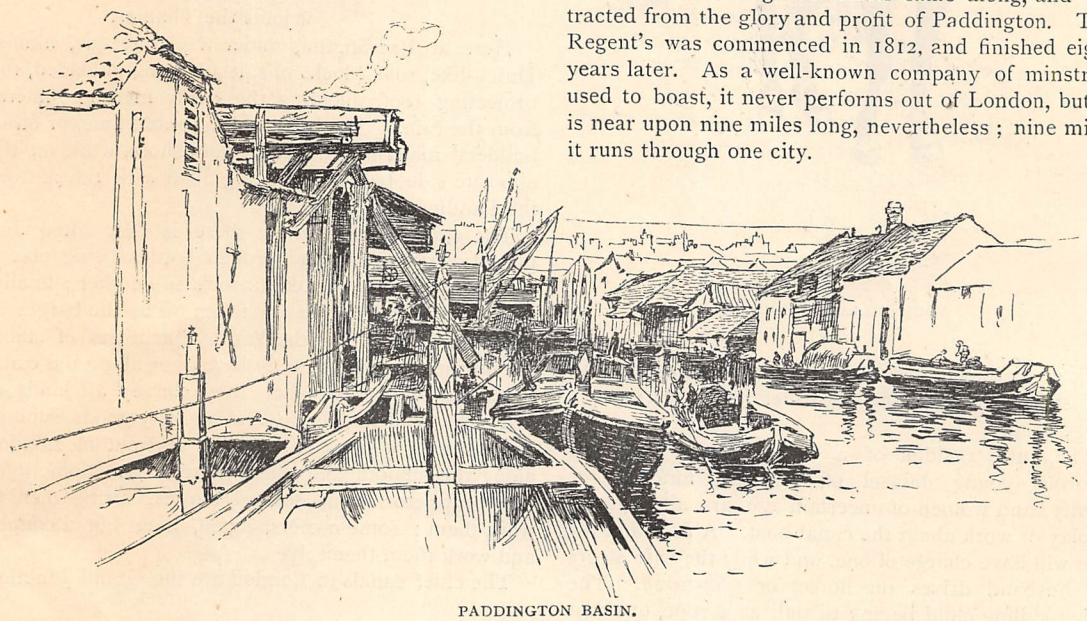
The chief canals in London are the Grand Junction



THE CABIN.

and the Regent's; and as the Regent's opens into the Grand Junction, not far from Paddington Basin, they may almost be regarded as one. Then there is Sir George Duckett's, connecting the Regent's and Hackney Cut, and the Limehouse, between the Lea and the Thames; while on the south side there is the Grand Surrey. Despite its imposing title, this is comparatively a small affair, for it is only four miles in length, extending from Rotherhithe to Camberwell, but connected with various docks.

It was a great day for Paddington—if not for London—when, on the 1st of June, 1801, the Paddington branch of the Grand Junction Canal was opened and the first barge arrived. It brought passengers from Uxbridge, and might be doing so to-day but for the Great Western Railway.



PADDINGTON BASIN.

There was a canal fever at one time, just as there was a railway mania later on, and an Act was obtained for the cutting of the Paddington Waterway in 1795. And when, six years later, the canal was opened, bells clanged, flags flew, and guns were fired.

One unfortunate individual suffered the shattering of his arm from the bursting of a gun. He never forgot the opening of the canal.

Alas! not very long afterwards a fickle public joy-belled and *fêted* the new railways, the rivals of the canals; and some fifty years later a Mr. Robins, who wrote about Paddington, was obliged to say in 1853 that the shares of the Grand Junction were—like some people—below par, though the traffic was still considerable. The medicine that would have put them above par—more traffic—was just then, perhaps, unobtainable. Now, however, the Grand Junction has been paying some four per cent. on its £1,293,700 of capital, showing that it can drive a fairly profitable business even yet, after close upon a century of working.

The Grand Junction ran cheap trips into the country. Fancy cheap trips on a canal barge! But our forefathers appeared to like them, for Mr. Robins testified that they were beginning to be highly appreciated by the people who were pent in close lanes and alleys. And certainly the quiet, smooth, gliding motion, 'mid unaccustomed fields and rural scenes, would not be unacceptable to town-wearied dwellers.

Passenger traffic was quite a feature, and in those pre-railway days, no doubt, a much-appreciated feature of the canal. Boats plied frequently between Paddington and Uxbridge, and the Paddington wharves were busy with goods.

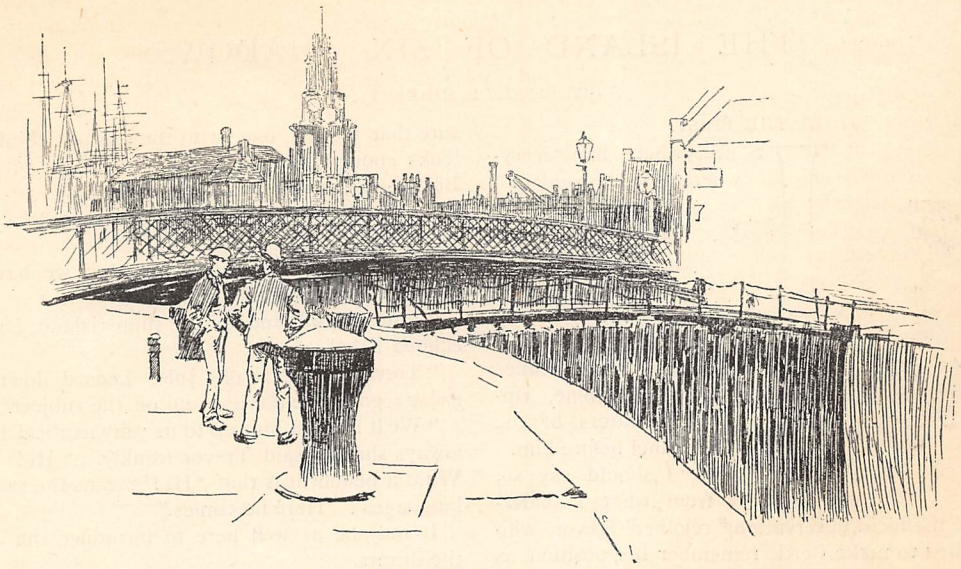
But then the Regent's Canal came along, and detracted from the glory and profit of Paddington. The Regent's was commenced in 1812, and finished eight years later. As a well-known company of minstrels used to boast, it never performs out of London, but it is near upon nine miles long, nevertheless; nine miles it runs through one city.

By taking on goods through the north and east, and down to the Thames, it naturally caused a serious decline in the quantities landed and warehoused at Paddington, and wharfage values there had to climb down.

Like the human lives around it, the Regent's has its smiles and tears, its pleasant places—as when it flows beneath the leafy trees of Regent's Park—and its experiences of a commonplace and workaday world. It enjoys its West-end and its East-end. It glides between North and South Bank at St. John's Wood, and it passes through Hackney and Stepney and Limehouse, lingering by Victoria Park on its way.

It has its business places in its wharves and basins, and its big shipping in its dock by the river; and it has also its times of sorrow, when, dank and lonely, it glides through tunnels. Sometimes even it is locked up: not for its misdeeds, however, but to check its descent, through unevenness of ground, from Paddington to the Thames.

There are a dozen of these locks, and forty bridges span its course. To voyage all along it from north-west to south-east might occupy about four



THE MOUTH OF THE REGENT'S CANAL, LIMEHOUSE.

hours, if your barge were not delayed too long at the locks.

Spite of all the railways, the Regent's still seems to carry on a fair traffic, and in its dock at Limehouse, timber and coal, and heavy goods can be unloaded into barges, and conveyed through the east and north of London.

The dock has two river entrances: one large, for ships, and one smaller, for barges. The big vessels are warped through the entrance by means of wheel-blocks and capstans. On the lower pier is a stand of three large lanterns, looking down the river; on the next, between the entrances, stands a round house and a tall flag-staff; beyond is a swing bridge, movable by hydraulic power, to admit the passage of the big ships.

Beyond, again, looms up in the evening light a forest of masts against the sky, diversified by the well-known tower of Limehouse Church; and here, on the entrance pier, are two bargees a-talking.

"What cheer, Sammy!" says one.

"What cheer, Bill!" answers the other.

Then they thrust their hands in their pockets, and look up and down the river.

Just below the pier a barge is moored midway between the two entrances. The wind blows the smoke clear away from the funnel, and the bargee plays with his dog while his supper is cooking.

Then he climbs the ladder and joins the two talking on the pier, and the dog comes also and barks at their shins. And, in spite of the strict prohibitions posted up, two boys saunter down and look about.

For it is evening, and this is the end. After all its London vicissitudes, here the canal joins itself quietly through the dock to the Thames, and mingles with the larger life of the river. Anon booms the hoarse whistle of big steamers, and all around sounds the muffled, softened roar of old London.

There are still so many navigable canals in England, that you could voyage from this Regent's Canal end to Liverpool by barge. So completely was this country covered by these artificial waterways during the canal fever, that there was said to be in 1836, including navigable rivers, no place south of Durham that was over fifteen miles from water-travelling.

Railways, of course, soon rushed past the slow-moving canals in public favour; but there are still more than 3,800 miles of canals open in the United Kingdom, while 120 miles have been turned into railways.

The longest canal tunnel is on the Thames and Severn, and is called the Sapperton Tunnel. Its length is 3,808 yards. No horses tug the boats through, but men—like birds for once—rest on wings: that is, projecting bits of wood, and "leg" the barges along, or push them with poles. The Lappal tunnel, on the Birmingham Canal, is almost as long, extending for 3,795 yards; and it has also the reputation of being the narrowest—only seven feet nine inches in width. The Blisworth, on the Grand Junction, is 3,056 yards long, and here steam-tugs are used to haul the barges through.

All along the waterways are inns at intervals for stabling the horses, but the boat people sleep on their boats. They are moored to the "off" side of the canal, and they shut-to the doors and sleep soundly. Sometimes they work for eighteen hours; sometimes they get a good night's rest. When the day is bright, it is pleasant enough to glide smoothly along at the rate of four miles an hour; but then there is bad weather, and storms arise. And sometimes the people you meet with are good-tempered and sometimes very much the reverse. So barge life has its points of resemblance to shore life, after all.

THE ISLAND OF SIX SHADOWS.

BY BESSIE E. DUFFETT.

PART THE FIRST.

"IS everywhere like everywhere else, I wonder?" queried Bertie, stretching himself lazily in the warm sand, and trying, as he lay on his back, to throw ducks and drakes along the blue, rippling waters of the Channel before him.

"I should say so, from what I understand of the lucid observation," rejoined Trevor, who never failed to make Bertie remember his position as a mere schoolboy, and so magnify his own dignity.

"But I know what Bertie means," I chimed in, fearful of a "row" between the cousins. "If he did not think that Brittany was a land of knights and ogres, doughty deeds and fearsome adventures, he did not expect to find it like Folkestone. And now he finds that the dolmens are only big stones, the champions are all dead, and worse than all, that Saint-Célestin is just the same as any other fashionable watering place;" and I glanced about me a trifle ruefully.

Up and down the promenade at our backs gaily-dressed Frenchwomen were tripping to the strains of a first-rate military band. The tricolour waved from the top of two casinos, smart *bonnes* attended children even more smart in appearance, and omnibuses laden with passengers drove hither and thither. To Bertie, with his poetic mind full of the "Morte d'Arthur" and the "Idylls of the King," the contrast between the Brittany of the poets and the nineteenth century reality was a disappointment with which I could not help sympathising, though I had not shared his exalted expectations. Yet the scene was not the less picturesque. We were on the coast of France, lapped by the bluest waters of any sea but the Mediterranean. Behind us, grim and grey, rose the solid walls enclosing the old mediæval town of Saint-Célestin, its delicate cathedral spire rising high into the perfectly azure sky. At our feet, and to right and left of us, flowed that sea of ultramarine, studded with rocks covered thick in yellow weed, on which black cormorants settled, only moving from time to time to seek their food nearer the white fringe which played about the base of the rocks. About half a mile out the sheet of blue was broken by islands, for the most part mere rocky specks, but one or two being of considerable size.

"It wouldn't be like other places out there, I should think," observed Ethel, pointing with her pencil towards the islands, which she was sketching. "I'm sure that biggest one, with the sun just shining on it, looks enough like an enchanted isle to please even Bertie's romantic tastes."

"Don't I wish we could get out there!" ejaculated the boy excitedly.

"I say, Nell and Trevor, couldn't we have a sail there this afternoon?"

"And try and land on the sunny island, I propose," echoed Ethel.

"Trevor, there is old Jules Lenard down by the *grève;* go and interview him on the subject."

"We'll beckon him up to us; my nautical French is always shaky," said Trevor frankly. "Hi! Lenard! What a benefit it is that 'Hi!' means the same in all languages! Here he comes."

It may be as well here to introduce the actors in the drama.

Trevor and I were brother and sister, and otherwise alone in the world. Bertie and Ethel, also brother and sister, were cousins to us—rather far away it must be confessed, but still cousins for all that, and Ethel, moreover, stood to Trevor in a nearer and dearer relationship, which was some day to merge into the nearest of all. This explanation will make the spending of our holiday together a very natural arrangement, as it was a very pleasant one. We should have preferred, no doubt, a *partie carrée*, but in this howling wilderness, yclept the world, it is well known that few cups are without a bitter drop, and in our draught of bliss the necessity for a chaperone was that drop. Ethel's invalid mother had too much regard for conventionality and Mrs. Grundy to risk the comment inevitable on a party of young people—all under twenty-four years—venturing abroad without an older head among them. Ethel's former governess accordingly accompanied us in that capacity; and since, but for her peculiarities, the adventures recorded in this veracious history might never have taken place, Miss Grayne deserves a few words of description. She had every possible disqualification for a good traveller—a bad temper, a persistent affection for making the worst of things, and a total lack of the talent for making light of trifling annoyances which is so valuable in such adverse situations as travel invariably presents. However, she had a most conscientious sense of her position in that she seldom left us alone, though there was one drawback to the entire fulfilment of her duties—she was a bad sailor. She was rarely visible on board a boat for five minutes after the start; to smell the smoke from the funnel of a steamer made her sea-sick on shore, just as to watch a sailing boat rolling in harbour rendered her giddy. This being the case, there was some reason in Bertie's disrespectful ejaculation—

"Thank goodness, we shan't have old Grayne with us if we go!"

Lenard was a wizened old specimen of the genus

Breton boatman, brimful of superstition, good-natured, merry, temperate, like the majority of his race, and with the knowledge of the coast at his fingers' ends. He shook his head as we broached our plan, and we soon saw that we had taken a very superficial view of what he termed a very difficult undertaking. He called all the saints in the calendar to witness that it was impossible to go to the islands in an afternoon.

"And, moreover, mesdames *et* messieurs, it is not every day that the tide would suit to go there at all," he said, adding the information that a small steamer journeyed thither once a week, weather permitting, from Saint-Célestin. Would we not like to go by the *vapeur?*

There was more than refusal in the indignant tones which vociferated—

"*Non, non!*"

What! Go by that screaming, black-smoke-emitting tug, in company with twenty other tourists, when we might sail softly over the blue waters in romantic solitude? Never! And for Lenard, who, as a rule, had no words strong enough in which to execrate the invention of steamers, to propose this! He looked a little confused at the storm his words raised.

"It is a difficult and dangerous passage, *voyez-vous?*" he said. "Sometimes one can land, sometimes not. The voyage to Six Ombres is largely dependent on wind and wave."

"Six Ombres? Six Shadows? Why is it called that?" asked Bertie, his big blue eyes opening wider.

"Well, monsieur, there is a legend, *voilà!*" replied the old man, hesitating. "It is said that there are six rocks on the island which throw a shadow whether the sun shines or not."

"And is it so? You have been there," pursued Bertie eagerly.

"How can I tell?" replied Lenard phlegmatically, but crossing himself devoutly. "I would never venture near such a place if I could help it."

It will be readily imagined that this revelation did not tend to diminish our desire to take a trip to the island, but it was not until after much persuasion, and many promises of a pecuniary character, that old Lenard consented to sail with us thither on the first favourable opportunity. We laid his reluctance entirely down to a superstitious dislike to visiting the haunt of the legend. Bretons are well known to abound in reverence for tradition, and the old boatman was, as has been said, more than usually scrupulous in such matters. But the determination to go to Six Ombres had taken so strong a hold of us all that we told him frankly that if he would not accompany us we should find someone who would; a threat which, of course, resulted in capitulation, though Ethel declared that she heard him murmur that it would be difficult to discover a man to gratify us.

We were full of our scheme when at *déjeuner* we met Miss Grayne, who, after her customary fashion, hastened to pour cold water upon it.

"Shadows without the sun!" she scoffed. "No doubt he means they can be cast, like any others, by the moon's rays as well. Dear me! How people in their senses can attach any interest to such rubbish is beyond me."

"It's not likely to be such 'a do,'" protested Bertie angrily. "Anyhow, we are going to make sure."

"You have only decided to stay a week here," she observed tartly, ignoring his angry remonstrances. "It may very likely happen that the tide will not suit during the time, therefore it is a pity to build so much on the chance of going, though it seems to me, Mr. Burke, that you have promised the man such an exorbitant sum for the job that it is hardly probable he will fail to earn it, however unfavourable the weather may be."

Like many others, she generally endeavoured to

"'IT IS A DIFFICULT AND DANGEROUS PASSAGE.'"

provide disagreeables for every emergency, but on the following morning her mouth was actually stopped for once. Lenard appeared at our hotel shortly after first breakfast, with the announcement that the tide would take us to Six Ombres if we would be ready to start in an hour. The sky was radiantly blue, the sea as tranquil as a lake, and the breeze scarcely sufficient to stir the sails of the boats in the harbour. The sight of the still, blue waters seemed to animate her into unusual courage.

"I will come too," she proclaimed valiantly. "The sea is as calm as a mill-pond, and I do not think I should be doing my duty by letting Ethel go alone on such a wild-goose chase as this."

Every picnic was this, in her estimation.

I saw Trevor and Bertie's countenances fall, nor was consternation less plainly marked upon Ethel's rosebud face at this declaration. We always reckoned on Miss Grayne's absence on any sea expedition, which, indeed, owed its charm in a large measure to this result.

"It is a rough passage, you know," observed Trevor, off-hand.

"No passage would be rough to-day," replied she dauntlessly.

It was evident that she was not to be dissuaded, and abandoning the attempt, we hastened to interview our host on the subject of provision for the inner man. He spread his hands, and averred that it was a dangerous expedition.

"You know, ladies, that Six Ombres has a bad name," he said warningly.

"We have been told of the legend, if that is what you mean," I returned. "But the truth of it does not seem to be supported by any evidence, and we want to discover the facts for ourselves."

He smiled uncomfortably, and made a polite observation on the subject of English bravery.

"But why not go by the steamer in a day or two?" he concluded. "Then you would have company, and be less lonely."

It was our turn to smile. Lonely? That was what we wanted—to feel like Crusoes!

"Well, at least take plenty of food," he suggested, with a final shrug of his shoulders. "After all, Lenard is a good boatman; you will be safe enough. You would like plenty of *petits pains* and cold chickens? Good! I will add a trifle of gruyère and some butter for *ces demoiselles*," and he bustled off.

We commented very severely on French cowardice among ourselves, though not failing to make the most of our host's warnings to Miss Grayne. But her sense of duty was proof against all opposition, and at the appointed time she joined us on the quay, "Green already!" as Bertie whispered, but resolute; and armed with all our mackintoshes and innumerable rugs, in a bundle almost too heavy to lift. Our provisions were considerable enough in bulk to make us protest against such impedimenta in the boat.

"It is so perfectly fine and warm, Miss Grayne," I said, "we are not likely to need them."

"Who can tell when we shall be back?" she observed prophetically. "Besides, you know I never go anywhere without my waterproof and umbrella."

We had had previous experience of the fact on many occasions; but never, perhaps, had the precaution seemed more absurd than now. The fine-weather signal waved from its flag-post on the quay as we started, the sky was cloudless, and the sun shone as I believe it only does in Brittany in July. There was more air, however, on the sea than had appeared possible on land. The sails filled and we skimmed lightly over the translucent water, followed by the shrill screams of adieu from the *gamins* on shore. Deceptively close to us, in the clear, pure air, shone Six Ombres, its golden sands making it gleam like a topaz in its sapphire setting; it, and all the adjacent islands, having on this glorious morning the peculiar effect of standing out of the water, which Lenard called *mirage*, and said presaged fine weather.

"Why, it isn't so far, after all; we are nearly there," cried Ethel, after a while.

Lenard shook his head.

"There is the worst part to go yet, mademoiselle," he said merrily. "Ah, we must tack!" and the sail flapped with a sudden gust as we changed our course, and we steered in and out between the reefs which beset the little island.

Now we began to see something of the dangers of the way. One moment we were in such a shallow channel that we could see the sandy bottom and the radiant seaweeds, while the next, the deep green colour showed the immense depth of water. One instant we had to steer hastily away from the sharp edge of a sunken rock just below the surface, and another we veered round to avoid stranding on a sandbank, only discernible by the yellow tinge of the water over it. Miss Grayne breathed a sigh of relief as at length we passed these manifold perils, and sailed into the belt of water surrounding the island. It had looked smooth from afar; but appearances are deceptive, and we were soon aware of being in the "Race," a current of rough water which ran strong round Six Ombres, and was at once its protection and peril. Up and down, and round and round the apparently insignificant little waves tossed our boat, unwieldy as it was with its somewhat heavy load. Miss Grayne had just opened a large bottle of eau-de-cologne, and inhaled it, after having spilled half, when we suddenly steered into a quiet channel, and were able to land comfortably on some rocks on the south side of the island.

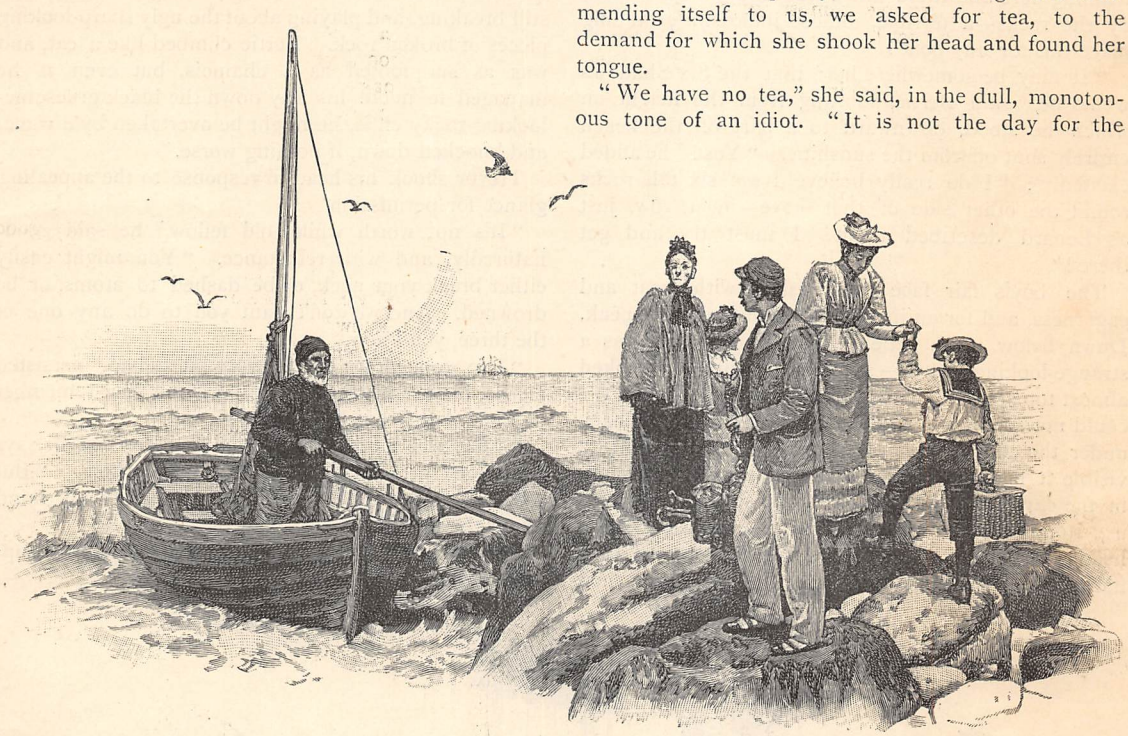
"*Vous voilà!*" cried Lenard, with an air of relief, as we disembarked. "No, monsieur, I shall not leave the boat, but anchor here, and take the opportunity of fishing. Fish is abundant in these waters. You will be ready to leave by four o'clock, *n'est-ce-pas?*" and we parted from him.

We had brought provisions enough to stock a garrison, but had been advised that liquids could be purchased at the little *auberge* on the island. Thither, accordingly, we wended our way, up the sandy shore to the ledge of cliff whereon the cottage stood.

The hostelry was the only habitation on the island, and as we approached it was absolutely

destitute of human life. A few fowls pecked the sand round its whitewashed walls, and a goat, tethered near, made an amiable attempt to butt at us—an effort fortunately frustrated by the brevity of its cord—but other sign of life there was none.

"What a hole to live in!" ejaculated Miss Grayne, surveying the place and the surrounding waters with an air of unmitigated disgust. "It is a regular no-man's-land."



"'NO, MONSIEUR, I SHALL NOT LEAVE THE BOAT'" (*p.* 250).

"An awfully jolly place I call it," said Bertie maliciously.

"We must have something to drink, nevertheless; my lips are as salt as brine after that long sail," remarked Trevor, rapping loudly with his stick on the door of the inn, which, of course, boasted neither knocker nor bell. "Come, come, good folks, look sharp," he continued, as a minute or two passed and no answer was vouchsafed.

The response, which came at last, was not from within, however. A rattle of sabots, and a young girl ran from the back premises, whence we knew not, and stared blankly at us. She was a short, thick-set individual, dressed in a peasant's cap and a rough, homespun gown. But it was her face and manner which attracted (or rather repelled) us more than her general appearance. The Breton peasants are not noted for beauty, but her skin was uncommonly coarse, her eyes dull and bloodshot, her features badly modelled. And typical French politeness was certainly, in her case, conspicuous by absence. Of alacrity to serve us, there was none; indeed, what expression there was on her most unprepossessing countenance, signified a disgust and annoyance, quite unintelligible to would-be customers. As our best French drew, at first, no reply, we surmised that her air of stupidity might be attributable to deafness, perhaps to dumbness as well, so we tried the effect of signs, which fortunately proved more successful. She unlocked the door, and produced from within several litres of cider. The sour quality of this beverage not commending itself to us, we asked for tea, to the demand for which she shook her head and found her tongue.

"We have no tea," she said, in the dull, monotonous tone of an idiot. "It is not the day for the steamer to land, so we are unprovided. The ladies and gentlemen must be content with what they can get."

"Anything would be better than this stuff," said Miss Grayne, who was still suffering from the effects of the Race. "What have you got, my girl?"

I was looking at her, and saw the dense, senseless expression of the creature change marvellously for an instant.

"How should we have anything? We have not even wine, or absinthe, or vermouth." Then, seeing apparently that her outburst had amazed us, she relapsed into her former air of idiocy. "No, nothing at all!" she said sullenly.

"That girl must be insane!" said Ethel to me, as we moved away with our bottles of cider. "But just fancy leaving a crazy person in charge of an inn!"

"Of an island, in fact!" I added, for we had strolled on towards the highest point of the place, and still saw no other human being.

Our load was lighter after luncheon, and we made

a tour of our domain, with, of course, the object of verifying Lenard's legend. The south side of Six Ombres was low and sandy, and gradually sloping from the high grass-covered rocks of the summit, but the northern shore was very different. High precipitous rocks bounded it, descending with awful suddenness to a stony, boulder-beset beach. The Channel waves broke on this beach strongly, and ran foaming here and there into coves and gulleys formed by the rocks—a terrible, almost impossible, landing place this for any boat!

"It may be somewhere here that the Six Shadows would be," said Bertie, pointing from the height on which he stood, downward to a part of the beach entirely shut off from the sunshine. "Yes!" he added excitedly; "I do really believe I see six tall rocks round the other side of that cove—in a row, just as Lenard described them! I must try and get there!"

The boy's fair face was flushed with heat and eagerness, and for an instant we all hesitated to speak. Down below us, a little distance to our left, was a strange-looking cave — strange because it looked almost too smoothly hollowed out to be natural. We could not see into it, or decide whether it ran far back under the cliff, but from the darkness of the portion visible it had the appearance of doing so. Shutting in the cave from observation on the side farthest from us, stood several tall, detached rocks, their sharp heads rearing themselves above the cliff-top, the cave itself being concealed by them, though, from their other side, the straight piece of sandy shore leading round to the landing-place could be distinctly seen. These Bertie surmised to be the legendary rocks. It seemed too bad to deny him the wish of his heart to investigate the mystery, yet, to reach the spot would involve a great and quite unjustifiable risk. From where we stood, a narrow ledge of rock—almost as narrow as a knife-blade it was!—sloped to the cove in question, into which the tide, though ebbing, was still breaking, and playing about the ugly sharp-looking pieces of broken rock. Bertie climbed like a cat, and was as sure-footed as a chamois, but even if he managed to make his way down the black gruesome-looking rocky cliffs, he might be overtaken by a wave, and knocked down, if nothing worse.

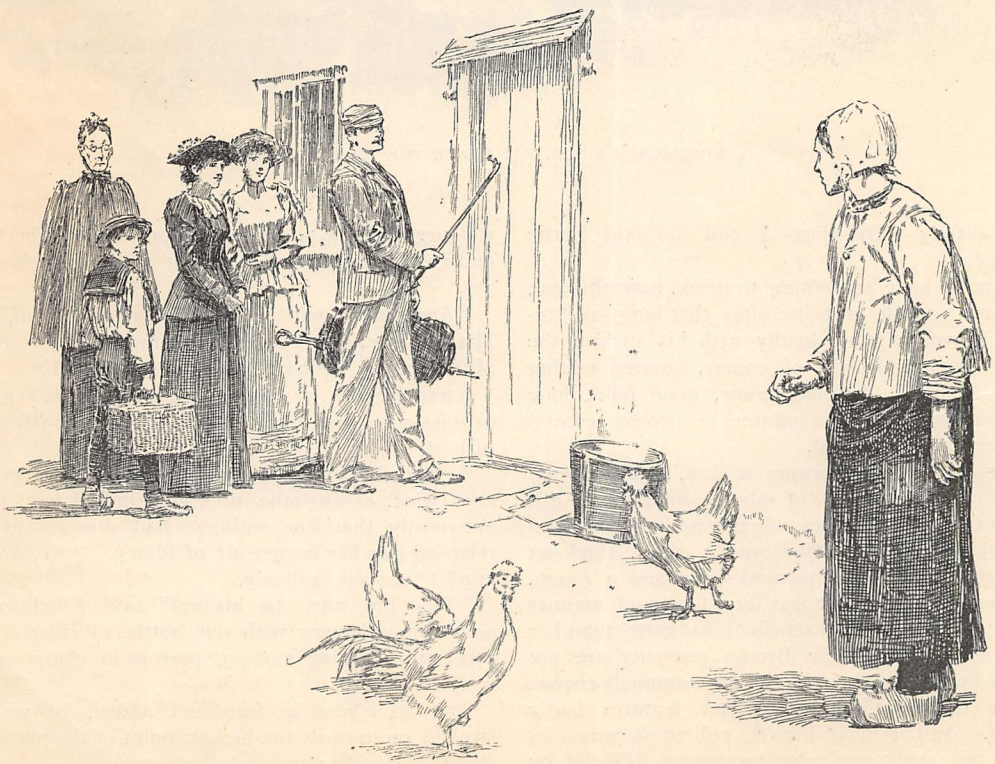
Trevor shook his head in response to the appealing glance for permission.

"It's not worth while, old fellow," he said good-naturedly, and with reluctance. "You might easily either break your neck, or be dashed to atoms, or be drowned. And we don't want you to do any one of the three, you know."

"I've gone down places every bit as bad," persisted Bertie, his bright face falling. "Don't you remember at Landry Beacon, Ethel?"

"That was not as dangerous, and as Trevor says not, don't attempt this," advised his sister. "But what a nuisance! I did want to satisfy my mind about the legend."

Trevor was not proof against her look of disappointment.



"A YOUNG GIRL RAN FROM THE BACK PREMISES" (*p.* 251).

"I'll go myself; it will be safe enough for me," he interposed hastily. "I suppose if I tell you that there are six tall rocks in the shade, which do *not* cast a shadow, it will be enough to satisfy you?"

"*That* it will not!" we all cried in chorus. "They may not be the right rocks at all!"

"You see, he doesn't take any interest in it," continued Bertie. "It will be far better for me to go. I believe I am more nimble than he is, too."

Ethel and I were silent: both inquisitive, but both unwilling that danger should be run into for curiosity's sake.

"What do you think, Miss Grayne?" Ethel asked tentatively.

"That you must all be insane," returned our chaperone shortly, and adding sarcastically: "However, it is only in keeping with the whole of this business. Why not urge Bertie and Mr. Burke both to go? It would only result in two necks being broken instead of one."

"I will go when the tide is at the lowest. It will be that at about three o'clock, I believe," said Trevor, biting his lips angrily. "In the meantime, suppose we take another turn round the place and try and discover six rocks in a more accessible position."

Accordingly we strolled about on the short, turfy grass, for a time—Trevor and Ethel together, Miss Grayne and I busy with our own thoughts. The delicious breeze, and the views all around us, served to dispel our fancies, and we had almost forgotten the rocks and the legend, when they were brought to my recollection by the sudden disappearance of Bertie.

"Why, where is that boy?" I ejaculated.

"He was chasing the lizards a minute ago," said Ethel rather vaguely.

Ah! the minutes are lightning-footed when lovers are together!

"There are numbers of the nasty things darting about these stones," said Miss Grayne, holding up her skirts as though she were afraid that the terrified, bright green streaks would run up them. "And he——"

But an exclamation from Trevor interrupted her.

"As I live, he is half way down those rocks!" he said, in anger that the glory of the exploit had been thieved from him. "Foolhardy young imp!"

We went softly to the spot, and watched in silence, for fear of startling the daring boy. For a minute or two we held our breath, as quickly and lightly he sprang from one rough foothold to another, with as much ease as a mountain goat. A final spring and he was on the beach, making for the point of the cove which partly hid the rocks from us, and still completely unconscious of being watched. He was never really out of sight, for throwing a hasty glance at the rocks behind the point, he gave a great start, and began to return with what seemed to us remarkable speed.

"He can hardly have had time to notice anything!" murmured his sister, and we saw him hastily and unsteadily climbing the precipitous path to the top of the cliff.

"Have a care there!" shouted Trevor warningly to him. "Wild beasts aren't after you; take your time!"

But when he had reached the summit, and stood breathless beside us we were all amazed at his white, scared-looking face.

"Well," we cried eagerly, "what did you see? Is it so or not?"

"Oh, I never noticed," he replied pantingly, and looking a trifle ashamed. "But that cavern runs a long way back; and—and—it is full of *men!*"

We all burst out laughing.

"Tigers, I should think, by the way you ran away from them," said Trevor scornfully.

"Oh! you may sneer," returned Bertie hotly. "But they were horrid blackguard-looking fellows; and one made for me with a knife."

"He has got a sunstroke," said Miss Grayne positively.

"They must have been fishermen. Lenard was probably among them, only you did not wait to see," I said soothingly.

As he mopped his damp hot brow, we whispered together for a moment. He had evidently lost his head for a minute by coming hastily upon a cave full of men where he expected to see no one, and after his exciting climb. We agreed to say no more on the subject, for Bertie was a plucky boy, and worthy of a better fate than teasing. More to divert his mind than anything else—for it was before the appointed time of leaving—I proposed that we should see whether Lenard's signal for our departure was hoisted. But his ideas of time and ours did not invariably agree, for his red handkerchief already floated from the bow of the boat, and we hurried to the large flat stones on the sandy beach, which formed the only approach to a landing-place on the island.

"You have cut short our stay, Lenard," I protested. "It is not yet four o'clock."

"No, mademoiselle," he replied. "But the wind is freshening, the sky is not so settled, and I am afraid that the tide may come in rough. That is why I am anxious to be off."

Our ignorance had implicit faith in his wisdom, and we were preparing to get into the boat when an ejaculation of dismay from Miss Grayne stopped Ethel's foot midway.

"My waterproof! I must have left it on the cliff in the hurry of departure," came from Miss Grayne, in acid tones. "I must have it—it is a valuable one, nearly new!"

We all gave vent to exclamations of annoyance and impatience, Lenard's being loudest of all.

"I must run and fetch it for her, I suppose. It won't take me more than a minute or two," said Trevor with scant ceremony.

"Don't trouble him to go, Miss Grayne. Let me buy you a new one instead!" offered Ethel eagerly.

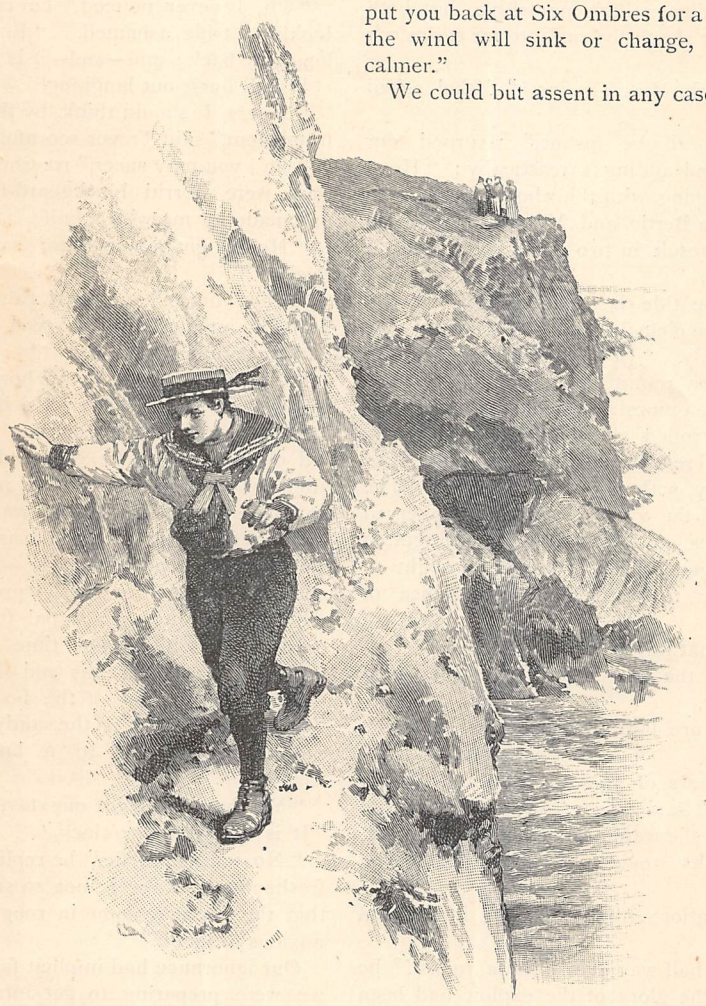
"I would rather have my own, I thank you, Ethel,"

replied the governess with dignity. "It is worth thirty shillings."

"Every moment is worth that now," muttered Lenard, who understood some English.

"She will only be ill if it is rough, and it will serve her well right," Ethel and I agreed, for that cloak of hers was a regular *bête noire* to us.

Instead of the minute he promised, however, fully twenty passed slowly by before Trevor appeared, Lenard bitterly complaining of every second's delay. The tide had turned, and was flowing, as is customary in some parts of the coast of Brittany, with extraordinary rapidity. Every instant we could see the waves creeping higher up the sand and growing bigger, until at length Trevor came springing back. He flung the missing article into the boat, saying that he had had a regular hunt for it, jumped in, and we pushed hurriedly off. In the first stretch of smooth water we knew nothing amiss, but once in the Race, the effect of the strengthening tide was immediately apparent. The contrary waves seemed to seize the boat and fling it hither and thither. Lenard managed the sails, while Trevor had the rudder, and it was from their faces that I gleaned the suspicion of something wrong, for we had our backs to Six Ombres. Like Trevor, however, I have had some little experience of yachting, enough to know the folly of disturbance in a small boat, so I held my peace until Lenard's voice confirmed my fears.



"QUICKLY AND LIGHTLY HE SPRANG FROM ONE ROUGH FOOTHOLD TO ANOTHER" (*p.* 253).

"*Sapristi!*" he exclaimed excitedly. "This is much worse than I imagined. It is useless to proceed."

"Why, what is the matter?" cried Miss Grayne nervously.

"We are making no way, madam," said Lenard. "Look; we are as near to the island as ever."

We all turned and saw that the statement was true; the wind had changed, and we could not get out of the Race.

"If it had not been for that waterproof, we should have been through the current by this time," said Lenard, who had no delicacy on the subject of laying the blame at the right door. "As it is, I must put you back at Six Ombres for a while, to see whether the wind will sink or change, and the sea grow calmer."

We could but assent in any case; and, in truth, the adventure rather chimed in with the tastes of all parties save one. Miss Grayne alone was disgusted with the delay, and, regardless of the patent fact that she was the cause of it, complained bitterly of Lenard's stupidity, the dangerous coast, and our folly in attempting such an expedition.

"Nobody can say that I did not try to dissuade you, monsieur," said Lenard, appealing to Trevor. "For it is strange that I have never brought a party to Six Ombres without a misadventure. It seems like fate, especially as it is the same with my mates."

The old man looked so rueful that we hastened to reassure him.

"Oh, we can easily while away an hour or two on the island," we assured him. "We wanted more time."

But it is an astonishing fact that in such cases as ours, of upset of plans, the unexpected leisure seldom does otherwise than drag. It is an hour unprovided with occupation, and though we essayed to fill it by further explorations, the effort was a failure. Whether because we were all getting hungry, and the food declared enough for a garrison was exhausted, or because it had become chilly, I know not. But for some reason or another, we found ourselves soon standing on the beach again, shouting anxious

inquiries to Lenard in the boat, about the chances of a start. We did not need his reminders that the sea was growing rougher, for we could see the white horses making merry all round us; the wind, too, blew in fitful gusts, and grey clouds were beginning to obscure the sun and to scud rapidly over the blue sky.

"We could not progress even as much as before," responded Lenard. "And if the wind does not quickly change, we shall not be able to get off to-night, I fear."

"I'm sure none of us would mind sailing in the dark," Ethel was beginning, when Trevor cut her short.

"He has no lantern, you see, dear, and it would be highly dangerous to try to sail between these rocks after dark. The moon is on the wane, remember, and gives no light. How late would it be safe to start?" he called to Lenard.

"At seven, at a pinch," he rejoined, "but no later. I can sleep in the boat well enough myself. But what about the repose of these ladies?"

"Oh, no doubt we can be put up at the *auberge*," Ethel and I replied immediately, and we resolved to walk about until the question of departure, or non-departure, should be finally settled.

"You are disagreeably punished now for desiring adventures," was Miss Grayne's comforting observation after a pause.

"Oh, call this a disagreeable adventure—*I* think it is great fun!" cried Ethel in bravado.

"Well, I certainly wish I had not to share your fun," returned the governess tartly. "It is seven now. What is that man saying?"

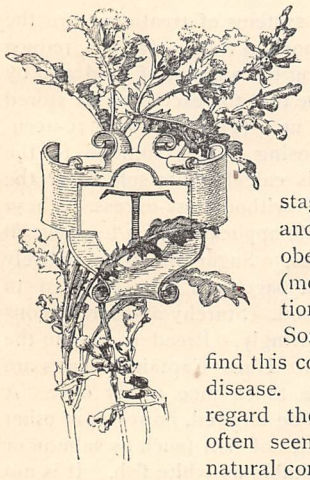
A murmur of "*C'est inutile!*" was wafted from across the sea, and Trevor hastened towards us.

"No use! We must make up our minds to stay here till early to-morrow morning," he said. "Let us go to the inn and settle about the night."

"And get something to eat, too," continued Bertie. "I'm perfectly ravenous!"

"I wish that girl were not so mad!" Ethel and I remarked to each other, as we retraced our steps, humbly carrying the despised rugs.

END OF PART THE FIRST.



"THIS TOO, TOO SOLID FLESH!"

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

THERE is no disease from which men and women suffer so lightly regarded in its earlier stages, both by the patients and by their friends, as obesity, or corpulence (more diplomatically mentioned as "*embonpoint*"). Some may be surprised to find this condition referred to as a disease. It is so customary to regard the increasing bulkiness often seen in middle age as a natural consequence of advancing years and of a prosperous, well-spent life, that in all our conventional representations of happy and jovial old age fat is a prominent feature. But obesity is, nevertheless, a disease, and when it becomes excessive it is even attended with danger to life, for the tissues and organs of the body are ill-nourished, and themselves undergo fatty degeneration.

A progressive increase in weight after the body has attained its complete development, even though it may not advance to a noticeable degree, tends to diminish our bodily strength and activity; we are thereby rendered more susceptible to disease and less capable of battling with it. Moreover, there is the personal disfigurement, the inevitable accompaniment of any departure from vigorous health.

The deposition of fat is due in all cases to faulty nutrition. (1) The food which is taken is either excessive in quantity or erroneous in quality or kind. Physiologically, foods are divided into proteids (meat), fats, carbo-hydrates (sugars and starches, the basis of farinaceous foods), salts, and water. It has been shown that fat is formed in the body, even though no fats be taken, by the conversion of excess of both proteids and of carbo-hydrates. Even a small excess of carbo-hydrates may produce this result.

It has been further found that not only the quantity of food taken, but also its quality or kind, must be proportionate to the work done in order to preserve the best and the most vigorous health. It is forgetfulness of this fact that so frequently causes middle-aged people, especially women, to grow rapidly stouter. The amount of regular daily work—in other words, the amount of exercise—they take grows insensibly less, while they eat the same amount of food; they take the same kind of food as they did when they were enjoying the full activity of early life. A moment's consideration will make this more evident. While a boy or girl is growing, food must be taken not only to supply the energy for their daily work, but also to build up the increasing bulk of the body. After maturity is attained, from about twenty-five years of age to fifty years, the body is generally doing a maximum amount of work which needs a proportionate amount of food. Then, after this age, the activities of the body grow less, and demand a corresponding diminution in the food supply. If this diminution is not observed the consequence is either that the excess is stored up chiefly as fat, or

else the internal organs are unduly taxed to get rid of it, with the result that eventually disease of these organs is induced. (2) Faulty nutrition, leading to the deposition of fat, may be due not only to errors in diet, but also to an unhealthy state of the body. In these cases the food which is taken, not necessarily in undue amount, is not fully assimilated or utilised in the body. Part of it is converted into fat, and instead of being used to supply the needs of the economy, is deposited in the tissues. This condition is sometimes associated with anæmia, and requires careful medical attention.

To prevent the ordinary accumulation of fat due to errors of diet, various methods of treatment have been devised. One of the most widely known, at any rate by name, is that of Banting, who showed sufficient confidence in it to subject himself to his own treatment —and with a very good result. The two principal features of the Banting treatment are (1) a considerable limitation of the total quantity of food usually taken, and, owing to the diminution of the amount of carbohydrates in particular, a proportionate excess of proteid food, (2) combined with a restriction in the amount of fluids. Although there is a wide-spread popular opinion that liquids in large amount tend to cause the accumulation of fat, the view is not held universally; indeed, some investigators actually recommend a large quantity of fluid, generally hot tea or other warm aromatic drinks. The scheme for a daily food supply, drawn up by Banting, was as follows :—

Breakfast, at 9 a.m., consisted of 5 to 6 oz. of animal food—meat or boiled fish (except pork or veal), a little biscuit or 1 oz. of dry toast : 6 to 7 oz. of solids in all. A large cup of tea or coffee (without milk or sugar) : 9 oz. of liquid.

Dinner at 2 p.m. Fish or meat (avoiding salmon, eels, herrings, pork, and veal), 5 to 6 oz. any kind of poultry or game. Any vegetables except potatoes, parsnips, beet-root, turnips, or carrots. Dry toast, 1 oz. Cooked fruit unsweetened. Total of solids, 10 to 12 oz.

Tea, 6 p.m. Cooked fruit, 2 to 3 oz., a rusk or two : 2 to 4 oz. of solids. 9 oz. of tea, without milk or sugar.

Supper, 9 p.m. Meat or fish as at dinner, 3 to 4 oz.

Another method of treatment which has been largely adopted in Germany seems at first sight to be calculated to produce exactly the opposite result to the one desired. It proposes to cure fat people by giving them abundance of fat to eat. But it is really based on scientific principles, and was advocated long ago by Hippocrates, the father of medicine. When much fatty food is taken the appetite is satisfied with a considerably smaller amount, and it prevents in like manner the consumption of comparatively large quantities of animal or nitrogenous food, which are necessary under other methods of treatment, and which, as we have already explained, may help in the formation of fat. Sometimes this treatment has caused dyspepsia, owing to the difficulty of digesting fat.

At the present day the system most used is that designed by a German doctor named Oertel. In this system attention is paid not only to diet, but to exercise and the general method of living. One of the main objects he keeps in view is to restore the vigour and tone of the heart and circulatory apparatus, which is often seriously lowered in stout people. His diet follows that of Banting rather closely, but he allows more fatty food and a little more carbo-hydrate food. Alcohol in every form is best avoided, as it invariably tends to fatty degeneration. Beer is most injurious of all. Steady exercise, of such a nature as to cause slight exertion (for example, climbing heights), is recommended, but it must not be excessive. The patient must always rest when a feeling of palpitation comes on.

In all cases in which a sudden change in the manner of living is made with the view of effecting a cure of excessive corpulency, a period of more or less complete rest must be taken, for the sudden stoppage of a considerable quantity of the food usually eaten may cause exhaustion, which would be injurious if the patient endeavoured to carry on his usual work. This precaution is especially necessary when the milk cure is adopted. Skimmed milk is the only, or almost the only, food allowed until the weight has dropped to the normal figure, when the patient resumes a carefully chosen mixed diet.

The objects of all the systems of treatment are the same, and may be summarised thus :—(1) To reduce the weight by so limiting the amount of food and by so increasing the exercise that the excess of fat stored up in the body is used up. (2) To prevent re-accumulation of fat by choosing a diet suitable to the particular case, which is calculated to suffice for the daily needs of the body without any excess. These objects are effected by the application of a few general rules to particular cases. Sugar must be entirely avoided, if possible, but saccharin may be used to sweeten tea or other food. Starchy and farinaceous food must be taken sparingly. Bread is best in the form of well-made toast. Hard Captain biscuits are suitable. Meat must be taken once a day only. A little fish or an egg may be allowed, however, at other meals. The oily varieties of fish (such as salmon or mackerel) are not so suitable as white fish. It is not necessary to eschew fats altogether, since they are useful in all cases, and a small amount is even indispensable. The most suitable fat is butter, which is generally easy of digestion. Massage has been recommended. Regular exercise is essential.

A cure, after all, depends largely upon the patient's strength of mind, since the success of the treatment depends almost entirely upon the rigid adherence to a restricted diet, which soon becomes irksome. If he is unable to resist some favourite dish (generally it is the one most unsuitable for his complaint), or if he refuses or is unable to take the necessary regular exercise, all the rest of the treatment is vain, and becomes labour lost. If these temptations are overcome, if the effort is successful, the reward of a complete cure is not long withheld.

THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN.

ILLUSTRATED FROM MODERN LIFE (IN PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. VERE BRODIE, SUCCESSOR TO MESSRS. BONING & SMALL).

III. "THEN, THE LOVER;"

1.

2.

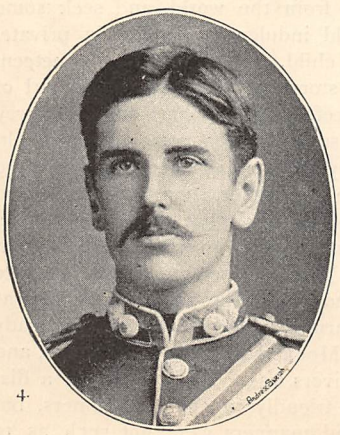
3.

NOS. 1, 2, AND 3 COMBINED.

COMPOSITE PHOTOGRAPHS.

NOS. 4, 5, AND 6 COMBINED.

IV. "THEN, A SOLDIER."



4.

5.

6.

(To be continued.)

HOW AN OLD TALE CAME TRUE.

BY WILLIAM CAIRNS.

A HEAVY gale was blowing from the south-west when, on a gloomy autumn afternoon at the commencement of the present century, a man and a woman stood together where two roads crossed at a spot overlooking the fishing village of Pencalis. The girl—for she could hardly have been more than eighteen—was dressed in a thick cloak and hood, and carried a small bundle, while the man held the bridle of a large brown horse that stood pawing the ground beside him.

"You are playing a true game with me?" he said, as he fixed a keen look upon his companion.

"As I hope to be saved, I am," she protested.

The young fellow laughed.

"Never mind about that, Miss Patty. The least said on that point, perhaps, the better. But if you serve me in this, I'll make it worth your while to run the risk."

"The risk! Surely, sir, there's no harm in helping my young lady to a good husband?"

"Oh, yes!" he said carelessly, "I'll make her a good husband. I'm not a bad fellow, eh, Patty? A bit wild, perhaps, but not more than a young fellow of my station should be."

"Not a bit, I'm sure, sir; and I don't see why Miss Hilda should object to you."

"It isn't the girl herself. I'm certain of that, in spite of her prudish airs. It's the father. I'm not so blind but I can see that," he continued, with a self-satisfied nod, "but when we're once married, it will all come right; and marry her I will. When once I set my mind on a thing, you might as well try to roll the camel yonder up the beach as to turn me from it." As he spoke he pointed to a large rock, one of a group now almost hidden by the water that foamed round them. "Yes, when my mind's set on a thing, I've got to have it; and it's set on having Hilda Rivers for my wife."

"Well, sir, I've done my best for you."

"You shan't lose by it, Patty; and here are five guineas, in earnest of what's to follow."

"You see, Mr. Tregarnon," Patty went on, "the doctor's an early man. He'll often be abed soon after dark, but sometimes Miss Hilda will sit up reading for hours. Now, if you see a light in the little turret-room when the rest of the house is dark, you may be sure 'tis she. I've undone the door at the foot of the turret, and as it's always supposed to be fast, and never used, no one ever goes near it. But I wouldn't have done it, sir, except that you've promised to make Miss Hilda a good husband."

"Never fear for that. How long shall you be away visiting your old mother?"

"A week, sir."

"Then you'll maybe hear of something when you get back. And now," he added, as he mounted his horse, "I'm for Pengarten. I'll get the two Venners over from there and keep them snug at my place till the job's done. I may not be back in time to do anything to-night, but I'll have a look at the window, all the same, and if I *do* see the light in it, why, the later it is, the less chance of waking anyone. Then if Powis won't do the business off-hand, I'll have the brandy-drinking old thief bundled out of his living. So put your best foot forward, Sultan, for I reckon"—looking up at the sky—"we've a rough journey before us. Good-bye t'ye, Patty."

The road Walter Tregarnon took ran inland from the village. He had not yet disappeared along it, when the lumbering carrier's cart by which the girl was to travel came in sight. When he reached the place where she waited for him, the driver stopped, and was about to help her in, when he paused and turned his gaze seaward. From behind a narrow headland to the west of the village came the report of a gun.

"Ay, ay," said the carrier, "I know what that means. I'd rather be here than there—the Lord help them! But in with you, lass, for we must push on."

Pencalis stood upon a dangerous and unfrequented part of the Cornish coast, its few cottages being huddled together upon the verge of the bare, rocky shore. Apart from these dwellings, and somewhat more inland, was a good-sized house, which had formerly been the residence of the Tregarnons, the only family of any standing in the neighbourhood. The father of its present representative had, however, built himself another house at a spot more to his liking, about a mile distant, and Mount Kerris had been empty for some years. In an ordinary way, it might have fallen to pieces from neglect before anyone could have been found to inhabit so desolate a place, but it happened that one Dr. Rivers, a good-hearted but eccentric man, having, while still in the prime of life, received a heavy blow in the loss of his wife, decided to retire for a time from the world, and seek some spot where he could indulge his sorrow in private. His only surviving child, Hilda, was then nineteen. At the time of our story she was a beautiful girl of twenty, tall and graceful, with fair hair and dark grey eyes, which were usually rather pensive, the result, possibly, of the lonely life she had been leading for the past year. She, like her father, soon won the regard of their poorer neighbours, so that there were none, even among the most rugged, who would have thought of affronting her. The one person whose presence made her uneasy, and whom she strove to avoid, was young Squire Tregarnon, whose ancestors, as already stated, had lived at Mount Kerris for generations, and whose tenant Dr. Rivers was. He had shown a disposition to be very friendly to the new-comers, but his conversation and manners were not such as to

favourably impress a gentleman of refined ideas and studious habits. He received very slight encouragement to continue his visits, his evident admiration for Hilda being an additional reason for this. Vain of his superiority to those among whom he had always lived, ignorant and inexperienced, his tastes were on a par with his want of education and knowledge of good society; for his principal associates were the most idle and dissolute young men of the village, who, proud of his friendship, flattered and encouraged his vices. Before Hilda had been three months in the neighbourhood he proposed for her, and upon his rejection left the house in displeasure, though convinced that Dr. Rivers would repent having declined so advantageous an offer. Still, as time went on, he could obtain no other answer, and his determination to possess Hilda increased with her coldness.

The carrier who had taken up Miss Rivers's maid had scarcely passed a turn of the road which took him out of sight of the village, when almost the whole population of Pencalis, roused by the signal he had heard, crowded together upon the beach.

"There goes another gun," said an old fisherman. "She'll heave in sight presently."

"There she is!" cried a dozen eager voices a moment after, as a distressed ship came in view round the point of land previously mentioned.

"'YOU ARE PLAYING A TRUE GAME WITH ME?'" (*p.* 258).

"She's trying hard to keep out," said the first speaker, "but the gale has pretty nigh tore the sticks out of her already."

"Can nothing be done, Aaron Polwrath?" asked a grave-looking man, who had joined the group with a fair girl on his arm.

"Not afore what's going to happen comes to pass, I'm afeard, sir," was the reply; and the girl, with an exclamation of terror, raised her arm, and pointing towards the ship, cried—

"Oh, father! look! she is going straight for the camel!"

Those on board, perceiving the new danger that threatened them, could now be seen making strenuous efforts to avoid it, while the consternation on shore reached the highest pitch. Amid alternating cries of "She'll clear it!" "She won't!" a couple of stout fishing-boats were hauled down to the beach and made ready. Then in a moment a death-like silence fell upon all. In the distance beyond the object upon which all eyes were fixed, its angry crest seeming to touch the dark cloud that bent over it, swept shoreward a huge wave. On it came, mighty, resistless. Hilda Rivers hid her face against her father, and the old fisherman muttered, "They're trying hard for it. May the Lord have mercy on all good sailors that die at the ropes like men!"

The words were hardly spoken when the ship, now close on the rocks, seemed almost buried in the enormous wave that in another instant hurried it to destruction. There was a wild cry, a momentary vision of bursting timbers, a crash that was heard amid the noises of the storm, and then the wave swept over its prey and broke upon the shore like thunder. Those who were in advance bore back as it ran up the beach, forcing its way among the rocks and boulders that stood above high-water mark, swirling and foaming round them, and drawing the rattling shingle after it as it receded. Round one of the two boats stood a dozen men, their strong hands grasping gunwale and tholepin, their bodies bent forward. As they dragged it down after the retreating wave, old Aaron Polwrath shouted, "Take care of the wreckage, boys!" The wreckage! Was there nothing left but scattered, drifting fragments? Yes, here and there a human form rose for an instant, and then sank again into the trough of the sea, in more than one instance to appear no more. Soon the second boat was launched, and in about an hour both returned: the first bringing a passenger and two seamen, the next three seamen and another passenger. The bodies of the captain and the second mate were found upon the beach when the tide ebbed, and on the following day two fresh mounds in the old churchyard marked where they lay. For the rest, they were borne to where they had no need of earth to cover them.

One of the passengers was a dark well-featured man of thirty or thereabout, and, so far as could be judged of one newly rescued from a drifting spar, of an agreeable, straightforward bearing. The other was about the same age, or perhaps a year or so younger, and from their manner of greeting each other it was evident they were friends as well as fellow-travellers. At such a moment ceremony would have been out of place, and when Dr. Rivers invited them to pass the night at his house, his offers of hospitality were accepted as frankly as they were tendered. Four of the sailors, who were uninjured, found shelter in the village, and arrangements were being made, under the doctor's personal direction, to convey the remaining one, who was badly hurt, up to Mount Kerris, when Hilda hastened homeward in advance, to give orders for such hurried preparation as could be made for the reception of those who were to follow with her father.

While Dr. Rivers was doing what he could to relieve the suffering of the injured man, his two remaining guests retired until their garments were dried, by which time the usual evening meal was served. From the conversation which took place while he was doing the honours of his simple board, the doctor learned that the ill-fated ship was the *Vasco de Gama*, from Cadiz to London; that having been abroad for some time, his visitors had taken their homeward passage in her.

"And that should remind me," said the elder, "that the names of those who are so much indebted to your kindness are as yet unknown to you. Allow me first to introduce my friend, Mr. George Lane; next myself, Mark Chester, the son of Judge Chester of whom you may have heard."

"Of whom I may have heard!" repeated his host, gazing at him in astonishment. "Are you little Mark Chester?" Mark Chester returned the look with one of equal surprise. "Your father," continued the doctor, "was my dearest friend, though we have not met for many years. Surely you have heard him speak of Stephen Rivers?"

"Heard him speak of you, sir!" exclaimed Chester, in his turn, as he started to his feet, and wrung the doctor's hand. "Well do I remember you. I was a boy of twelve, when you left London to take possession of some property you had inherited close to Exeter, and to practise in that town. But how is it we meet here?"

The doctor's face grew grave again. He was commencing, "A loss that I have had——" when Mark said, blushing at his own forgetfulness:

"True, sir; I—I heard of it, and of your retirement hither, also; but the events of the last few hours—— I beg your pardon."

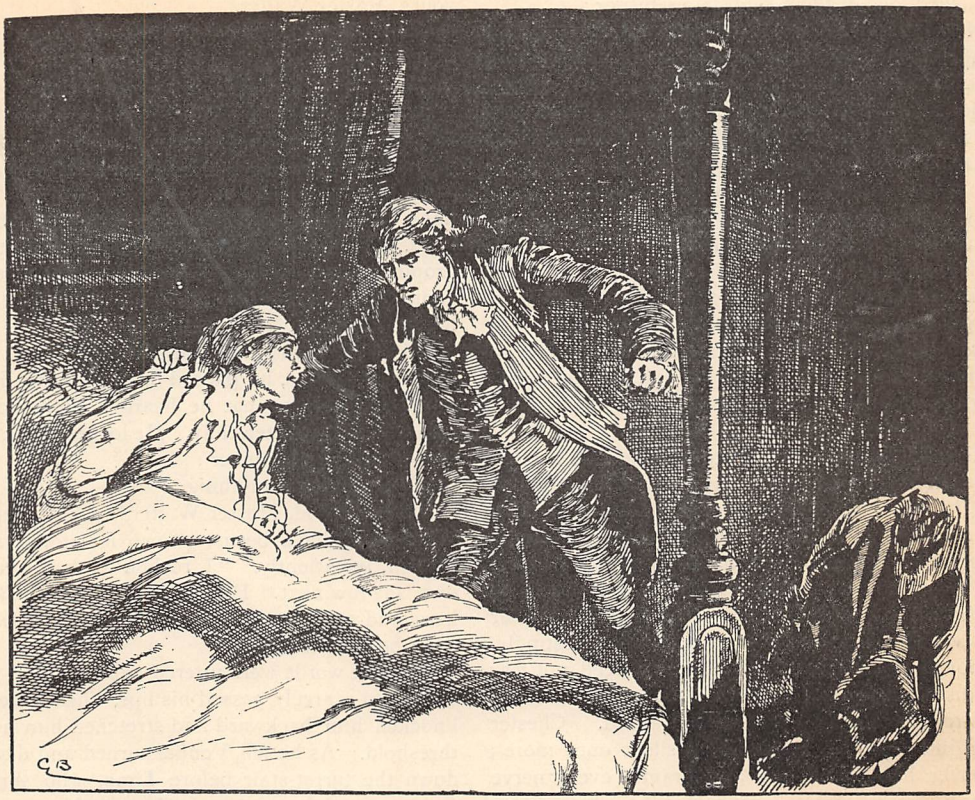
"My daughter," said Dr. Rivers, turning to her, partly to relieve the young man's embarrassment by changing the subject, "you will hardly recollect. She was but an infant when you last saw her."

"For all that, I remember her," replied Chester glancing at Hilda, who was sitting opposite, her face slightly flushed by her interest in this strange meeting of her father with the son of his old friend. Mark thought: "Is this tall, handsome girl, the little crowing thing I can just manage to recall.—Yes, Miss Rivers," he continued aloud, "your father is one of whom I retain the most pleasant recollections. Often have I stood by his side, listening to his tales of giants and fairies."

Hilda smiled. "My father," she answered, "though a man of science, was always great in the literature of fairyland."

"There was one story you used to tell, sir," went on Mark. "A damsel who dwelt in a lonely castle was threatened by some danger, which was averted by the presence of a youth, who by chance wandered that way. You used to ask me if I should like to be the youth, and win some solitary damsel in the same manner. I remember hoping I might do so, and that the story might come true."

Lane shook his head. "Such adventures," he said,



"HE PLACED HIS HAND ON LANE'S SHOULDER, AND SHOOK HIM VIGOROUSLY" (*p.* 262).

with a smile, "belong exclusively to fairyland, and have nothing to do with the every-day world."

"But they say," replied Hilda, "that some things happen in our world which are stranger than any fairy-story."

Gradually the evening wore on. Sometimes the conversation was subdued and sad, while they talked of the calamity which had brought them together; sometimes it assumed a more cheerful tone, as some less gloomy topic presented itself, until at last the little party broke up for the night, and the doctor showed his guests to their rooms.

At the south angle of the building was a turret, down which a winding stair led to a strong, iron-bound door, that opened on the garden. This staircase communicated with two rooms which were usually occupied by Hilda, who had, however, given them up to the use of Chester and his friend, a proceeding against which both gentlemen would no doubt have protested had they been aware of it. The inner room was the sleeping chamber, and a bed had also been put up in the other, which was commonly used as a kind of boudoir.

"I thought you would like to be lodged together," said Doctor Rivers, as he took leave of them. "Good-night, and good repose."

When they were left to themselves, Chester turned to Lane and said: "The doctor is right in thinking a good night's rest the best medicine for me, but for all that, I do not feel I can sleep. Listen to the sea! Does it not sound like the voice of some hungry monster?"

"After to-day, I think it will never sound otherwise to me," answered Lane, "but such thoughts cannot bring the dead to life. Let us lose them for a few hours, if we can."

"Will you take the inner room?" asked Chester. "Good-night, then. I shall remain up for a while; perhaps after a time, I may feel inclined to sleep." Left alone, however, he paced the room for a full hour, at one time recalling the awful moment (more like a fearful dream than aught else), when the ship struck the rock; at another, his strange meeting with his father's old friend; then the beautiful girl from whom he had just parted. He wondered if she were doomed to pass the years, which to one like her should be bright and cheerful, in that dreary place, and these thoughts gradually became more constant than the rest, and occupied his mind to the exclusion of all else.

* * * * *

The doctor, who was as sleepless as Chester, had for some time retired, after a prolonged visit to the disabled sailor, when two men entered the garden.

Stealing to the turret-door, they gently pushed it, and, as it yielded, one of them said, in a whisper :

"All right. The door is open and the light still burning. There goes twelve o'clock. I'll wager all the rest are sleeping as sound as dormice. We must do it quickly, and give her no chance to wake them."

"It's a risky job, Master Walter," muttered his companion. "I don't like it."

"If you're not ready to go through with it, Joe Venner," said Tregarnon, "why did you come?"

"I never said I wouldn't go through with it. I said I didn't like it."

"*I* don't like it either, but there's no other way. We'll get her off to where we left your brother with the horses, and no one the wiser till it's too late to alter anything. *You'll* be safe enough, so come on." Saying this, he stole into the turret.

Meanwhile, Chester had seated himself in a chair near the door that led to the winding stair. Sunk in a reverie, he took no heed of the flight of time, until he started on hearing a clock strike the hour of midnight. A moment after, he thought he heard a sound as of someone stumbling on the stone steps down below. The doctor had spoken of this door before wishing him a good-night, saying, jestingly, that though the key had been lost, he need not fear being disturbed, as the door at the foot of the stairs was strongly fastened and never used. Chester listened intently. At first, all was silent once more ; then, as he held his breath and strained every nerve to catch the slightest sound, he heard footsteps cautiously ascending.

Hastily entering the adjoining room, which was in darkness, he placed his hand on Lane's shoulder, and shook him vigorously.

"Get up at once," he whispered.

Lane was awake in an instant.

"Is it you, Chester?" he said. "What is the matter?"

"Someone is entering the house by the turret."

Lane rose.

"You've been dreaming," he said.

"I've not been asleep. Hush ! Come this way."

He drew him a few paces from the bed, to a spot where, without the light from his own room reaching them, they could command a view of the turret-door. No sooner had they taken up this position, than they saw the handle turn silently.

Tregarnon and his companion, having opened the door a couple of inches, paused to hear if any sound came from within. They then opened it wider, and entered.

"She's not here," said Tregarnon.

"I didn't know," said Joe Venner, nodding towards the bed, "that she slept here."

"Neither did I, but that's no odds. Yonder bed hasn't been slept in to-night. Ay, ay ; this doesn't happen amiss. Maybe she's gone to get a book or something, as she sits reading so late of a night."

"And maybe she heard us coming, and has gone to raise the house. That was an unlucky stumble of yours, Master Walter."

"Pshaw ! All's safe or we should have heard something ourselves before now."

"I hope it is. You see, Master Walter, I'm not in love with the young lady myself, and don't care to run more risk than need be on her account."

"It's dark in there," resumed Tregarnon, pointing to the half-open door of the adjacent room. "She'll have to come back that way. If the door beyond is open, and if she has a light (she's not likely to be groping about without one), we shall see her as she comes along the corridor. Why, man it couldn't have happened better."

While speaking, Tregarnon advanced. Having gone a few paces, he paused once more to listen ; for it seemed to him that he heard a slight noise as of someone moving stealthily. He looked back, and said in a low voice to Venner :

"Did you hear anything?"

"Not a sound, Master Walter," was the reply.

"It must have been my own footsteps," said Tregarnon, impatiently. "I reckon I shall start at my own shadow next. Follow close, Joe. We'll hide in here, and see what happens. At the most, our retreat can't be cut off."

The last words were uttered as he entered the room. They had scarcely passed his lips, when a heavy blow knocked him backward and stretched him across the threshold. As he fell, Venner turned and disappeared down the turret-stair before Lane, who sprang past Chester for that purpose, could seize him.

"Let him go," cried Mark. "Here is one of them safe."

Just then, Tregarnon began to move. Chester had struck with his whole force, and as the young squire sat up and looked about him, he did so in a dazed and stupefied manner. As he rose to his feet, they laid hands upon him, and after a short struggle, he was overpowered and his arms bound with a handkerchief.

"What is the next thing to be done?" asked Lane.

"Call up the doctor," said Chester.

"You'd better let me go without that," cried Tregarnon, "I'm no robber."

"What are you, then?"

"I'm the owner of this house and the ground it stands on, and of many a good acre besides ; and if you don't untie my hands and let me go, I'll have your life for the blow you gave me."

"So you shall, if you are able to take it, and are what you say. But whether you're the owner of the house or not, you've no right to enter it in such a way, and at such an hour. Call the doctor, Lane."

Lane left the room, and in a few moments returned with Doctor Rivers.

As the latter caught sight of Tregarnon, he at first gazed upon him in silent astonishment ; then—as the baffled and disgraced young man hung his head before him—with an indignation as speechless.

"He asserts," said Chester, "that he is no robber."

"It is false," cried Stephen Rivers; "he *is* a robber ; a baser one than any common thief. But unbind him,

and let him depart. Now, Walter Tregarnon, be thankful that in consideration for my daughter's feelings, I overlook this outrage."

Tregarnon made no reply; but as soon as he was set at liberty, slunk from the room without a word.

Next day, he left home and did not return for a month, by which time Mount Kerris was once more without a tenant. Doctor Rivers, partly yielding to persuasion, but chiefly moved by concern for his daughter's peace of mind, also left the neighbourhood, to return no more. He took up his residence at a quiet spot on the border of a wide Surrey heath. Here Mark Chester was a frequent visitor, and in little more than a year, Hilda became his wife. Whether the success of his suit was in any degree due to the part he had played in the affair at Pencalis, I cannot affirm; but Hilda said to him, with one of her quiet smiles:

"It is like the story my father used to tell. You came to the lonely castle, averted the danger that threatened the solitary maiden, and won her. So you had your wish, and the old tale has come true."

NEW MOUNT MELLICK WORK.

BY JOSEPHA CRANE, AUTHOR OF "MOUNT MELLICK EMBROIDERY," ETC. ETC.

DESIGN FOR SMALL TABLE-CLOTH.

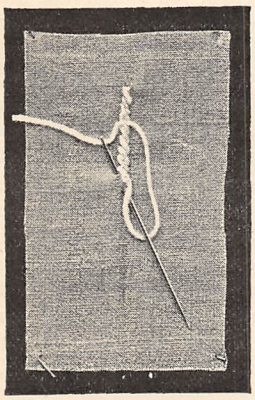


FIG. 1.—ROPE-STITCH.

STRICTLY speaking, these stitches are not new, but are revivals of old stitches often employed in the work called Mount Mellick; but they may be new to many who have read my article in CASSELL'S MAGAZINE for January, 1892, and in their adaptation the novel effects depend upon the taste and skill of the embroiderer.

The small table-cloth which you see in the largest illustration is made of common holland, which costs about eightpence a yard. The cotton used is Strutt's knitting cotton; Nos. 10 and 12 are very suitable. In the little cloth there is a great variety of stitches, as you will notice, and of several of these I will give clear directions for working.

Before doing so, however, I must remark that in doing Mount Mellick upon a coloured material I am not keeping to the strict law of this embroidery, which decrees that it should be done upon white, and white only. However, as it looks remarkably well upon holland, I do not see why it should not be worked upon it; and I also advise the same designs, stitches, and work generally being done upon the coloured linens which are so greatly gaining ground now. You can get them in many charming colours—navy-blue, butchers' blue, heliotrope, etc. etc.; and if you will only try the effect of Mount Mellick work done in knitting cotton as usual upon them, you will be very much pleased. As the linen is strong, it is excellent as a foundation for this work, which requires that to

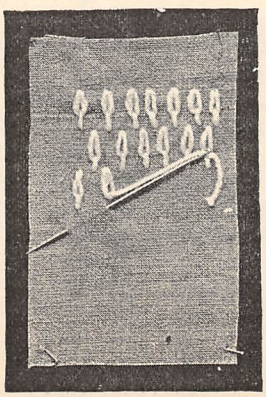


FIG. 2.—LOOP-STITCH.

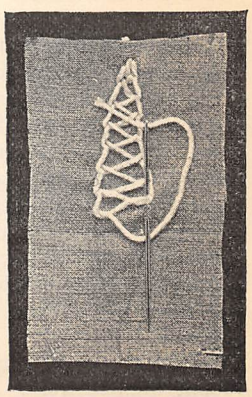


FIG. 3.—TRELLIS-STITCH.

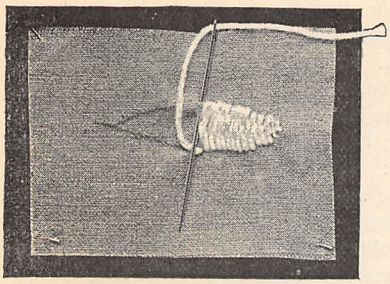


FIG. 4.—INDIAN FILLING.

be of a stout material. On thin stuffs the work is too heavy to look well, and it draws the material up, and wrinkles are the result, and its washing badly is another.

The shape of this cloth is long. It is a yard long and twenty-three inches across the ends, without the lace. This shape is obtaining very much for afternoon tea-cloths, as a variety from the square. As the holland is cheap, the knitting cotton costs but a few pence, and the bordering lace is also very inexpensive, you will see that the cloth does not cost much money, though it takes a little time to execute.

All the conventional transfer patterns are good for Mount Mellick work, which should always be done in conventional designs, all others being extremely inappropriate. These can be ironed off with a cool iron, and are, as a rule, extremely good and artistic.

Satin-stitch, well padded, button-hole-stitch, etc., are in this cloth, and form a relief which stands out above the rest of the work. As these have been explained before, I will go on to the other stitches here used, and which are illustrated with the needle left in the

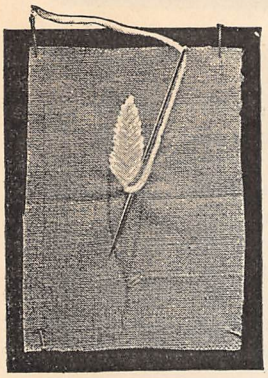


FIG. 5.—PLAIT-STITCH.

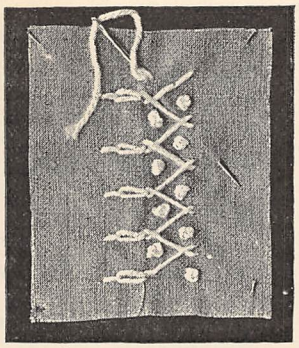


FIG. 6.—LOOPED HERRING-BONE-STITCH.

actual work—the best method, I consider, of teaching or learning any given work.

Fig. 1 shows rope-stitch, which, if neatly executed, is useful and pretty, and if uneven is certainly not the latter. Begin as if you were going to work chain-stitch, but instead of placing your needle in the loop, put it at the left side of the stitch and draw it through the loop of cotton. Take a magnifying-glass if you cannot make out distinctly how this is done, and note that each slanting stitch lies close to the one before and after it. If you allow any gaps it spoils the evenness.

In Fig. 2 you will see a stitch that is most useful in Mount Mellick work. It is called loop-stitch, and sometimes daisy-stitch, because it often serves to make an actual daisy, each stitch representing a petal—only for this purpose you would make the loop much longer and the stitch that fastens it down shorter than in this illustration. It is used, when longer, as the spikes of wheat-ears. Make a long row of rope-stitch first of all, and then loop your stitches slanting and at short intervals, sometimes one on each side, and at other times two on each side. For this purpose, the stitch fastening it down may be longer. Done as you see it in the illustration, it is a very useful stitch for filling up large spaces, the interior of leaves, etc. etc. Never crowd your stitches together, as if you do they lose their distinctness; and always take care to have the rows very even—the stitches in between the preceding rows, and never placed one under another. You can also use this stitch for forming the veins of a leaf; and another good way is to make one half of your leaf entirely of this stitch, the loops radiating in a slant from the centre vein, and allowing each loop to be by the side of the others, the points coming to the edge. Some people use a thicker number of cotton for this stitch, and it is a good plan if your pattern is large and the space to be filled is also large. For smaller designs, what you are working with answers admirably.

Trellis-stitch is shown in Fig. 3, and this will be a very special favourite with the worker who likes "quick returns" from a small expenditure of labour. Begin at the tip and work from side to side, always keeping your cotton under your needle and putting your needle into the preceding stitch, as this keeps the latter firmly in its place. I have varied this stitch myself by making a line of stitching right up the middle, and thus fastening the trellis down, but it looks very well as you see it here. A leaf may be very nicely done if, after the trellis is finished, you button-hole the edges down, widely or narrowly, according to your fancy.

Indian filling is the name of the stitch in Fig. 4. The needle goes through the material only at the edges of the leaf or petal, and not at all in the middle. Look at the way the needle is placed, and note that the cotton lies under it. Having done this, draw your needle out, and then take up the same amount of the material—just a few threads—as that taken before, and this is done behind the thread of the last stitch. Then keep your cotton to the left, and work as in illustration. You can pad this stitch if you like to have it in relief; but if you do so, remember only to place your padding in the middle of the leaf, and to allow an edge on both sides through which the needle goes from side to side.

Plait-stitch is seen in Fig. 5. The stitch is not done like the feather-stitching, shown in the former article, as the cotton is over the needle, and

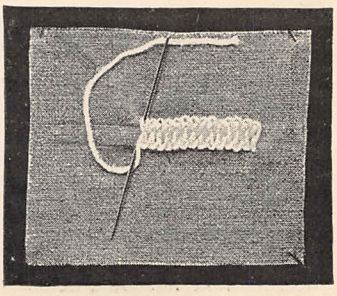


FIG. 7.—CABLE-PLAIT-STITCH.

instead of all the stitches being exactly in the middle, each stitch is taken a little at the side of the last. Work from side to side, and never put two stitches or more on one side, and not the same number on the other, but carefully alternating each stitch.

In Fig. 6 I have shown how common herring-bone can be utilised to form a pretty stitch, very little of the material being taken up by the needle. Loops are placed at the top of the stitches, as shown in the illustration, if for a border, and on both sides of the herring-bone if for an insertion. French knots are placed, as you will see, in the spaces; and, though described in the former article, I have left the needle in one of the knots, in case the worker has not that article before her. After taking your needle up through the material, twist your cotton once or twice, according to its thickness and the size of the knot you wish to make, and then put the needle in again close, but not into where you drew it out in the first place.

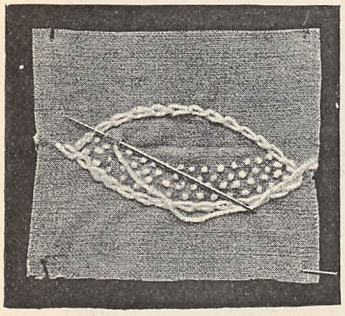


FIG. 8.—*POINT SABLÉ.*

Cable-plait-stitch (Fig. 7) is not easy to learn. Having put your needle behind the cotton, you give it a twist and bring it up to the edge. This twist forms the loop. Then bring your needle out as you see in the illustration, and then proceed, after withdrawing it, by making your twist close to the work.

In Fig. 8 is a leaf outlined in ordinary chain-stitch, and filled up with what is called *Point Sablé.* Now, this stitch is easy to do, and is more knack than anything else. It is just like a simple back-stitch, but is not that in reality, because a back-stitch is taken perfectly straight in exactly the same line of the material—the thread, I might say—as the one out of which your cotton comes. But in *point sablé* you take the stitch at an infinitesimal angle (just the difference of one thread, perhaps), and that makes it round and like a grain of sand—hence its name—and not flat like a seed. When well done it is very pretty, but when flat it is very ugly. Always see that your stitch comes between two others and not under those you have worked, excepting when you fill up an awkward corner of where the leaf slopes, and then you have to manage, perhaps, one stitch above three, and not between two, on account of the space not permitting you to do it. But even then you must try and not get stitches close to each other, though, possibly, one would have to be above another to start the row, as you will see would have to be the case when beginning the fifth row in the leaf before you.

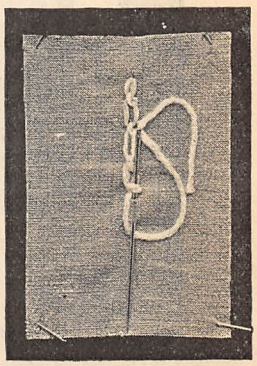


FIG. 9.—CABLE-STITCH.

Cable-stitch (Fig. 9) is the last which I shall describe. Make a chain, and then, putting your needle under the cotton you have withdrawn, give it a twist, and place your needle as you see in the illustration. The little twist makes the link between the chain loops. It is a useful stitch for stems, filling in surfaces, tendrils, etc.

A TALK WITH SIR GEORGE REID, P.R.S.A.

BY RAYMOND BLATHWAYT.

SIR GEORGE REID, the President of the Royal Scotch Academy, is distinctly one of the most interesting artistic subjects of the day; and Scottish art, which to a very recent period lagged far behind that of all other countries, has become at a single bound the most remarkable in Europe. The Charter of 1838, by which a number of clever men had tied themselves up so tightly that they had no power of movement, has been recently revised. Sir George Reid has become the President of the Academy; there is no limit now to the number of Associates; and the elections in the early part of last year have brought the hitherto hostile New Glaswegians—the passionists of the North, as I have heard them called—pouring into the Academy. The old-fashioned traditions of the old-fashioned Scottish school—and no school on earth was ever more hide-bound, convention-tied—are fast passing away, and with a not unnatural reaction, everything is new, daring, exaggerated, eccentric, but yet full of hope, promise, and rare ability.

And at the head of this Academy, calmly, quietly watching the wondrous revival, stands Sir George Reid, a man with a fine past, a bright present, a brilliant future. A tall, handsome, grey-bearded man, in the very prime of life, with strong original ideas, to which he gives expression in a slow quiet voice: a man utterly without self-consciousness or conceit, and full of consideration for and hopefulness concerning the work of the rising young artists of the day: Sir

SIR GEORGE REID'S EDINBURGH STUDIO.

George Reid is very naturally one of the most popular, as well as one of the most prominent, figures in Scotland to-day.

"Ah!" said he, as he handed me a long clay pipe, on which the maker had stamped the legend "Carlyle's Pipe," "Scottish art has undergone a great change of late years, and even more remarkable is the way in which art and the artist are regarded by Scottish society of to-day. Fifty years ago it was hardly respectable to be an artist. Scott's 'Dick Tinto' was a fair specimen of the artist of his day, who was regarded by the strict Presbyterian as 'pretty sure to come to a bad end.' But the change in Scottish art itself is even more remarkable; and though, perhaps, the new Glasgow school thinks rather more of itself than foreigners think of it, yet it is a great advance on the old Scotch traditions of the Wilkie order. The men of that generation looked at Teniers, Poussin, Salvator, or Claude, not at Nature; and though that school undoubtedly produced clever men, yet now it is quite dead. The new school goes to Paris, stays a few months in some *atelier*, picks up the *blague*, the slang of the French studio, learns superficial tricks, and many of the vices but few of the virtues that you see in the French painting of to-day."

"Quite what Sir Frederick Leighton once said to me," I replied. "They come back with a French accent in their work."

"Yes," said Sir George; "but yet it is very clever work; what they want is a longer training. And what

SIR GEORGE REID, P.R.S.A.
(*From a photograph by Mr. Alexr. A. Inglis, Edinburgh*)

our Academy ought to do is to supply them with that training. Here we have no assistance, no money, and we charge no fees. We have a life school, but we ought to have an antique school also, and then we could deal with our men properly. In fact, our men when they leave us are not half trained. Art should be a handicraft as well as an art. An artist must know how to use his hands and materials. Our young Glasgow men, who call themselves impressionists, are just feeling their way, and when they are able to walk on their own feet there will be some fine results. Hitherto the Scottish artist has been as a pagan 'suckled on some creed out-worn.' What they want is *thoroughness* and patience. My own training has been a very thorough one," continued Sir George, in reply to a question I put him, as he refilled his churchwarden and stretched himself at full length on his sofa. "At twelve and a half years of age I was apprenticed to a lithographer in Aberdeen. I came to Edinburgh in 1861, and entered the Board of Trustees' School of Painting at the Royal Institution on my twentieth birthday. I started my artistic career as a landscape painter, and would have scouted the idea of painting portraits. However, I gradually came to the realisation that, as a rule, the *drawing* in landscape was very faulty and weak. I felt that a landscape painter should go in for a good *figure* education, and so be able to draw *anything*. I therefore went in carefully for that branch of art, returned to Aberdeen, and began landscape painting and occasional portraits. Gradually my portraits elbowed my landscapes out of the field. Which shows how little command a man has over destiny," thoughtfully remarked my host. "I don't regret it. Portrait painting has been most interesting to me, and has brought me many friends. Take some of them, for instance. There is George Macdonald. He used to be a thorough Aberdonian; and even now, when he goes North, he forgets his cosmopolitan existence, and relapses into the fine old Doric of his early days. He told me that he was always Scotch when he wanted to be humorous or pathetic in his writings; he couldn't be so in English.

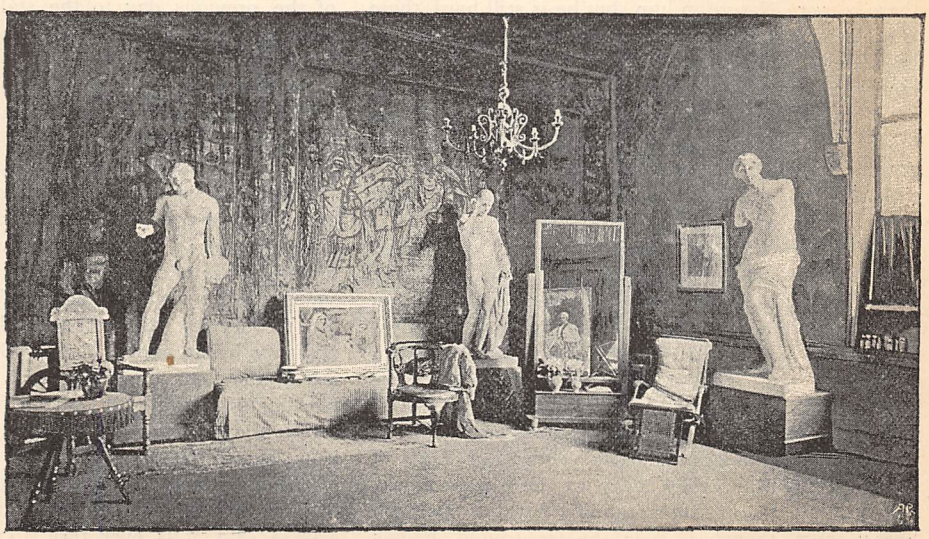
"He is frequently as much of a mystic in his talk as in his books. I used to live with him in the house which William Morris now occupies at Hammersmith. It was then called 'The Retreat.' Then there was that grand fellow Tulloch, of St. Andrews. He suffered from nervousness and depression, but he was always interesting. A noble character! Dear old John Brown—the author of 'Rab and his Friends,' you know. Do you know how he came to write that book? It arose from a lecture which he delivered to some young men. I painted my last portrait of him in four hours; he could give me no longer time. Froude, too, I knew well. Carlyle died at the very time I was painting him, and Froude told me some time afterwards that the very things in his 'Life of Carlyle' which have been most decried had actually been read over and revised by Carlyle himself. I remember once Froude and I were playing tennis in the square, when Carlyle came in to look for him. Froude, who was enthusiastic about the game, hid in the bushes as soon as he saw Carlyle coming. The old philosopher looked round the square, grunted, and went away. He and Froude had a hearty laugh about it afterwards."

"I suppose," I remarked, "that portrait painting helps a man to become a good reader of character?"

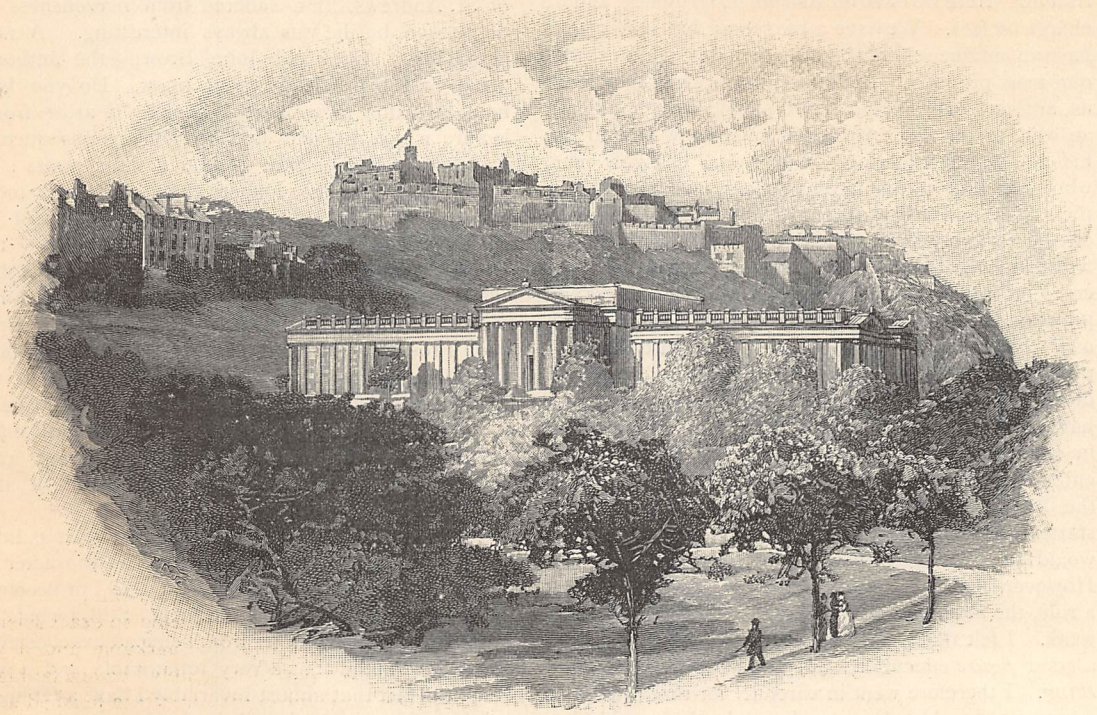
"Certainly," replied Sir George. "I am becoming quite an expert in judging of a face. Still, I would say this: that phrenology is far from being an exact science; and I have noted it as a very remarkable and a very delightful fact that almost invariably I have a far higher opinion of my sitter when the portrait is finished and I have learnt to know him than I had formed on a first sight of him. Take my word for it, there is a wonderful lot of good in human nature."

"And what do you think of portrait painting nowadays, Sir George?"

"It is decidedly promising, and you see much that is really good. But, oh dear!" he continued, as he rose from his chair and began to walk up and down the room, "who can excel that wonderful Velasquez?



THE ABERDEEN STUDIO.



THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY, EDINBURGH.

(From a photograph by Mr. Alexr. A. Inglis, Edinburgh.)

No man of to-day can come up to him. I would rather go to him than to anyone else. But you'll never understand him till you go to Madrid, and see him there. Sixty of his finest paintings. There you have him in his early, his middle, and his late period. The early is tight and hard, violent in light and shade. In his middle period you begin to feel a new sort of idea: there is more Nature in him, but he is still hard, there is no looseness. But gradually towards the end how he softens and tones down, and yet what intense reality there is! Can't you *feel* how *actual* his people are?" cried the now fairly excited artist, as he pointed to the wall upon which hung some splendid photographic reproductions of Velasquez's finest works.

And then, branching off for a moment, Sir George turned to me, and said—

"Why do Whistler's portraits attract so much? Because," he continued, replying to his own question, "they are ghosts, they are shadows. It is as if you went into a crowded drawing-room, and saw a ghost flitting here and there amongst the actualities of warm flesh and blood. That is why Whistler's portraits are so remarkable; they are not people, but ghosts. And now to come back to our friend Velasquez. Notice the wonderful landscape in that 'Peter and Paul' of his; look up that valley, away up, the distant mountains and the nearer ridges running down towards the stream, that, though it is in the foreground, he has dared to paint so very thinly and slightly. But you see in that picture all the quality of infinity that you see in Turner's work."

By this time I stood in a vast studio beneath a fine *replica* of the *Venus de Milo*; opposite me was a portrait of Professor Blackie, very characteristic, a charming work of art.

"Was he a good sitter?" I asked, recalling my visit of the previous day to the stalwart old Scotchman, who had paraded his study singing and talking the whole time.

Sir George fairly laughed.

"He is a delightful man, but a dreadful sitter. As old Lady —— said to me the other day, 'It's just like trying to catch a flea in a blanket.'"

I noticed with great appreciation some exquisite groups of flowers which Sir George had painted in the past summer: roses thrown together in one vast tumbled mass of colour, upon which a splash of golden sunlight fell, revealing the beautiful tints and throwing the flowers out distinct and clear against a dim shadowy background. As Sir George that night saw me to the door, through which a soft wet wind was blowing from the west, where far off twinkled the mystic warning lights of May, and Fiddra, and Inverkeith, he said laughingly to me—

"Many young fellows come to our Academy, but they do not stay in old Scotland; for, as the old woman said, it is ever true, 'Train up a child, and away he do go.'"

A TYPE OF ENGLISH BEAUTY.
(From a photograph by Messrs. Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.)

AN OLD MAID'S SECRET.

MISS MARY JONES was an old maid. What causes had led to that result it boots not here to say, but the fact remains that she was a spinster of the mature age of sixty years. But "mature" was never the right word to apply to Miss Mary. She seemed always immature. From her teens she had been docile, pliant, and easily led, and now at sixty she still seemed hardly grown-up. She was still pretty, even dainty, to look at. Her snow-white hair was arranged as deftly as it had been at sixteen, and she blushed as readily now as then.

Miss Mary Jones lived in a dowdy London suburb with only one servant, older than herself—Betsy Mills. Miss Mary was, so report said, the daughter of a sea-captain, and had been "brought up for a lady;" but nobody knew much more of her than this. Betsy Mills was close, and Miss Mary was not given to gossip, but, as the local parlance went, "kept herself to herself."

The two women lived in one of those ugly little four-roomed, semi-detached "villa residences" which abound in unfashionable suburbs, with an uninviting-looking strip of lawn and oyster-shells in front, and an equally unpleasant slug-ridden plot behind. But Miss Mary, who was fond of gardening, had trained a pretty yellow jessamine over the rickety porch, and she liked the oyster-shells because "they reminded her of the sea." Betsy Mills, a hard-featured, tall old woman, as lean as a scarecrow, though she was hard as adamant

to everyone else, rarely spoke otherwise than softly to her mistress. She humoured her fads, respected her weaknesses, and never scolded her except when necessary. "Miss Mary," she always called her, with almost a tender inflection in her voice, and hence the neighbours also never spoke of her as anything else than "Miss Mary."

Miss Mary was charitable to a fault. Her house was a very refuge of the destitute. To it flocked all the beggars and impostors in the neighbourhood, sure of relief. No tale was too feeble, no story too disjointed, to impose upon this tender-hearted old lady. Betsy, who saw through everything, and who was made of material as stern as Miss Mary's was soft, regarded herself as a shield interposed by heaven to protect her mistress, who would otherwise long ago have flung her whole substance to a crowd of greedy beggars. But even she could not prevent Miss Mary's continual raids on the scanty larder.

"Ye'd leave nothing at all for yerself," she grumbled, "if I didn't look after yer like a mother, and be for ever at yer back."

Miss Mary paid no attention to these gibes. As long as she had anything in her larder she would share it, let Betsy say what she would; and Betsy loved her too well to seriously remonstrate. So the crowd of beggars kept on coming, till hardly a day passed without seeing some recipient of Miss Mary's bounty.

Sometimes it was a man—Betsy perfectly hated men!—an "out-of-work," tracking in dirty feet all over the place; sometimes an aged female in rusty black, describing herself as "a relative and scion of the late Duke of Wellington," smelling horribly of gin, who would persist in staying through two whole meals, and giving Miss Mary more than enough of her company, scion though she were. Or, as if this were not enough, Miss Mary would occasionally pick up lost children whom she found crying in the streets and bring them home, to Betsy's indignation and her own confusion; for they would generally sit crying after the manner of lost children, and refuse to eat, until called for by their parents. Through this same charitable officiousness Miss Mary once found herself in the position of nearly having a parish baby saddled upon her altogether, but this Betsy refused to allow, putting her foot down firmly for once. "She ain't nothing but a baby herself, bless yer, sir," she informed the police sergeant on that memorable occasion. But the fact was Miss Mary had a softer heart even than usual where children were concerned. All the children ran after her gladly—her very name suggested to them toffee and other sticky joys. Tramps used systematically to invent large families as a claim on her compassion: for Miss Mary's was a large-hearted charity that did not criticise.

"Oh, Betsy!" she said, hurrying up to her "mentor" with tears in her eyes, "here's a poor woman come to the door with matches. She's got a drunken husband and sixteen children—one of them a triplet—all of tender age."

"Sixteen, has she? Ah! that's one thing they can all 'ave," grumbled Betsy, unmoved, as she wended her way upstairs with her broom.

There was a diplomacy in Betsy's departure. If Miss Mary *would* give away the poor contents of the larder again, let *her* not be there to see. A set of greedy, grasping wretches! Mutinous, she seized the broom with vigour and began to sweep her mistress's bedroom. It was a plain, unpretending little room enough, everything neat but very old, the paint worn off everywhere, but scrupulously tidy and old-maidish, with a sort of character of its own that bore no relation to Mrs. Panton. The bed, covered with a scanty blue cotton quilt, had hung over it an antiquated engraving of Raphael's "St. Catherine." In the small book-case were a worn Testament and the poems of Tennyson and of Byron, a faded blue satin marker inside the latter; while on the mantelpiece were curious Indian shells, such as children love to listen to, and a photograph, yellowed with age, of a handsome young fellow in naval uniform. Over this was pinned a bunch of white everlastings.

Betsy took up the photograph and dusted it tenderly, laying it back with a sigh. She guessed her mistress's sorrow of bygone years, and, though she herself had no sympathy with such things, yet, by a strange concatenation of ideas, this knowledge made her more than ever tender with Miss Mary now. "Poor soul! poor soul!" she murmured to herself, as faint sounds proceeded from the kitchen, and Miss Mary's kind voice alternated with profuse thanks from the mother of the sixteen infants and the triplet.

Yes, Miss Mary had a romance—a tenderly-cherished, well-nurtured romance, which was at once her delight and her woe, and which grew but stronger as the years wore on. At twenty she had loved a sailor-lad, a handsome young naval lieutenant, who had gone out to the West Indies and had never returned. There had been a sort of tacit engagement: at any rate, Miss Mary had given away her whole heart—so much so that she had never had any of it to spare for the suitors who came after. Stories, indeed, reached her from time to time about her love. People said he had been wild. Some even hinted that he had deserted her. Miss Mary, in her fond loyalty, refused to believe these tales, and clung, with a quivering lip, to the idea of his early death.

"Or if he be wandering about the world somewhere," she said once, in a burst of unwonted confidence to Betsy, "he may perhaps come back one day."

"Why, you wouldn't know him after all these years, even if he was alive," said Betsy.

"Know him! of course I should," said Miss Mary. "He will find me in the old place—he will know where to come; so, dear Betsy, leave the door always open."

But this Betsy firmly declined to do. She was "not going to risk having her wits frightened out of her by thieves," she declared, "whatever Miss Mary might say or do." So she drew the line at the garden gate, and always left *that* unfastened. If this ill-advised proceeding gave tramps admittance into the tool-house or coal-cellar, why, what matter! "They was Miss

Mary's coals: she might do as she liked." Sometimes destitute old ladies would use the coal-cellar as a kind of casual ward, and condescend to spend a night there, leaving the remains of their breakfasts and a few of their rags as presents behind them. Betsy bore it all uncomplainingly, knowing what "Miss Mary's trouble" had been.

"It was a mercy," she thought to herself, "that it didn't take her in no other way."

But to Miss Mary herself the "trouble," in course of years, became almost a joy. It faded from a blood-red intensity to a roseate after-glow. She hugged herself, so to speak, with the recollection of what had been. Her youthful lover became brighter, fairer, dearer even than ever he had been in the far-away reality. She envied not the lot of other women, with husbands, babies, grown-up sons. Their life-partners were commonplace as compared with hers, glorified into the regions of romance, "orbed into the perfect star" of forty years ago.

"He was brave, handsome, chivalrous," she would say to herself, mentally comparing her lover of former years with Mrs. Brown's burly coal-merchant or Mrs. Minns's drunken boor.

And as for other women's babies, their charms also paled by contrast with Miss Mary's "dream-children." The fond maternal feeling that is the basis of every true woman's life found its echo even here, and the little old lady's imaginary darlings helped to make her days less empty. "My boy Claude would have been just twenty-five, my daughter Emmeline just twenty, and how like her father!" she would murmur, when in the glimmering twilight she would imagine these treasures beside her, in the land of what "might-have-been." But Miss Mary's elation was all for the solitude of her own heart. Like her namesake of old, she hid all these things. Only Betsy knew or guessed at a quarter of her poor old mistress's fancies.

Time wore on, and it seemed as if nothing would occur to disturb the even tenor of the two solitary women's lives—that they would go down to the grave in an uneventful and peaceful silence. But Fate willed otherwise. One night—it was in early autumn—Miss Mary was aroused at nine o'clock by a loud knocking at the outer door. It was Sunday night, and she was alone in the house. The faithful Betsy had gone to her Primitive Methodists, and Miss Mary, who had been ailing of late with a cough, had not attended her usual Sunday evening service at church. The loud knocking startled her, as we said—she was a nervous soul—and she opened the door timidly. A rough-looking man stood there, his gaunt figure showing black against the moonlight.

"For God's sake, hide me here for a few minutes," he pleaded hoarsely, "till the police have gone by. Let me in, or, by heaven, I may as well throw up the game!"

Miss Mary's heart thumped loudly. The police! For all her charitableness, she had drawn the line hitherto at thieves. But the man's face was white, and she heard a clattering of feet down the road—probably the police. Betsy, the guardian angel, was out of the way—humanity, as usual, won over prudence—Miss Mary opened the door.

"You may lie on these rugs in the kitchen," she said to him kindly, "and to-morrow I will bring you some breakfast if you will go away early before my servant gets up."

The man murmured incoherent thanks. Miss Mary, being nervous, forbore to look at him, and retired to her own apartment, not without some qualms of conscience. Betsy, who came in later with the latch-key from chapel, suspected nothing, but Miss Mary's evil fate willed that, towards the small hours of the morning, she should wake up hungry. Being a frail, timid old lady, she slept lightly, and now, remembering that the biscuits were downstairs on the dining-room sideboard, she wandered downstairs in search of them. She had forgotten for the moment all about her last night's visitor, and slipped down as noiselessly as a mouse. But what was her horror to see by the faint morning light, at the half-open dining-room door, a figure moving? Miss Mary, as she stifled a little shriek, recognised the man she had befriended. He was holding her silver teapot up to the light and inspecting it carefully—the same silver teapot bought by its poor owner during her brief period of happiness, forty years ago. She had invested her savings in it, prior to her expected marriage.

"What, would you rob me?" thought Miss Mary, and her heart waxed fierce.

Rob *her*, who had so long befriended the needy and the destitute! But, like Bishop Myriel with his silver candlesticks, her anger was of short duration. She would let the man go. Probably he needed the silver more than she, and so strange are the workings of the human mind, that she remembered, even in that moment of fear, how her mother had always said that brown fourpenny teapots made the best tea.

She was still standing as if spellbound, afraid to move, when the man happened to turn his head, and the light fell full on to his face. It was only an old man's face, worn, gaunt, surrounded by grizzled hair and beard, and marked by sin and crime, with something, perhaps, as many criminals' faces have, that seemed to recall better days:—

> "In the morning light his face for a moment
> Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier manhood." *

Miss Mary looked, looked again, and, like Phineus of old with the Medusa's head, she seemed to turn to stone. Then her legs tottered under her, the dawn became black before her eyes, and she fell down on the rickety stairs in a dead faint.

Betsy, coming cautiously downstairs a few hours later, and preparing to scold her mistress for forgetting to fasten the shutters, nearly tripped over a little fragile, shrivelled heap, cold and unconscious, wrapped in its well-known darned dressing-gown.

Miss Mary recovered with Betsy's loving care. Her visitor of last night had made himself scarce, and, whether startled by the noise of Miss Mary's fall, or by

* Longfellow's "Evangeline."

a few rays of lingering grace in his own conscience, had left the precious silver teapot. So, beyond saying that she had had a fright last night, and being reprimanded for not putting the teapot away, nothing further, to all appearance at least, resulted to Miss Mary.

But the bright old lady faded and became older from that day. Her step sounded less alert, her voice less brisk. The children in the streets scarcely recognised their benefactress: she seemed to have lost the joy of life. Betsy was in despair; she alternately coaxed and scolded her darling.

"Do you want to die," she complained, "and leave yer poor old Betsy? You can 'ave the kitchen brimful o' tramps, my sweet, if you'il only git well an' laugh again."

Miss Mary looked at her sadly.

"No, Betsy," she said, "don't want me to live. I'm sorry to leave you, dear, but it seems as if something had gone here," pointing to her heart with a pathetic gesture. "Something seems to have snapped inside me. Life doesn't seem the same to me any more now. I don't know how it is."

Miss Mary did not know, but it had only happened to her as it happens to many. She had lost her romance—the love-story which had been the life of her life was gone—

It had for so long been a part of her, entwined with her very being, that, like the ivy parasite with the oak, it had involved in its destruction the life beneath it.

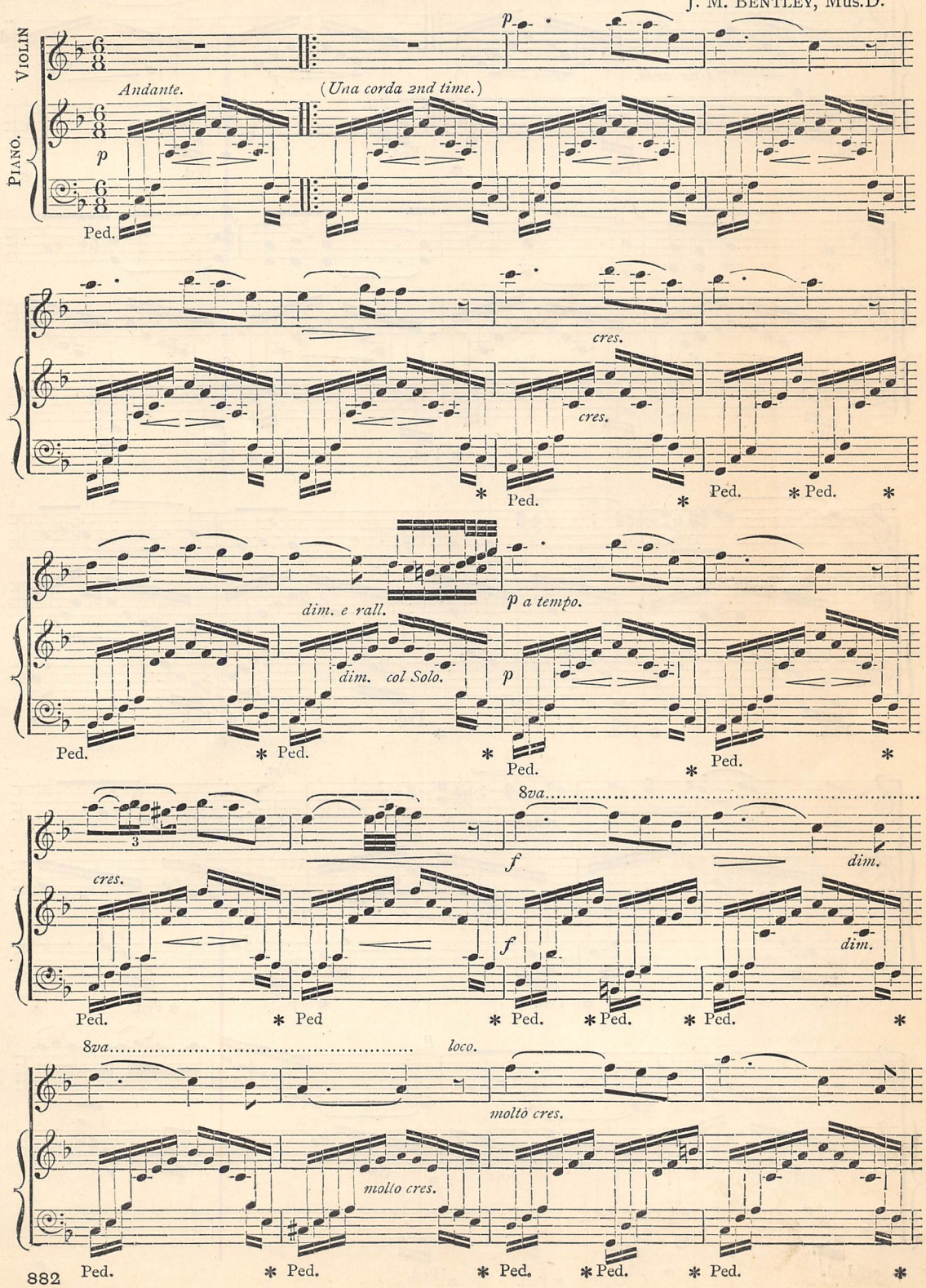
Miss Mary sickened and died, the local physician said of languor. Not even old Betsy Mills, who mourned for her more than the children and the beggars themselves, could have guessed at another reason.

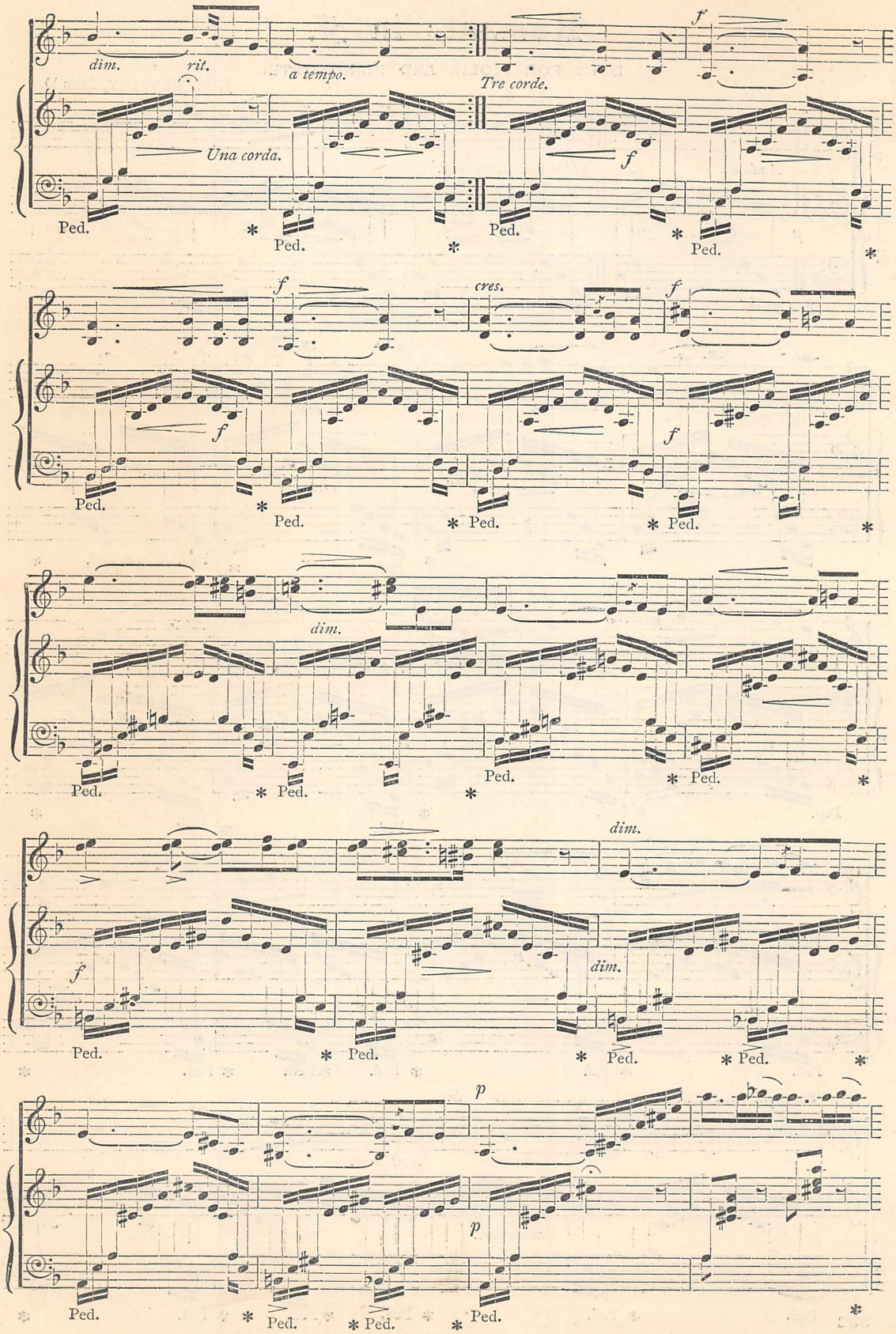
"MISS MARY, AS SHE STIFLED A LITTLE SHRIEK, RECOGNISED THE MAN SHE HAD BEFRIENDED" (*p.* 271).

Romance in F.

DUET FOR VIOLIN AND PIANOFORTE.

J. M. Bentley, Mus.D.

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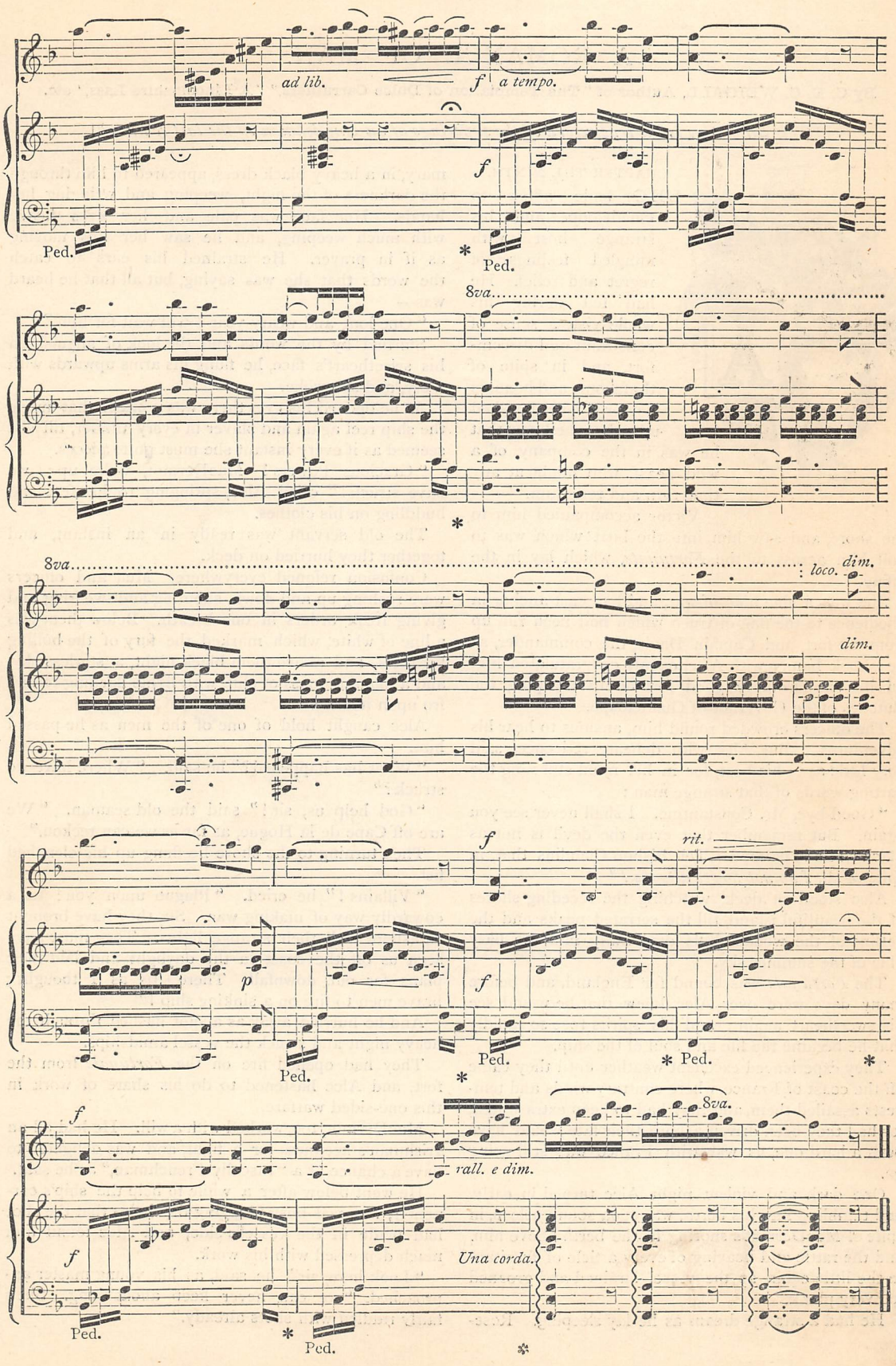
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A ROMANCE OF MAN.

By C. E. C. WEIGALL, Author of "The Temptation of Dulce Carruthers," "A Lincolnshire Lass," etc.

["*This little story is the true record of the sufferings of an Englishman in the last century.*"]

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

ALEC bade adieu to Guadeloupe and his strange host with mingled feelings of regret and relief. He had felt during his whole visit a sense of constraint and discomfort, and in spite of the favours and honours Victor Hugues lavished upon him, he knew that he was in the company of a wild beast, who might at any time turn and rend him.

Victor accompanied him to the shore, and saw him into the boat which was to pull him across to the *Fortunate*, which lay in the offing.

She was a fine man-of-war, and had cast anchor in obedience to the flag of truce which had been run up from the fort, and Captain Davis, the commander, as he shook hands with Alec, openly congratulated him on his extraordinary good fortune in escaping the clutches of the Governor of Guadeloupe.

The officers crowded round him, anxious to hear his adventures. But Alec, with delicate reticence, said very little as to his host, for in his mind still rang the parting words of that strange man:

"Good-bye, Mr. Constantine. I shall never see you again. But remember that even the devil is not as black as he is painted. Tell Bishop Claudius that, in spite of all, *I do not forget always!*"

Alec stood on deck, watching the receding shores of the beautiful island, till the serrated peaks and the outline of the wooded hills died away into the hazy blue of the summer sky.

The *Fortunate* was bound for England, and before many days were over Alec knew that he would see his sweetheart again; and his spirits rose so rapidly that he became the life and soul of the ship.

They experienced excellent weather until they came off the coast of France, where contrary winds and tempests assailed them, and they had to keep extra watch, for had they been driven ashore their fate would have been a hard one, as war with France was still going on.

One dark and violent night Alec turned in early, and tumbling into his berth, was soon sound asleep, in spite of MacDermot's snoring in the berth above him, and the rattle and heaving of every article of furniture in the little cabin as the vessel strained and groaned in every plank.

He had a strange dream as he lay sleeping. Rosemary, in a heavy black dress, appeared to him through the darkness of the night, weeping and wringing her hands. Her face was pale and her eyes heavy with much weeping, and he saw her lips moving as if in prayer. He strained his ears to catch the words that she was saying, but all that he heard was—

"One long and weary year I will wait for him."

Startled by the words and the look of anguish on his sweetheart's face, he flung his arms upwards with a cry, and so awoke.

As he opened his eyes there was a crash that made the ship reel again and shiver in every timber, till she seemed as if every instant she must go to pieces.

"Gracious Powers! MacDermot, wake up; we have struck!" cried Alec, springing to his feet and huddling on his clothes.

The old servant was ready in an instant, and together they hurried on deck.

Confusion reigned everywhere. Men and officers were rushing up and down, shouting and swearing and giving fresh orders in one breath. Below them was a line of white, which marked the fury of the boiling breakers, and above them black night, a starless sky, and a looming mass of cliff, with lights flashing to and fro upon its face.

Alec caught hold of one of the men as he passed him.

"What has happened?" he said. "Where have we struck?"

"God help us, sir!" said the old seaman. "We are off Cape de la Hogue, as far as we can reckon."

Then turning to the shore he flung up his clenched fist.

"Villains!" he cried. "Plague upon you! 'tis a cowardly way of making war. Sir, they have brought us ashore with their strange lights. They must have seen us off the coast in the daylight and laid their plans for our downfall. There, 'tis as I thought; brave men to fire on a sinking ship!"

And he hurried away as a shot flashed through the heavy night and struck the vessel amidships.

They had opened fire on the *Fortunate* from the fort, and Alec hastened to do his share of work in this one-sided warfare.

MacDermot, too, worked with a will. He had all an Irishman's keenness for a fight, and was delighted to have a chance at a "rascally Frenchman," as he said.

He went below after a while to help the ship's carpenter, who was busy plugging the holes that the shot had made in the vessel's side, and Alec found him much depressed with his work.

"Look here, sir," he said, as his young master approached, "we can never keep afloat long. She's fairly riddled with shots already."

"You're in a dangerous spot, my friend," said Alec, as a ball made a clean hole in the vessel's side, a few yards from where they were standing.

"Begging your pardon, your honour," answered MacDermot, stepping forward and placing himself in front of the hole. "No two shots ever came through the same place."

But, alas! poor MacDermot, his superstition was his end; for even as he spoke there was a puff of smoke, and he fell forward at Constantine's feet with a cry.

Alec fell on his knees at his side in an agony of grief; but there was nothing to be done for his old friend, as his practised eye saw at once. He could not relieve him, for the ball had done its deadly work too well. True to his old tradition, MacDermot made an effort to smile.

"I was wrong, your honour, but you'll live to see the old home again. Give my humble duty to them all; and—may—the Lord—receive my soul!"

His head fell back upon his master's breast, and he ceased to breathe.

With tears in his eyes, Alec touched the old servant's forehead with his lips.

His grief at the loss of so old a friend was very deep, but he had no time to spend in lamentation, and hurried back to his place on deck, where he tended the wounded and closed the eyes of the dying.

It was a sharp but short skirmish, for the *Fortunate's* case was hopeless from the first, and she was fast settling down, so she struck her flag, and before many minutes were over a boat-load of Frenchmen were on board of her, and the remainder of the crew and officers were made prisoners of war.

With extraordinary brutality, all their possessions were, in spite of their entreaties, pitched overboard, and Alec watched the destruction of his papers and treasures from Guadeloupe with as much equanimity as he could summon for the occasion.

Fortunately, he had not many valuables, as he carried about on his person his tiny case of instruments, and Rosemary's miniature was round his neck, and a small Bible in his breast pocket that his mother had given him when she bade him farewell.

It was with many forebodings that the officers and crew of the *Fortunate* found themselves carried ashore, and landed upon the beach, where they were met by an excited crowd of French men and women.

"ALEC WAS CHAINED TO THE WORST RUFFIAN OF THE WHOLE GANG" (*p.* 278).

It was now daylight, and it seemed as if the whole population of the country side had been aroused by the tidings that an English war-ship had been captured.

The women, in the quaintly-picturesque dress of the Normandy peasants, would have, at another time, attracted the attention of Alec, but he was now too much overcome by his second misfortune and by the death of his faithful servant to feel interested in anything.

He stood shivering in the chill of the early morning with the execrations of the peasants ringing in his ears, while his captor roughly fastened heavy fetters round his wrists and ankles.

A little removed from the group of Englishmen was a crowd of villainous-looking convicts, who had evidently just been brought down from the gloomy prison that stood under the cliff. And, to the horror of Alec, he found that, with a refinement of brutality that was as original as it was ingenious, the Frenchmen intended to chain each of their prisoners to one of these men, and so march them to Bêtche, where they were all to be imprisoned.

He thought with a grim satisfaction, as he felt the heavy bar of iron gall his legs as he walked, that MacDermot had very mercifully met his death, for never could the old man have stood the horror and privation of that march.

Alec was chained to the worst ruffian of the whole gang, a big, hulking fellow, who seemed to take a delight from the very first in doing all he could to irritate his fellow prisoner.

His language was so foul that Alec could not even find a refuge in silence. And when they halted for the night, and he wished to draw out his little Bible, and find comfort and heavenly consolation, Dunois swore, with a brutal oath, that he would have no psalm-saying hypocrite next him, and prevented Alec from even taking his book from his pocket.

But the poor young fellow, through the long nights that the party spent crouched round their camp-fires, often thanked God that his mother had made a habit of teaching him psalms and verses by heart, for he now found comfort where he least expected to find it—in the resources of his own memory.

When their ten days' journey was over, and they arrived at Bêtche, the Englishmen were separated from their companions, and turned all together into an underground cavern hollowed out of the rock under the fortress.

For three months they remained night and day in this dungeon without ever leaving it, and had it not been for the unflagging courage of Alec, some of the crew would have gone mad with the misery of their situation.

There was no ventilation in the place, save what was afforded by an iron grating in the roof, which communicated with an outer passage; and the melancholy drip of the water as it ran down the walls was depressing in the extreme.

Poisoned by the noxious smells and the odour of the coarse oil which had to be continually burnt to afford a little light, several of the men fell victims to fever, and having patiently and carefully tended them, Alec at last succumbed, and lay helpless in his wretched berth, cut out of the damp rock.

He was the more miserable, too, as the men and some of the officers had arranged a plan of escape which he felt sure would be a failure.

The ship's carpenter, a man of some education and genius, had made a tool out of his dinner knife and a nail, with which he meant to pick the lock of the cavern adjoining their dungeon, which was an empty one, and so make their way out into the fosse of the fortress, from whence they trusted somehow to escape.

It was a wild plan, and Alec, as he lay shaking with ague, pleaded vainly with them to forego so forlorn a chance.

"For pity's sake, consider, Mannering!" he said to one of the men. "If you are caught now—and you will surely be—your imprisonment will only be made more severe, and you know it is hard enough to bear our present trials."

"Mr. Constantine," said Mannering, a gaunt, grey-bearded man, with a face haggard by privation and weakness, "I had rather die a hundred deaths than be kept here like a rat in a trap, and this very night I will have a venture for liberty and old England; and if I *do* escape, no man shall ever catch me leaving my Devon home again."

It was a wild windy night, and the gloom of the cavern was barely penetrated by the struggling flicker of the oil lamp.

Alec lay in his berth, striving to recollect with throbbing brow the words of the twenty-third psalm, when he saw a little stir among the knot of men at the further end of the apartment.

They formed into single file, and as they passed Alec each man bade him a whispered good-bye and pressed his wasted hand.

Alec, too much overcome by emotion and anxiety to speak, listened to the sounds that told him they had safely passed into the outer cavern, and were making their way up into the fosse, when suddenly, shriek after shriek rent the tingling air, followed by a rapid succession of pistol-shots, and Alec knew that what he had dreaded had come to pass.

Back into the dungeon came a rush of feet and some quick-witted sailor dashed out the light as he passed.

Alec felt a parcel stuffed under his pillow by someone more cowardly than his fellow, and then for an instant all was still.

He lay hoping and praying for succour, until the glare of torches and the quick tramp of feet heralded the arrival of their guards, and several soldiers entered the cavern.

"*Ma foi!*" said one of the Frenchmen, as he held his torch above his head and stared round at the now silent dungeon. "These accursed English are clever vermin. There are not many of them left to boast of their tricks with the locks. Their carcasses lie pretty thick on the ground out there."

He turned towards Alec, and made as if he would search him for the proofs of his attempted escape; but his companion, more merciful perhaps than himself, said—

"Leave the poor wretch alone, André. How could a lame dog like that have even moved a finger?"

André, with a brutal laugh and a jest, passed on, and Alec breathed freely again; for if his bed had been searched and the bundle discovered under his pillow, his punishment as a mutineer might have been that of death.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me," he murmured to himself in a whispered thanksgiving, as he closed his eyes and tried to sleep, and to imagine that the chill of the damp rock was not penetrating to his very marrow, and that the groans of the wounded men who had been locked in the outside cavern were not ringing in his ears.

How few of them had returned from their wild enterprise, and, alas! how few, how very few, would live to set foot once more upon the green shores of Old England.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

AS time went on, Alec, with three of the officers, were sent to Arras, a strong fortress in the Department of Pas-de-Calais. They were put on what was called moneyed security, and were allowed to communicate with their friends, of which advantage he speedily availed himself.

He had not much hope of his letter reaching the Isle of Man in safety, but he made the attempt, and wrote a letter to his mother, and also one to Rosemary Marvin, in which he plainly stated the facts of his imprisonment and of Hector's desertion, and also his grief at her reputed faithlessness.

"But, sweetheart," he concluded, "if you can assure me that what Annesley has told me is the base fabrication of his malicious brain, all shall be between us as though a shadow had never fallen. Who knows if ever I shall see your face again? but you have the satisfaction of knowing that if you are untrue to me, still I am wedded to your memory, and need no other bride. God have you in His tender keeping, and preserve you, as He has marvellously preserved me!"

"SHE WAS STANDING UP, LEANING AGAINST THE FRAME OF THE WINDOW" (*p.* 280).

The relief of being free, though on parole, was so intensely delightful to Alec, after his imprisonment in the noxious dungeon of Bêtche, that he at first became almost delirious with joy.

He took lodgings in the house of a respectable woman, a lace-maker, and having collected a few things round him, he determined to settle down contentedly until another turn in the tide of his fortunes brought him the means of escape from France.

His companions determined to settle down as naturalised Frenchmen, and marry into some of the town families of Arras, for they knew that escape would be almost an impossibility, and, having no ties in England, preferred peace and a settled home to restless anxiety.

But such a course seemed hateful to Alec, and although for the present he bided his time contentedly enough, he was for ever meditating a means of departure from "La belle France."

His lodging at the house of Madame Barrère consisted of one small room perched up in the very roof, and furnished meagrely, but with spotless cleanliness. He had found a little work to do, for the only doctor in Arras was old and stupid, and he hoped to earn enough money to support him in the frugal manner in which he intended to live.

Being on parole, of course he had no intention of escaping until he was freed first from his word of honour. It would be easy enough to challenge a French officer, and be again confined to gaol, but what would be the use of even attempting to escape until he had money enough to take him to England?

Meanwhile, there was always the hope that the war would cease, and in that case the English prisoners would be set at liberty.

So he schooled his heart to patience and his soul to contentment, and spent most of his time in making himself familiar with the interesting old town in which he was forced to reside.

He used to wander along the banks of the river Scarpe, although he never cared, to any great extent, for excursions into the neighbourhood, for the country round Arras was intersected by scummy ditches and long rows of pollard willows.

The peasants' cottages, too, were mere mud hovels, and the people, mounted on their high pattens to keep out of the mud, wore a sullen, apathetic look which failed to interest him.

But with the town itself it was a very different matter. For Arras, with all its associations and buildings, was replete with interest.

It was an old-fashioned fortress, and was divided into two parts by a strong wall and a deep ditch. Alec, as he scanned the massive proportions of the fortification, could well believe that they were, as was reported, the strongest in the kingdom.

The beautiful Hôtel de Ville, with its graceful sixteenth century architecture, had been left untouched by the Revolutionists, but they had razed the Gothic cathedral to the ground, and only a melancholy fragment of stone remained to tell the tale that for centuries the worship of God had been handed down from generation to generation within the grey walls.

At that time, besides being famous for tapestry, cotton, and linen manufactories, Arras was renowned as the birthplace of Robespierre. And the street in which Alec lodged had been grimly christened "Rue Sanglante," in commemoration of a famous day of bloodshed, when nearly every household in the street had been left desolate by the guillotine.

Madame Barrère's little household consisted of her husband—a mere nonentity, so far as authority went—and her daughter, a girl of about eighteen, also a lace-maker.

Citizen Barrère, as he was usually called, was an inoffensive man, with a retiring manner, and a constant habit of chewing tobacco, which gave him an air of profound meditation.

His wife was a roundabout, bright-eyed little woman, with a vivacious manner, and keen sympathy for the mournful English prisoner who lodged in her attic room.

Of her daughter, Lisette, Alec knew nothing, until one day he came home very tired from a round of medical work among the poor of the town.

Madame Barrère left her lace work, and hurried to open the door to his knock.

"*Ma foi!* but you *do* look tired, Citizen Constantine!" she said sympathetically.

Then, with all a French woman's delicacy of perception, she discovered that he had had nothing but a glass of water and a crust of bread since breakfast, and continued, with an imperious wave of her hand—

"Go in there, you poor boy! True, it is our kitchen and living-room all in one—but what will you? Poor people must live, and it pays one to let two rooms. Lise and I are just going to have our afternoon coffee, and it is amusing to have a guest sometimes—so come in, and tell us how you live in grey, foggy England."

And so chatting gaily, she pushed him before her into the room, and began to bustle about with the *cafetière*, babbling all the time like a little rivulet as she did so.

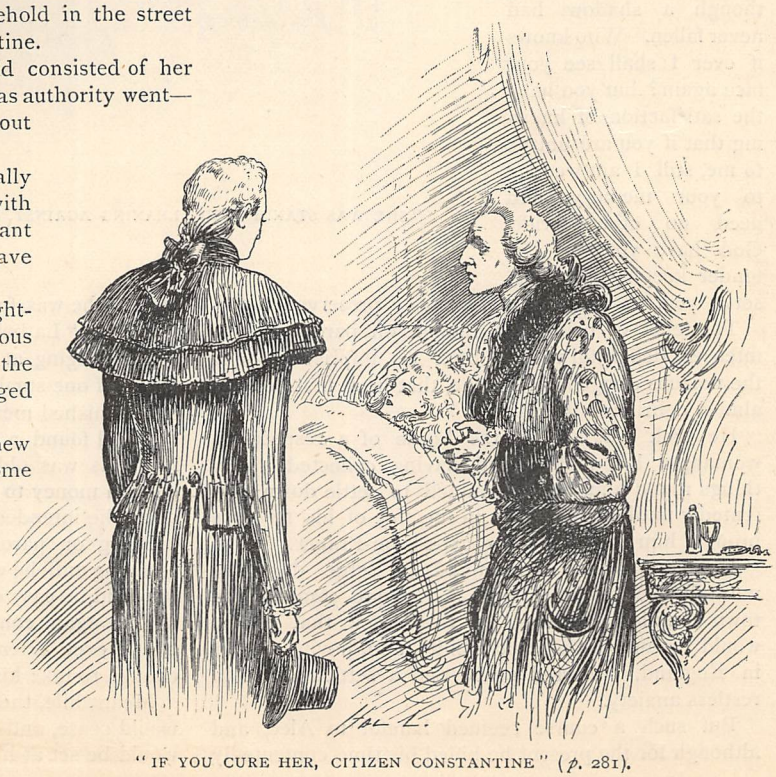
Alec found himself in a snugly-furnished apartment, warm with a cheerful fire, and bright with the brass and pewter bowls and dishes that hung against the wall, and which were polished to a pitch of brightness that was positively dazzling.

In the window were seated two or three women, with their bobbins and pillows, their fingers moving even while they stared curiously at the new-comer.

One of them was a young slim girl, whose face riveted Alec's attention at once.

She was standing up, leaning against the frame of the window, with her hand held wearily against her side, as if she were in pain.

She turned as he entered, and Alec saw that her big white cap framed one of the loveliest faces he had ever beheld, and at the same time one of the most mournful; for her large brown eyes and thin delicate features were refined by the languor of ill-health,



"IF YOU CURE HER, CITIZEN CONSTANTINE" (*p.* 281).

and every movement of her lithe figure was toned down into gracefulness by her slow, almost imperial, manner.

She lifted her heavy deep-fringed eyes to his face, and as she did so a sudden wave of colour swept from brow to chin, and she turned away her head in confusion.

"Poor little soul!" said the young man to himself; "how shy she is." And going forward he began to talk to her in his gentle voice, complimenting her on the exquisite texture of the lace veil she was making, and which looked to his eyes like a film of delicate gossamer.

"*Hé!*" said Madame Barrère, as she bustled up with the coffee, and drew a small table to Alec's side. "Our Lise is the best lace-maker in all Arras—and the cleverest girl, too, in spite of the drawback of her bad health. Ah! but monsieur is a doctor. Would it be possible to cure the poor child?"

There was an undertone of deep anxiety in her voice, and Alec tried to answer her evasively, for he had seen in one keen glance that the girl was far advanced in decline, although both she and her mother were absolutely ignorant of the fact.

"Tell the gentleman the history of our brave town," continued Madame Barrère, striving to hide the wistful look in her eyes as she glanced at her daughter.

Her republicanism was only skin-deep, after all, and her conversation interlarded with "citizen," only when one of the shining lights of the revolution chanced to be within hearing.

"I can assure you, monsieur, that Lise knows the history of Arras off by heart: about the wonderful tapestry, and the name of Arrazi coming to mean any embroidery, and the revolution it has seen—God defend us from another!—from the time that Cæsar took it, fifty years before the Saviour came, to this day; of the great Vauban, who built the ramparts and the walls—*hé!*—and I know not what else."

"Mother is too partial to my small knowledge," said Lise, smiling shyly up into the young man's face as she sipped her coffee. "Nevertheless, you cannot find it a very interesting place, monsieur, when you must be longing for your own home and the faces of those you love."

"Oh, I must be content where I am," said Alec, with a shrug of his shoulders.

He was not going to confide his hopes of escape even to this young girl, who, in spite of her winning beauty, might play the traitor.

"Your government is so different from ours. You love your flat-faced king, and are content with the orders he gives; and if he bade you leap into the sea you would do it, *n'est ce pas?*" broke in Madame Barrère, with a furtive glance round the room to see whether her apprentices were within hearing or not, for any talk concerning forms of government was at that period considered treasonable.

But the other women, disgusted, perhaps, at the sight of an Englishman at such close quarters, had left the kitchen.

"I am not an Englishman, madame," said Alec; "but our little island is under English rule, though we have a governor of our own. We love and revere our King George, and, to my thinking, every nation is happier when it has a sovereign at its head."

"That sentiment I cannot agree with," pursued his hostess, with a sly shake of her head. "Still, how Lise and I wept when we heard the news that they had guillotined our lovely queen! And *how* lovely she was you can never imagine, monsieur; but I saw her in the flower of her youth once, when I went to an exhibition of lace-making in Paris. Her fair head was bent and grey before she found release on the scaffold, but in my heart she will ever live as the queen of spring and beauty."

She had lowered her voice almost to a whisper, and Alec smiled as he rallied her on her monarchical views, which were in strange contradiction to her republican professions.

"There, there, I must return to my lace-making," she said good-temperedly. "And you too, Lise. But, monsieur, if at any time you could prescribe something for my poor child, I would be grateful to you for ever. Her cough is so troublesome at night."

Alec promised to do so, and pressed the girl's cold hand warmly as he left the room.

He managed to give her something that relieved her wonderfully for a time, and Lise, with the hopefulness of a consumptive patient, looked forward to health and strength again as the year went on.

"Why, by Christmas-time you will be gayest of the gay again!" said her mother, with a laugh of pleasure, as she saw a flush that might almost have been a glow of health steal over the pale cheeks.

All this kept Alec very much in the society of the Barrères, and he spent a great deal of his time in their room instead of his own solitary attic.

His fame as a doctor, too, was much enhanced by his apparent cure of Lise Barrère, which her mother did not keep to herself. And one day, when he was sitting over his books, a message came to him that he was immediately required to present himself at the fortress, to attend the daughter of the civil governor, who was ill of a lingering fever.

He found that little Gabrielle Lafitte was being attended by the garrison doctor, who knew hardly anything of his work; and when he reached her bedside and heard the piteous moan that came from her fever-parched lips, he felt all the pity in his soul rise and go out to her and her distracted parents.

"If you cure her, Citizen Constantine," said the governor, as he looked into the young man's sympathising face, "you will have the blessing of a father and mother upon you, and you will be none the worse for that; and if I can do anything to ease your imprisonment——" he broke off and turned away, and Alec bent over Gabrielle's bed, and then began to prepare the draught he intended for her use.

He had a difficult task before him, for not a grain of quinine was to be had, and he knew that arsenic was the only other drug that would be of any service. In

those days arsenic was very rarely used, and he knew that should Gabrielle die, and the jealous French doctor discover the nature of the medicine he had given her, he would be declared the murderer of the little girl, and probably be put to death at once.

But Alec trusted in God, and God's help did not fail him even now, and Gabrielle Lafitte recovered. The governor's gratitude knew no bounds, and he

"'AH! SO YOU ARE LITTLE LISE'" (*p.* 283).

seemed to be almost incapable of showering blessings enough upon the young doctor.

The best of food, and valuable books were sent to his lodgings, and the little girl herself would come down to see him, bringing fruit and flowers, so that Alec had no longer to endure the pangs of hunger amongst his other trials.

He grew very fond of Lise, his first patient, and would often spend hours in her company, reading to her while she wove her wonderful patterns, and watching her quick brown fingers as they played among her bobbins.

He never even guessed that her feelings towards him were growing beyond the ordinary boundaries of friendship, until one day when they sat together, as usual, with Madame Barrère at the other end of the apartment, busy with the little cooking-stove.

He was bending over the table, showing Lise for the hundredth time the direction of the journeys he had taken since he left England, and the weary march from Cape de la Hogue across France to Bêtche, when the miniature he wore round his neck fell forward, almost into her lap.

She picked it up and gave one long glance at it, her face growing deadly white as she surveyed the lovely brilliant features of Rosemary Marvin. Alec looked at her, and read in her face, to his dismay, the story of her heart.

"It is the girl to whom I am betrothed, Lisette," he said, with an attempt at lightness, picking up the fallen picture and replacing it in his breast.

He went across to the mirror as if to arrange the ribbon once again, but in reality to allow the girl time to recover her presence of mind.

Then, on some pretext or another, he speedily left the room, and returned to his own apartment, sad at heart and very penitent for the unconscious part he had played in winning the innocent girlish heart.

He had never even dreamed that she would take his

attentions as anything save the natural longing of a lonely exile for society, and he could not feel that in any way he had been to blame, or that Rosemary could accuse him of any shadow of unfaithfulness to her.

Lisette sat motionless for a few moments when he had left her, with bended head and hands folded on her knee. She could not for the life of her set another stitch in the wedding veil she was embroidering. It seemed to be a mere mockery to her of her dead hopes —hopes which she then knew had had no life save in her own imagination. Then she rose and went feebly over to the mirror, and stood looking at herself long and earnestly.

"Folly that it was even to imagine that he could care for my brown face when he had even seen a girl as lovely as that vision! I shall be the bride of Death now, for no other bridegroom shall ever claim me!"

"Lise! Lise!" cried her mother shrilly. "Thy cap is quite straight. Little Vanity, go back to thy bobbins, for that veil must be finished ere this week is out. A bride must not be kept waiting."

And Lise, with a smothered sob, went back to her work.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

"Lise," said Mariette, one of the little lace-makers who frequented the Barrères' kitchen, "do you believe in love philtres? Susanne, who lives over against the Hôtel de Ville, in the street where all the "fiacre" drivers live, makes them, and she says that if your lover once tastes a drink of the marvellous potion he will be true to you for ever."

She was a timid little blonde, with an appealing face, and cheeks wherein the dimples came and went with every smile.

Lisette bent her head lower over her work. Perhaps the pattern was more intricate; any way, her eyes were dim, and her heart was throbbing with some strange emotion as she answered—

"No, Mariette. Such talk is nonsense. But what does Mère Susanne charge for this wonderful philtre, and how do you come to know about it? Why, child, you are barely sixteen."

"Jean Marie Robespierre was walking with ugly Ninon Jasmin the other day," faltered Mariette. "He has given her a silver ring; and you know that he said last month I was the prettiest girl in Arras. And Mère Susanne says I have only to give him a draught, and he will love me for ever. See, I have it in my pocket."

And she drew furtively from her gown a small black bottle, full of a colourless liquid, which she showed to Lisette.

"Silly child! Go on with your lace-making and forget your love troubles; they are only fancy," answered the girl, turning as pale as death when she saw the bottle, for into her mind had flashed the sudden thought that she too might win the affections of the man whom she loved so hopelessly.

How triumphant she would be could she but win him away from the rosy-cheeked English girl. Her own face might be thin and pale, but she knew that the beauty of her hair and eyes far excelled Rosemary's pretty looks. If one girl had been compared with the other, perhaps the palm would not have been awarded to Rosemary Marvin.

With the fanciful ideas of a consumptive patient, these thoughts flashed through her mind, and she determined to have one more wild venture for love and life. If it failed, not a soul would know, and no harm would be done, save to her own self.

So when the lace-makers had departed for the night, and the house was quiet, Lise made some excuse to go out, and her mother was delighted, thinking that the girl must feel much better.

Mère Susanne lived in a dark low-browed house behind the Hôtel de Ville, and Lisette found her out with very little trouble, for every hand was ready to point the way to the abode of the "old witch," as they called her.

She was a wizened little old woman, with a skin dull as parchment, and scanty hair of a dead white growing low on her forehead. Her eyes were the only vividly-living feature in her face, and they were like two brilliant red-hot coals, that seemed to light up even the grim darkness of the room.

She laughed harshly when Lisette entered, with a timid—

"Good-evening, mother."

"Ah! so you are little Lise, the daughter of the lace-maker Barrère. I know you, and you are in love with the puny Englishman at the fortress. *Hé!* but you want the poor old woman to give you a love potion to turn his thoughts to you. Well, well, my dear, you're bonny enough to turn many a young fellow's head. Why couldn't you be content with the love of honest François Bizèt, without wanting to espouse one of the hated enemies of France?"

Lisette shrank shivering against the wall. How did this terrible old woman come to know so much? Was her secret known to all the world beside?

"I don't know what you mean!" she stammered, seeking to make her escape before it was too late.

But Mère Susanne had gripped her arm with a skinny hand, and was hissing out the words into her ear—

"Ay, you shall have it. I will give you a potion that shall make him forget the English love, and make him think that Lise the lace-maker is the only girl in the world for him. Poor little fool! When *I* was young I would have driven a dagger into my own heart sooner than have loved a detestable Englishman!"

She turned away, and searched in a secret recess in the wall, muttering the while execrations against the English.

Lisette, a prisoner against her will, for she felt fascinated by the witch, watched her every action.

Mère Susanne shook the bottle, held it up to the light, and then muttered a form of magic words over it, which sounded to Lisette's ears more like a curse than the blessing it should have been.

"Here it is. And to pay me, I will have the silver rings from out of your ears and the pin from your hair. If the potion fails, I will give them back to you—at least, if you live long enough to come and claim them," she added cruelly.

Lisette took off her ornaments, and flung them down with a hand that trembled. Then, grasping the phial, she rushed out of the house, slamming the door behind her.

She paused to rest on the steps of the Hôtel de Ville, unnoticed by the passers-by, for night had fallen, and the streets were shrouded in mysterious twilight.

As she lay there between swooning and consciousness, she heard voices coming up the street—voices that her quick ears recognised at once as those of Alec and a friend of his—a notary, whose strong religious opinions and gentle character had made him an object of popular hatred during the awful period of the outbreak of the French Revolution, when the people had gone mad with wickedness.

She listened, cowering against the stones, the phial pressed close to her aching heart.

"But, my friend," Alec was saying gently; "your troubles have been quite enough to have distracted the mind of any man. How have you borne them? Loss of fortune would surely have been bad enough, without the death of your wife and little child and the desertion of all your friends."

"God has been my upholder," said the little notary in his quiet voice. "There is no true love in this world without much pain, and my Amélie and I know that we shall meet in heaven. Whatever is the Lord's will is best for us; and if He pleases to afflict us, is it not a sign that He regards us with love? for is it not written, 'Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth'?"

They passed on, and Lisette rose to her feet.

"There is no true love in the world without pain," she said to herself mechanically. "I have done wrong. I am about to do wrong. The Englishman could never love me, for he is faithful to his own heart. 'Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth.' Lord, I accept Thy chastening; do Thou accept my sacrifice!" And not pausing an instant to allow herself to regret her action, she flung the love potion from her into the street, where it fell with a shivering crash.

"What is that noise, Dénis?" said Alec, pausing at the sound to listen.

"Bah! nothing, my friend, but a naughty boy flinging a stone at a window."

But the window was Lisette's heart, and the stone had broken it.

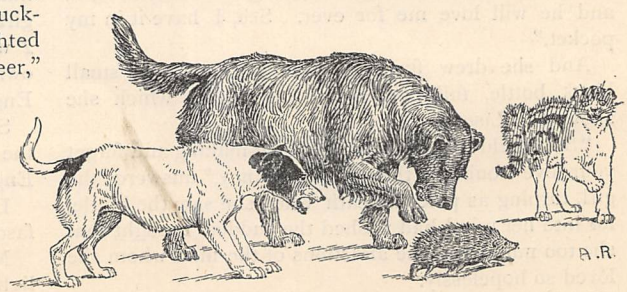
END OF CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

ANIMAL HUMOUR.

BY A. H. JAPP, LL.D., F.R.S.E., AUTHOR OF "EXPRESSION IN ANIMALS," ETC. ETC.

THAT animals possess humour is undoubted. In some species of animals it is so strong and prevailing that we cannot conceive of them without it. It is part of their character. The presence of this trait has struck all animal lovers and students. The famous Waterton exulted in it. Thoreau was never tired of celebrating it. Their fun and "graceful insouciance," as he named it, were a never failing source of joy and relief to him, more especially among the dog tribe. Every day furnished him with some new trait or illustration of it. The late Sir Arthur Helps was much struck by it, and gave in his own quiet but racy style some very striking instances in his book, "Animals and their Masters." The late Frank Buckland, himself a humorist of no mean order, delighted in it; rats, monkeys, suricates, and "other small deer," were his daily companions, whom he treated with such familiarity and put on such terms of equality as sometimes was trying to his visitors and friends. His rooms were laid out as much with a view to the comfort of his "lower brethren" as to his own—more so, indeed; for if he could make them "feel at home," he didn't mind a bit some temporary inconvenience to himself. His fine china was broken, his ink-bottles had to be of the non-emptying order, his paper was often torn or nibbled after he had written on it; but his "pets" were not to have their liberties curtailed on that account, and out of his loving observations and patient sympathetic companionship have grown some of the most fascinating volumes in the English language.

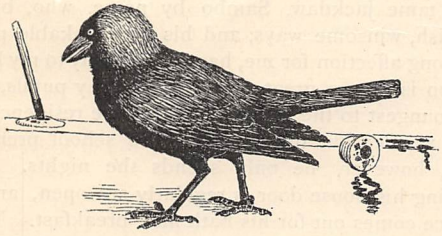
Among certain mammals humour is very strong. Elephants, bears, and monkeys exhibit it in very different ways; dogs, cats, and hedgehogs are full of it; and there is a whole group of birds which are nothing if not humorists, as crows, ravens, jackdaws, magpies, starlings, parrots, and many others. It forms one of the most powerful elements of interest. We ourselves have had humorists among our pets;



"TO THE END HE REMAINED IN SOME RESPECTS A MYSTERY TO THEM" (*p.* 285).

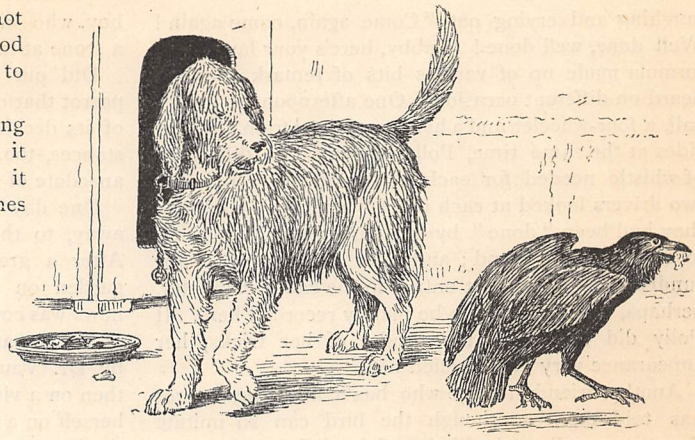
and in one case the humour, unexpected if not subtle, remained for a considerable period one of the things that give zest and relief to laborious days.

A hedgehog I had got when quite young developed the finest vein of humour as it grew up. It was kept in the kitchen, as it was meant to keep down the cockroaches which had got the upper hand there; and I used, just for the fun of the thing, to go down with the dogs—a little terrier and a retriever—at twilight, when Mr. Hedgehog began to stir and grow lively. The cat was pretty sure also to come in to see what was going on. The hedgehog invariably seemed to busy himself about his own affairs till either the cat or the little terrier turned their tails toward him, when, much quicker than you would have expected, he was after them, and bit the tail of one or the other, which never failed to make them cry out, more particularly the cat. The first few times this was done both cat and dog turned to retaliate, and pussy even struck with her paw the escaping hedgehog, only to repent of her effort, for the spines, straightened up, went into the pad of her paw and hurt her; while the dog too was defeated in reprisals and had his lips hurt. They both came to realise that discretion was the better part of valour; but the hedgehog never failed to watch his chance, and the little cry he would give as he turned round and ran away after biting could not be interpreted as anything but a little laugh. The bigger dog he did not tease in the same way, as the tail was too high, but sometimes, if he could get no fun otherwise,



SAMBO.

he would make a small dab at his heel as he turned round, greatly to the discomfort of Brin at first; for he would whine, and look at me and then at the hedgehog in the most questioning way, while the hedgehog scuttled into his corner, and gave out his little peculiar cry. As time went on the cat and dogs came to understand him better; and though the hedgehog would occasionally have his bit of fun, they came to tolerate if they did not like him, and would sometimes follow and sniff about him as he scuttled along the floor. To the end he remained in some respects a mystery to them, but they came to see that he really meant no real injury to them, but liked to have a bit of fun and make the master laugh.



"RUNNING BEYOND THE REACH OF HIS CHAIN."

Canary birds are not credited with humour generally. You would not, from his looks, expect much of fun from a grave and stately-crested Norwich, nor of playfulness from a high-shouldered, almost high-backed, Scotch Fancy or Belgian Fancy, yet I once had a canary which showed a fine appreciation of fun. I got him when he was only about six weeks old. He was very soon allowed his fly about the room every day, and before long learned to take tit-bits out of the hand. He would come at call of any of the family—a right frank, bright, confiding little fellow; and it was the delight of the youngsters of those days to show him the speaking toys in the shape of animals, which were a great mystery and puzzle to him. How he would eye them from one side, then the other, and raising his crest, fly away with an expressive long-drawn "tweet," and then return again, more curious than ever. Two little china dogs stood as ornaments on the mantelpiece, and because we laughed at him it was his delight to get first on the back of one and then on the other, and bend over and peck at the eyes and mouth. But you say there was no proof of humour in those things. Well, we had not had him three months till he would fly on the head or shoulders of myself or wife; and if I were alone with him, intent on writing, or my wife sewing, and had in his idea neglected him too long for the sake of the work, he would come very gently on the shoulder, and with his little beak recall you to the fact of his existence by seizing a single hair and pulling it; and then he would fly off and sit on the outside of his cage, "tweet, tweeting," and flirting his little tail up and down in the oddest manner, as much as to say, "You see, I can startle you and make you look up and rub the back of your neck in that funny way, small though I am; tweet, tweet, tweet; cria, cria; krick, krick, krick; per twee-wee-wee, tweet, tweet, tweet!"

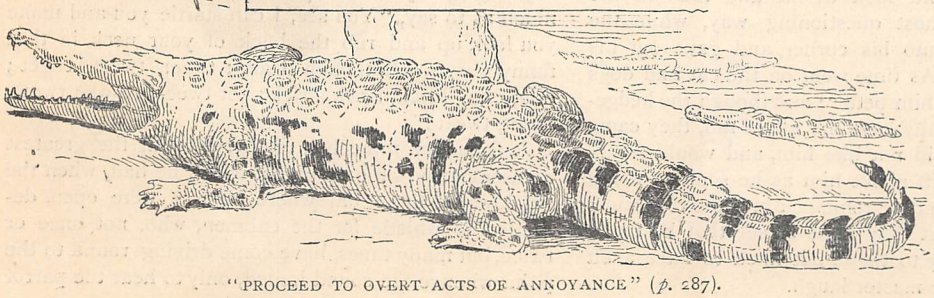
A friend of mine has often told with the greatest amusement how a grey parrot which he had, when the windows of the room where he was were open, delighted to whistle for the cabmen, who, not once or twice, but many times, have come driving round to the point whence the sound issued, only to hear the parrot

laughing and crying out, "Come again, come again! Well done, well done! Cabby, here's your fare!"—a formula made up of various bits of remark she had heard on different occasions. One afternoon, at Polly's call, a four-wheeler and a hansom arrived from different sides at the same time, Polly knowing the difference of whistle needed for each. The way in which the two drivers looked at each other when they found how they had been "done" by the parrot was something to see, said my friend; and poor Polly came in for sundry maledictions not untrue to the cabby character, perhaps, though not fit to be plainly recorded here. If Polly did not enjoy the results of her tricks, her appearance very much belied her.

Another friend of mine who has a fine grey parrot has told me that though the bird can so imitate the various calls and whistles of the different members of the family to their dogs, that even members of the family are often taken in and fancy another member with his dog is in another part of the garden. The dogs are never so taken in, and Polly has a particular delight, and shows it by her laugh, when she manages to make one person thus call out, supposing another to be near or to go in search of another in a distant part of the garden.

Humour often springs from situations developed out of strange and what may seem even unnatural friendships formed between pets. Here is a very good illustration from "Half-hours with the Animals":—

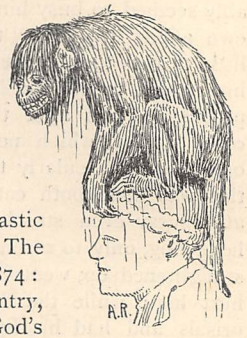
"A warm friendship was formed for a large otter-dog by a raven, which was kept in the same yard. At first the bird merely hopped about the dog's kennel, and picked up occasionally a scrap from the dog's pan when he had finished his meal. By degrees the acquaintance improved, and the bird became a constant guest at meal-times, taking up his position on the edge of the dish, and helping himself to the best bits. Often the bird would snatch up a piece of meat almost from the very mouth of the dog, and running beyond the reach of his chain, would thus tantalise him, ending, however, generally in a good-humoured surrender to his friend. This intimacy was terminated at last by a mischievous boy, who killed the poor raven by suddenly throwing a stone at it."



"PROCEED TO OVERT ACTS OF ANNOYANCE" (*p.* 287).

Did our readers ever hear of a pulpit parrot—a parrot that could not only talk, but follow the example of its decanal master all too closely, in such circumstances, too, as made it very laughable? If not, this anecdote of Dean Stanley's parrot will be welcomed:

One day Polly managed to open her cage and get away, to the consternation of the whole household. After a great search, someone found Polly in the garden on the top of an apple-tree. The welcome news was communicated to the dean. With the whole of the inmates, he rushed out at once, accompanied by Dr. Vaughan, who, with some other friends, was then on a visit to the dean. Polly was found swinging herself on a topmost branch, but when she discovered the large audience below her, she looked gravely down at them, and said, "Let us pray."



"MOCKING AT THE SAILORS AS HE SAT ON THE FIGURE-HEAD" (*p.* 287).

As a further illustration, with comic elements of its own, we may be allowed to give the following account of what we may call a "Scholastic Jackdaw," given by W. F. in "The Animal World" of January, 1874:

"Living as I do in the country, and being an ardent lover of God's so-called 'lower' creatures, it has been my happy fortune to possess, at various times, numerous pets. These have been to me a source of great amusement and pleasure during moments of leisure and rest, snatched from onerous and often wearisome duties. Among my dumb companions, my chief favourite has long been, and still is, a tame jackdaw, Sambo by name, who, by his waggish, winsome ways, and his unmistakable proofs of strong affection for me, has won his way to my heart. Sambo is also a great favourite with my pupils, from the youngest to the oldest. His private residence is a small wooden hut in a barn on the school premises. Here, however, he only spends the nights. Each morning his house door is regularly set open, and he at once comes out for his bath and breakfast. These over, he invariably makes his way to the schoolroom, and locates himself upon the ledge under the dominie's chair of state, where, by special and extraordinary privilege, Sambo is permitted to abide during school hours. In his earlier experiences of school life, he would occasionally amuse himself during 'recess' by turning a few ink-

wells upside down, emptying their contents over the desks, and was several times found guilty of petty theft, sundry penholders, etc., having mysteriously disappeared from their proper places. By judicious discipline, the erring Sambo was ultimately taught 'good manners,' but even now he occasionally 'brings down the house' by calling aloud 'Adsum!' in response to the name of some absentee during the roll-call. At the dismissal of school, Sambo quits his perch and struts complacently forth among the boys. He has been seen on frequent occasions slyly to approach some boy who was quietly observing the sports of his comrades, and, to the astonishment of his nerves, give him a tremendous "dig" in the calf of his leg, instantly retreating at his utmost speed. Even though overtaken and captured by his smarting victim, Sambo generally escapes from punishment, a rub of the poll, which he always enjoys, being the sign of forgiveness. As a remarkable instance of the bird's sagacity, I may mention that though liberated on Sundays as on other days, he never attempts to make his way to the schoolroom, which is unoccupied on that day. He never seems so thoroughly happy as when school duties are in full operation. During the vacation the poor fellow approaches the school door once every day at the usual time, gives it a melancholy peck or two, and then retreats to the barn, where he mopes most of his time away till the return to school of his dear boys."

Of course, among monkey lore we could find as much illustrative of our point as would fill volumes. Here is one story from the late Lady Verney's pleasant pages, which tells how a monkey could be humorous in the most dangerous position, and play a fine trick upon its rescuers, in the very moment of escape from danger :—

"A monkey on board a queen's ship fell overboard in very bad weather; the sea was so high that the captain refused to allow a boat to be lowered, but the feeling of the sailors was so great for their pet that at last he gave way. They rowed round and round in vain, and were returning sadly up the ship's side, when they saw the monkey, who had climbed up by the chain of the rudder, mocking and grinning at them for their useless pains as he sat on the figure-head."

Some tricks of monkeys on the crocodile illustrate the risks which these animals will run for the sake of fun and play.

Thus a French traveller, M. Monhot, speaks of amusing scenes he has witnessed between the monkeys and the crocodile :—

"The latter will be seen lying half-asleep on the bank of a river, and is espied by a crowd of monkeys, who inhabit the trees on the bank. They seem to consult, to approach, to draw back, and at last to proceed to overt acts of annoyance. If a convenient branch is within reach, a monkey will go along it, will swing himself down by the end of it, hanging by a hand or a foot, till he can reach to deal the crocodile a slap on the nose, instantly scrambling up the branch, so as to be far out of the enraged brute's reach. Sometimes, if the branch be not near enough or sufficient, several monkeys will hang to each other, so as to form a chain, and then, swinging backwards and forwards over the crocodile's head, the lowermost monkey will torment the creature to his heart's content. Sometimes the crocodile is so far irritated as to open its enormous jaws, and make a snap at the monkey, just missing him. Then one heard screams and chatterings of exultation among the monkeys, and great gambols are executed among the branches."

Here is another story, told by the Misses L. & J. Horner in their well-known book, "Walks in Florence" :—

"In the Borgo dei Tintoro, beside the garden of the Friars of Sta Croce, at one time there lived a painter, Il Rosso, a disciple of Michael Angelo. Vasari relates that Il Rosso possessed an ape, which became a great favourite with one of his apprentices, called Battistoni, who employed the animal to steal the friars' grapes, by letting him down by a rope into the garden, and drawing him up again with his paws full of fruit. A friar, who missed the grapes, set a trap for rats, but one day catching the ape in the fact, he took up a stick to thrash him; a struggle ensued, in which the ape had the best of it, and contrived to escape; the friar, however, summoned Il Rosso to appear before the judges, and his favourite was condemned to have a weight fastened to his tail. A few days afterwards an opportunity occurred for revenge; the friar was performing mass in the church, when the ape was made to climb the roof of his cell, and, in the words of Vasari, he 'performed so lively a dance with the weight at his tail, that there was not a tile or vase left unbroken, and on the friar's return a torrent of lamentation was heard, which lasted three days.'"

The anecdotes of monkey fun that might be cited are enough almost to make one seriously adopt the view so cleverly expressed by James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, in "Blackwood" thus :—

"I hae a half-notion that they (monkeys) are just wee hairy men, that canna or that winna speak plain, in case they may be made to work like ither folk, instead of leading a life of idleness."

Perhaps Professor Garner's experiments with the monkey language will show that they can speak more plainly than we think.

THE DOCTOR'S METEMPSYCHOSIS.

"I HAVE given much and earnest thought to the subject," said Mr. Langley, blinking his weak eyes nervously; "and I am now comforted by absolute belief in the theory which my speculations have led me to adopt as final."

"That is very satisfactory, no doubt," said Dr. Edwards. "Is the theory an original one?"

"Perhaps not altogether original in the fundamental idea," returned the weak-eyed gentleman, "but I have never met, nor read of anyone who held just precisely my own views, without some little shades of difference to mar the completeness of the conception."

"Let's have them," said Dr. Edwards cheerily. "The views, I mean, not the differences."

"But I have already entered into them in detail," said Mr. Langley, looking as hard as the condition of his eyes would allow at the doctor, who had been up all night with a bad case, and had been enjoying a comfortable little doze through the lost details. The doctor blushed.

"Yes, yes," he said, in guilty confusion; "but what I want now is a brief summary—a neat synopsis, to bear the whole in on my mind in a condensed and portable form."

"Well, then, shortly and concisely, my belief is that after death our souls will animate bodies similar to those which have suffered under our hands in the present life——"

"You don't mean to say that I am to be all my own patients?" interrupted Dr. Edwards, becoming quite wideawake.

Mr. Langley smiled with an air of benevolent superiority.

"No," he said; "pain inflicted for necessary and legitimate ends cannot call for punishment. In your case it is probable that your *ego* will inhabit only forms of lower animals, and so forth; for I will venture to affirm, from my intimate knowledge of your amiable character, that you have never needlessly wounded either the body or mind of a human being."

"I believe I have treated the lower animals fairly well," objected the doctor. "Even in the cause of science I have always hated cruelty, and been particularly free with the chloroform."

"Have you never taken the life of a bird or animal in sport, or of an insect in impatience?" asked Mr. Langley solemnly.

"No," answered Dr. Edwards, with positive emphasis. "When I attended the out-patients in my younger days, I used to smother myself in 'Keating,' and the insects would not come near me at any price"—Mr. Langley made a grimace—"and as for sport, I never went in for it at any time of my life. Leisure was wanting, even if inclination had been present."

"Then you have killed absolutely nothing; not even a spider, nor a—a rat?"

"Well, now that you mention it, I believe I did murder a spider only this morning. The brute let himself down on the top of my head when I was shaving. An unfortunate bachelor's room is never free from cobwebs. And you are right about the rat. I shot an old sinner once to oblige my sister when I was staying in her house. But I shot it, mind you. I didn't set a trap for it, nor worry it with a terrier. On the whole, I don't think your theory has any terrors for me; so, for that very reason, you may have hopes of claiming me as a disciple one of these days, when I have time to give my full attention to the subject. By the way, are you a Chela, and have you got a Mahatma to revere?"

"I have, indeed, explained myself ill if you confound my simple belief with the theosophical acceptation of reincarnation. I merely substitute metempsychosis, limited by the conditions mentioned, for your orthodox ideas of future punishment. Nothing can be clearer than——"

"The surgery bell!" exclaimed the doctor. "You must excuse me, my dear fellow. Turn up for dinner at half-past seven, and good-bye until then."

Mr. Langley, who was spending a few days in town with his brother-in-law, made his appearance punctually in the dining-room that evening, and lost no time in recurring to his pet theory. He rode his hobby straight through each course, and through several glasses of Dr. Edwards's excellent wine; and continued to ride it until the doctor smoked his last pipe and went to bed in much weariness of spirit.

He felt very tired, and rather ill that night, as a poor overworked doctor well might. He had been doing too much of late; and he was unduly depressed and nervous about his own state of health. He lay down on his comfortable spring mattress made with the newest improvements, feeling very uncomfortable indeed, and with little hope of repose.

"I shall have an examination of my own case to-morrow," he thought. "I could discover nothing last time, and yet I feel convinced that my heart is unsound. I might drop off in my sleep any night—to-night! With a little rest I might pull round; but how can I get rest with such a press of work outside, and that crazy husband of Eleanor's inside, always ready to talk a hole through an iron pot? Can't the man see I don't care half a straw for him and his departed spirits? I must get rid of him at any price, or he will send me on the journey to find out all about it. Ah, my heart! It is all over with me this time!"

The poor man started weakly as his heart gave a

"THE SPIDER-DOCTOR DROPPED LOWER AND LOWER" (*p.* 290).

great bound—and stopped. A deadly languor, a horrible powerlessness overwhelmed his frame; but, mentally clear to the last, he found himself calmly observing the sensation of ceasing to exist. Oblivion followed; and then—horror of horrors!—he was crawling along a ceiling on eight legs—or thereabouts: it did not seem possible to count them accurately.

He reached the corner, and made an unexceptionable cobweb there, greatly admiring his own proficiency in the art; and he was just proceeding to breakfast on a fat little house-fly which he had caught in it, when a chambermaid came in with a broom, and swept him out of his coign of vantage.

He curled up all his legs, and lay for dead on the floor; so the girl, who was an ignorant young person, did not kill him, thinking she had done so already, but merely brushed him into the dust-pan, and carried him on to the next room that she visited in the course of her morning perambulations. Here he found means to escape, and lay low until the maid departed, when he immediately began to travel up towards the ceiling again. He tried to calculate how many times his own height he had fallen, and to realise the extraordinary fact that he was quite uninjured; but he found himself unable to think very connectedly about anything, and began to observe the details of the room, which seemed familiar.

A middle-aged gentleman in a dressing-gown entered presently from an adjoining bedroom, took up a little can of hot water which the hostile maid had left there, and set about shaving himself.

Dr. Edwards, in his new body, stood on the ceiling directly over the looking-glass, and was able to take note of a small bald spot on the top of this gentleman's head. It possessed some mysterious attraction for him, and he could no longer give his attention to anything else. All his faculties became absorbed in a great desire to reach the little bald spot, and stand on it. There was nothing to hinder him. If he wanted a rope to let himself down by, he could make it; and he did so.

Very gradually he descended, pausing sometimes to

make sure that he was unobserved; but the owner of the bald spot was completely taken up with his shaving, and noticed nothing higher than his own chin. The rope lengthened, the spider-doctor dropped lower and lower, and finally reached the goal of his ambition. He stood on a little pink oasis in a desert of sandy hair, and was conscious of a ridiculous aspiration for feathers. He wanted to clap his wings and crow, he was so delighted.

Then he made a gentle movement with his various legs, the head jerked, the razor made a gash, the man cried out, brought his hand to bear on the bald spot with much violence; and—again oblivion.

A little later he was sitting on a shelf in a store-room that he had certainly seen before. This time he had only four legs—with a tail thrown in—and he was eating the end of a tallow candle.

"Horrible!" he thought. "Langley was right, though I always thought him such an ass. I am a rat. And I enjoy tallow."

He made a good meal, and modestly retired when he heard the key turn in the lock. It was his sister's voice that broke on the silence of that capacious store-room, and he knew that he had heard words very like these from her once before.

"The servants' candles are all gnawed and spoilt again," she cried. "That rat's keep costs me three shillings a week at the very least. Do help me to hunt him out, John!"

"Not I," answered Mr. Langley's voice from without. "Better call your brother. I dare say he does not mind that sort of thing."

"What meanness!" reflected the hidden listener. "Langley does not want to be a rat himself, but he does not mind letting another fellow in for it."

He travelled sadly through a thick wall, perforated by a narrow passage which finally conducted him to a cellar, into the darkness of which he peered, with his head thrust out of a small hole in the corner.

Again the grating of a key!

There was plenty of time for retreat, but he remained obstinately still, scorning to fly from his fate. He knew it was coming, for he had acted in this scene before, only performing a different part.

The door was thrown open; he scurried across the floor of the cellar as a flood of light burst into it; there was a loud report, and——

"If you please, sir, would you be *good* enough to wake? 'That's Mrs. Goldsmith's coachman a-knocking down the door. The old lady must be took bad again, and you not so much as dressed."

"Sleep well last night?" inquired Mr. Langley at the breakfast table.

"Eight solid hours. Only dreamt a little towards morning," answered the doctor. "But I saw a patient before you were out of bed. Nothing the matter with the old lady except nerves; and I shall be suffering from the same complaint myself if I don't take a holiday; so I shall just leave the patients to Finch, and run down to Eleanor for a week."

And Mr. Langley told his wife privately that it was indeed time her poor brother took a rest, for there could be little doubt that his mind was suffering.

"Suppose you both take a rest," said Eleanor. "I am sure you need it too, my dear."

M. PENROSE.

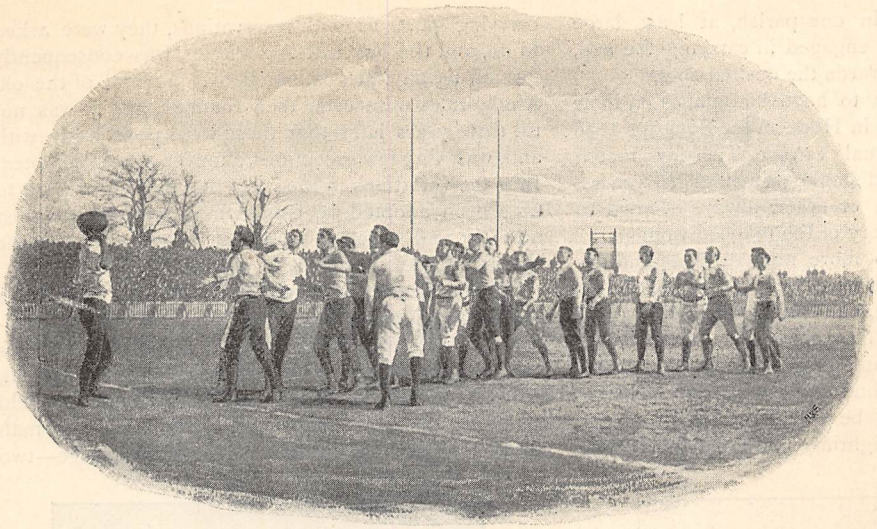
FOOTBALL—PAST AND PRESENT.

BY AN ENTHUSIAST.

THE RUGBY GAME—A GOOD "PASS."
(From an instantaneous photograph by E. Airey, Bradford.)

I THINK it is a fact that can hardly be disputed that at the present day football is very nearly, if not actually, the most popular of our national games. Unfortunately there still exists a certain amount of prejudice against it in many quarters, on account of its being considered a somewhat dangerous pastime. That it is at the present day largely suffering from the misdeeds of its past, I believe; and I will make bold to say that, played as it is at present, in an increasingly scientific fashion, the proportion of serious accidents to the enormous number of players taking part in it is very small. Many of the so-called fatal accidents that are sensationally reported might and would have taken place had the victim unduly exerted himself in any other form of amusement, a weak heart often being the cause. I remember well seeing a heading in a paper in large letters, "Shocking Accident to Football Players," and finding that, having strayed on their way home on to a railway cutting, several men had been run over. I simply mention this as an example of how easily the public may be misled.

The fact is, that in every form of sport accidents will



THE RUGBY GAME—THROWING THE BALL IN FROM "TOUCH."
(From an instantaneous photograph by E. Airey, Bradford.)

happen, and the very element of risk is with many an incentive to the sport. Bathing accidents are frequent, yet who would say give up bathing? and hunting, skating, shooting, and even cricket—all give their proportion of mishaps.

Take the corresponding advantages of fine, manly exercise, improving to a wonderful extent the pluck, nerve and physique of many a naturally timid boy, and I feel sure that the good far overbalances the necessary evil of risk of injury to limbs, in the way of sprains, strains, or even an occasional breakage.

But to turn to the ancient history of the game. It will be news to many to hear that it dates as far back as the reign of Edward III., who actually forbade the game by law as taking up time which should have been given to exercising the youth of the day in archery. In other succeeding reigns the sport was also forbidden, without, however, apparently having the desired effect. James III. of Scotland decreed that "footballe and golfe be utterly put down," and in the reign of "Good Queen Bess" proclamation was made that "no foteballe play be used or suffered within the City of London and the liberties thereof, upon pain of imprisonment."

In those days the game seems to have been entirely confined to the apprentices and the labouring classes, it being in great disfavour among the "aristocracy, nobility and gentry." What the peculiar delights were of the exceedingly rough-and-tumble sport which then prevailed, it is hard to say. It was veritably a free fight, the goals being often miles apart and whole villages joining in the sport, which consisted simply of carrying a big, roughly-made ball and depositing it by main force in their opponents' goal, sometimes a hole on a moor or sometimes even a spot in a river!

This was a rough form of the modern Rugby game, which has now been reduced to a highly scientific exercise. Before we leave this branch of the subject we ought just to allude to the famous Shrove Tuesday game that was played at Chester, Corfe, Scone, Derby, Kingston-on-Thames, and many other places. The ball would be thrown up in the market-place and from

THE RUGBY GAME—FORMING A SCRUMMAGE.
(From an instantaneous photograph by E. Airey, Bradford.)

two o'clock till sunset in one parish, at least, large bodies of men would be engaged in carrying the ball, by hook or by crook, towards the desired spot.

The women, too, seem to have had games on their own account, as we read in Hone's Year Book for 1838 that there was an annual Shrove Tuesday match between the married and single women of Inverness, which, for some reason or other, always seemed to have resulted in the victory of the married women.

But we must come to more modern times and describe the rise of the present two great governing classes of football as now played, viz., the Rugby Union game and the Association. The former in its present style owes its origin, as the name implies, to Rugby School, and the famous description in "Tom Brown's School-days" of the game will be familiar to most of our readers. Here the old fighting game was reduced to a sensible sport, although a good deal of perhaps unnecessary roughness in the way of hacking and tripping existed even then. Rugby, however, seems to have been the only school where this form of the game was played, and the other great schools—notably Eton, Harrow, Winchester, Westminster and Charterhouse—adopted a modified game which only, as a rule, allowed the ball to be kicked and forbade handling. Eton, Harrow, and Winchester still have different forms of rules, which seem to owe their origin in the first place to some special peculiarity in their playing grounds or fields. From these schools came the birth of the famous Association game, which has since spread with such marvellous rapidity.

Before 1863, however, there were no defined rules in force among the clubs and schools playing, with the exception of those mentioned above.

In that year, however, an effort was made to bring all the games then played under one code, but without success. The Rugby players would not give up their carrying game as, with reservations, they were asked to do, and the Football Association was consequently formed as an independent body. Several of the old Rugby rules were even then retained, and it was not till three years later that these were done away with and, with very few exceptions, a universal code adopted. Into the variations in the rules that have from time to time been adopted we cannot here go, and we must now try and describe as far as is possible how the modern Association game is played.

Eleven men a side take part in the game, which is played with a round ball, its composition being a bladder enclosed in a leather case of twenty-seven or twenty-eight inches in circumference, and weighing thirteen to fifteen ounces. The disposition in the field of the players is one goal-keeper—who is the only man allowed to use his hands to defend his charge—two full backs, three half-backs and five forwards, one centre, two left wing and two right wing. The goals are two upright posts eight yards apart and with a bar across them eight feet from the ground, the object of the game being to kick the ball between these posts and *under* the bar.

A simple game to describe it may be thought by the uninitiated; but unless seen it is impossible to imagine the extraordinary amount of science that may be imported into it. In the old days individual dribbling, *i.e.*, keeping the ball at your feet by short kicks while running, was one of the chief things to be practised, but nowadays this is largely sacrificed to combination, and a very pretty sight it is to see a first-class amateur or professional team play.

The ball is kicked off from the middle of the ground, the players being scattered about to receive it. One of the opposing side perhaps gets it, and endeavours, by passing it with the foot from one to another, to centre it. It is not allowable to touch the ball with the

G. ROWLAND HILL (RUGBY UNION).
(From a photograph by Messrs. Morgan & Kidd, Greenwich.)

C. W. ALCOCK (FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION).
(From a photograph by Lombardi & Co., Pall Mall East, S.W.)

ASSOCIATION GAME—PASSING.
(*From an instantaneous photograph by H. J. Whitlock, Jun., Birmingham.*)

hand, and should the ball come high *heading*—that is, butting the ball with the head—is largely indulged in This may appear to the onlooker to be somewhat ludicrous, but it is a very effective way of dealing with the ball, and it is curious how far it may be propelled in this manner. Should the ball go out of the portion of the field marked out, it is thrown in again by a player, who must hold the ball with both hands over his head. Should it go behind the goal lines, it is kicked out again by the goal-keeper ; but should the ball go behind off one of the defending side a *corner kick* is granted to the attacking side. At a distance of one yard from the corner post, a player kicks the ball as nearly as possible into the mouth of the goal, the rest of the sides being clustered round for attack and defence. The match is won by the majority of the goals gained.

Every effort has been made of late years to prevent rough and foul play of any description, and the referee who rules the game has power to at once order off the field any player who intentionally plays in a dangerous or unfair manner.

The great feature of the Association as opposed to the Rugby game, is that in the former professionalism has been made legal, while in the latter it is at present strictly prohibited. The consequence of this is that in all the principal Northern teams very considerable weekly wages are earned by the players, and the sporting element of playing entirely for the love of the game is in some danger of being lost sight of. The system of importation, too, is an undoubted evil, though it is difficult to see how it is to be avoided under the present laws. The club which has the longest purse buys the best players, and we consequently often find an English town eleven with a very large mixture of imported Scotch professionals, who cannot be said in any real sense to represent such town except in name. In Scotland at present professionalism is barred, consequently it is no wonder that men of the working and mechanic classes find the temptation of high wages for playing the game in England a serious barrier against their representing their native place simply for honour and patriotism.

The enthusiasm of the crowds is incredible, as many as twenty thousand people often witnessing a match for the ties for the championship of the Professional League, and for the National Cup.

A tale is told in a contemporary magazine of an enthusiastic blind man being led to the matches and being able to follow the game by the cries. This is beautiful to think upon, but we fancy "we know that blind man ; he comes from Sheffield."

One consequence of the professional element having been introduced is that it has virtually extinguished the chances of the amateur players to head the winning lists as they used to do when the Association game was started by the great public schools of England. We find that from 1871 till 1881 the National Cup was invariably won by amateur teams, but since that date the chances of the amateurs have practically been nil.

ASSOCIATION GAME—CENTRING FROM THE WING.
(*From an instantaneous photograph by H. J. Whitlock, Jun., Birmingham.*)

In turning to the Rugby game, we find that after the final rupture with the Association players, which we have described, no definite and fixed code of rules was drawn up till 1871; before that time players of the clubs under the carrying code virtually did that which was right in their own eyes.

In January of that year, however, a meeting of London and Suburban clubs was held in London, at which the now famous Rugby Union was definitely started, and a code of rules drawn up and officers appointed.

These rules are very much more complicated than those of the sister game, as the number of possibilities are so much greater in a game where picking a ball up, running with it, kicking it in various ways and scrummaging it are allowed. The number of players was originally fixed at twenty a side, but this number has since been reduced to fifteen, divided as follows:—

Nine forwards, two half-backs, three three-quarter backs and one full back. This of late years has been—especially in Wales—altered to four three-quarters and eight forwards, and at the present moment, the football world is largely exercised in discussing the comparative merits of the two styles. The field of play is 110 yards long and seventy-five yards broad. At each end are placed two posts, eighteen feet six inches apart, joined by a cross-bar ten feet from the ground, the object of each side being to send the ball *over* the goal of their opponents. The game is started by the ball being kicked off from the middle of the ground, the players of one side being ranged behind the kicker, while those of the other are spread about in front of him to receive the kick.

We will suppose the ball caught by a player of the opposite side. He may then either run with it in the direction of his opponents' goal, or take a kick to the side lines, called the touch lines, beyond which if it falls it has to be thrown out at right angles, both sets of forwards lining up in parallel lines to endeavour to catch it. The man who does so tries to get away with it, but, unless he has time to pass it back to another of his side, he is *tackled* and has to put the ball down, when the two sets of forwards gather round, and what is called a *scrummage* is formed.

In the old days these used to be long and uninteresting trials of mere strength, but nowadays they are very different, as the ball is manipulated cleverly by one side or the other, and is passed out to the half-backs, who are waiting to pounce on it the moment it comes out, and pass it away to their three-quarter backs, who are waiting for it. These are generally the most speedy men on the side. Now comes in the special character of the game, as the ball frequently passes back from hand to hand, till a player, eluding all opposition, plants the ball behind the goal line of his opponents. This is called a try, and counts two points. The ball is then brought out and placed on the ground for a kick at goal. The placer of the ball lies down with the ball in his hands and the kicker makes a niche with his foot for it to lie in. As soon as he gives the word, the placer puts the ball down and an attempt is made to kick it over the bar in the face of an instantaneous charge by the defenders. If it succeeds a goal is scored, which counts five points (including the try). If, however, it is unsuccessful, the ball is kicked off again, and so the game goes on.

ASSOCIATION GAME—AN ANXIOUS MOMENT.
(From an instantaneous photograph by H. J. Whitlock, Jun., Birmingham.)

A very pretty way of scoring is what is called a *dropped* goal, which is made when a man, seeing an opportunity, instead of trying to run behind with the ball lets it drop from his hands on the ground, and, kicking it the very instant it rises from the ground, takes an accurate aim and sends it over the cross-bar. This counts four points.

Should the rules be broken in any way, and an appeal be made, the referee who has charge of the game blows a whistle and grants the successfully claiming side a free kick. Should the ball go over the bar from such kick it is called a penalty goal—it being a punishment to the side breaking the rules—and counts three points against them. The match is, of course, won by a majority of points.

This can, necessarily, be only a very rough sketch of the game, which must be seen to be understood.

We cannot here go into any disquisition as to the comparative merits of the two branches of the game. Each has its most enthusiastic followers and both are year by year throwing off their more dangerous elements and becoming more scientific in their manner of playing. It is a sport that neither time nor ridicule has ever been able to stamp out and it must have a very large influence on the national character.

Foreign visitors must look upon the game with feelings of amazement, and regard its players as mad barbarians. The game, however, is rapidly spreading to our colonies. Already English teams have visited New Zealand and the Cape, and we have received a visit from a team of Maoris, who were very successful.

Of organisers who have, in their respective branches, brought the games to their present state, the name of C. W. Alcock, who has been the Association secretary for over twenty years, must be most honourably mentioned, as also that of Lord Kinnaird and many others.

In the Rugby game, one of the best known and most popular men in England is that of G. Rowland Hill, the Rugby honorary secretary, who has probably done as much, if not more, for his favourite sport than any man living.

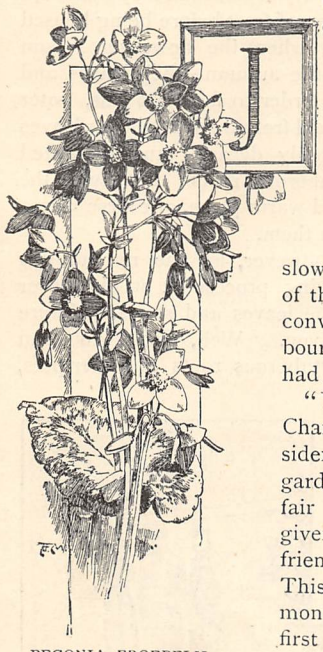
The names of famous players are legion, and it would be invidious to particularise.

I can only repeat in drawing this imperfect sketch to a conclusion that football is a manly sport, which, in spite of its dangers, real and pretended, must always have a great and increasing place in the affections of the British people, and I would earnestly exhort those who are more or less opposed to it, to pause before going to the length of throwing any unnecessary impediments in the way of its exercise by the hale and strong of the coming generation. But I am speaking for myself, and I am "an enthusiast."

HOW A WILDERNESS BECAME A GARDEN.

SECOND SERIES.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.



BEGONIA FROEBELII.

JOHN AND ALICE SMITH were only now entering the ninth month of their residence at Highland Villas, and it was on an early day in March that they might have been seen strolling slowly down the centre path of their garden in animated converse with their neighbours the Robinsons, who had just looked in.

"You know, John," said Charles Robinson, "I consider that, as yet, we two gardeners have not had a fair chance or opportunity given us of showing our friends what we can do. This is our first spring month, and therefore our first sowing month."

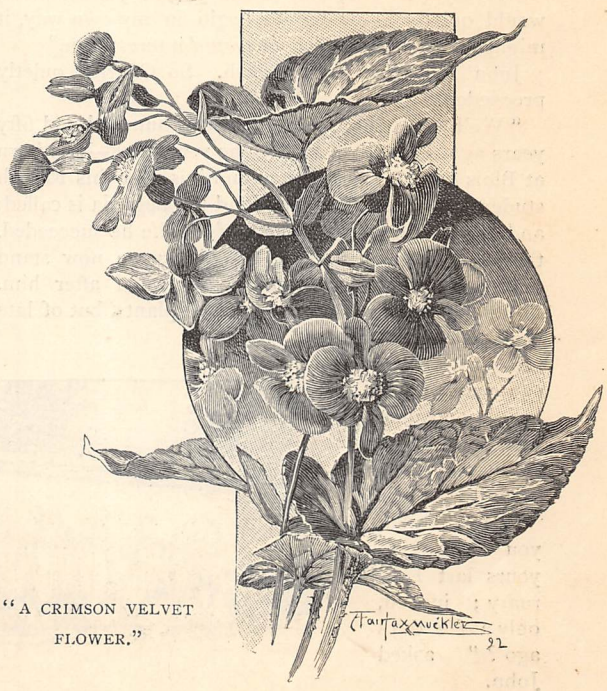
"Certainly," replied John; "in so far as open-air gardening goes, you are right, but we have both of us been pretty busy under our glass for some little time. What, by the way, were those things you were re-potting the other day in your greenhouse? For the life of me, although their name is familiar enough, I cannot just now think of them."

"Oh, you mean those few begonias I am so fond of?"

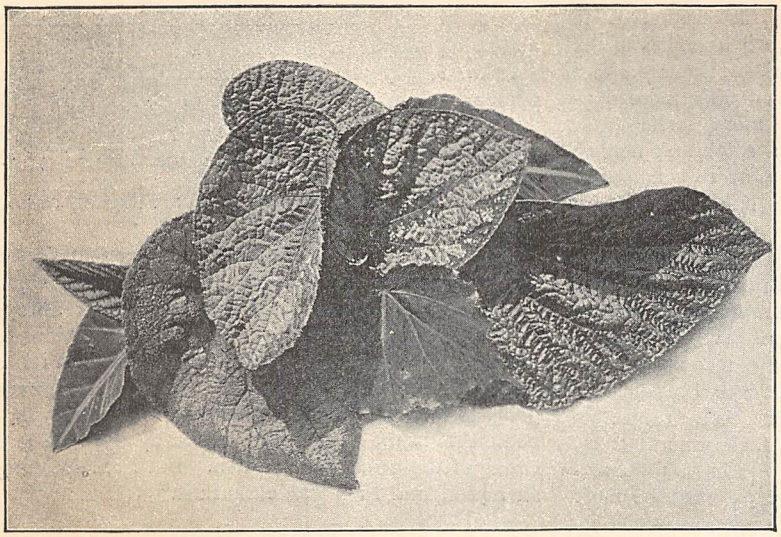
"Ah, yes," said John. "Well, how were you serving them? Come now, tell us all about them, for I know your begonias to be one of your hobbies."

"Suppose, then," said Charles, "we all adjourn to my little greenhouse, and let me give the lecture there."

Ten minutes later, then, and a second garden inspection had begun, this time on the premises of Charles Robinson, and after the general survey made



"A CRIMSON VELVET FLOWER."



BEGONIA LEAVES.
(From a photograph by Messrs. Valentine & Son, Dundee.)

down to the bottom of the garden and back, in which they had commented on the brilliant but now fading crocus show, the rapidly advancing hyacinths and tulips, and the promise of pansies, they found themselves at the greenhouse door, when John exclaimed—

"And now for your begonias, Charles."

"Perhaps, then, first you would like to hear something about Michael——"

"Oh, now, my dear fellow," abruptly interposed John. "I want to hear about begonias; I am not interested in Michael."

"If my youthful, impetuous friend, John Smith, would quietly allow me to begin in my own way, it might turn out that Michael *would* interest him."

John looked a little foolish. So Charles quietly proceeded.

"Well, then, John, more than two hundred and fifty years ago—that is to say, in the year 1638—was born at Blois one Michael Begon, and it is after this French student of botany that our friend the begonia is called; and in the seventy-two years of his life he succeeded, therefore, in immortalising himself as we now stand gazing at these plants which are called after him. Many begonias, of course, are stove plants, but of late years some of the tuberous-rooted sorts can even be used as bedding-out plants, so that we shall be able to name presently several varieties."

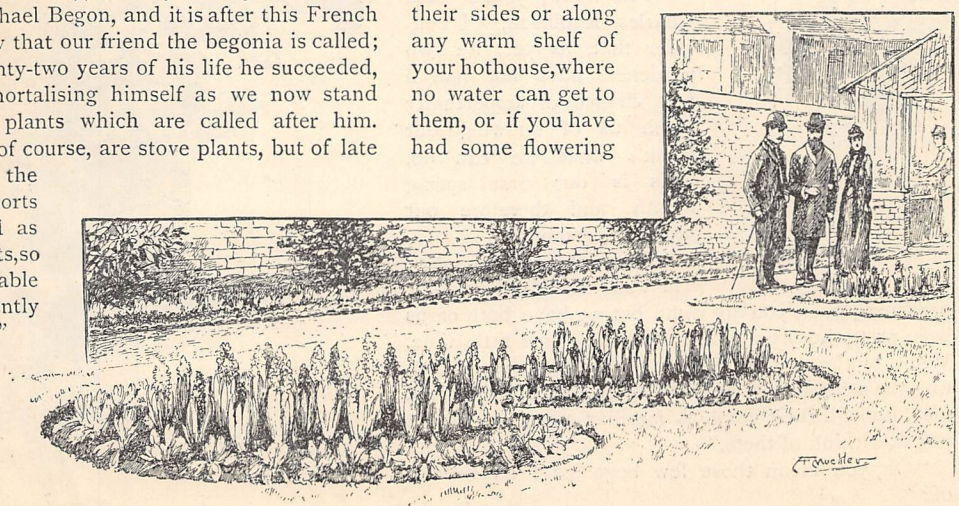
"What were you doing to yours last February; indeed, only a few days ago?" asked John.

"Oh, I was merely repotting generally, and, of course, these begonias came in for their share of attention; but about the end of February the tuberous-rooted begonias may be re-potted in a light rich soil, and put where they will have a gentle bottom heat.

"And perhaps the chief beauty of the begonia lies in its foliage; indeed, one class of them is sought after mainly for its ornamental foliage, and of these the flowers are very similar in character: a sort of pink and white or flesh colour; and their beauty, as compared with that of the leaves themselves, is certainly inferior.

"But perhaps the tuberous-rooted will interest us most, as these belong to the class which is within reach of most of us, and we can use them for bedding-out. Indeed, when properly established they will stand some two or three degrees of frost before being housed for the winter. Now, when the flowering season has passed—that is, in the autumn—their leaves and stems die down, and in order to facilitate this, water must be gradually withheld from them until their leaves and stems have thoroughly decayed and separated themselves from the tuberous roots. Put away the roots then in any dry and warm place, of course where no frost can really reach them.

"Before going on, however, let me remind you that during the decaying process it would never do to *pull* off any of the leaves and stems. Nature must do all this for you. Well, John, you can either store away your tuberous roots in flower-pots, putting the pots on their sides or along any warm shelf of your hothouse, where no water can get to them, or if you have had some flowering



THE HYACINTH BEDS.

in pots, the roots will do best if undisturbed or kept dry all the winter. And I think our interest in them should increase more particularly from this point, because we are now entering upon the very time of the year in which they will want some attention. For about the end of February or early in this month of March, we carefully examine and take up our old roots, get away all the old dry soil, and re-pot them in pots proportionate to the size of our plant. This, perhaps, is a good opportunity for saying something about the soil best suited to the begonia. A vegetable soil, then, is the most desirable; or let me say, to be more accurate, equal parts of the turfy portion of sandy loam and also of well reduced leaf-mould, and to this add a fair allowance of sand. Indeed, in all re-potting our silver sand should never be absent. Our new soil, however, should certainly not be too moist, and only a gentle watering need be given until we see some sign that growth is beginning. Probably as time goes along another re-potting will be needful. And then, bear in mind, no excessive stove heat is wanted for them, for indeed the begonias, or at least these of which we are speaking, will do better in the cooler part of the house. Then, again, we can raise this tuberous class from seed, and if we sow in this month we shall get our flowers in July. We can sow in any customary pan or long box, using the soil we have already described, but the seed being a fine powdery material, take care that in watering you give water with sufficient caution to avoid washing the seed away. Your seed-pan must stand in a frame, and in March, you know, we generally have a small cucumber frame started. When large enough, your young plants can be pricked out and finally potted off, and you will find that a few weeks after the last potting will bring you to the bedding-out period of the middle or third week of May. The florescence of the tuberous-rooted begonia in some instances may be said to resemble that of the single dahlia.

"LONG, PINK, FLESH-COLOURED FLOWERS."

"And now I might with advantage name a few specimens. Let us then take the tuberous-rooted first: *Rose d'Amour*, *Fulgurant*, *Froebelii*, *Magenta Queen*; these could be had probably for half-a-crown each, or thereabouts. Some, of course, are more choice and a little more expensive, as, for example, the *Tongkin*, *Socotrana*, *Rosette*, etc.; while probably some unclassified seedlings saved from the best varieties are to be had from six to twelve shillings a dozen.

"And next we might name a few famous for their ornamental foliage: here then, for example, we have the *Louise Chretien*, *Imperialis*, *Finette*, or of a rather more expensive class, the *Olbia* and *Palmata*.

"Some few there are also which flower in winter, say from the middle of November until April, if at least they are kept in a temperature of some 55°. For instance, the *Incarnata*, a flesh-coloured specimen, the *Insignis*, and the *Sanguinea*, with several others, might be named. To rear the Incarnata, then, cuttings should be taken from the strongest shoots early in April, planted in peat and sand, and, of course, in good bottom heat which a frame affords. In a very few weeks they will be rooted, and can then be potted off, but returned to the frame. Though in a moist heat, they must have sufficient air. When fully grown they can be hardened off in a cooler place, and finally removed to the stove house in October."

"Well done, Charles," said John. "I could not have lectured better myself; but I shall certainly grow jealous if I allow you to be the only lecturer; so on our next spare day you must come over to us, and hear what I have to say on some popular flower."

"Nothing will delight me more, my dear fellow," and this was therefore regarded as a fixture for the future.

HOW I OBTAINED MY APPOINTMENT.

BY A LADY CIVIL SERVANT.

"WELL, I must do *something* for my living: that's certain!" I exclaimed, with the aggressive determination that so often results from a long inward conflict.

"How old are you, Annie?" asked Mary Shaw, who had dropped into tea on her way home from the office.

"I was eighteen last birthday."

"Then, why not try for a Civil Service clerkship? The limits of age are eighteen to twenty. Have you a daily paper? Announcements of forthcoming open competitive examinations usually appear in the principal London and provincial newspapers on Thursdays."

I handed her a morning paper.

"Here it is: 'Lady Clerks in the General Post Office; at least thirty vacancies, September 15th; aged eighteen to twenty. Salary, £65 to £400 per annum, etc., etc.'"

"Does that mean there are thirty vacancies in your office, Mary?" I asked.

"Not necessarily. There are three departments in the General Post Office in which lady clerks are employed: the Savings Bank, the Clearing House, and the Postal Order Branch. Probably, the staff in all three departments will be recruited from the thirty successful candidates at the forthcoming open competitive examination; those whose marks entitle them to places high up on the list being allowed to select the department they prefer to enter, while the others will be called upon to fill the vacancies that remain after the more successful candidates have made their choice. Possibly, too, more than thirty candidates may obtain appointments, for the Post Office authorities have a way of under-estimating the requirements of the service."

"Is there much choice as to department?"

"The salary, the hours of attendance, and the leave is the same in all. But in the largest of the three, the work is rather more complex, and therefore more interesting; moreover, as this department is growing very rapidly, it offers a better chance of promotion than either of the other two."

"The salary is high, £65 to £400 per annum," I remarked, again glancing at the advertisement in the daily paper. "Is the salary regulated by the place one takes at the examination?"

"Oh no: all the clerks enter at £65, and rise by an annual increment of £3 to £100. Promotions to vacancies in the higher classes depend on merit. In my opinion it is better, when considering the advisability of competing for a Civil Service clerkship, not to let one's imagination soar beyond the maximum second-class salary of £100 per annum; not but what there is a very fair proportion of higher appointments. It must, however, be borne in mind that many years have elapsed since women were first admitted, and that the higher classes are, therefore, replete. Of course, vacancies do occur, and with tolerable frequency, lady clerks being required to resign their appointments on marriage, while occasionally the increase in the work necessitates the creation of new higher appointments. But even when due allowance has been made both for retirement and growth, a junior clerk, although she may show exceptional aptitude for the work, cannot hope for promotion until she has been in the service some years. On the other hand, although most of us are apt to think we shall not hold our appointments long enough to entitle us to it, the pension does undoubtedly add greatly to the value of all Civil Service appointments. Nor must it be forgotten that a long interval is allowed to elapse before any deduction is made from the salary on the ground of illness. Think, too, of the annual leave—One whole month's holiday in each year, besides Bank Holidays and the Queen's Birthday!"

"Does the salary commence immediately on entering the service."

"Yes. No clerk's appointment is confirmed until the authorities are satisfied as to her efficiency, but the initial salary of £65 per annum is paid during the whole term of probation."

"And what are the hours of attendance?"

"Seven hours on ordinary days, four on Saturdays. There is, however, a proviso in the regulations that the Saturday half-holiday is not to be granted unless the exigencies of the Public Service admit of it."

"But surely, my dear, you don't have to work seven hours without a break?" asked my mother, who was listening to all Mary Shaw said very attentively.

"Oh no; half-an-hour's interval is allowed in the middle of the day."

"I suppose, then, you young ladies take your luncheons with you?"

"We could if we liked. But as a matter of fact, we seldom trouble to do so, the provisions sold in the dining and luncheon rooms on the premises being good and very reasonable."

"Really these appointments seem most desirable in every way," I remarked musingly.

"Indeed they are!" agreed Mary warmly. "I attach the highest possible value to mine, I assure you."

"Is it quite nice employment for girls—lady-like, I mean?" asked my mother dubiously. Then remembering that, as Mary held one of these appointments herself, the question was not altogether polite, my mother added hurriedly: "Of course I know, my dear, that, left as your poor mother was with a large family, and—er——"

"In short, ours was a case in which beggars couldn't be choosers," laughed Mary, in her outspoken way.

"Still, I do not see why those more happily circumstanced than we were need hesitate to avail themselves of the many advantages that the position of Civil Service clerk offers. The duties are purely clerical, and the lady clerks are never brought into contact with the public."

"And are the lady clerks nice in themselves, my dear—well connected, and so on?"

"Yes; on the whole, I think we are quite sufficiently respectable," replied Mary, with a humorous twinkle. "When I entered, twelve years ago, in the old nomination days, we were very select indeed, only the daughters of professional men being eligible as nominees. Now, however, the daughters of the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker can enter by the broad path of open competition. But it must be remembered that these young persons have emerged victorious from a very severe educational test, so that it is, perhaps, not unreasonable to assume that what they lack in gentle breeding is made up to them in intellectual pre-eminence. Of course there are times when we old ones sigh over our lost exclusiveness, but I fancy most of us are sufficiently liberal-minded to rejoice that the privileges of the few have given place to the just claims of the many."

"Is the entrance examination very difficult, then?" asked my mother.

"It comprises only the subjects that form the basis of an ordinary English education. The competition is, however, very keen."

"I don't think Annie would experience any difficulty in passing an examination in ordinary English subjects," remarked my mother, in a tone of conviction that subsequent events failed to justify. "She is accomplished too, you know."

Mary looked as if she thought that this might be a case in which the lesser is not necessarily included in the greater.

"A great many pass—that is, they reach a qualifying standard in each of the obligatory subjects—but only a small proportion obtain appointments," she said quietly.

"What is the percentage of successes?" I asked.

"That is rather a difficult question to answer, because the percentage varies with each examination. However, I do not think I shall be far wrong if I say that out of every ten competitors only one secures an appointment. But then the nine failures try again and again, as long as their ages are within the prescribed limits, so that perhaps two out of the nine are eventually successful, thus reducing the number of actual failures to seven in ten. Information on this point can, however, easily be obtained, the reprints of the papers set at former examinations, accompanied in nearly every case by a table of the marks assigned, being sold by Eyre & Spottiswoode, East Harding Street, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.,* price sixpence each."

"How often are the examinations held?"

"Generally, twice a year; but occasionally the calls upon the reserve are not sufficient to necessitate the holding of bi-annual examinations."

"How should I intimate to the authorities that I wish to offer myself for examination?"

"You must write to the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, London, S.W., asking for the regulations for the forthcoming examination for female clerks in the General Post Office."

My mother and I talked the matter over long and earnestly; and in the end I wrote to the Civil Service Commissioners, as Mary Shaw had suggested.

By return of post I received a copy of the regulations, together with a candidate's form of application. This latter document was to be filled up, and sent in so as to be received at the Civil Service Commission by a given date, this date being about a fortnight prior to that fixed for the examination. In return, I was to receive an order for admission to the examination, with instructions as to the time and place* at which I should be required to attend, and the manner in which the examination fee of five shillings was to be paid.

As Mary had said, the subjects in which I was to be examined were only those with which every middle-class English girl ought to be well acquainted. Nor did a cursory glance at former examination papers discourage me.

However, as I had two months in which to prepare myself, I thought I might as well refresh my memory a little by getting out my school-books, and dipping into them in a desultory way for a few hours each day.

But on the first day of the examination it certainly did occur to me that a more systematic study of these school-books might have stood me in better stead. Up-casting and cross-casting long rows and lines of figures may be easy enough in theory, but even these simple exercises are apt to become difficult in practice, especially when they have to be completed within a given time. One's handwriting, too, shows to better advantage in an exercise book than on *unlined* foolscap: nor are tabular statements exactly nice things to copy. A long chatty letter to a bosom friend may flow from the pen of the writer without conscious effort; but it may be found necessary to poise that same pen in mid-air many times while endeavouring to formulate one's ideas—granting the doubtful hypothesis that one has ideas—on the advantages and disadvantages of free education. Nor can it be denied that it is much easier to answer questions in grammar, geography, and history *mentally* than to reduce one's general and perhaps rather vague information on these subjects to a bald statement of facts in black and white.

It seems incredible now, but I suppose, when first I presented myself for examination, I did hope to obtain an appointment. But long before the two days' torture was over, I felt convinced that my feeble efforts were

* These papers may also be purchased either directly, or through any bookseller, from the following agents: John Menzies & Co., 12, Hanover Street, Edinburgh, and 90, West Nile Street, Glasgow; and Hodges, Figgis & Co., 104, Grafton Street, Dublin.

* For the convenience of candidates, these examinations are held simultaneously in London, Edinburgh, Dublin, Birmingham, Bristol, Leeds, Liverpool, Aberdeen, and Belfast.

not destined to receive recognition in the form of a Civil Service clerkship.

Still, although I thought I had parted with every vestige of conceit, it never even occurred to me that I could by any possibility have failed to reach the qualifying standard : I, who had invariably been at the top of my class at school.

Yet such was my fate. Never shall I forget my humiliation when first it dawned upon me that I was included in the two hundred odd candidates, each of whom had failed to qualify in one or more of the obligatory subjects. Rather over three hundred passed, and forty—in advertising the Post Office had, as Mary suspected, under-stated its requirements — obtained clerkships.

My mother thought there must be a big mistake somewhere, and urged me to write to the Civil Service Commissioners, demanding an explanation. But before following her advice, I thought I would have a word with Mary Shaw.

To my chagrin, Mary did not appear in the least surprised.

"Better luck next time," she said cheerily. "You see, what is really wanted is out-and-out thoroughness."

"But how am I to set about acquiring this out-and-out thoroughness?"

"In my opinion, the best way is to join one of the many really excellent classes that are now held in London and most of the large provincial towns for the preparation of intending candidates. These classes are advertised in all the daily papers. It is so all-important to know how to employ the time one has for preparation to the best advantage. But, above all, work hard."

I took Mary's advice, and with such happy results, that at the next open competitive examination I obtained my clerkship.

But before I pass on to my further experiences I must speak of another course that I discovered many of those who attend evening classes are following.

When a girl is between fifteen and eighteen, she competes for a Female Sortership in the General Post Office. Should she be so fortunate as to obtain one of these situations, she devotes her evenings to study. Then, as soon as she is eighteen, she presents herself at every examination held for clerkships, until she either obtains an appointment or completes her *twenty-fifth year, she being entitled to deduct from her actual age any time not exceeding five years, which she may have spent as a female sorter.*

The advantages of this course are obvious : the girl is earning money all the time she is preparing for a clerkship ; assuming that examinations for clerkships are held bi-annually, she has *fourteen chances instead of four;* should she obtain a clerkship, her official training will be of assistance to her in passing her probation, and should she fail to secure a clerkship, she still has her sortership to fall back upon.

On the other hand : there are probably physical objections to be urged against a girl's beginning her official career at so early an age : the position of female sorter is not nearly equal to that of lady clerk ; and work during the day, with hard study in the evening, is a very severe tax on a girl's strength.

The duties of female sorters consist principally in sorting official documents. The hours of attendance are eight daily. The wages commence at twelve shillings per week, rising one shilling per week annually to fourteen shillings, and thence from one-and sixpence per week annually to twenty-one-and-six. Promotions to vacancies in the higher class depend on merit. The examination for sorterships does not embrace as many subjects as that for clerkships, and the standard of proficiency in each subject is relatively lower. No candidate is eligible for a sortership who is less than four feet ten inches in height without boots.

Before entering upon my official duties, I had to undergo a medical examination. I did not think much of this at the time, but I have since discovered that to some it is a very formidable ordeal ; for although positive disease be absent, delicacy of constitution may lead to rejection, and even want of general vigour does in some cases disqualify.

Then came my probation. Again my old faults asserted themselves. The work seemed so ridiculously simple while my instructress sat by my side, checking me each time I was about to make a slip ; but when I essayed to go alone, my duties assumed a very different aspect. To my utter astonishment, I found that the pitfalls were many, and that I evinced quite a remarkable propensity for tumbling into them head foremost.

Again and again was I cautioned, until at length I thought seriously of inquiring whether the railway company would allow me anything for my season ticket in the not unlikely event of my having no further use for it. However, I managed to pull myself together just in time, and having eaten rather heartily of that unpalatable dish called "humble pie," and undergone a second medical examination, I was translated into a seventh heaven of delight by being informed that my appointment was confirmed.

Since that happy moment the anniversary of my official birthday has come and gone, and I have experienced a good many ups and downs, but I have not yet seen cause to regret the day I became

A LADY CIVIL SERVANT.

THE SECRET OF EAGLE'S-FATE.

BY THOMAS KEYWORTH, AUTHOR OF "MISTRESS JUNE," ETC.

I.

HER name was Innocent, and all the people in the neighbourhood of Eagle's-Fate called her Innocent Woodrough. Her grandfather's name was Sep Woodrough, as everybody knew. Her father's name was Max Royden, but that was forgotten or ignored. "He ran away to save his neck," was the common remark made if he happened to be mentioned, and this was regarded as a sufficient reason for letting his name disappear.

Innocent was born in prison: there could be no doubt on that point; her mother died at the same time: "of a broken heart" Sep Woodrough always declared; "of a guilty conscience" was the verdict of certain neighbours, who were careful not to err on the side of kindness.

Innocent was not proud of her name, and in the course of time she acquiesced in the substitution of Ena, which her schoolfellows at Millthorpe used when they addressed her, but Sep Woodrough called her Innocent, and pronounced all the three syllables; he would have made four of them if possible. He was ready enough to have her called Woodrough, but on that subject Ena was stubborn; her name was Royden, and she would not be ashamed of it.

Her story was not known at Millthorpe, except by the aunt with whom she lived, and that aunt, Mabeth Eden, never talked to her about the painful circumstances which had cost the family so much. Max Royden was Mabeth's brother: he had become an outlaw; Eleanor, his wife, was dead; old Sep Woodrough was a marked man; and Mabeth was a widow, her husband, Luke Eden, having pined away after he settled at Millthorpe. "Luke died of home-sickness," she said to herself. "He loved Eagle's-Fate, but he could not bide there for very shame, and this air killed him."

From Eagle's-Fate to Millthorpe was ten miles across hills and moors; the journey by railway was almost twice that distance, because Eagle's-Fate was not near a station, and the line from Hoplow (two miles away) to Millthorpe went a long way round, and passengers had to change once or twice between the two points.

Luke Eden could not bear the thought of going far from his native village, and yet his sensitive nature would not permit him to remain there; so he settled at Millthorpe, and made an improvement in wool-spinning machinery, which brought him in a nice income. He died of consumption, but his wife called the disease by a more sentimental name.

Mabeth had no children of her own, and she wanted to adopt Innocent, but Sep Woodrough refused to give his consent, and it was not customary in that family to set the old man at defiance.

A compromise was arranged. There was a high

"'THAT IS WHY I LOOKED SO SAD, ENA'" (*p.* 304).

school for girls at Millthorpe, an institution about which Mabeth knew scarcely anything, but she praised it to Sep, and pointed out the advantages of a good education, until he consented to send his granddaughter to it. She was to live with her aunt during the week, and to return home each Friday evening, and stay at Eagle's-Fate till Monday morning.

Innocent was twelve years old when she began to attend the school at Millthorpe, and she remained there until she was eighteen. She seemed to live in two worlds. At Millthorpe, she was the orphan niece of Mrs. Eden, a respectable and well-to-do townswoman—a widow with an income. At Eagle's-Fate, she was the daughter of a man who had fled from justice, and who might still be living in exile, for Max Royden was suspected of having robbed and murdered Bryan Murgatroyd.

II.

EAGLE'S-FATE was the name of a house; but there was a time when it was known as Slack-Mount Hall. The newer title had been given in derision at first, and then in the course of generations it fixed itself as the recognised and official designation.

It was a quaint old place, with many gables and with mullioned windows; the roof was stone, as was the case with all the ancient buildings in that neighbourhood, for slates were an innovation. The chief peculiarity of the house was its chimney-stacks. There were four of them, forming a square structure in the middle of the building, but only three were used for their legitimate purpose; the other was a pedestal, on which stood a stone eagle, with an arrow piercing its breast. The bird was supposed to be dying, for its head was thrown backward and its wings were half spread. Tradition said that at one time it was a fine piece of sculpture, but many storms of wind and rain had removed the bird's most striking features, and it remained an indefinite mass, which required a favourable disposition on the beholder's part, or it would be refused its dignified name.

"It might be a big turkey," said one lout from a distance, to whom a man of the neighbourhood was explaining things.

"Thou might be a goose," was the reply.

Fronting that chimney-stack where the eagle stood was a tablet, on which a verse had been engraved at the time when the eagle was placed there. That verse was from Edmund Waller. Some parts were obliterated, but the passage was well known, and the children could repeat it. Thus it ran:

"The eagle's fate and mine are one,
Which on the shaft that made him die,
Espied a feather of his own,
Wherewith he wont to soar so high."

Anybody could tell the story of Martin Murgatroyd and his devotion to the house of Stuart, the disappointment which ensued, and his retirement to that lonely place, where he caused a symbol of his own fate to be put in a prominent position, that men might know what he had suffered and how he had felt.

There was another story about a girl whom he adopted and educated, that she might become his wife, The girl preferred somebody else, however, and most of the women said "the image and the poetry" referred to her. It is very difficult to write history.

Not only was the house called Eagle's-Fate, but the small village near. To prevent confusion, however, the village, of about two hundred inhabitants, was generally called the town, and natives were inclined to be indignant if anybody applied their particular designation to any distant place, like London.

It was said that Martin Murgatroyd owned all he could see from the Hall, and a bit besides; but first one slice was cut away, then another, until very little remained in the possession of the family except the Hall and the Home Farm.

Bryan Murgatroyd was the first miser of his race, and it was understood that he intended to restore the family to its ancient position. In outlying places like Eagle's-Fate, a man can soon gain a reputation for enormous wealth. Bryan Murgatroyd gained that reputation. He quarrelled with his own kinsfolk, and had Sep Woodrough living in the house with him. Then, when Max Royden married Sep's daughter, he went to live there too. The servants were villagers, and slept at their own homes, though the Hall was commodious enough to accommodate a score of people. Bryan rose early in the morning, and unfastened the doors; he was the last to retire at night, and he always attended to the locks and bolts himself. It was said that after the house was quiet he counted his money.

Max Royden and Eleanor had not been married a year when something very startling happened. One of the horses was ill, and Max said he should stay with it all night, for it was a valuable animal. That was in summer-time, when morning began almost as soon as evening ended. He kept attending to the horse, and then he walked about to keep himself awake. Once he went near the Slack Pool, as it was called—a sheet of water of unknown depth, said to have been a quarry or mine at one time. There he saw one of the villagers, who had been taking his wife to a cottage over the fields, where a sister of hers had been seized with violent cramp.

Next morning Bryan Murgatroyd was missing. He was not to be found in the Hall or anywhere else, and the rumour began to spread that the Woodroughs had murdered him and disposed of his body in the Slack Pool. No money could be found, and it was confidently stated that the Woodroughs had secured the old man's wealth and hidden it somewhere.

The horse which Max professed to be attending during the night was well in the morning. Billy Dintingtee, who had seen Max near the pool, soon related his night's experience, adding, after awhile, that he thought at the time something was wrong.

"He's not particular sociable, isn't Max Royden," said Billy. "Now, I'm a man who'd stop anywhere at any time to have a chat, and if a public-house is near so much the better. He was looking in that pool as sure as I'm here; and when I says: 'What a

nice night we're having, but some folks is not so well, fine as it is,' he just says: 'Good-night, Billy,' and walks off—off he walks."

Before three days were passed there was a warrant issued for the apprehension of Sep Woodrough, Max Royden, and Eleanor. Sep and Eleanor were taken to Wakefield, where Innocent was born, but Max Royden had disappeared as effectively as Bryan Murgatroyd. Nobody suggested, however, that Max had been murdered.

III.

WHEN Innocent Royden and Hubert Shenstone became acquainted with each other, they had no suspicion that any connection existed between their respective families. But Hubert was grandson to the Bryan Murgatroyd who had disappeared so strangely, and Innocent was daughter to the man who was said to have murdered him. Her grandfather and her mother were supposed to have been accessories before or after the event.

Bryan Murgatroyd had alienated his children by his strange and miserly habits. His daughter married an architect at Millthorpe, named Shenstone, and Hubert was her son. Mrs. Shenstone was a very proud woman, and it was a bitter disappointment to her when her father died without having made a will, and the real estate, what there was of it, went to her brother Saul, and the personal property was found to be worth scarcely anything. She had shared the common opinion that her father was rich. Her anger was directed to the Woodroughs, whom she blamed for what had happened.

Eleanor had died in giving birth to Innocent, so there was an end to the matter as far as she was concerned. Max Royden could not be found, and the grand jury at Leeds threw out the bill against Sep Woodrough. There was no evidence against the old man, whatever people might think.

Sep owned a cottage and garden at Eagle's-Fate, and he returned to it when he was liberated from prison. Mabeth Eden acted a mother's part to the orphaned babe, until she went to Millthorpe with her husband; then the little one could toddle about the cottage floor, and it was felt that the most difficult part of her life was over, and a stranger might be found to fill a mother's place. Sep idolised the child, and he was not a man with more than his share of tenderness. People said his trouble had not softened him, but had made him harder than ever, except towards "the bairn."

It was a terrible blow to Innocent and Hubert when they first learnt how they stood towards each other. For years they had met occasionally at various houses in Millthorpe. Hubert was three years older than Innocent; but she was a well-built and graceful girl, with a splendid face and a woman's dignity, so that her nineteen years were quite equal to his twenty-two. They had met in the streets scores of times, and exchanged pleasant smiles and friendly greetings, but no words of love, when Innocent went back to Eagle's-Fate to live with her grandfather altogether.

Hubert went to Eagle's-Fate with no expectation of finding Ena there (that was the name by which he knew her). The Hall and the Home Farm were to be sold. Saul Murgatroyd was one of those unlucky men who never do their best. He neglected opportunities and blamed his circumstances. He did not attempt to occupy the Hall himself, but let it with the farm, and attempted to become a rich man by means of stocks and shares. Then came bankruptcy and a forced sale of all his possessions.

Hubert went to Eagle's-Fate professionally. One of his father's customers wanted a report on the condition of the Hall; for the customer was a rich manufacturer at Millthorpe, who was thinking of putting some of his money into land.

It was a lovely August day when Hubert drove over to Eagle's-Fate with a letter from the solicitor who had the business in hand, authorising him to go through the Hall. He had explored the home of his ancestors and was rambling about the neighbourhood, when he thought he would visit the Slack Pool, which he knew to be associated with his grandfather's fate.

The pool was not more than an acre in extent—just large enough to skate on in frosty weather. But only during a very severe frost would anybody venture upon the ice; the water was deep, and in one spot no bottom could be found. An old shaft was supposed to exist there, and it was near one rocky side, where a low wall had been built between the pool and a footpath. Rumour said that Max Royden had fastened stones to old Bryan Murgatroyd, and had thrown him into the water where he knew nobody could ever find him. Sep Woodrough's account of what happened was also connected with that same place.

"The master committed suicide," said Sep. "He was queer in his head, as I noticed many a time. He had a lot of money, I believe, and it was gold. I think he tied a big bag to him, with his money in it, and went down into the deep place like a stone."

It was only to people like Mabeth Eden that Sep condescended to talk like that, or to some of the neighbours who had always maintained that Max Royden was innocent. But he was not communicative even to them or to Innocent. To her, however, he said: "Your father thought the master had wandered away, and would come back again; when he did not, and there was talk about what Billy Dintingtee had seen, he thought he had better keep out of sight until matters were made clear. Your mother persuaded him to go; for we never expected the police would take her and me. We thought your father would be blamed, but we knew he was not guilty. So he went into hiding, and did not know what was happening till your mother was dead. I have never seen him since, but I have heard from him."

"Where is he now?" Innocent asked.

"A long way off, bairn. I had better not tell you where, for he will never come back unless the matter is cleared up; and I am ready to think it never will be."

When Hubert Shenstone stood in the path by the pool, he remembered what he had heard about the Woodroughs, and he wondered whether any of them remained at Eagle's-Fate. To his mind they were villains of the deepest dye.

He heard a light footstep not far away and looked up with a frown, because he was angry just then. But the frown soon took flight and left his face radiant, for he saw Innocent coming towards him.

At Mabeth's request no mention had ever been made of Eagle's-Fate by Innocent; the old name, almost forgotten, had been used by her in speaking about her home. "Slack-Mount" she had often mentioned to her friends—to Hubert among the rest, but he never knew that Slack-Mount and Eagle's-Fate were one and the same place.

"Are you spending your holidays here?" he asked, after exchanging pleasant greetings with Innocent; then, without waiting for a reply, he said: "I was in a melancholy mood when you came along. My grandfather was thrown into this pool by a man called Woodrough, who robbed him and escaped. The Hall up there belonged to my family for hundreds of years, but it is to be sold. That is why I looked so sad, Ena; but I am delighted to see you. With whom are you staying?"

"HUBERT EXAMINED THE ROOF". (*p.* 305).

Innocent turned deadly pale as Hubert spoke these words.

"You are mistaken," she replied, with trembling lips. "The man who was wrongfully suspected of robbing and murdering Bryan Murgatroyd was not called Woodrough, but Royden. He is my father. Sep Woodrough, as everybody calls him, is my grandfather. I live with him."

IV.

NOBODY can explain love—men of science and philosophy least of all. The poets describe it, but that is not explanation.

When Hubert and Innocent stood face to face near the Slack Pool, they felt as if an insuperable difficulty had come between them; and yet, for the first time, they knew they loved each other.

"What have I said, Ena?" Hubert asked in agony.

Innocent noticed that he was blaming himself, and not her.

"Only what you have heard others say," she replied sorrowfully. "Your grandfather must have drowned himself; he must have sunk into the deep pit of the pool, weighed down by his gold. My grandfather says so, and I believe him."

This explanation had never been accepted by any of the Murgatroyds, so Hubert heard it for the first time.

"It is all so strange," he murmured. "Royden? I always thought it was Woodrough who was suspected. Is your father still alive?"

"Yes," said Innocent; "but I may as well tell you now I do not know where he is. My grandfather does not care to talk about the affair. He was suspected; so was my mother. I was born in prison. Oh, it was cruel to act like that! My name is Innocent; Ena is short for it. When my mother died, my grandfather said I should be called Innocent. He never calls me anything else. It was Aunt Mabeth who began to call me Ena."

"Was your mother taken to prison?"

"She was; and there was never a particle of evidence against her. They killed her!"

"Killed her?"

"What they did caused her to die, and that is the same. We are marked people here, and have been ever since that terrible time. I cannot remember being treated as a person without guilt. I am looked at as if I had committed a crime."

"It is a wonder your grandfather has remained here," Hubert said, his mind borne to and fro by the revelation now made to him, and his remembrance of what others had told him previously.

"Grandfather is a stern man," replied Innocent. "He has some property in the town, and he decided to live down the charges made against him and the foul suspicions. Here he comes."

Sep Woodrough was described as an old man who looked as if he would live for ever. His life had been spent out of doors as farm-bailiff, and he was not given to habits which counteract the blessed influence of fresh air and exercise. Since the disappearance of Bryan Murgatroyd he had cultivated his own plot of land, and was ready to speak with authority on the subject of spade-husbandry. He was very tall, but he stooped considerably; his hair was long and perfectly white; his mouth was tightly closed, after the fashion of men who think much and feel much, but who repress their emotions.

Sep did not notice Innocent until he reached the place where she was standing. His eyes were fixed on the Hall, where he had lived for many years, and from which he had been driven in disgrace.

When he saw Innocent and a young man, he looked from one to the other in a startled manner.

"This is my grandfather, Mr. Shenstone," Innocent said to Hubert. "Grandfather, this is Mr. Hubert Shenstone, of Millthorpe. He is an architect, and has come over to examine the Hall."

"Your mother was a Murgatroyd," said Sep, addressing Hubert, in what sounded to Innocent a very harsh voice.

"Yes," replied Hubert; "and this is the cradle of my family. I am not aware that I was ever here before."

"Your mother brought you twice when you were a child," Sep answered: "that was in your grandfather's time. I remember it well. Innocent's mother was delighted with you. She was a young wife then."

"Innocent's mother?"

"My name is Innocent. Ena is a pet name which my aunt gave me," Sep's granddaughter explained. "I told you a minute ago."

"There will be great alterations about here when the Hall is sold," Hubert said to the old man, by way of changing the subject.

"I doubt that," was Sep's response.

"Well, I must not betray a client's secret," Hubert exclaimed, with a laugh; "but I know what I know."

"So do I," said Sep. Then addressing his granddaughter, he told her he would walk on with Mr. Shenstone. There was nothing to be done but for the young people to say good-afternoon, which they did, while the old man looked into the dark waters of the pool.

Innocent tripped along towards the cottage, and Hubert followed her with his gaze, lamenting in his heart the evil chance which had disturbed a happy meeting: for it was happy, despite the strange facts disclosed about her family and his own.

"You met her by accident?" Sep queried when he and Hubert were alone.

"Certainly. I had no suspicion that her home was here. She always called it Slack-Mount."

"Always? How often is always? Do you know her well?"

"Yes. We have met frequently at Millthorpe."

Hubert was blushing.

"Take my advice," replied the old man, "and do not meet frequently in the future."

Sep pointed to the pool, and continued:

"Somewhere under that water is a secret which the Day of Judgment will reveal. Your grandfather and his gold are there. The accursed money! It killed my lass, and put the shadow of Cain's mark on yonder bairn, and it drove Max Royden into holes and corners. It brought shame and suspicion to me and mine in every way, and yet we never handled a farthing which we did not earn. I do not blame you for what happened, but keep away from yon bairn. That is all I have to tell you."

Sep turned away, and followed Innocent.

Hubert was indignant. He sat on the wall near the pool, and revolved various plans in his mind. He would go back to Millthorpe, and never trouble Eagle's-Fate again. He would make inquiries about Max Royden, and find out what manner of man he was. He would see Ena once more, at least, and would learn what effect the strange discoveries had exercised on her mind; then he could assure her that nothing in her father's history made any difference to him. He would see Mabeth Eden, and learn as much as possible from her.

"I must examine that roof," he pondered, looking at the Hall; "but not to-day. I shall want a ladder."

So when he drove back to Millthorpe it was with the determination of returning soon to finish a task which required only one journey. Professional honour, however, was not much disturbed by the project, and various other sentiments were gratified.

Sep said nothing to Innocent about the recent interview. He told her he must go to Hoplow on the morrow. He went once a month, but he never took anybody with him, or gave any account of the business which he transacted there.

V.

HUBERT examined the roof on the following day, and he saw Innocent again—by accident, of course—and the meeting was near her home. He had walked to the pool, but she was not there. He inquired where Sep Woodrough lived, and learnt the fact without much difficulty. The tenant at the Hall told him, and volunteered the opinion that if justice were done all round considerable restitution would have to be made to Sep and his family.

"I knew Max Royden," said the farmer, a man called Hawker, "and a better man never crossed a field. I have always said it was a pity he didn't face his enemies, and hit out. Hitting out does it. Hit soon enough, hit hard, and hit often."

Hawker, like many other people, was carried away by analogy, and he did not perceive that the proceedings of an assize court are not exactly the same as a bout of fisticuffs.

It was Hubert's desire to learn the truth, and therefore he continued his conversation with Hawker, not sorry to have found a man who was ready to defend the fugitive.

"The evidence looked very awkward," he remarked. "Not that I remember the circumstances, but I have heard them mentioned often enough."

"It just happened so," said Hawker. "Bryan Murgatroyd was a queer fish. If he made up his mind to drown himself—and I believe he did—he was just the man to pick a time when suspicion of foul play would be thrown on somebody else."

The suggestion was horrible, and the young man shuddered to hear so unfavourable an opinion of his ancestor.

"I'll tell you a thing or two," Hawker resumed. He was a man who enjoyed having a listener; he meant to make the most of his opportunity. He began a string of anecdotes, which went to prove that Bryan Murgatroyd was capable of playing shabby tricks, though they might not seem to do himself any good.

"We say about this quarter," Hawker concluded, "when a horse is a kicker, it will kick for owt, and it will kick for nowt. Some men are like that. Bryan Murgatroyd was."

These revelations and opinions could not be gratifying to the grandson of the man who was the subject of them, and yet there were compensations. We know something about the living dog and the dead lion, and where the greater value lies. Hubert would have been glad if anybody had praised Bryan Murgatroyd, but nobody ever did; he felt more anxious just then that something should be said to clear the character of Max Royden.

Innocent urged him not to come any more, and that pleased him. Lovers have many sources of joy; the waters may not run smooth, but the art of finding sweetness in storm and strife is theirs, and has been through all the ages.

He came again and again. Sometimes he thought he must return to Millthorpe without seeing the maiden who drew him, but he was never quite disappointed. The interview might be late and hurried—for Innocent declared that each must be the last, and Hubert must not expect her any more, and he was doubting until he saw her; but he did see her, and exchange a few words. He was gathering evidence, he said, and she believed him. It was true. He asked old inhabitants their opinion about Max Royden, and was told without reserve, each man or woman saying, "What I say now I have said ever since it happened, and I shall say th' same thing as long as my tongue 'll wag." This was not quite satisfactory—consistency has its seamy side—but it was something, and it gave an excuse to Hubert, who would have gone just the same if no excuse had been in existence.

If testimonies were counted, they were against Max Royden, but it seemed to Hubert that the most intelligent of the persons he questioned, male or female, were of opinion that Bryan Murgatroyd had not been robbed and murdered, but he had destroyed his own life in the Slack Pool, and taken his money with him.

Hubert was training himself to regard this explanation as the right one (not entertaining for a moment the diabolical opinions which Hawker had mentioned), when he was startled, like many other people, by an unexpected event.

Eagle's-Fate and the Home Farm, as it was still called, were sold by auction, and they were put up in one lot—the reserve price being fifteen thousand pounds. When that sum was reached the sale was an open one. Hubert Shenstone's father bid another hundred for his client; somebody else bid another hundred; and the auctioneer, after a long pause and many pleading words, knocked it down.

The purchaser was Sep Woodrough—not for himself, but for his granddaughter, Innocent.

VI.

SEP WOODROUGH explained nothing to the general public, though he knew how men would talk about his conduct. He was ready to pay the deposit demanded by the conditions of sale. This transaction was gone through without many words, then he took his departure, a defiant look on his face, which easily might have been mistaken for guilty bravado. The sale was held at Leeds, that being a better centre than any town nearer to Eagle's-Fate.

"It was at Leeds he was brought up for trial," said one man, who remembered Bryan Murgatroyd and the events which followed his disappearance.

"Did he get off?" asked another, who had only a dim remembrance of the affair.

"Grand jury threw out the bill," was the reply.

"Anything turned up since?"

"Not a word."

"Very strange!"

"Very."

When Hubert Shenstone heard what had happened he was painfully startled, because the whole transaction looked terribly suspicious. He had mentioned Innocent to his father and mother, and they regretted his infatuation, as they called it. They remembered Mrs. Eden's niece, and thought her a nice girl; but when they learnt what relation she bore to the suspected murderer of Bryan Murgatroyd, they were indignant with their son.

Mr. Shenstone always pretended to have heard somebody say what he brought forward in his arguments. In that manner he could fight behind

entrenchments, for he did not feel called upon to defend everything which other people said.

He spoke very plainly to his son after the sale, and declared that people were ascribing dreadful conduct to Sep Woodrough.

"They say it is your grandfather's money," the father repeated solemnly. "I met a man to-day who told me that the rascal has had the plunder in safe hiding all these years, and now he is using it to defraud us of our patrimony."

There was at least one weak place in the statement, but the unknown man was not there to explain or substantiate his own words.

Hubert was wretched, yet he soon found his way to Eagle's-Fate, and he had not much difficulty in seeing Innocent, who might have been on the look-out for him.

"You ought not to have come, Hubert," she said sorrowfully. "It will be better for us both if we do not meet again."

"Ena, you expected me," was the reply, given in a tone almost as sad as her own. "I thought you would be in trouble, and how could I stay away? Surely you know me better than that."

Their favourite meeting-place was a field-path, from which the Hall and the pool could both be seen, but not Sep Woodrough's cottage and garden.

"Grandfather knows you come," Innocent said, "and he knows that I meet you. But it is foolish, he tells me, and he will not allow me to explain anything about the money which is to be paid for the property."

"Could you explain it, Ena?" was the eager question which followed this half-revelation.

"Yes; but I must not."

Innocent looked him in the face, and there was no sign of doubt or guilty knowledge in her eyes. Hubert felt glad again, and put away from him by a mighty effort all the gloomy fears which had been distressing him.

"You will be an heiress, Ena," he remarked, smiling.

She bowed her head, and answered:

"I would rather have been without the property. It will make people talk. But I know how it will be paid for. I know everything now. Perhaps it is paid for. My grandfather was to complete the purchase this afternoon. Do not come again, Hubert. Promise me."

He did not promise, and she knew he would not, but she begged him again and again, and he refused or shook his head in silence.

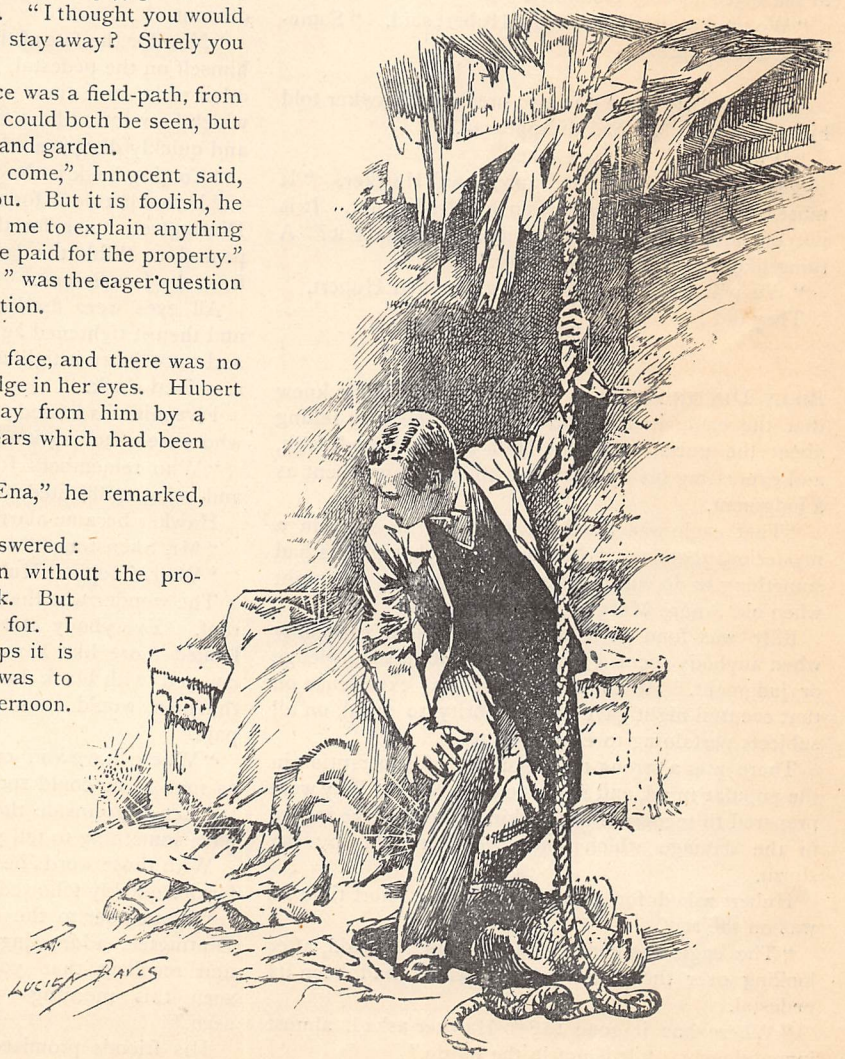
After Hubert left her he went to the Hall, where he had taken his horse, for he had ridden over from Millthorpe. He saw Sep Woodrough drive along the road towards his cottage, and he noticed a peculiar aspect in the western sky.

"Sep Woodrough is in a hurry," was Hawker's remark. "He knows we are going to have a storm. I would not start just yet, if I were you. Stay until the rain is over. Here it is, and no mistake!"

The wind rose at once, and great splashes of water were driven against the window.

The storm increased in fury, and Hubert accepted Hawker's invitation to remain at the Hall for the night. It was his intention to ride as far as Hoplow, where he had business the next morning, so his friends at home would not be uneasy at his absence.

"Better here than outside," said Hawker, as the windows rattled in the wind. It was the end of September, and the days were becoming shorter and the evenings cool. A fire had been lighted in the sitting-room, and the farmer promised himself a pleasant



"IN A CORNER OF THE ROOM WAS AN IRON CHEST" (*p.* 309).

evening's chat—a luxury which he enjoyed as much as any man.

Hubert made himself agreeable, and the hours passed rapidly, in spite of Nature's tumult ; for it seemed as if the Furies had been let loose.

"I never knew anything like it," said Hawker, as the house seemed to tremble in the storm.

Then there was a mighty crash, and everybody sprang up with a cry. The servants rushed into the room terrified. "What is it? what is it?" each one asked the others. But nobody could tell. A strange calm followed. The tempest appeared to have made its last effort when that crash was heard, and to have ceased as suddenly as it began.

"One of the chimney-stacks must have fallen," was Hubert's suggestion. "We had better examine the rooms upstairs, and see what damage has been done. Let us hope the roof has not given way."

There was no sign of damage inside the house. Hawker and Hubert went outside, but it was too dark to see anything very distinctly.

"We must wait till morning," Hubert said. "Something has fallen."

When Hubert came down to breakfast Hawker told him the stone eagle had disappeared.

"Where is it?" Hubert asked.

"That is what I want to know," said Hawker. "It must have weighed three or four hundredweight. It is not outside, and it is not inside. Where is it? A thing like that is not blown away."

"We will find it after breakfast," replied Hubert.

They did !

VII.

BILLY DINTINGTEE was in the farm-yard. He knew that the eagle had disappeared, and he was telling about the purchase of the Hall by Sep Woodrough, and expressing his opinion that the storm was sent as a judgment.

"That eagle was lifted clean away," he said, in a mysterious manner. "My opinion is that ghosts had something to do with it. Don't I remember the night when old Squire Murgatroyd was done for?"

Billy was fond of asking the question, especially when anybody seemed inclined to doubt his knowledge or judgment. He thought his special experience on that eventful night gave him authority to speak on all subjects pertaining to Eagle's-Fate.

There was a strong under-current of superstition in the popular mind, and many persons besides Billy were prepared to recognise the working of retributive justice in the damage which had been wrought by the storm.

Hubert asked for a ladder, and in a short time he was on the roof.

"The eagle has gone clean through," he said, after looking over the chimney-stack which had been its pedestal.

"Where has it gone to?" Hawker asked, almost incredulously. "It is not in the house."

The four chimney-stacks enclosed a rectangular space about eight feet square. This had been covered with thin slabs of stone, like the rest of the roof, but an enormous hole had been made by the eagle in its fall.

Hawker ascended the ladder, and stood beside Hubert.

"There is a large space somewhere inside, which we have not examined," Hubert said.

"I have been in every room," replied the farmer.

"Get me a good strong rope and a lantern, and I will go down there," Hubert exclaimed.

Hawker would have dissuaded his visitor, but his curiosity had been excited. He knew the rooms were arranged in a peculiar manner, and the thought had struck him more than once that space had been wasted in constructing the Hall.

It did not take long to find the rope and to secure one end of it to the chimney-stack. A lantern was also obtained, and Hubert fastened it to his waist, policeman fashion. There were soon a score of men on the roof, to watch what seemed to most of them a perilous descent.

"Now for the fate of the eagle," Hubert said, raising himself on the pedestal, lowering himself gently to the other side, and then seizing the rope, by means of which he went without difficulty through the aperture, and quickly disappeared from sight.

"Coming back is the job," Hawker remarked.

"I wouldn't do it for the Hall and Farm," said Billy Dintingtee ; "nor for the Farm and Hall." He appeared to think the latter alternative very different from the former one.

All eyes were fixed upon the rope. It slackened, and then it tightened again. Once more it slackened, and once more it tightened. Then it slackened, and remained slack.

Five minutes passed ; ten minutes passed. To those who were watching it seemed hours.

"Who remembers Joe Toker going down a well and being spifflicated?" Billy Dintingtee asked.

Hawker became alarmed.

"Mr. Shenstone?" he cried, shaking the rope.

"Well?" replied Hubert, from the ladder.

The wonder was that somebody did not roll off the roof. Everybody stared with amazement. Hubert looked more like a sweep than anything. He was covered with black dust : if it had not been for that, the men would have noticed his face was ghastly pale.

"Where have you come from?" Hawker inquired, as soon as he could speak.

"Let us go inside the house," replied Hubert. "I have something to tell you."

With those words he descended the ladder, and the farmer quickly followed him.

"Remember to the day of your death," said Billy Dintingtee, addressing the other men : "remember and recollect that you have seen what you have seen this morning—what this morning you have seen."

His friends promised that they would, and Billy appeared to be satisfied.

"THE CONVERSATION COULD BE HEARD BY THE WATCHERS OUTSIDE" (*p.* 310).

VIII.

WHEN Hubert went through the aperture made by the falling eagle, he soon found himself on a floor, but the huge stone was not there. A gaping hole had been produced in the boards, and he lowered himself through that. He soon reached another floor, and saw another great gap. Down he went further, and reached solid ground. The eagle had been broken into several pieces. But something else arrested his attention. In a corner of the little square room where he stood was an iron chest, with the lid open, and lying across it what looked like a bundle of rags.

Everything was black, except the fresh pieces of stone. There were crevices in the wall, through which smoke from the chimneys had found means of entrance; soot covered the sides, the floor, the ceiling, the chest, the rags.

The rags! He attempted to move them, and was horrified to discover that they encircled a mummy-like form, and that a human face, black and dry, was visible. In the chest were black discs, which he soon found to be discoloured money.

He understood the position of affairs in a moment. That was a secret room, and the body of his grandfather was before him, preserved by the smoke; the wealth which had disappeared so mysteriously, and which Woodrough and Royden had been suspected of stealing, was in that grime-encrusted box.

An iron ladder had been attached to the wall by rods, and there had been a trap-door leading to the floor above, but the eagle had fallen upon it and borne it to the ground. On one of the walls was a bolt, and with a piece of stone Hubert hammered it back; in doing so, he seemed to knock an oblong section of the wall away. That was a door which led into a dark recess under the stairs. Hubert noticed the old oak wood-work of the recess, which was panelled and carved. There must be some way of opening the door from that side, he knew, but he did not try to discover the secret; he made his way as quickly as possible outside the house, and appeared on the ladder in the startling manner which has been mentioned.

He took Hawker into the secret room, and the two men climbed the iron ladder to the floor above. There

was another ladder leading to the top storey, but Hubert had not noticed that when he went down.

"This was a hiding-place during the Civil War, I suppose," Hubert remarked. "I knew nothing about it, and I feel sure my mother did not."

"I always thought there was a deal of wasted space somewhere," Hawker replied, "but I did not imagine that a dead man and a dead man's money were only the thickness of a wall from me when I sat at my own fireside."

This conversation could be heard by Billy Dintingtee and other watchers outside, and they gathered at once what the discovery meant. Billy said nothing, but started immediately for Sep Woodrough's cottage, that he might be the first to carry the good news.

Sep was soon on the spot, and he went into the secret room, at Hubert's request. By the light of the lantern he recognised his old master's features and dress. He understood the money-box too.

"I thought all that was at the bottom of the pool," he said. "I have wronged the memory of a dead man."

He went outside, and it looked as if all the inhabitants of the neighbourhood were there. Billy Dintingtee was explaining things to the best of his ability.

"Shut up, Billy!" said Hawker; "you talk too much. Let me tell these folks what has happened."

"This day a great secret has been revealed," he continued. "It is nearly twenty years since Bryan Murgatroyd disappeared, and his money with him. A well-known family has been under a cloud ever since. We have found the old man's body in a secret room behind the fireplaces, and his money is there. Whether he was stifled or he died in a fit, I cannot tell, but there his body is, and his money too."

All eyes were turned towards Sep Woodrough.

"I may as well tell you," said Sep, "when Max Royden went away, he went to South Africa, and he has been lucky among the diamonds there. He has written every month, but his letters have come to Hoplow, and I have had to fetch them. He sent the money to pay for Eagle's-Fate, and it was his wish that the place should be settled on his bairn. Where is she?"

Innocent had followed her grandfather, but Hubert had taken her away from the crowd, that he might explain what had happened.

"Let me say a word," exclaimed Billy Dintingtee. "It is only an old proverb, but a true one—true and old. Be sure your righteousness will find you out."

IX.

THERE is little more to tell. An inquest was held, and the verdict was that Bryan Murgatroyd died from natural causes. The money in the chest amounted to a considerable sum, and it was shared amongst the next-of-kin.

Hawker went to live in the farm-house which formerly went with the Home Farm, and Sep Woodrough took up his abode with Innocent at the Hall, but not until considerable alterations had been made inside the place, under the direction of that rising architect, Hubert Shenstone. The secret rooms were obliterated, and additional space was secured in that way for various other rooms.

Nobody objected to the engagement between Innocent and Hubert, though Sep always said: "If that young man had not been jannock when we were suspected, he should not have had the bairn when the truth was known; not if I could have stopped it."

Mrs. Shenstone and her husband were judiciously silent about their previous attitude, and Sep made no inquiries.

When Innocent and her grandfather moved into the Hall, Mrs. Eden became tenant of the cottage which they had occupied. Her heart longed for Eagle's-Fate, and she was glad to leave Millthorpe, and live once more among the scenes of her girlhood.

Max Royden was coming back: that became the chief topic of conversation. Billy Dintingtee hoped to be the first to greet him. "For auld lang syne," he explained.

Billy might have been the first, but he did not know the white-headed stranger who walked from Hoplow one day, and went straight towards the Hall without addressing anybody.

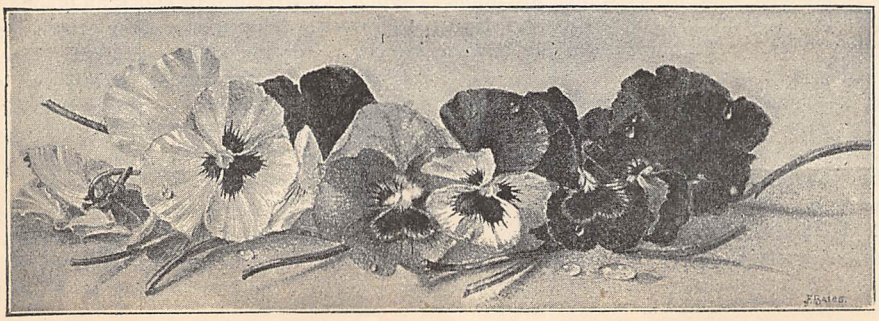
It was the summer after Bryan Murgatroyd's body was discovered.

The stranger met Innocent and Hubert in the Hall grounds.

"You are Innocent," he cried: "the daughter I have never seen. Kiss me."

She kissed the worn face of the stranger, and then she said sweetly, but shyly:

"Father, this is Hubert."



WHAT TO WEAR: CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.

BY OUR LADY CORRESPONDENT.

(With Illustrations photographed from life by Walery, Regent Street, W.)

WALKING DRESS.
(By Messrs. Howell & James, Regent Street, W.)

I THINK it was Juvenal who wrote that "We do not commonly find men of superior sense amongst those of the highest fortune." That may be all very true as regards men, but alas! I fear among women that it often requires a little money to develop certain latent talents, keen perceptions, and a knowledge of how the world moves; all which are greatly needed in that all-absorbing topic to the feminine mind—dress. I do not for a moment wish to advocate giving too much care and thought to the subject; but it is certainly a woman's duty, when devoting her attention to the duties of the toilette, to realise that beauty, grace and comeliness exercise a most refining influence, not only on men, but on all the surroundings of our home. Life is hard enough and cruel enough; and it needs that all the poetical side of existence be well developed, and this depends mainly on women.

I am inclined to think that there is a certain amount of vulgarity in slavishly following every change of mode, and I may astonish my readers if I say that the best dressed women rarely, if ever, do this. Few of our sex understand the art so well as the Princess of Wales; I have never seen her arrayed in the height of the fashion, though her clothes are always fashionably made.

At the present moment women are wearing preposterously large sleeves, and enormous capes by way of bodice trimming, whatever their figure may be. Now this particular style suits a tall, elegant form to perfection, but it is altogether unsightly on a broad, close-set build with a short neck, for it develops all the defects in the appearance.

I have sought to illustrate in the accompanying pretty walking dress, made by Messrs. Howell & James, of Regent Street, a sort of gown which is likely to be worn for some time and never to be unduly

WALKING DRESS—BACK VIEW.
(By Messrs. Howell & James, Regent Street, W.)

GAINSBOROUGH HAT IN BLACK VELVET.
(*By Madame Valerie.*)

remarkable. It is made in fine-faced cloth of a fawn shade, but of course the colour must be a matter of choice. The skirt is cut short, and is of the new shape which is likely to be the leading one during the Spring and Summer. It measures five and a half yards in width, and has no appearance of being overfull; on the contrary, it is particularly becoming to the figure, and falls in a remarkably graceful manner. We are no longer to go about in the narrow sheath-like skirts which were so singularly unbecoming to women of middle age. We shall have to be more liberal in the material; for a skirt of this kind we need more yards of material than for the narrower one.

You will notice that the bodice is double-breasted, made with folded cloth finished with large pearl and steel buttons; the deep revers are so cut that they can be made wide or narrow to suit any figure. The collar is high, a fashion which Englishwomen invariably affect. I would specially call your attention to the sleeves, which have velvet revers at the elbow, a treatment that we shall see largely adopted throughout the coming season. These, as well as the collar and the revers on the bodice, are all of a deep shade of velvet, and so is the waistband, arranged in folds. The long gauntlets to the wrist, Fashion decrees, are to be well worn for many months to come.

What a complete revolution there is in our notions with regard to hats! Time was that it was considered altogether bad style to wear a hat in London, but now everybody does it, even women who have passed the meridian of their youth; and the milliners are so clever that they are able to produce the kind of hat which will suit even the faces of women of mature age. But let me speak a word of caution to any so situated: they must make their choice with care. The hat which accompanies Messrs. Howell & James's dress is of a shape which can be made to suit almost any face. It is composed of fawn velvet, with ostrich plumes.

Madame Valerie, of 17, New Burlington Street, is the maker of the hat and bonnet in our sketches. The hat is of the Gainsborough shape in black velvet, and the huge bow is fastened with a buckle in paste and jet. The quills are composed of very fine ostrich feathers of a vivid emerald green; it looks equally well in fine chip or straw, or in black lace. It would not be at all a difficult pattern for the home milliner to copy, and I advise her to study the make of the bow, which is easily seen in our photograph, and to do her best in reproducing it.

The bonnet is of a modified Empire style. We are certain to adopt this during the forthcoming summer, the only fear is—a fault Englishwomen are prone to—we shall do the mode to death. A huge coal-scuttle bonnet suits but few faces; but our model is more generally useful. It can be made in velvet or straw, and has a triple tuft of Prince of Wales's plumes, a large bunch of Parma violets by way of trimming, and a bouquet of violets beneath the brim.

The toilette would not be complete without a cloak. I have shown you as yet only a fashionable dress and a fashionable headgear. Now I desire to present to your notice a cloak which would suit most women. It is made in black broché vicuna, the pattern either in black silk or worked in gold thread intermixed with black and gold, edged with black ostrich feathers. For a less ambitious garment you might make the lining of a darker shade, but our model has gold-coloured silk. The yoke is of black velvet. In our model this

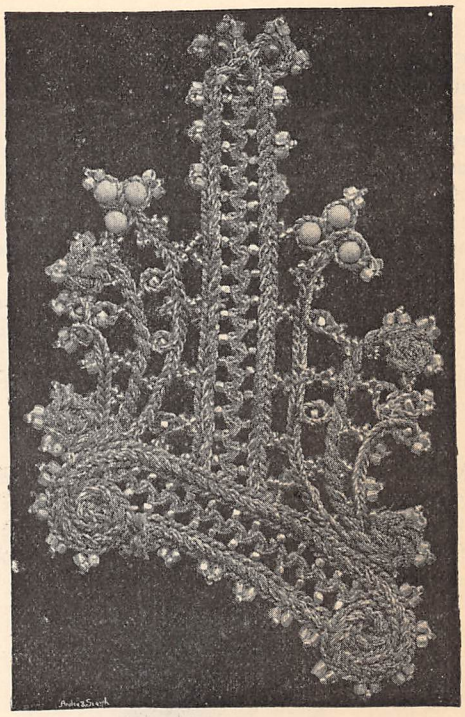
NEW COAL-SCUTTLE BONNET.
(*By Madame Valerie.*)

is embroidered in jet and gold tinsel. There is a black velvet shoulder cape, which is pointed and opens at the back, and is edged with chenille fringe, tipped with gold bullets. It is a handsome Paris model, but it can always be simplified; the high collar is made of ostrich feathers. It has this great advantage, that it can be worn over any dress, without the fear of spoiling the under-sleeve.

Now I am on the subject of cloaks, there was an error in the January number, page 153, of this MAGAZINE. The brocaded cloak was sketched at the Grafton Fur Company, 164, New Bond Street, and not at Mr. Peter Robinson's, as there stated. The cloak opens but slightly at the neck and contracts at the waist.

I should like to glance cursorily at the prevailing styles of the day. The most marked feature is, of course, the cape, which the make of dress has necessitated. We are in March, but it will be another month or two before we abandon furs, so I shall scarcely err in telling you that some of the most fashionable three-quarter capes are arranged to fit well on the shoulders, with a rounded triple fold at the back. There is a broad bordering of fur at the extreme edge, and then some embroidery, headed again by another band, introduced likewise on the shoulders in the form of a rounded yoke, and also on the edge of the high upstanding collar. This can be much simplified as an all-round cloak, with a full-gathered cape reaching to the shoulders, pointed back and front, edged with ostrich feathers arranged to fall in flutes, the high upstanding collar reaching almost to the ears. Sealskin cloaks

NEW CLOAK.
(By Peter Robinson, Oxford Street, W.)



THE NEW PEBBLE PASSEMENTERIE.

are being trimmed round the shoulders with sable tail fringe, a band of the sable round the neck. A cloak for a middle-aged woman after the order of a cape is cut high on the shoulders, being made in rich matélassé, the centre of the back falling in folds, being of velvet, and entirely covered to the waist with handsome jet passementerie.

The new pebble passementerie, of which we give an illustration, is made of gold tinsel, studded with crystal and steel beads, enriched with coral, malachite, etc. It was much used on the mantles made for the trousseau of Princess Marie of Edinburgh.

Outdoor Garments for Girls.

Girls for outdoor wear favour the Russian pelisse, which can be made in a good rich vicuna, or in any other thick woollen stuff, sometimes of the same material as the dress. It is slightly full and drawn in with a belt, a band of embroidered braid or Russian galon carried round the neck and in the centre of the front, the same forming the buckled belt. The full sleeves are set in a band at the wrist. The loose paletôts, double-breasted, with full sleeves or coat sleeves, are always inexpensive and singularly stylish. This same make may be greatly diversified, and looks effective in brocaded cloth with full velvet sleeves and capes. A style that I greatly admire has the leg-of-mutton sleeve with a turn-back cuff of velvet, a high crescent-shaped collar, and bands of velvet crossing over the shoulders united by points in the middle of the back; the material of which the cloak is made falling in Tudor folds at the back. Occasionally a band of fur simulates a yoke, and the fulness falls below that.

Jackets.

Close-fitting jackets are too smart to ever go out of date. Care must be taken to choose them with sleeves sufficiently large not to crush the dress sleeves, and they must be lined with silk. A full-gathered velvet cape would seem to be an essential part of them, but these are as various as the fabrics of which they are made. Occasionally they only start from the shoulder, beneath a velvet revers, the upper portion of the jacket fitting the slope of the shoulders. This is a style in which braiding shows up well, the entire sleeve and the front of the jacket being thus ornamented. Some of the tight coat sleeves have a short over-puff sleeve of velvet, and this treatment, by the bye, would answer to renovate a last year's jacket.

Pelisses.

Many women like to wear a garment which entirely covers the dress, and a few are thus made under the name of pelisses. The most remarkable are the 1830 ones, with full skirt, the large cape, narrow in front and back, and wide over the shoulders, the sleeves in one large puff to the elbow, then forming gauntlets falling over the hand. The less remarkable are the pelisses that fit on the shoulder, show handsome embroidery at the back, and fall in soft folds to the hem of the skirt. They have high collars, tight sleeves from wrist to elbow, and then a large puff.

One word as to

Mackintoshes and Travelling Capes.

The waterproofs are to be had perfectly odourless, in tweeds which are impervious to wet. Some envelop the figure, have a cross-cut seam down the back, are gathered on the shoulders, and possess a hood. These are excellent for walking. Another shape is, in fact, two garments—an ulster which can be worn alone, and an over-cloak of three-quarter shape, which is movable also, and can be put on separately. Two favourite travelling cloaks are the short Scotch capes, and a longer Tudor cape, which is gathered to a yoke.

OPERA CLOAK IN BLACK BROCHÉ VICUNA.
(By Peter Robinson, Oxford Street, W.)

Children's Fashions.

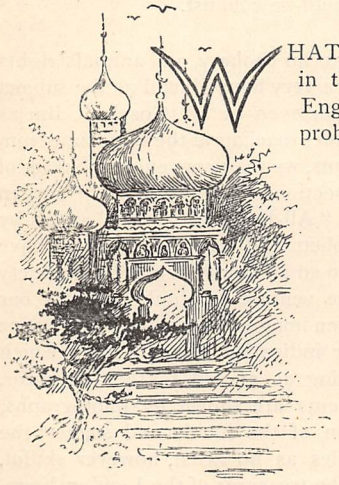
Schoolgirl frocks are being made with perfectly plain skirts, a hem of six inches put on the outside and piped. The bodice is bordered with a *rouleau* at the waist, the upper portion and the sleeve puffed to the elbow are made in velvet or velveteen. This latter material is so improved in the manufacture and in the colouring that I cannot help recommending it. For schoolgirls it would wear excellently well. From the waist the material matching the skirt is brought up in a double point back and front, a strap of the fabric attached to this point being carried over the shoulders. This is neat and smart-looking.

It is sound advice in March not to forego "A clout," for March winds are stern, so that the outdoor garments I recommend for children are warm and comfortable. There are the double-breasted paletôts, with double capes on the shoulders and fur revers at the throat, bands of the same being carried round the gauntlet-cuffs. The Russian paletôts are modified in many forms for children. I like them best with the pointed band fastening on the left side, and having upper sleeves to the elbow over tight under ones, all edged with double rows of silk trimming, easily mistaken for fur. For younger children a similar garment appears to have a full front piece, over which the outer one opens with revers, and there is a full-gathered sleeve.

We have to thank the Americans for many dainty notions in dress for children, especially for the American hood made in either silk-velvet or plush, upstanding at the back like a Quaker crown, and framing the young face delightfully.

We cling to the smock, which is variously interpreted. For some children a broad band makes the bodice to appear full and short-waisted, rows of circular smocking surrounding the neck. This looks quaint, but not so much so as the square yoke which ends in a straight line on the bust, the skirt of the frock falling from this.

A GOSSIP FROM BOOKLAND.



WHAT is the finest street in the world? Ask an Englishman, and he will probably tell you Piccadilly, as certainly as a Parisian will vaunt the claims of the great boulevards, and an American will vote for Broadway. Well, these are all great in their way, and so are all entitled to a place in a cosmopolitan volume on "The Great Streets of the World," which has been published by Messrs. J. R. Osgood, McIlvaine & Co. Mr. Andrew Lang discourses on Piccadilly, Mr. Richard Harding Davis on Broadway, and the Boulevards of Paris fall to the lot of M. Francisque Sarcey. Mr. W. W. Story acts as *cicerone* to the Corso of Rome, Mr. Henry James treats of the Grand Canal, and these chapters, with others on Unter den Linden in Berlin, and the Névsky Prospékt in St. Petersburg, make up the volume. These are days of globe-trotting, and doubtless not a few of our readers have seen all these great streets of the world; and probably, after the manner of travellers, some of them know of *greater* streets than any of these. But these are the great highways that all of us know, by name at least, and we less-travelled mortals welcome a work that sums up for us their history and their romance, and that pictures their beauties and characteristics.

Here are two books specially for ladies, one on needlework and the other on cookery. The former is Miss Ellen T. Masters' "The Gentlewoman's Book of Art Needlework" ("The Victoria Library for Gentlewomen": Henry & Co.). To our lady readers Miss Masters needs no introduction when she speaks of needlework, for she has contributed many valuable papers to our own pages. She is mistress of her art, and she possesses, what so many experts lack, the knack of communicating her knowledge pleasantly to others. That this volume is not so practical, throughout, as is her work generally, is probably not its author's fault. She has to deal with so many sides of her art within very little compass. Not the least interesting chapters in her book are those on "Embroidery in Pictures" and "Embroidery in Literature." We spoke of the cookery book before us as for ladies. So it is; but it is intended also for the use of confectioners and pastry-cooks. It is described as "a concise practical guide," and its title is the comprehensive one of "The Art of Pastry-Making" (Ward, Lock, Bowden & Co.), by Emile Hérissé. We so often hear of one dish or another as "only to be got at the shops." Well, here are directions, straightforward and succinct, for the making of many dainties. And as the work is intended to fall into the hands of some professional pastry-makers, may we not hope that it will place in the hands of amateurs the secrets of some hitherto veiled mysteries?

Essays again! Here, published by Mr. Walter Scott, is a prettily-dressed and well-printed little selection from Florio's translation of the "Essays of Montaigne" — father and prince of essayists and moralists—edited by Mr. Percival Chubb. The very turn of Montaigne's titles has an old-world ring, but the quaintness of his conceits gives him an eternal freshness. He is not read as he should be nowadays, but perhaps Mr. Chubb's little volume will serve to introduce the master to many new readers.

An encyclopædia in volumes which are easily handled is a thing to be desired, and will often be consulted when a more ponderous publication would have been left to the "learned leisure" of the shelves. "Cassell's Storehouse of General Information," of which the fourth volume, carrying on the work from "Deodorant" to "Friar," has just been published,

certainly fulfils all the requirements of the general reader, not only as to bulk, but also as regards completeness and comprehensiveness. It is brightly and freely illustrated in a manner that enhances its value as a *vade-mecum*. We are often enjoined never to let pass without reference an allusion we do not thoroughly grasp. In the "Storehouse" are gathered materials for all the references most of us are likely to make in the course of general reading.

How little of travel in search of the artistic there is nowadays! We rush hither and thither at the dictate of this traveller or that, to see what he has seen, and it too often happens that what he should have seen but did *not*, we also leave unseen. This is one of the losses which we ought to set against the gains of improved and accelerated means of communication. As Mr. Henry Blackburn says in the preface to his "Artistic Travel" (Sampson Low, Marston & Co., Limited), "Travelling in Normandy, Brittany, the Pyrenees, Spain, and Algeria, forms a splendid journey towards the sun. It may be accomplished in one long autumn." And only too probably it would be, by most travellers. But would they get the good out of the visits which Mr. Blackburn has gleaned from his, which were spread over more than twenty years? Thanks to his guidance, they might see a good deal of what he saw, but travellers in a hurry to cover the ground must be content to rely upon him for that knowledge of strange customs, and those picturesque links which couple the rushing present with the quiet past, that give to foreign travel, "off the track," so much of its charm. Pen and pencil alike have done their work well in Mr. Blackburn's notes, and the result is a volume which, though it is not in all parts new to us, is always interesting.

Not one of the districts that Mr. Blackburn treats of can be regarded as quite "off the track." But this cannot be said of the subject of Mr. W. Basil Worsfold's "A Visit to Java" (R. Bentley & Son). Its author has been a great traveller since his Oxford days, and our own pages have recorded some of his experiences in South Africa and at the Antipodes. Of this present work the most interesting chapters are, perhaps, those on the ruined Hindu temples and the grand Botanical Gardens at Buitenzorg. Java has, Mr. Worsfold thinks, too long been *terra incognita* to the English traveller, especially now that so many of our countrymen touch at the island on their way to or from Australia. We once met a young Dutchman whose highest ambition was to be a magistrate in Java, and we always looked upon his future as one of utter banishment. But Mr. Worsfold has opened our eyes to a vista of historic interest and pleasant social life, that goes far to justify our friend's enthusiasm for his country's distant possession.

Still another book of travel—even further afield than Java! This time it is "Missing Friends," describing the adventures of a Danish emigrant in Queensland between 1871 and 1880, and forming the latest volume of Mr. Fisher Unwin's "Adventure Series." Its chief value is that it presents the plain, unvarnished tale of an ordinary emigrant's experiences in the Colonies. Incidentally we get pictures which throw side-lights on many problems which vex the souls of statesmen and economists, but the great interest of the book is personal. Although circumstances change with great rapidity in the Colonies, no doubt any emigrant would, even now, have to face many of the difficulties our author met with, so we commend the book to the attention of every would-be colonist.

Indian clubs, vegetarian cookery, and animals' rights do not at first sound a very happy blend as the subject of a single paragraph, even in "A Gossip." But as works on all these topics reach us at the same time from Messrs. G. Bell & Sons, we may conveniently speak of them in close connection. The book on "Indian Clubs" is one of the "All-England Series," and is by Messrs. G. T. B. Cobbett and A. F. Jenkin, who have contrived to pack into small compass a greater variety of exercises than, we venture to think, most of our readers knew of or even imagined possible. We notice in this work another indication of the strides which photography is making as an aid to the illustrator. Many of the movements are shown by photographs, which fix the position of the hands and suggest the direction of the circles as no artist, however skilful, could have done. The treasurer of the London Vegetarian Society says, in his preface to Mrs. Bowdich's "New Vegetarian Dishes," that "to have to live by some of the vegetarian cookery books would almost make a vegetarian turn meat eater." Some of Mrs. Bowdich's recipes and hints promise such appetising results that we may almost say that the converse of her friend's remark is true, and that they would almost make a meat eater turn vegetarian. When we remember that Mr. H. S. Salt is himself a distinguished vegetarian, the incongruity of noticing his eloquent book on "Animals' Rights" in conjunction with Mrs. Bowdich's cookery book is not so great as it seemed at first. He is an able controversialist and an enthusiastic advocate, and our readers will find themselves, however deep-rooted their "meat eating," in much greater sympathy with him than they expected. That, at least, was our experience.

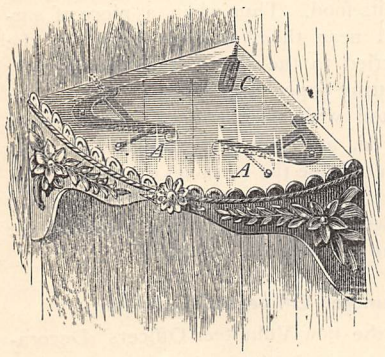
THE GATHERER:

AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF INVENTION, DISCOVERY, AND SCIENCE.

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.

An Adjustable Corner Shelf.

The American shelf illustrated herewith is adapted to fit any corner where there is woodwork which can be perforated. The shelf, as shown, is of glass, to reveal the adjusting device beneath, but it can be made of wood or other material. Two D-shaped pieces, AA, are pivoted on the shelf and each carries a prong which enters the wall and is fixed there by means of a panel working in a toothed surface on the pieces. The inner angle of the shelf is further supported by a pin, C, which works in a slot and presses into the wall. The shelf is handy for displaying *bric-à-brac;* but we think a device which did not penetrate the wall would have an advantage over it.



A Venerable Tortoise.

In the courtyard of the Artillery Barracks, Port Louis, Mauritius, there is a large tortoise which was ceded to Great Britain along with the island in 1810. It has never abandoned its former haunt since then, and as it had been there a long time before the cession it is now believed to be over 200 years old. Nevertheless it is hale, and though we cannot say lively, it is still able to carry two men on its back. This grand old crustacean stands about 2 feet high, measures 8½ feet across the carapace, and weighs 330 lbs. It is evidently the last of the gigantic tortoises of the Indian Ocean, which linger still in the Aldabra Islands, north-west of Madagascar.

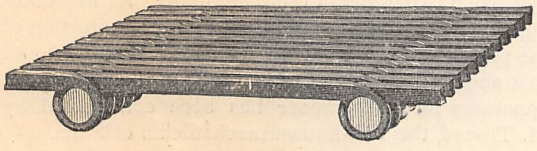
Finding the North Pole.

The ordinary instruments of the mariner and traveller will not be an infallible guide in discovering the true position of the north or south pole, and hence M. Gréville has suggested the employment of the gyroscope for this purpose. The gyroscope may be described as a scientific teetotum, and it has the property observed in that toy of keeping its axis in one position. In fact, a gyroscope kept in rotation by means of the electric current has been tried on board French warships in lieu of the compass. The axis of rotation is set in the line of the earth's axis of revolution, or in other words pointing to the Celestial Pole; and since it keeps this position whatever way the ship moves, it becomes a true indicator of the north and south line. Obviously when such a gyroscope-compass is taken to the north pole its axis will point vertically upward, that is, to the zenith. A plumb-line freely suspended will point vertically downward at the same place; hence the true position of the pole will be shown when the axis of the gyroscope is parallel to the plumb-line. At any other position the axis of the gyroscope and the direction of the plumb-line will be at an angle to each other, and that angle will represent the latitude of the place. An apparatus for the purpose has been constructed by M. Trouvé, the well-known mechanician of Paris.

The Mont Blanc Observatory.

Our illustration shows the astronomical and meteorological observatory which is to be erected on the summit of Mont Blanc under the auspices of the eminent astronomer, M. Janssen, who, it will be remembered, undertook a journey to the top despite his age. The summit of the mountain is formed by a narrow edge of rock 100 metres long running east and west. It is perpetually covered with snow and ice

many feet thick, and it has been decided to build the observatory on the snow as the rock was too difficult to reach. To avoid the disturbing effect of the furious storms which sometimes rage on the summit the building, as will be seen from the framework shown in the figure, has the form of a truncated cone and is in two storeys. The roof is flat and will serve as a platform for meteorological observations. The walls, doors, and windows are to be double in order to protect the observers from the cold. The floor will also be double, and traps will permit the observers to reach the surface of the snow and inspect the screw-jacks for adjusting the level of the building in the event of the snow sinking. In case of accident a cottage is to be erected on the Grand Rocher Rouge, 300 metres below the summit, and will serve as a refuge. During the coming spring and summer the actual work of erection will be carried out. The material and parts of the building have been prepared and are now stored at Chamounix awaiting the advent of warm weather.



A Wire Floor.

A flooring made of flat wires wound round cylindrical cross-rods as shown in the figure has been introduced for malt kilns and other places where an indestructible and open floor is desirable. Over 700,000 square feet of this novel flooring have already been laid down in various countries.

Telephotography.

Professor W. W. Jacques recently delivered an address before the German Technical Society of Boston in which he referred to some experiments he had seen on the transmission of photographs to a distance by means of electricity. He said :—"The laboratory consisted of two rooms. In one was an ordinary photographic camera, a small developing closet, and on a table in the middle of the room a cubical box, in one side of which was a slit of sufficient size to receive a postal card. From this box two wires stretched across the room to a partition wall and passing through this extended to a similar cubical box standing on a table in the middle of an adjoining room. I was given an ordinary postal card and asked to write a short note upon it, and wrote, 'Good-morning, how do you do?' My friend then took the card and placed it about six inches in front of the camera, where it was well illuminated by an electric lamp. Then he pressed the button of the camera, took the plate holder to the developing closet, and presently reappeared with a hastily made negative which he dropped into the slit in the cubical box on the table in the middle of the room. I then went into the adjoining room and there, issuing from the corresponding box on the table in the middle of the room, was a piece of thin paper the size of a postal card, on which appeared *in facsimile* the words I had written, 'Good-morning, how do you do?'" This report is sufficiently remarkable to be given in its author's own words ; but until the *modus operandi* can be disclosed it will be well to suspend our judgment of the process.

The Senses of the Sea-Anemone.

The beautiful zoophyte called the sea-anemone, which is familiar on our rocky shores and in our marine aquaria, has been specially studied by Herr Nagel at the Zoological Station, Naples, and he has ascertained that the tentacles which radiate from its mouth and seize its food are the seat of three senses, namely, of taste, touch, and heat. With its tentacles the creature makes choice of its food. Thus when a piece of sardine was placed near them it was seized by the tentacles and carried to the mouth, then swallowed ; but a ball of blotting paper was refused. When the ball was saturated with sardine juice it was seized but not swallowed, and when a similar ball was impregnated with quinine the tentacles drew back from it. Pieces of meat placed in the mouth of the anemone were not swallowed, apparently because they had not been tasted by the tentacles.

The Volunteer Officers' Decoration.

We have had the new Volunteer Officers' Decoration photographed that our readers may see what it is. In the terms of the Royal Warrant it consists of "an oak-wreath in silver, tied with gold, having in the centre the Royal cipher and crown in gold." The ribbon is green, and one inch and a half in width, and the decoration is attached to the left breast by means of a silver oak-bar brooch. To be eligible for the decoration, an officer must have been efficient for twenty years. Large as is the list of officers qualified, these bear but a small proportion to the total number of Volunteers who have served long and faithfully, and we heartily join in the hope that the authorities will see their way before long to extend the application of the Order to all ranks of the Volunteer forces.

VOLUNTEER OFFICERS' DECORATION.

(From a photograph by permission of the Makers, Messrs. R. & S. Garrard & Co., Haymarket, S.W.)

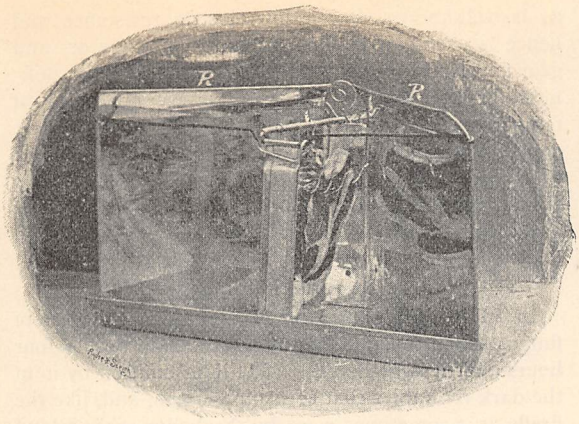


FIG. 1.

A Reflecting Oven.

The oven which we illustrate in Fig. 1 is placed before the fire and the joint, which is hung at right angles to the front of the fire, is not directly roasted

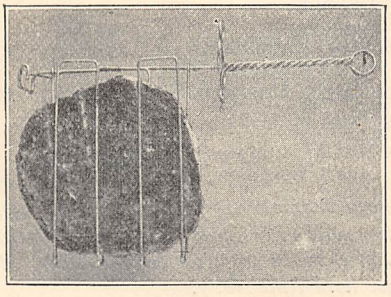


FIG. 2.

by the latter, but by reflection of the radiant heat from the two reflectors, R, R. It is thus equally cooked all round. Toast is also made in the oven by suspending the slices of bread in the wire cage shown in Fig. 2. The oven is made of strong "block tin," and stout wire.

Spark Photography.

By means of an electric spark the shadow of any changing object such as a jet of water, a flying bullet, or a broken film of soap can be photographed with great precision, and Mr. F. J. Smith, of Oxford, has recently shown that the same process can be utilised in scientific research, as, for example, by photographing the shadow of a frog's heart while beating, or of flying insects. Spark photographs of the front view of an object, not merely the shadow of it, can also be obtained by means of a concave reflector, such as a concave lens silvered, and reflecting the light of the spark on the object. In order to avoid over-exposure a very quick shutter should be used in these experiments.

Growing Lilies From Pips.

Lily-of-the-valley can be grown in a room from the old pips of the outdoor lily bed or from pips bought from a seedsman. Fill a shallow pan three or four inches deep and twelve or fifteen inches in diameter with good rich soil and set the pips in it about one and a half inches apart. Then put the pan in a place where the soil in it will freeze hard, otherwise no blooms need be expected. After the pips have been frozen from four to twelve weeks, bring the pan into a warm room, where they will gradually thaw. The lilies will bloom in about a month afterwards, and even without sunshine, though it is better to give them sunshine in the earlier part of the day. They should be well watered after they begin to sprout.

FIG. 1.

A Jardiniere Gas Stove.

A decorative gas stove combined with a jardiniere for holding plants has been brought out by a well-known firm, and was recently exhibited at the Agricultural Hall. It is illustrated in the figures, and, apart from the earthenware pedestal, consists of a vase having a perforated lid and sides in which are placed the gas-burners. Above these a deflector is adapted to secure perfect combustion and do away with smoke or smell. The burners are invisible when the lid is on, and the heat radiates from the holes and sides

FIG. 2.

of the vase, as shown in Fig. 1. When the burners are removed and the lid taken off, the vase can be turned into a jardiniere, as shown in Fig. 2. The stove is of glazed ware and easily cleaned by washing or brushing it.

A Travelling Plant.

The "putty foot" or "Adam and Eve" (*Aplectrum hymenale*), an American plant, has the peculiar property of migrating, or shifting its position by from two to three centimetres a year. A new tubercle sprouts from the old root in the course of the year, and takes the place of the latter, which decays. In this way the plant makes what we may term a yearly flitting.

Tempered Copper.

A promising future for copper is opened up by the new process for tempering it and so making it as hard as steel or as malleable as wrought iron. The metal, as is well-known, has a low electric resistance and hence is useful in making dynamo commutators and gear for electric railways. The drawback of its softness for this work is now overcome. Samples of tempered copper containing 99·981 per cent. of pure copper possess a tensile strength of 64,000 pounds on the square inch and a contractile strength of 189,000 pounds on the square inch. The tempered metal is also being used for trunk telephone and telegraph lines.

A Luminous Fungus.

In Tahiti there grows on certain trees a species of fungus which remains luminous for about twenty-four hours after it is gathered. The light emitted by it in the dark resembles that of a glow-worm, and, like the firefly, it is sometimes worn by the belles of the island in their black hair or as an ornament of dress. The plant has been called the *Pleurotus lux*.

PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

OPEN TO ALL READERS OF "CASSELL'S MAGAZINE."

PHOTOGRAPHIC LANDSCAPE COMPETITION.

Three Prizes of **£5, £4,** *and* **£3,** *are offered for the best, "second"-best, and "third"-best photographic landscapes respectively. The photographs must be "half-plate" size, mounted, and should have pasted on the back of the mount a declaration signed and attested in accordance with the General Rules governing these Prize Competitions (see* CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, *December*, 1892, *page* 80), *that the competitor is an amateur photographer, and has in all respects complied with the regulations. Both artistic and technical excellence will have due weight in the award of the judges. No competitor may send in more than one photograph. The words, "Photographic Landscape Competition," must be marked on the wrapper enclosing each photograph, and all photographs must be in the Editor's hands not later than June 20th*, 1893.

SIX-PART STORY COMPETITION.

AWARD.

The award of the Prizes offered in July, 1892, *for the three best Stories in Six Parts has been a matter of considerable difficulty. After due consideration of all the manuscripts offered, the Editor awards the* FIRST PRIZE *of* FIFTY POUNDS *to*

Miss F. HAYDON, Stalybridge;

The SECOND PRIZE *of* FORTY POUNDS *to*

Mrs. PUMPHREY, Shotley Bridge, co. Durham.

For the THIRD PRIZE, *two competitors had equal claims, so the Editor has decided to award an* EXTRA PRIZE *of the same value,* THIRTY POUNDS, *and to allot the two equal Prizes to*

SCOTT GRAHAM, Yarmouth, Isle of Wight; and
Miss M. S. FAILL, Partickhill, Glasgow.

HONOURABLE MENTION *is accorded to the work of two competitors:—*

Miss N. M. MARRIS, Lirmingham; and
Miss J. BELLERBY, Bath.

In due course the successful stories will be published. The Editor will be obliged if unsuccessful candidates will at once make application for their MSS., in accordance with Rule No. 7.

PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAIT COMPETITION.

AWARD.

Just as this page is going to press the award in this Competition is complete, and the Editor is glad to be able to publish it at once.

The FIRST PRIZE *of* **£5** *is awarded to*

W. SMEDLEY, Derby;

The SECOND PRIZE *of* **£4** *to*

MARION PORTER, Bloomfield, Lake, Isle of Wight.

The THIRD PRIZE *of* **£3** *to*

HENRY KILBURN, Bishop Auckland.

HONOURABLE MENTION *to the following competitors in the order of merit:—*

WALLACE HEATH, Shrewsbury;
FRANK H. ROBERTS, Middlesborough;
A. M. MORRISON, Glasgow;

And the Judges COMMEND *the work of five other competitors:—*

A. J. CHAMP, Walthamstow;
EDWARD DRY, Tottenham, N.;
W. C. A. ANSON, Forest Hill, S.E.;
DORA DAVIES, Sinclair Road, W.; and
F. L. SPICER, Leamington Spa.

A selection of the successful photographs will be published in an early number of the MAGAZINE.

LILACS.

(*From a painting by* HAROLD COPPING.)

HOME READERS IN VACATION.

BY THE MASTER OF DOWNING COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

RYDAL WATER AND BOAT-HOUSE.
(*From a photograph by Poulton & Son, Lee, S.E.*)

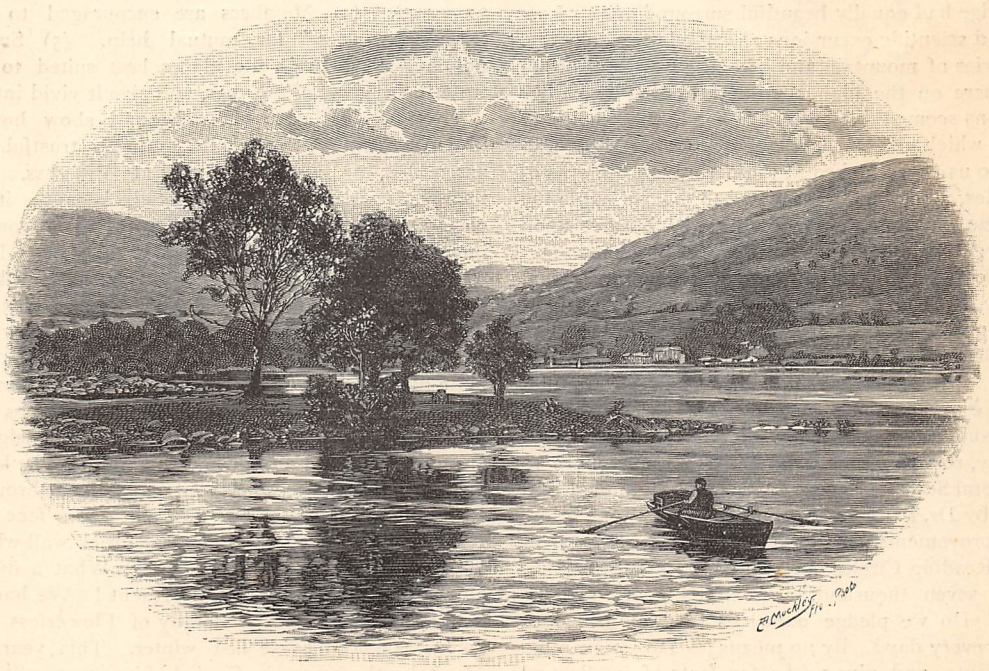
LAST year's summer assemblies of the National Home Reading Union broke up on Saturday, July 2nd. Would the public, despite the absorbing interests of the General Election, gather at Windermere and Weston, abjure fashions and flirting, and take for its holiday the intellectual feast which the National Home Reading Union annually provides? Even our friends were doubtful; the enemy indulged in sarcasm. Events proved that the charms of sea and lake are best understood when mind as well as muscle are in motion: that they are doubly appreciated when studied under competent guidance: that their exploration in congenial company is most sure to reveal their worth.

Both meetings were successful beyond the anticipation of their promoters. At Weston-super-Mare our members collected by hundreds, filling the hall to its utmost corners. The programme of this meeting was the fuller and more ambitious. Its fame travelled farther. Owing, however, to the unavoidable coincidence of the meetings and the necessity for the presence of all our staff at Weston, it seemed desirable that I, as chairman of the Executive Committee, should take charge of the smaller meeting at Bowness-on-Windermere, and therefore I propose to give a short sketch of this meeting only.

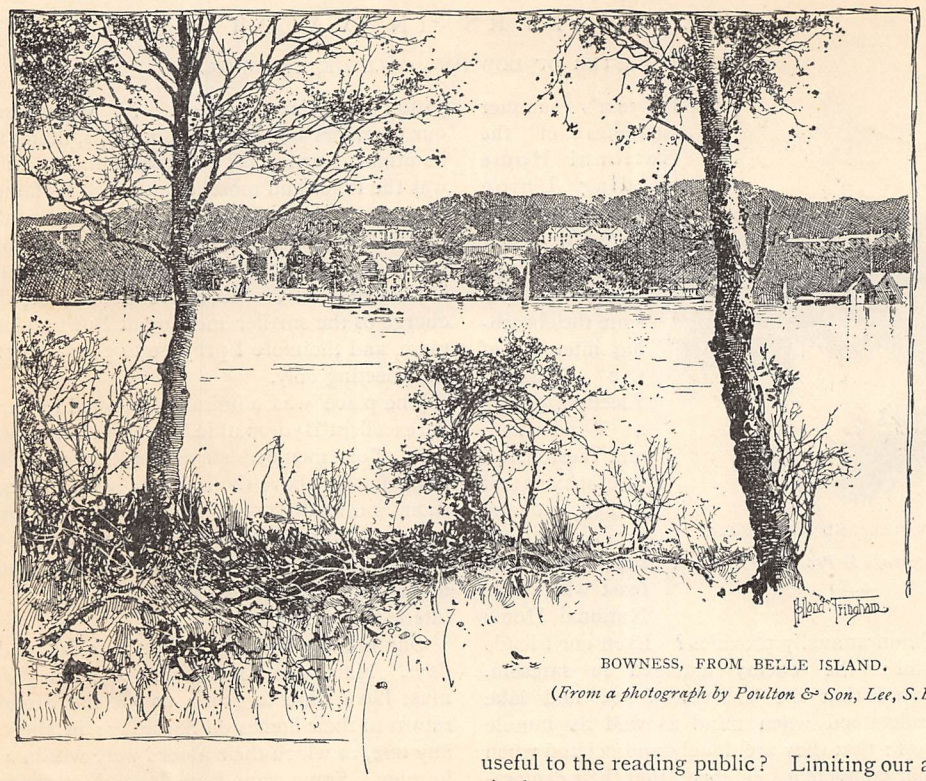
The place was admirably adapted for our purpose. An excellent Hydropathic Establishment, at which some sixty of our members stayed, is situate on high ground immediately above the Institute, with its large lecture-room and reading-room, which we had secured for the use of our members. A few minutes' walk took us to the steamboat pier. Boats and coaches could carry us in any numbers to the points about which our interest centred.

Our holiday was to last for four full and two half days. Many of our members had Sunday work; they must have time to reach us on the Monday and to return to their homes on Saturday: in those cases, at any rate, in which their homes were within a half day's journey. Some came from Ireland, others from Scotland or Wales, from Devonshire or Essex, and could only reach us at the cost of a whole day's travelling.

About one hundred and twenty of our own members



HEAD OF WINDERMERE, FROM BEALBY PARK.
(*From a photograph by Poulton & Son, Lee, S.E.*)



BOWNESS, FROM BELLE ISLAND.

(From a photograph by Poulton & Son, Lee, S.E.)

assembled, and these, being joined by residents in the district, made a party of one hundred and eighty. For the time being a small university was established on the shores of Windermere. Would that Oxford and Cambridge had equally beautiful surroundings! Lectures and scientific excursions absorbed the whole day. The glories of mountain and lake, the freshness of the atmosphere on the higher ground towards which our excursions seemed inevitably to tend, the wealth of interest which every rock, every copse and bog, presented to us as we looked at them through the eyes of our guides, whom nothing seemed to escape, made the long June days too short to gather the harvest upon which we were to feed for many months to come.

But, first of all: who are the Home Reading Union, and why do they assemble in holiday resorts? There may be people who live in ignorance of the provision for intellectual enjoyment which such an association affords. If we are to give any account of its summer assemblies of 1892, however, we must touch upon the objects and methods of the Union in the briefest possible way, referring those who wish to know more to the General Secretary, Surrey House, Strand. Founded in 1888 by Dr. Paton, of Nottingham, it is an imitation, with improvements, we venture to think, of the Chautauqua Reading Circles of America. Its membership exceeds seven thousand, and shows every sign of growth. Do we pledge ourselves to read for thirty minutes every day? By no means! Do we examine our students, and give prizes for feats of intellectual juggling? Still less! How, then, do we make ourselves useful to the reading public? Limiting our answers to single sentences, we may explain our methods in the following terms. (1) Lists of books in several subjects are drawn up by the most competent of judges. (2) Three separate magazines give each month hints in reading. (3) Questions concerning difficulties are answered. (4) Members are encouraged to form "reading circles" for mutual help. (5) Summer holidays are held in the places best suited to illustrate the reading of the year, and give it vivid interest.

To take the last point only, and show how the Union works. A merry and mutually trustful party assembled, as already stated, at Bowness. The members were mutually trustful, because it was clear at the start that we had a common ground of interests and culture from which to start. It was once my fate for a single night—not for any benefit of climate or scenery would I run such a risk again—to dine in an imposing Buxton hotel. My voice seemed to lose its way in the sombre room. The mute-like waiters shifted uneasily at the prospect that the solemn rites of which they were the priests might be disturbed by frivolous conversation. My neighbour on my right asked *me* if I had the gout! The lady on my left continued to talk about the salmon through all succeeding courses long drawn out. The face of my *vis-à-vis* grew blanker than a dead brick wall when he found me seeking refuge in him. What a different picture did our dining-room present! We had been reading Geology and the Botany of Flowerless Plants in our Science course last winter. This year those who take the course in English Literature will study the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nine-

teenth centuries. Where better than on Windermere could we observe the effects of the agencies by which the face of the country has been sculptured? Where else could we find so many moisture-loving plants? What other district in England is so rich in associations of Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, and other writers of this period?

Our days commenced at half-past nine with a short lecture on Geology by Mr. Marr, followed at once by a second discourse of half an hour on Botany by Mr. Massee. At eleven we started on foot or in steamboat or coach, as the case might be, to explore the neighbourhood, our lecturers pointing out every object of interest, or calling us to halt where the rocks made a convenient resting ground, while they explained the larger features of the district. Of course our rambles carried us by Rydal Water and Grasmere, and despite the little check which the custodian gave to our devotion when she pointed out the seats by the fire-place where "him and Dick Wincey used to sit after dinner," we realised as we stood in the little garden of Dove Cottage the conditions under which Wordsworth did his best work, the surroundings by which his thoughts were shaped.

"There's been a main of folk here to-day," said the old guardian to one of the last of our party. "Who are they all?"

"Members of the Home Reading Union."

"What's that for?"

"To teach people to read."

"They'd much better teach them to wark; they've spoilt my washing."

Ay, dame! we need to work as well as read, but the shadow of the clouds upon the deep blue lake, the luscious green of grass and wood, the mysterious summits of the hills as we saw them that day, will give our spirits peace amid the anxieties of city life, will form a frame for every verse we read of the nature-loving poet who distilled the sweet soothing essence of that scene for the relief of the hot head and shaking hand of nervous toilers in study and street.

Our last excursion was the most ambitious, for the majority of our party succeeded in reaching the summit of Red Screes. Here was a platform from which to teach geology! No need of model or map; volcanic basin, glacier bed; cap of limestone, water-worn hills of slate; chasms cut by the ice-plough, moraines which fell from its flanks; mountains riven by the earthquakes, ravines eroded by the never-resting brook; the naked crags of Helvellyn, whose wounds time cannot heal, and the soft deltas on the shores of Windermere, clothed with rich meadow-grass which revels in the ichor that oozes from the giant's side: few words were needed to make us feel as if one long

KIRKSTONE PASS.

(From a photograph by Poulton & Son, Lee, S.E.)

play were being rapidly rehearsed—a thousand years were but as yesterday—Creation seemed to groan and travail at our feet.

The cottage on Kirkstone Pass was unusually busy on that day. Its aged proprietor had never seen so many people there before, and when for a pulpit our lecturers mounted the top of a coach, he came to find out "what these fellows were talking about." Perhaps rumours of the General Election had even reached his ears in his home high above the bustle of political strife; but when a club-moss was held up—was described as the autocrat of the carboniferous period, which had lost its proud supremacy because it had not discovered the principle of the division of labour which is carried to such perfection among the flowering plants—he "couldn't stand such nonsense any longer," and expressed his sentiments to this effect somewhat loudly.

At half-past five each day we re-assembled in the lecture-room to listen to a tuneful lecture by Dr. Bailey (our three "course" lecturers belonged to the Cambridge, London, and Oxford Extension respectively) upon the Lake Poets. One evening was devoted to a conference; on another Mr. Horsfall, founder of the Ancoats Museum and the great Manchester movement for the artistic education of the people, showed us a large number of lantern slides painted by Albert Goodwin, R.W.S., as an experiment in colour effects. The sheet, flushed with aurora borealis or glimmering with phosphorescent light, gave pictures which throw the conventional coloured photograph usually exhibited by the magic-lantern deep into the shade. On the other three evenings we were favoured with enthralling lectures by the teachers and preachers of the district. Mr. Llewellyn Davies, vicar of Kirkby-Lonsdale, discoursed on Robert Browning; Mr. Rawnsley, the vicar of Crosthwaite and Lake Poet of this later age, upon the literary associations of the district; Mr. Collingwood, Ruskin's *fidus Achates*, upon its artistic associations; and rich stores did these successors of the heroes whom we came to worship bring to our intellectual feast.

The sayings of drunken men are seldom edifying, although their unconscious humour may sometimes justify us in repeating them. At Mr. Rawnsley's lecture I found it necessary to assist a reporter—upon whom the day's excursion to Grasmere had produced an exhilaration, very different from that with which the members of the Union had returned—out of the room. On the head of the stairs he realised his position, and saw that to convince a medical man his excuse must be plausible, so grasping my arm, he said fiercely: "Doctor, you can't think what an effect that man has upon me; he *goes through me*, for he is talking about the men of the district." From a full heart Mr. Rawnsley was telling us of the favourite haunts of Wordsworth, of Bishop Watson, of Hartley Coleridge. "And I am one of them," he added, with vinous pathos, repeating the phrase over and over again.

As the last coach carried me down the appalling hill from Kirkstone Pass to Ambleside, I could hardly believe but that a broken skid or rebellious horse would be found to mar the record of a holiday which, thanks to the arrangements made by our local secretary, Mr. Brownson, had passed off without a hitch. But no; we re-assembled at our headquarters, to part next day in the best of health and spirits, none of us, I am firmly convinced, less benefited by our change on account of the mental work with which it had been accompanied, but all stronger for the intellectual tonic. The holiday is over, but we have not left this charming spot altogether behind; we carry the Lake District away with us—some, the geologists, in a very tangible and weighty form—and whether our souvenirs be packed away in cabinets or placed between the pages of the poets, they will refresh and strengthen us for many a month to come.

A ROMANCE OF MAN.

By C. E. C. WEIGALL, Author of "The Temptation of Dulce Carruthers," "A Lincolnshire Lass," etc.

["*This little story is the true record of the sufferings of an Englishman in the last century.*"]

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

AS the weeks rolled away, and peace with England seemed still to be very far off, Alec grew desperate, and determined to have one last fling for life and liberty.

Life in Arras was all very well, and would have been pleasant if he had not been a prisoner. Free to come and go, he would have been in no hurry to leave the citadel, in which he had been kindly treated and had found many friends.

But chains are chains, even though they be forged in solid gold. And, in his case, "stone walls" made a prison so galling that he chafed day by day at the restraint, and grew more home-sick for his beloved island.

He had not seen so much lately of the Barrères. After the reality of the unfortunate love of Lisette for him had forced itself upon his mind, he had avoided any *tête-à-têtes* with the girl, and there had been a sudden chilling of the friendly intercourse between them.

Madame Barrère had noticed nothing; she had only fancied that Alec had more to do and less time

to spend in their sunny kitchen. But Lise knew that her secret was guessed and that her love was absolutely hopeless, and day by day she lost her hold on life, and slipped back into the listless invalid he had found her on his arrival.

Alec noticed this with pain, for it cost him a great deal in his exiled state to lose a friend. He had found one in the person of one of the naval lieutenants of the *Fortune*, Bevis Cecil, a fine muscular young fellow of five-and-twenty, or thereabouts.

Between them they concocted a plan to escape from their parole, and Cecil formally challenged one of the French officers of the garrison, and named Alec as his second.

They were immediately consigned to prison, and were given a comfortable room, which they shared.

Alec was allowed to bid farewell to the Barrères, and it was with an anxious heart that he entered the kitchen, leaving the gendarme to await him in the passage ; for he knew that this was the last time he would see Lisette. Within a week he would either be dead or on his way to England.

It was late afternoon, and Lisette's couch was drawn up close to the half-opened window, so that the soft southern wind might cool the fever of her cheeks. She was lying back with closed eyes when he entered, the long lashes lying like a dark shadow upon her sunken cheeks, her patient thin hands clasped upon her breast.

She was so silent that Alec thought she must be asleep, and stealing up behind her, bent down and brushed her forehead lightly with his lips.

He could not tell why he did this, but an irresistible impulse moved him with unutterable pity for the dying girl, for whom love of husband and child could never exist.

But in another instant she had caught his hands in hers and was pressing them to her lips, her hot tears falling upon them like raindrops from an over-burdened heart.

He stood there awkwardly enough, with all an Englishman's horror of a scene, looking down at the long waves of her hair, which were falling loosely round her face, and which almost shaded her from his sight.

"I have come to say good-bye, Lisette," he said at last, trying to force his voice into an unconstrained, cheerful key. "I am going to prison again for the present."

She controlled herself, though a spasm of exquisite agony contracted her face for a moment, and she looked up through the mist of her tears.

"I know, monsieur," she said ; "and I weep for your sorrows to come. You are about to escape, I know, and by God's grace you will be successful. But, monsieur, when you reach your native land again, and are wedded to your lovely *fiancée*, think sometimes of a heart in 'La belle France' that was fond of you, and be sure that poor Lisette will be the first to welcome you at the gates of Paradise. Now go, monsieur, without another word ; it is well for me that I shall never see you again in this life."

She waved him to the door with a lofty dignity which became her wonderfully well, and without another word or glance Alec left the room, and gave himself into the hands of the gendarme.

As they had all their possessions and clothes around them, the first thing that they did when they were settled in the fortress of Arras was to tear up their linen into strips, which they tied together to form a rope.

Cecil boasted of the greater amount of linen, and

"IT WAS TOO FRAIL TO SUPPORT THEM BOTH" (*p.* 328).

between them they manufactured a rope long enough to reach to the bottom of the moat that ran round the fortress, and strong enough to bear their weight. This they kept twisted round their bodies alternately day and night, for fear of discovery.

Governor Lafitte used often to come into their room of an evening and sit with them, chatting with Alexander on various topics of the day, and doing all he could to lighten the weariness of their imprisonment. His little daughter, too, would often bring a basket of cakes or a French newspaper to their room, and talk in her pretty childish way to her kind preserver ; and though she hindered the work of rope

making, Alec always welcomed her and sympathised with her childish joys and sorrows.

The night on which they had planned to escape was a stormy, gusty night, dark as the grave, save where the lurid lights of the town flared up against the sky.

Governor Lafitte came to their room about nine o'clock for his usual talk and smoke.

He stayed a little later than usual, chatting of one thing and another, seeming not to notice the constrained answers he received; for to the two young men it was as though each moment was fleeting rapidly away into eternity, bearing with it their chances of escape. They stood upon the dizzy brink of a precipice. And how could they calmly listen to platitudes upon the French Revolution and the price of wheat?

At last the Governor rose to go, and turning to Alec, he took his hand in his, and looked fixedly at him.

"Young man, farewell," he said, in a voice so changed with emotion that Alec could only guess that he knew their intention of escape, and, in spite of his position, sympathised with it. "May the God in whom as a little child I was taught to believe, bless you and reward you for what you have done for me."

He said no more, but quickly left the room, forgetting to lock the door behind him.

Alec grasped Cecil's hand, and for a moment they stood staring at the door, scarcely crediting their good fortune; for the Governor's forgetfulness—if we may call his action by such a word—had saved them nearly an hour's hard labour in picking the massive lock of their prison door.

"Thank God for another mercy!" said Alec, when at last they realised that their good fortune was not a mere delusion of the brain.

"'Tis your doing," said Cecil bluntly. "Had you not saved the life of your enemy's child, we might have planned our escape in vain to-night."

The clock upon the central tower was striking twelve when Alec and his companion stepped out of their prison and clambered through a window in the outer wall, and thence on to the leads.

They stood waiting till the last solemn stroke had vibrated and echoed away into silence, and then, hand over hand, slid down on to the wall of the fortress, alighting within the shadow of an angle of the tower beyond which the sentry did not pass on his rounds. The howling of the driving wind and rain concealed any noise that might have been made by their descent, and waiting until the man's back was turned, Alec made the first rush, fixed the rope, and went down it hand over hand.

But, alas! for their calculation, the rope proved too short by twelve feet or so, and while he was hesitating as to the best way to drop, Cecil made his rush, and got on to the rope. It was too frail to support them both, and they clattered down into the ditch with such a crash, that only the voice of the storm prevented the sentry from giving the alarm.

The fall from such a height rendered them for a time unconscious; and when they awoke once more to life, it was with an acute sense of agony lest they should have been discovered, or so severely injured that their escape would be an impossibility.

"Cecil, are you hurt?" whispered Alec, as he raised himself to his feet and felt every limb with a sense of growing wonder to find it sound.

"Hurt, my dear fellow; I'm just a mass of bruises," groaned Cecil, as he crawled after his friend out of the ditch on to *terra-firma*.

"Just forget your bruises, and run as if the fiend himself was behind you," was Alec's quiet reply. "We cannot tell how long we lay in that wretched ditch, and even now our escape may be discovered any instant."

So girding up their limbs for the race, they set off at a round trot down the long dreary road, out of the town, in the direction of the coast, which seemed to be so far—so very far away—from those two desperate men.

When they had gone in silence for about two miles, they heard behind them above the storm the quick sharp report of a gun from the fortress, and looking back, they saw the gloomy pile of their prison alive with moving lights.

"We're discovered," said Cecil blankly, as he stopped running, and looked out over the flat country, which seemed to preclude any hopes of a hiding place.

"Rather sooner than I expected—and here they come!" answered Alec. "Quick—quick—in here!"

And together they dashed under a little bridge

"HE SHOOK HIM IN HIS POWERFUL GRIP" (*p.* 329).

which crossed a tributary of the Scarpe at that point, and stood up to their shoulders in water, as the gendarmes, in hot pursuit, rode over it.

It was a terrible situation, and Cecil, bruised and faint, leaned for support against the slimy pier of the rough bridge.

Alec, his nerves braced keenly for any event, laid his ear to the wall, and listened for the rattle of the returning horses' hoofs, for the night was too dark to admit of long pursuit.

They stood in that position in the icy water for an hour, and then, just as the church clock from some village near at hand struck three, their pursuers returned, and the two fugitives heard them grumbling and scolding as they rode across the bridge at their ill-luck.

"By Mars!" said one of the gendarmes, "'tis an unfortunate chance that gave those two English dogs the slip! But we'll hunt them out as soon as it is light, and swing them up to the first lamp-post in Arras."

Cecil, who was not naturally of such an heroic temperament as his companion, could not restrain a sob as they dragged themselves out of the river, and, with teeth chattering and limbs stiff with cold, tried to wring the icy water out of their clothes.

"Come, come," said Alec, with an attempt at cheerfulness which he was far from feeling. "One danger is passed already. In our situation, my friend, we cannot afford to look more than an hour ahead, so now let us make our way to that haystack I see a few fields off, and have a nap, which we sorely stand in need of."

The dawn was just breaking as they crossed the heavy muddy fields, where the storm had left huge puddles of wet, in whose shimmering surfaces the dull grey of the sky was reflected.

The stack proved to be one of good size, and they pulled out huge armfuls of the soft, sweet-scented hay, and making a comfortable nest, curled themselves up and went to sleep.

They lay concealed there all the next day, until the shades of night began to descend upon the land.

Towards mid-day they had a severe fright, for they heard heavy steps approaching their hiding place, and on the opposite side of the stack a labourer began to pull down a barrow-load of hay for the cows.

Alec pulled aside a wisp or two, and made himself a window, from which he watched the peasant at his work.

He was a phlegmatic-looking fellow in a blue blouse, with a stolid air of business about him, and when he whistled shrilly Alec was amused to recognise a few bars of an old French love song, full of *amour* and *toujours*, the romance of which scarcely harmonised with the man's rough exterior, which would have led one to expect the "Carmagnole" at least.

Presently upon his quiet employment broke in a couple of harsh voices, and, with a thrill of horror, Alec recognised two of their guards from the fortress of Arras—brutal gendarmes, whose very faces spoke of cruelty and lust of blood.

"Have you seen any escaped prisoners this way, citizen?" said one of them.

The peasant stayed his work for a moment, and rubbed his forehead with his hand.

"Friend citizen, what are escaped prisoners like?" he said stupidly.

"Dolt—idiot! two men; young—fair—dogs of English! Quick—which way have they gone?" and laying his hand on the man's shoulder, he shook him in his powerful grip as a terrier would a rat.

The peasant seemed to endure this usage very stoically, and when he was released he picked up his chopper and began to cut his hay once more.

"Now that I come to think of it, citizen, I did hear Jean Baptiste Cahour say that he saw two dogs of English speeding away in that direction this morning!" and he pointed his chopper at the horizon in exactly the opposite direction.

"Ah, ah! then they are soon caught!" cried the gendarmes, and turning, they sped down the road back to Arras, with the fresh tidings of the whereabouts of the fugitives.

The behaviour of the peasant at their departure was curious. He performed a sort of somersault, and stuffing his fingers in his mouth, gave a derisive whistle.

"Jean Marie has paid you out this time, Chrétien, I rather imagine. It is sometimes more lucky to lose at cards than to win! Ha! ha! ha!" and he indulged in a perfect convulsion of noiseless laughter.

This conduct so surprised Alec that he loosed his hold of his pistol, which he had caught up on the appearance of the gendarmes.

But he was still more surprised when the hay above their hiding-place was stirred by a cautious hand, and he looked up to find the rough face of Jean Marie grinning down upon them.

"Take this," he whispered, as he thrust a tin can of milk into Constantine's hand. "I did it partly because you saved my Susanne's life in the fever, and partly out of spite for that Chrétien fellow! I saw you this morning early, when you were asleep;' and then he retreated with his finger to his lips, and Alec heard him whistling once more at his work on the other side of the stack.

When night fell, the two companions, refreshed by the milk, and by a few scraps of bread they had managed to preserve in their tin canteens, crept out of their hiding place, and pursued their journey.

They found shelter that night in a small farm-house, where they represented themselves to the woman as escaping conscripts, which, as they spoke French like natives, she believed.

She was exceedingly kind to them, and let them sleep in her stable, and in the morning supplied them with milk and eggs.

When darkness fell again, one of the sons of the house volunteered to be their guide across the country, accompanying them for some distance; and although Alec, for safety's sake, walked with his pistol in his hand, treachery never appeared to have entered the young peasant's mind.

They had saved money enough to be able to procure good and occasional guides, and by the help of a compass and maps had so planned their journey that each stage seemed familiar to them as they went on.

Looking at the map, the distance from Arras to Flushing does not appear to be great. But the two poor fugitives had to travel by such circuitous routes and by-ways, that it was six weeks before they came within sight of the coast whither they were bound.

They stopped at a house about a mile from Flushing, where they determined to make their toilette, for razors had never touched their faces since they had left Arras, and even cleanliness had been an impossibility in their fugitive state.

But when they had transformed themselves into civilised beings once again, they set out for the town of Flushing in search of an old fisherman and smuggler, who, for a sum of money, had promised to take them across to Heligoland, and the next night was fixed for the start.

"You will not fail us," said Alec earnestly, as he looked down into the old wrinkled face.

"No, monsieur," answered Michet. "I will not fail you; and, by the help of God, in two days' time you will be in Heligoland; unless"—here he turned away with a shrug—"unless you fall into the hands of your pursuers, and then where you will be in two days' time will depend on how you have lived."

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

ALL through the day on which their escape was planned Alec lay prostrate with fever and ague. His privations and nights spent amongst the damp fields and woods had told upon his constitution, and he had suffered untold pain during the last few days of their journey.

But when the twilight began to gather, he rose from his bed of straw in the barn in which they were sheltering, and dragged himself to the opening to look out.

Cecil was seated in the doorway, roughly patching a hole in his boot with a piece of canvas, and he looked up at his friend's approach.

"Hulloa, Constantine!" he said. "You look rather a wreck to-night. Thank God! we shall be safe in an hour or two now, and you under the care of someone who can nurse you back to health again."

"Ay," said Alec dully; "Heligoland will be better than our life here, though it seems far enough away from home."

He stood looking out over the flat dreary country that stretched away beyond the barn door. A few hayricks and cottages were scattered about here and there, and every now and then, through the evening haze, a light from some window trembled into being, and shone out like a steadfast star. In the distance lay a tremulous line of sea, smooth and still, with here and there a fishing-boat tossing at anchor, merely outlined blackly against the falling night.

It was very peaceful, and Cecil laid down his completed work and leaned his head on his hand in silence. For somewhere out of the gathering darkness a woman's voice began to sing to her baby, and the pathos of the notes, enhanced by the silent scene, made the rough peasant voice almost melodious.

"Hush! my darling, do not cry,
Up in heaven the stars keep guard,
No sound stirs the peaceful night,
Silence reigns in field and yard.

"Once on such another night
Christ, a little child, lay sleeping,
Rocked upon His mother's breast,
Lulled by her from tears and weeping.

"Gentle Saviour, Child and Man,
Let this little child find rest
Now upon his mother's heart,
Soon in Paradise the blest."

When the voice ceased, Alec put up his hand to hide the tears that were coursing down his face. Weakness and much suffering had done their work, and he knew that if he once lost his self-control he might utterly and completely break down.

"Here comes the old Michet fellow," he said abruptly; "and now for our start."

It was all that he could do to drag himself out into the fields, and follow Cecil and the old fisherman down to the beach.

Their way led them through a little coppice of willow-trees, whose delicate, shimmering leaves, stirred by the wind, shone silver in the grey light, but just before they emerged on the summit of the cliff Alec stopped short, and staggered back against a stump for support.

"What is the matter?" said Cecil anxiously, for his friend was deadly white.

"Cecil, I am not going aboard to-night; and I pray you, for the love of God, to stay with me," said Alec solemnly.

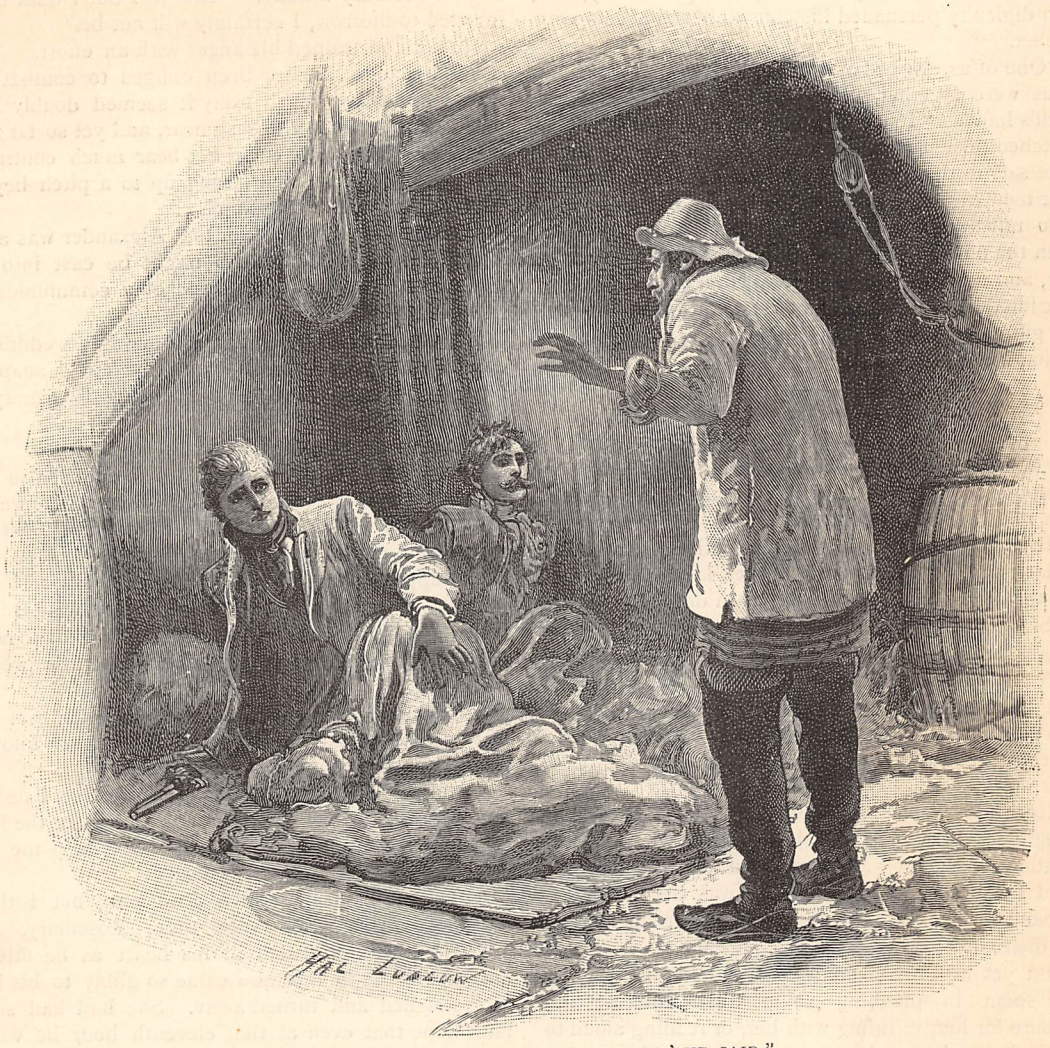
"Surely you have not lost your heart now?" said his companion, with a shadow of annoyance in his voice, coming close to Alec.

Alec did not speak, but with one hand pointed solemnly to a rift in the willows, where the faint flush of the evening sky shone through. Cecil involuntarily turned his eyes in the same direction with a slight shiver, for there was something almost unearthly about the whole scene—the motionless gaping figure of the old fisherman, and the rigid ecstatic face of Alec Constantine.

"I see nothing—what do you mean?" he said.

"You may believe me or not," answered Alec; "but I saw, over yonder, the figure of my sister Meta, waving me backwards from the shore. You know I am not a visionary, imaginative person, but I feel convinced that we had better give up our project for to-night. I, at any rate, will not venture, and I implore you, for the sake of all you hold dear in this life, to return with me. Michet will give us shelter for to-night, and we can arrange our plans again to-morrow."

Cecil looked at him. Alec was evidently in earnest, and knowing his dauntless courage and clear, far-seeing mind, he was reluctantly obliged to confess that



"'TWAS A MERCY YOU WERE NOT ABOARD,' HE SAID."

perhaps, after all, discretion was the better part of valour in this case.

"I don't like giving up," he said, grumbling faintly; "but as you are so much in earnest, well, I suppose I must. Michet, will you give us a bed?"

"*Ciel!*"

The old fisherman lifted his shoulders and eyes to heaven in an expressive shrug. How changeable these English were! Nevertheless, it was the same to him whether he put off that night or next day. The delay would probably only mean more money in his pocket, and his hut would easily accommodate two extra.

Of course there was the risk of discovery; but that was a very slight one, and the two young men would probably compensate him for the danger he ran.

So he led the way back through the scrub to where his rough hut stood, some way removed from the water's edge, but connected with the beach by an underground passage, which he disclosed with much pride to the two fugitives.

As this passage, being blocked with casks and parcels—part of the smuggler's possessions—would serve as a hiding-place in case of pursuit, Cecil and Alec lay down in confidence, and fell asleep.

When they awoke their host was standing over them with a face of concern.

"'Twas a mercy you were not aboard of my lugger last night," he said. "Just at the time when we should have been putting out to sea, she was boarded by a couple of Custom House men, who searched every inch of her. 'Twas a direct providence of God, monsieur. But the day is just going to dawn, and if you get ready at once we will sail before sunrise; it is only five minutes' walk to the beach, and we can slip out to sea without being observed."

Cecil was ready in an instant; but when Alec raised his heavy head from the pillow, he found that he was

too ill to attempt any further journey that day, and with difficulty persuaded his companion to accompany Michet.

"One of us can be far more easily saved than if both of us were together, old fellow," he said, squeezing Cecil's hand. "I shall cross to Portsmouth when this wretched fever abates a bit; and meanwhile, I shall be quite safe in this snug little hut, and Michet will look after me."

So reluctantly enough Cecil parted from him, and when the faint light of the morning stole into the window, and made the flaring oil lamp dim by comparison, Alec lifted his aching head, and saw, far on the horizon, the glittering sail of the boat that carried his companion into safety.

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

"IT is our wedding day to-morrow," said Hector, as he stood, six months later, in the garden at Clyeen, with Rosemary at his side.

He had changed much during those weeks of anxiety, and in the desperate hunted look in his eyes, and the lines that guilt had drawn in deep furrows on his brow, you read what he had undergone to gain the girl he loved.

He had lost all look of youth and any light-heartedness he might ever have possessed; but Rosemary, who saw him every day, noticed nothing, for she did not care enough for him to observe whether he were ill or well.

How bitterly was she punished now for all her thoughtless flirtation! She had fancied, when the admiration of Hector was a forbidden delight, that she cared for him; but now that he was her betrothed husband, she knew that with all her power she loathed and distrusted him.

And yet he only lived to please her. Every day was spent in planning some fresh interest and pleasure for her, in riding with her, or reading aloud to her as she worked at her frame.

But all the time there was a shadow between them: a shadow which Hector tried in vain to ignore, and which Rosemary shuddered at and tolerated.

So they had drifted to the very eve of their wedding day, and so they stood, each secretly miserable, with how very different a reason.

"I have been thinking," said Rosemary hurriedly, as she drew patterns on the gravel with the point of her little shoe, "that it is a pity we decided to be married so soon. Could not we put it off, Hector, till a little later? It is so much more cheerful to be married in the snow-time or in the spring. But now in this dreary autumn, when the world and the year are dying—why, it gives me the megrims to even contemplate matrimony."

Hector frowned.

"It is impossible to talk of postponing our wedding now, Rosemary; and you know that your father and Miss Marvin would be much annoyed at any conversation on the subject."

"I don't care what Aunt Maria thinks or says," cried Rosemary wilfully. "And if I don't want to be married to-morrow, I certainly will not be."

Hector constrained his anger with an effort.

He had often before been obliged to combat her pretty obstinacy, but that day it seemed doubly hard to bear, when victory was so near, and yet so far from him. He felt that he could not bear much contradiction, for his nerves were strung up to a pitch beyond which he dared not contemplate.

There was always the fear that Alexander was alive, and at any instant a bomb might be cast into the Clyeen household in the shape of a communication from him.

He could not afford to postpone his wedding a day or an hour. Once his own, he could snap his fingers at destiny, and defy fate, with Rosemary as his wife.

But he controlled his voice as he answered—

"My darling, how cruel you are to me! You talk just as if it were a mere trivial affair in which we are to take part to-morrow, when you know, without my telling you, that it means life or death to me."

"I suppose that you do love me very much," said the girl impulsively. "But oh! how I wish I had never met you, for then, at any rate, I should never have known the misery I am enduring at this present moment."

"Dearest, when you are once my wife, you and misery will be far apart. You shall never know a moment's uneasiness, if I can prevent it."

"And yet, with all your professions of love, I do not love your whole soul half so much as I loved the little finger of Alexander Constantine. God help me if I am doing wrong in marrying you!"

"I cannot be jealous of a dead man, but I think that love will come with time, Rosemary," he answered, with a spasm at his heart as he uttered once again the lie that now came so glibly to his lips.

She sighed and turned away. She had had some faint hope that even at that eleventh hour he would release her, and refuse to take an unwilling wife. But that her hope was vain she read in the determined, passionate eyes.

"Dear, dear!" broke in the harsh voice of Miss Marvin from the background. "What a pair of innocent love-birds! Billing and cooing again, I declare! Well, I am sorry to disturb you, but I have brought your letters, Rosemary; the mail is just in, and here is a packet which has been sent to you from Urleigh. Perhaps Mrs. Constantine has recollected herself and determined to send you a present. She is stingy enough for anything, but it would look rather too bad if there was no gift from her among your wedding presents."

Rosemary said nothing, for she well knew that it was useless to resent these unkind speeches which were always aimed at the Constantines.

She took the packet with a heightened colour, and broke the seal.

"It feels like a locket," said Miss Marvin, with interest. "Probably it will be a brass one with a glass jewel in the middle."

"If it is," said Rosemary, "I will give it to you, my dear aunt, to wear with that lovely false front you have got in your drawer."

Miss Marvin was rendered speechless by the audacity of the remark, and so lost for the moment to all outward impressions that she failed to see the change on Rosemary's face.

But Hector saw it, and an awful spasm of terror contracted his heart, for with one brief glance he had become aware that a packet in Alexander's handwriting was enclosed within Mrs. Constantine's note.

Still, he must brazen out the whole affair to the end; the tide might still turn in his favour.

"Is it a present, Rosemary?" he asked, steadying his voice with an effort.

The girl put her hand to her head with a slow, dazed motion, as though she were in a dream.

"I—I—cannot quite understand!" she faltered.

But as she read through Mrs. Constantine's brief note the load on her brain lifted, and in one flash she saw the whole situation in its blackest details.

This was Mrs. Constantine's note:—

"This is written and sent to save you from marriage with a black-hearted coward and liar. My boy is alive, and Hector must have known it the whole time, for his story was merely a base fabrication. Unless it is too late, Rosemary, my child, save yourself. I would have come to you myself, but think it is better, under all circumstances, to avoid any chance of meeting with Mr. Annesley.

"Your friend,

"Mary Constantine."

Miss Marvin now became aware that something was wrong, and she gave one comprehensive glance at Hector, and then fixed her eyes on Rosemary.

She must have had news of her lover, and it would be interesting to see how the tidings affected her.

Miss Marvin would have made a thorough Roman lady of the days of the Neros, for a gladiator show would have been very much to her taste, and she would have gloated over every detail.

"What is the matter, girl? Have you lost your wits? Mr. Annesley, perhaps you can explain this extraordinary behaviour?" she said, with a cruel emphasis which made the man wince.

"HE HAD NOT THE COURAGE TO DEFEND HIMSELF" (*p.* 334).

His eyes were riveted with a strange fascination on Rosemary's movements, as, gaining more strength, she broke the seal that closed her lover's letter.

Into her hand dropped a little battered bloodstone heart that she had once given Alec as a talisman, and which the French captain had probably considered too worthless to loot.

She glanced at the heading of the letter. It was but two months back, long after Hector's return with news of his death.

That was enough, and in that moment Rosemary Marvin became a woman and left her girlhood behind her.

She drew herself up to her full height, and looking straight into Annesley's face, she said in cold clear accents, that struck like ice upon his heart—

"Mr. Constantine is alive, and therefore, of course, any question of marriage between us is unnecessary. Until I have read this letter, I cannot be certain of the course you have pursued. But this I can tell you; if I find you have willingly deceived me as to his death, I can only think of you with loathing and horror as a cowardly villain, who would have by foul means won as his wife an innocent girl who *never* loved him."

Under her scorching words Hector's cowardly soul shrank.

He had not the courage to defend himself or brazen out his share in the deception. He knew that he had lost Rosemary, and in one black moment he thought of suicide, but for even that last refuge of the ungodly he had no courage.

"I—she knew about it quite as much as I did," he said sullenly, pointing at Miss Marvin, who stood gloating over the scene, confident of her own safety. "She encouraged me; and, after all, how was I to know that he was not dead? For he was in the power of a murderer when I left him. Oh, Rosemary, Rosemary! you will never know how much I loved you, or how much I have sinned for your sake."

He ended with passionate remorse; but Rosemary, with a glance of cutting contempt, turned away from him to her aunt.

"As for you, Aunt Maria," she said, "I have no words to express my feelings."

She looked more beautiful in her passionate indignation than Hector had ever seen her. Her loveliness, which was of the shallower type, was heightened and intensified by the glow on her cheek, and by the energy and force that her feelings had lent to her bearing and manner.

She might have been a second Judith as she faced the couple of conspirators, strong in the knowledge of her own right and of their unutterable wickedness.

He recognised what he had lost, and stood like a soul turned out of Paradise, miserably gazing at her.

But retribution for his ungallant conduct was upon him, and it was both swift and sure. Upon Miss Maria's ears Rosemary's words had fallen unheeded, for Hector's accusation had taken away her breath temporarily. When she recovered it again, she fell upon him tooth and nail.

"You red-haired, sneaking rascal!" she shrieked, as with both hands she battered and scratched his face. "You dare to tell lies about me! You dare to insinuate that I had any share in your underhand ways!"

And together they gradually disappeared into the shrubbery out of Rosemary's sight, still struggling, still arguing and accusing one another, till the very garden rang and echoed with their voices.

Rosemary ran up to her room, there to gloat over her treasures and her new-found happiness. She must be alone to be able to realise all her joy to the full. But first, before she read her lover's letter, there was a duty to be performed, without which she could not rest.

She opened the hanging press where hung her numerous gowns, and tore down from its peg the white silk slip she was to have worn the following day as Hector's bride.

This she folded up, with her wreath and all the presents he had given her, and enclosing it in a piece of stout paper, addressed it to him, and gave it to her maid to be delivered at once. Then sitting down in her window, the rays of the fast sinking sun touching her hair and lighting up the bunch of autumn roses at her throat, she read the letter containing so much that was sweet to her, and also so much that was painful.

Would Alec ever believe that all the time she had been true in her heart to him, although she had vowed to wed his rival?

Would he believe it? The doubt blanched her cheek and took the light of joy from her eyes; for if not, her life again would be a blank.

Mr. Marvin was so much surprised and horrified at the plot which had been devised to gain his daughter's hand for Hector Annesley, that he forgot his own cares and anxieties, and thanked God fervently that their eyes had not been opened too late to Hector's real character.

He would sternly have ordered his sister from the house, but she found it expedient of her own accord to make a little tour at that time in England, and, by way of a peace-offering, made over to Mr. Marvin the sum she had lent him to be invested permanently in his business. As he was able to pay her a better percentage than she could have secured elsewhere, the merit was not as great as might have been imagined.

She never returned to Clyeen, being inwardly smitten by a proper shame for the part she had played in the Marvins' affairs. Outwardly she professed that the air of the Isle of Man was too strong for her delicate throat.

She took up her residence in Bath, where, if the last reports of her were accurate, she inveigled a gouty old naval officer into matrimony, and became one of the shining lights of the Beth Shan Chapel in that town.

Let us hope that with a new name she took upon herself a new nature.

Hector Annesley disappeared from Man that night.

Alec's letter had been dated from Arras some time back, and though the Constantines and Rosemary were ready at once to jump at conclusions and to be certain, with a hope that could realise no black side to

the question, that he was alive and safe, a haunting fear would at times creep across their hearts. They received every now and then vague reports as to his well or ill being from people who had heard of the English prisoner, and thought it their duty to forward to the Isle of Man every breath of news that was whispered from across the Channel.

One morning when Rosemary went up to Urleigh Court, she found Mrs. Constantine in great tribulation.

"I have been longing for you, Rosemary, child," she said steadily, through the tears that were streaming down her pale cheeks. "There is news of him: but such news, so uncertain, that I will tell no one save you; for why should the others endure this cruel anxiety which is torturing us nearly to death?"

She took from her pocket a letter, which she gave the girl. It was from a friend of theirs who lived on the Kentish coast, and who had had the letter conveyed by special messenger.

"I must write you the last news so far as I know of our poor Alec," it ran. "It was brought me by an old fisherman, who was a friend of the man with whom the poor boy was hiding. He says that Alec succumbed to the terrible fever and ague from which he was suffering, the very day after his friend escaped to Heligoland. I know not if this be the truth, but the man seemed very certain of his facts. God help you in your sorrow!"

"I was never worthy to be his wife," sobbed Rosemary. "But oh, mother, it is hard to bear this fearful suspense!"

She looked up at Mrs. Constantine as she spoke. Her hand was solemnly raised to heaven, and the look on her face checked the girl's grief.

"We are all prisoners of Hope," she said. "And I will not believe that my son is indeed dead until I have had some tangible proof."

END OF CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

MY PACKING-CASES, AND WHAT I DID WITH THEM.

PACKING-CASES! My eyes light and my heart throbs with gratitude at the very words. I have disparaged their use. I have even written in these pages and advised against it; and, in spite of all they have been to me, I still say that in these days of cheap and artistic furniture it is a waste of force to spend time in manufacturing articles out of packing-cases if—here mark the words—we can afford to do better.

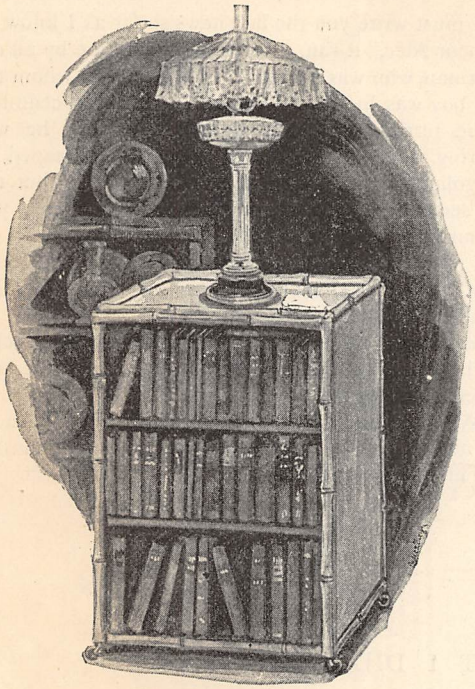
A little while ago a party of six people left England for the Australian bush. They were artists and writers by profession, and wished for the cause of work to get some experience of these wilds. Before they started they took the house attached to a sheep-run, belonging to a young fellow who had come home for a year, and who was glad enough to let it, and to throw in the services of his handy man.

He told us it was plainly but comfortably furnished. He advised us, however, to take our bedding and linen; and as the scholars wanted so many books and the painters such an amount of canvas, and as we all had to take enough garments for nine months, our luggage was considerable.

I was the raven of the party. I did not believe in that fine-spoken youth, who was so glad to let his house and loll about in English drawing-rooms. But as my croaks only served as an aggravation to the rest, I had to be silent, and all I could do was to pack, in an aggressive mood, a case of odds and ends of useful carpentering materials.

The house was eighty miles from a railway-station, and, with the exception of the people who were taking charge of our landlord's sheep, the nearest neighbours lived at a distance of forty miles. The scenery was most beautiful, the quiet for literary work excessive;

AN EXTEMPORISED COT.



BOOK-CASE AND LAMP-STAND.

as to the furniture, we found two beds, and a third for a servant. There was no book-case of any sort—no cupboard, either for hanging dresses nor for tea-cups—no cradle for the unfortunate baby, who had lost his own on the journey.

The first few days were dark indeed. The men of the party were not so natty with their hands as some artists, nor did they seem so willing to help; in fact, as soon as their canvas saw daylight they heard Art calling them, and were off, leaving the women-folk to do the best they could.

Necessity made us desperate: bedsteads we must have, or sleep on the floor for nine months. The lumber-room was empty, but in an outhouse we found a quantity of packing-cases, in which the furniture of the house must have once arrived. We brought the three largest into the house, and set them in their places in the bedrooms. In my box of treasures were several dozen yards of webbing, and, using long nails, we fastened strips of it across the open top of the case for the bed to lie on. The cover, which was already detached, we used to form a head to the bedstead, using very strong and long nails for the purpose. After rubbing all the wood smooth, we varnished it; to the top of the bed's head we attached little hooks, from which hung frilled curtains of butter muslin.

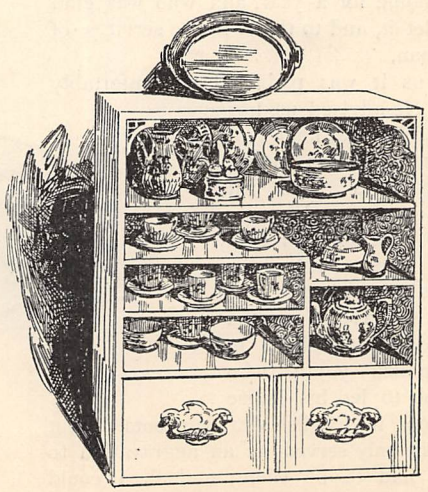
The baby's cot, made by his fond mother, was more ornamental. She found a small packing-case, and lined it first with wadding and then with pink sateen. She then, with tiny nails, fastened along the outside edges some strips of Carvina—a new invention, of stamped wood, exceedingly pretty. She left this in its natural colour, and stained the inside mahogany; while, for want of something better, she used a small Japanese umbrella to hang the curtain from, fastening it over the head of the cot with two long nails passed through a hole bored in the handle.

Our next necessity was a book-shelf, and we tried to combine with it a movable lamp-stand. For this purpose we again brought out a packing-case, and fitted the interior with shelves; we made them fast by screwing a little wedge of wood exactly under where each shelf was to come upon each side of the interior of the case. We used short screws, and bored the holes first with a gimlet. We had to be very exact in our measurements, or our shelves would have been crooked. We sawed some deal exactly of the length required, and fitted it in; then we rubbed all the wood well with sand-paper, and stained the whole, outside and in. It wanted three coats before it was dark enough, and between each coat a rub with sand-paper. When perfectly dry, we French-polished. I had a ninepenny bottle of polish with me, and I poured a very tiny drop on the surface, and rubbed with a soft rag until it began to feel sticky. I then added more polish and began again; and so on, little by little, till the lovely transparent surface was gained that lasts for ever.

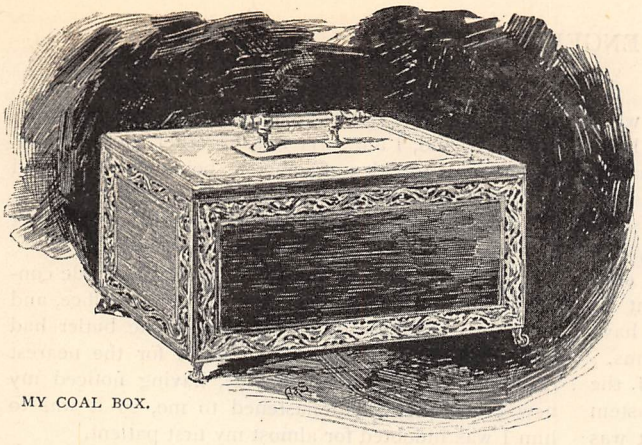
For the top of the case upon which the lamp was to stand we used some lengths of bamboo, cut them into required measurement, and arranged them to form an outside edge by boring holes and fastening them on to the wood with little screws. When all was done, we screwed castors to the bottom; it is better to do this the last thing, as otherwise your case will wriggle about when you particularly want it to be motionless.

We made a hanging dress-cupboard out of another case, decorating it in the same manner.

Another way of using a packing-case is to make it into a china cupboard. For this purpose the cover can be left on, but it is prettier without it. Arrange the shelves in the interior with wedges of wood as described, but in this case let them be irregular. For instance, let the top one go all the way along for plates; then put one below reaching three-quarters



CHINA CUPBOARD.



MY COAL BOX.

across, and another, about four inches below, only a quarter, and so on, taking for your copy a Chinese china cupboard. You may line the inside with velvet or with gold Japanese paper, or, if you want to do it cheaply, paint the inside dull red or blue and the outside with enamel, using a very fine brush and giving two coats. Remember before painting to rub down the wood, or it will never look well. If you use the door, fasten a Lincustra panel in the centre with indiarubber solution, and paint it with two coats.

While in the bush I made a beautiful coal (or rather wood) box, for our logs, out of a small wine-case. I used a bordering of stamped Carvina, and painted all a good black, giving three coats to make it look rich. I put on castors, and for a handle screwed into the cover a brass front-door handle, costing about three shillings and sixpence. A most handsome box was the result. Of course, the inside was also black. I have since carved such a case and then stained it with oak-staining, and the result has been most satisfactory. A movable tin lining is an improvement.

The last article I helped to make was a cosy corner. We draped two large cases with a wide frill of cretonne, and covered them with cushions covered with the same material, making the seats of webbing in the same way that we managed for the bedsteads. This webbing is much less hard to sit upon than the wood would be. We then draped the cretonne from the top of the wall, where it was fastened with a double frill, meeting, of course, in the corner, and we leant one or two cushions against this background.

By this being the last piece of handiwork I can boast of, you must not suppose that the house was complete—we were very far from that desirable ultimatum. But I used occasionally to slip my hand into my pocket and feel something hard that weighed it down; and which was in fact my exact passage money home. And when, after a time, in the middle of making furniture, doing housework, cutting up the sheep after it had been killed, and cooking it as best I could, I realised that, though I had come into unutterable quiet as far as society went, I had not had one moment to write a line or read a book, I resolved that as I was in no way obeying the call of duty but had come on a pleasure trip, I would break away from my friends and return once more to civilised life.

They write kindly from that far distant land, and say that the artists help more than they did at first, and that the baby does not cry quite always. I am glad to hear it, and am thankful indeed to feel that the ship is not yet made which will carry me again to that wild life, to find my only comfort in a packing-case.

MY COSY CORNER.

MY MESSENGER CALL-BOX.

WE little know sometimes what hair-breadth escapes we have from awful and violent deaths.

On one occasion, by missing a train (which, at the time, annoyed me excessively), I saved my life; for the only second-class compartment in it, and in which I should have been, was smashed to atoms.

I had never heard of the District Messenger System until, quite by chance, it was brought to my knowledge. This chance meeting with it was the means of saving my life.

I had just bought a small practice, and was settling down in a little house in a street just off Regent Street. As may be imagined, rings at my professional front door bell were but few, and when they did come they caused a great deal of mild excitement and speculation to my newly-married wife and myself.

One dark and stormy November night we were sitting in my cosy little study after dinner, and discussing, after the manner of recently-married couples, our future prospects, and building gigantic castles in the air, the foundations of which were to be dug upon the arrival of the first good patient.

After we had discussed matters to our own mutual satisfaction, and my loyal little wife had pictured to herself a pair-horse brougham dashing up to Grosvenor Square Mansions, and Sir Eno Tonic, K.C.B., descending from it, and walking upstairs to feel the pulse of a duchess: after all these delightful dreams, the little woman went upstairs, while I proceeded to get out a medical work, and do a couple of hours' reading before going to bed.

The old grandfather's clock in the little hall had just finished striking one, after a great deal of wheezing and internal disturbance, when there came a loud double knock at the front door, followed by my night bell.

At last! At last! I thought. Lucky I hadn't gone to bed. I undid the bolts, and discovered a small boy in a neat blue uniform standing on my doorstep.

"No. 41 in the square round the corner, sir," said the small boy, presenting me with a piece of paper with that address on it. "Old gentleman took werry ill all of a sudden like."

"All right, my boy," I said. "I'll be there directly."

"Right, sir. I have to go back with you, in case they want any medicines sent for."

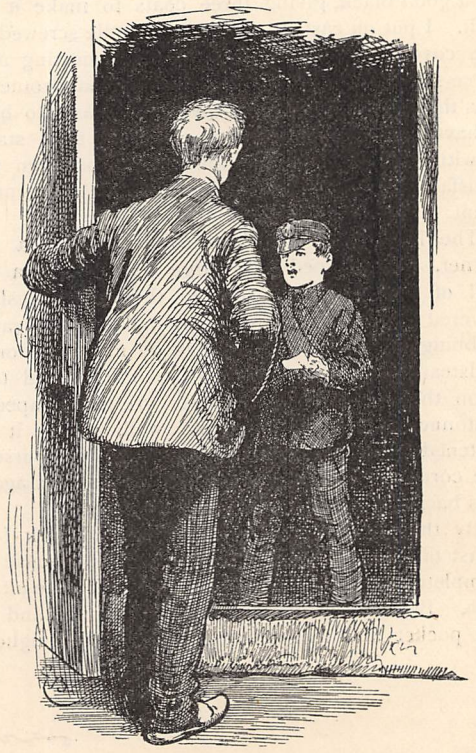
I put on my hat and coat, and turned into my study to get one or two professional requisites, and as I came out, found my wife confronting me in her dressing-gown, and, I am sorry to say, rather pleased than otherwise at the idea of someone being really ill and requiring my services.

"Go back to bed, little woman," I said. "I shan't be long, I dare say."

Then I started, and on the way my little guide confided to me that he was on night duty at the office, and had been summoned to No. 41, where the butler had told him to run as hard as he could for the nearest doctor. My little friend in blue, having noticed my new brass plate, had hastened to me, so it was to him I was indebted for almost my first patient.

I found the household all astir and anxiously awaiting my arrival. I was conducted straight upstairs, and found my patient apparently suffering from an apoplectic seizure. After administering the usual remedies, which, I am happy to say, were effective, I went downstairs to question the servant. After getting the information I required, I asked how he got his messenger; it seemed such an admirable system. He explained where the office was, and then I remembered I had seen these blue-coated messengers about the streets.

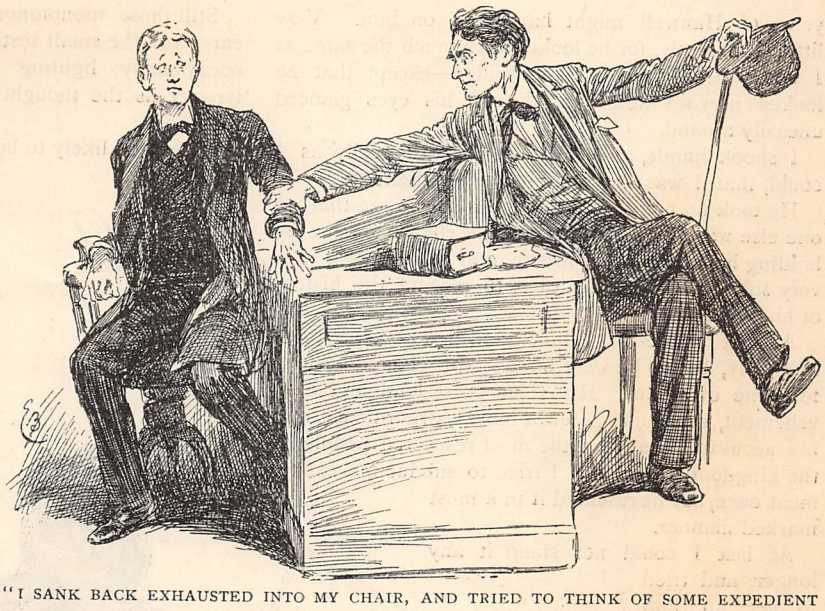
Thus it was that I first became introduced to the call-box system. It had already done me one good turn. Unknown to me, it was about to serve me still more faithfully.



"'NO. 41 IN THE SQUARE ROUND THE CORNER, SIR.'"

The next morning, after I had paid a visit to my patient, and found him progressing satisfactorily, I went on to the messenger office. The official in charge received me very civilly, and explained the working of the system to me.

London was mapped out into districts, it appeared, and in the centre of each district was located an office, with a responsible chief and staff of messengers. For a small charge any resident could have his house connected electrically with the office, and at any hour of the day or night could summon, by separate signals, either a messenger, doctor, cab, policeman, or fire-engine.



"I SANK BACK EXHAUSTED INTO MY CHAIR, AND TRIED TO THINK OF SOME EXPEDIENT TO SUMMON ASSISTANCE" (*p.* 340).

The system seemed so simple and useful that I at once ordered a box, and asked that it might be fixed without delay. I was assured that I might rely upon it being fixed the following morning.

That night the post brought me a letter from a man who for a couple of years past had been pestering me with letters almost monthly.

Poor fellow! I had made inquiries when he first began to write, and found that his head had undoubtedly gone, probably from over-study. I had known him at Cambridge, and felt every sympathy for him—but how could I help him? As time went on his malady increased, and at length he had to be confined. But he was still allowed to write—so every month I got the usual letter, with complaints that there was a gigantic conspiracy against him. Mr. Gladstone, the Lord Chancellor, and the Archbishop of Canterbury were all in it. Would I help him to unravel this diabolical plot?—and so on.

For some time past I had taken it all as a matter of course, and when I saw the Hanwell heading, just glanced it over, and put it in the waste-paper basket.

But, on opening this letter, I saw, to my astonishment, that he had written from a new address.

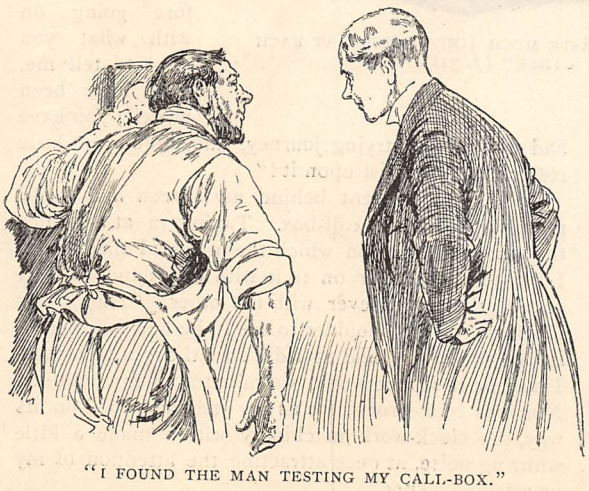
I may as well give the letter, which was short and pithy.

"Laurel Villa, Folkestone.
"*November* 12, 1891.

"Dear Mr. Tonic,—You will remember me writing to you about an awful, wicked, and diabolical plot against me. I did think that Mr. Gladstone and the Lord Chancellor were in it—but about the latter I think I am mistaken. I am sure the Archbishop of Canterbury is against me. I want your assistance in unravelling this cruel conspiracy, and so will call on you about six o'clock to morrow evening.

"My health is better than it was, and I am living here with friends.

"Believe me,
"Your sincere but unfortunate friend,
"Edwin Goater."



"I FOUND THE MAN TESTING MY CALL-BOX."

After reading the letter, and knowing what I did of the man's previous history, I concluded that he had more or less recovered—had been released from Hanwell as cured—or, at any rate, harmless—and was living with someone to take care of him.

When I came in about luncheon time the next day, I found the District Messenger man testing my call-box, which he had just finished fixing.

Little did I think how soon and for what a purpose I should require it.

The call-box itself was placed behind a screen in my study.

Shortly after six o'clock the door opened, and my little maid-of-all-work announced—

"Mr. Goater to see you, sir."

I looked at him curiously. I had not seen him for about eight years, and wondered what effect six

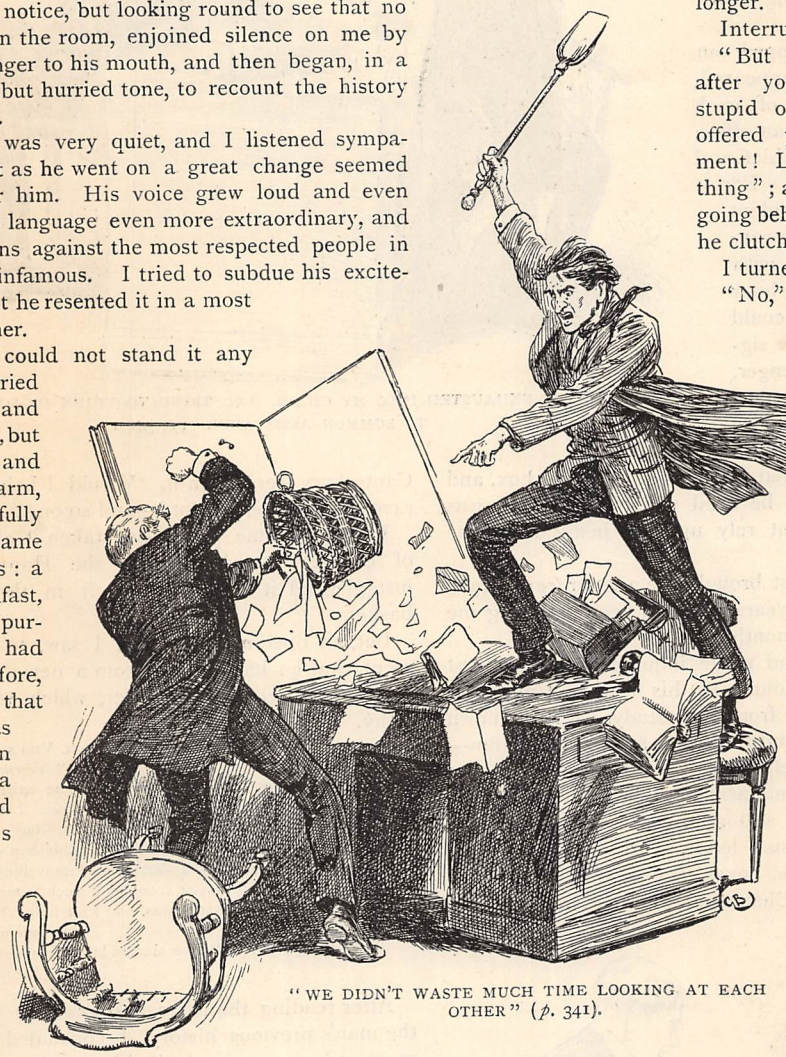
years of Hanwell might have had on him. Very little, apparently, for he looked very much the same as I remembered him at Cambridge—except that he looked nervous and worried, and his eyes glanced uneasily around.

I shook hands, and said, as sympathetically as I could, that I was very glad to see him better.

He took no notice, but looking round to see that no one else was in the room, enjoined silence on me by holding his finger to his mouth, and then began, in a very subdued but hurried tone, to recount the history of his wrongs.

At first he was very quiet, and I listened sympathetically, but as he went on a great change seemed to come over him. His voice grew loud and even vehement, his language even more extraordinary, and his accusations against the most respected people in the kingdom infamous. I tried to subdue his excitement once, but he resented it in a most marked manner.

At last I could not stand it any longer, and tried to get up and open the door, but he jumped up and clutched my arm, and an awfully wicked look came into his eyes: a look of steadfast, immovable purpose that I had never seen before, but a look that told me I was powerless in the hands of a raving and dangerous madman. I sank back exhausted into my chair, and tried to think of some expedient to summon assistance; but my brain seemed a complete blank, and all I could think of was to humour him as far as possible.



"WE DIDN'T WASTE MUCH TIME LOOKING AT EACH OTHER" (*p.* 341).

By this time he had quieted down again, and was proceeding with his story in the same subdued, but nervous, hurried tones he had commenced with.

This made me recover myself, and while putting in an occasional expression of sympathetic interest or assent to what he said, I racked my brain to devise some scheme for summoning assistance; and all at once I bethought myself of my so recently-installed call-box. If only I could get to that without exciting suspicion, I could give the police signal, and get help within two or three minutes.

Still those monotonous tones were droning in my ears, and the small restless eyes gazing into my face, occasionally lighting up with a sort of hungry ferocity as the thought of some special wrong came to mind.

It seemed likely to last for ever, and at last I could not stand the suspense any longer.

Interrupting him, I said—

"But you must be tired after your journey. How stupid of me not to have offered you some refreshment! Let me get you something"; and getting up, I was going behind the screen, when he clutched my arm again.

I turned and faced him.

"No," he said in a hoarse voice; "no, I want nothing—nothing but justice and revenge."

And again there came that dreadful look in the eyes—a look that chilled my blood and made my heart stand still.

Then, making a great effort, I said in my most authoritative tones—

"My dear Goater, as a medical man, I insist upon your having some refreshment before going on with what you have to tell me. You have been unwell; you have had a long and trying journey, and require a little restorative. I insist upon it!"

Thus saying, I went behind my screen and found myself opposite my call-box. Taking in at a glance the part of the dial on which the word "Police" was, I turned the pointer on to it with one hand, while I seized the little lever with the other. Then, just looking over my shoulder to see if he had followed, I turned the lever; and as I did so I thought to myself, I may be in for the worst two minutes of my lifetime. Nor was I far wrong, for as my message sped on its way, the clock-work machinery within made a little whirring noise, at once attracting the attention of my unwelcome visitor.

Almost simultaneously with the commencement of the noise I heard Goater jump up, and a clash of iron told me he had possessed himself of a weapon from the fender. And as I came out from the screen—

"Die, traitor, die!" he shouted, at the same time raising the shovel to deal me a murderous blow.

His appearance was awful. His face bore an expression of concentrated hate, revenge, and disappointment; the eyeballs were almost starting out of his head, the veins on his forehead were swollen up, and the whole was pervaded with a look of fiendish cruelty horrible to witness. But we didn't waste much time looking at each other.

He came on and aimed a desperate blow at my head. I dodged, and catching him round the waist, tried to throw him. One moment of awful suspense, and then, thank God! I succeeded. And then commenced an awful struggle on the ground, in the one case for life, in the other for death. As regards strength, we were pretty evenly matched—for against the added strength he derived from his madness must be pitted the strength of a strong man fighting for his life—fighting with the tenacity of despair.

He had dropped the shovel, and his great object was to throttle me. I tried to preserve my own strength till assistance arrived.

Over and over we rolled. First one was on the top—then the other. I became conscious of the door being opened, and of hearing shrieks for help. The man's strength seemed superhuman—my own seemed rapidly going. At last he got me underneath, and in spite of a terrific struggle, I could not get above again. Then, as I felt my strength fading away, I felt all was over, and knew nothing more until I found myself sitting in a chair, and the room full of policemen.

Thank God! help had arrived just in time. Another moment would have been too late.

My wife and the maid having opened the front door to summon assistance, did so just in time to enable the policemen to rush straight in and save my life.

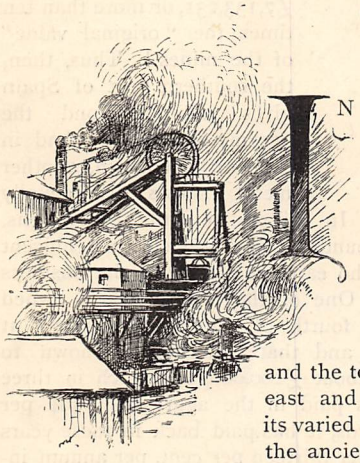
There was the unfortunate Goater handcuffed and roped, and shrieking horribly and demoniacally.

It will easily be understood that I am now a devoted friend of the District Messenger System, and that I also entirely appreciate the disinterested kindness of the old gentleman in No. 41 being taken so suddenly and violently ill, and thereby introducing me to that little call-box which undoubtedly saved my life.

I have only one word to add. If any of my town readers have any magazines or papers to spare, will they send them round to the nearest messenger office, where they will be highly appreciated?

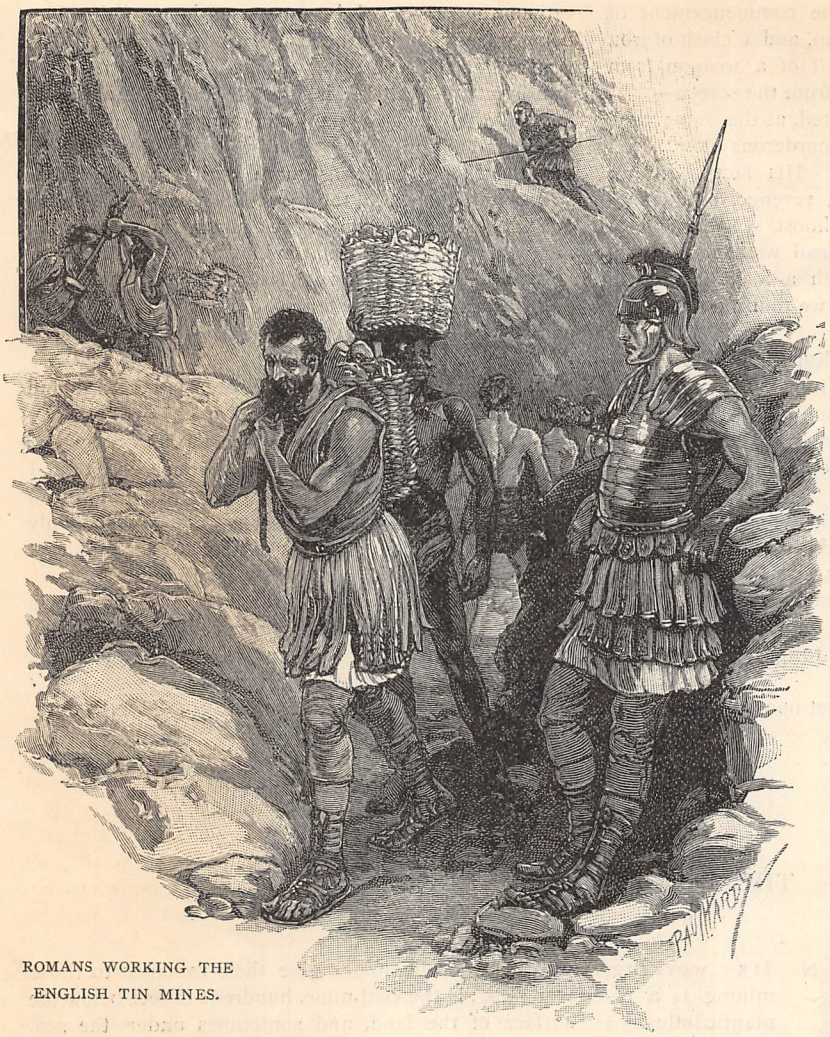
GEORGE MANNERS.

THE ROMANCE OF MINING.



IN its working, mining is a romantic industry; and in its results it is even more romantic. It is co-extensive with civilisation; it is pursued alike in the frozen north and the torrid south; in the east and the west it has its varied votaries; and from the ancient days, when the stones yielded iron, down to the present, it has been pursued with results more remarkable than are shown in other industries. In our own land we have the ancient minerals that attracted distant nations to our shores, won in olden days by washing the soil, and then with rude implements that gave place to better, and led to deeper mining. We have mines of lead and tin that the Romans wrought, leaving indelible marks of their presence on people and place, and we have traces of their early iron-melting furnaces on what are moors now; so that the story of the metals and their users becomes the story of the nation. In their working, too, the mines give their romance to those who seek: in the coal-mine, hundreds of feet below the surface of the land, and sometimes under the sea,

"RUINED!"



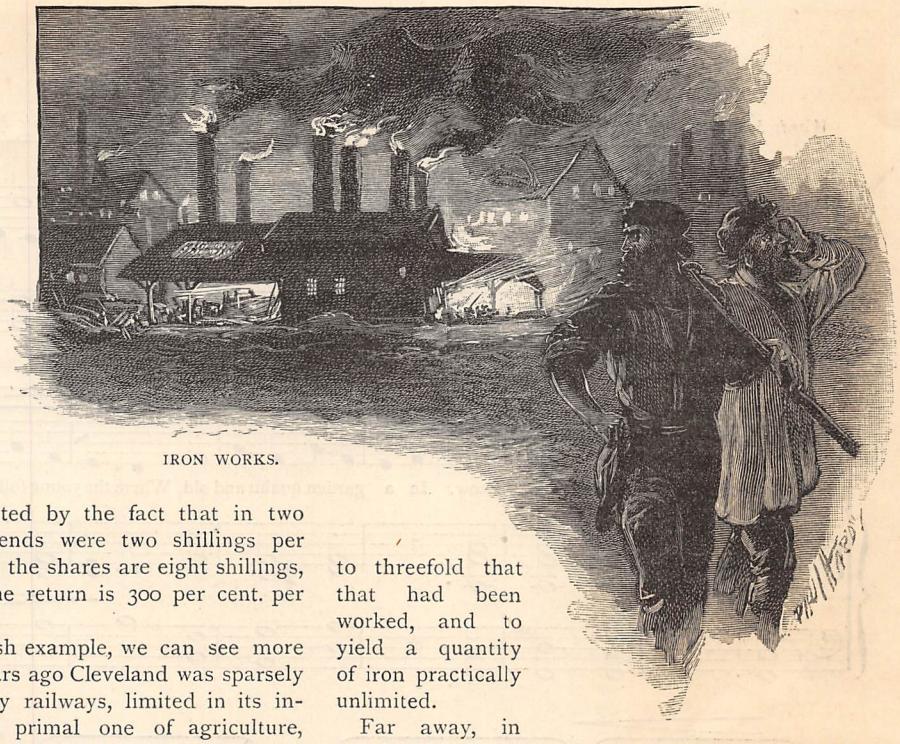
ROMANS WORKING THE ENGLISH TIN MINES.

where man and horse toil on in a darkness that the fitful lamps do not penetrate, amid surroundings that tell how Mother Earth's treasures are won, and with the knowledge, at what a cost—with strange reverberations, rushings of air-courses, roaring of ventilators, clankings of unseen chains and rumblings of waggons through the gloom—these are the colourings of the mine : not of one, but of many. Following the veins of what is locally called tin-stone, searching for lodes of lead in the mountain limestone of the north or the slaty rocks of the Isle of Man, delving deep for thick coal seams, or in the shallow mines of Furness for the ruddy hematite ores, the occupation of the miner is like that of the sailor in two particulars : its romance and its danger. The day's work may be begun with all the signs of a happy return, but before night owing to chemical changes in the composition of the air, a sudden blast may be carried through the gloomy galleries, and the loss of life ensuing may be enormous.

In every part of the world we have indications of the romance of mining. Spain has especial proofs. It is believed that nearly 2,000 years ago the Romans were mining in that fertile tract from Seville to Portugal ; but for generations afterwards the vast deposits were forgotten. Then foreigners exploited them on a small scale, obtained limited quantities of copper, projected companies, and struggled against creditors and clients. Wars brought the struggle to an end, some of the mines lapsed to the Spanish Government, and twenty years ago the Rio Tinto Company obtained a lease of what is now an estate of 16,000 acres. For some years it paid no dividend ; in 1879 it yielded a modest five per cent., and from that its return has risen up to sixteen and a half per cent. per annum. Near to these mines are those of the Tharsis Sulphur and Copper Company, which began its operations in 1866, which has paid dividends as high as forty per cent., and the gross profits of which company in twenty-four years are officially stated as fully £7,133,231, or more than ten times the "original value" of the mines ! Thus, then, the southern part of Spain gives riches beyond the dreams of avarice. And in the north of Spain, another metal shows us equally fabulous results. In Bilbao hematite iron reigns. It is rich, it is abundant, and it yields magnificent results to those who early entered into the business of mining there. One of the iron mines is owned by a company a fourth of whose shareholders at least are British, and that company is known to have a capital of about £200,000, on which in three recent years it has paid in the aggregate 139¼ per cent. ; in other words, it has paid back in these years its capital, with over thirteen per cent. per annum interest. Iron, thus treated, becomes almost a synonym for gold. Over a large part of the world these famous iron deposits of Spain are sent, and the port of Bilbao is crowded with the steamers that carry its iron to England, Scotland, and Wales, to Holland, Belgium, and Germany, and even to the far-off furnaces of the United States. These northern Spanish mines yield the largest and richest deposits of iron ore, and there has of recent years been for it an enlarged demand, because the fleets of the world are more built of steel, and for its manufacture rich ores of iron are needed, and thus their owners find fame

and fortune readily, whilst the growing use gives hope of continuance.

Let us go to the Antipodes, and we find the precious metals giving their testimony to the romance of mining. In the Barrier Range, in New South Wales, is the silver mine of the Broken Hill Proprietary Company. The wealth that has issued from it is incalculable; it cannot be told in figures, but it is faintly indicated by the fact that in two recent years the dividends were two shillings per share per month, and as the shares are eight shillings, it is easily seen that the return is 300 per cent. per annum.



IRON WORKS.

Taking now an English example, we can see more of the effects. Fifty years ago Cleveland was sparsely peopled, untraversed by railways, limited in its industry almost to the primal one of agriculture, "remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow." Small quantities of its ironstone were gathered in from the sea-shore and shipped to northern smelters; the opening of a railway to Whitby led to the discovery of the strata furnishing that iron, near to Whitby; but not until about forty years ago, when the course of the iron trade had changed, and when there had been several attempts to use comparatively thin seams, was the real value of the mineral deposit known. Long search was rewarded; the seam was found to thicken to threefold that that had been worked, and to yield a quantity of iron practically unlimited.

"AT LAST!"

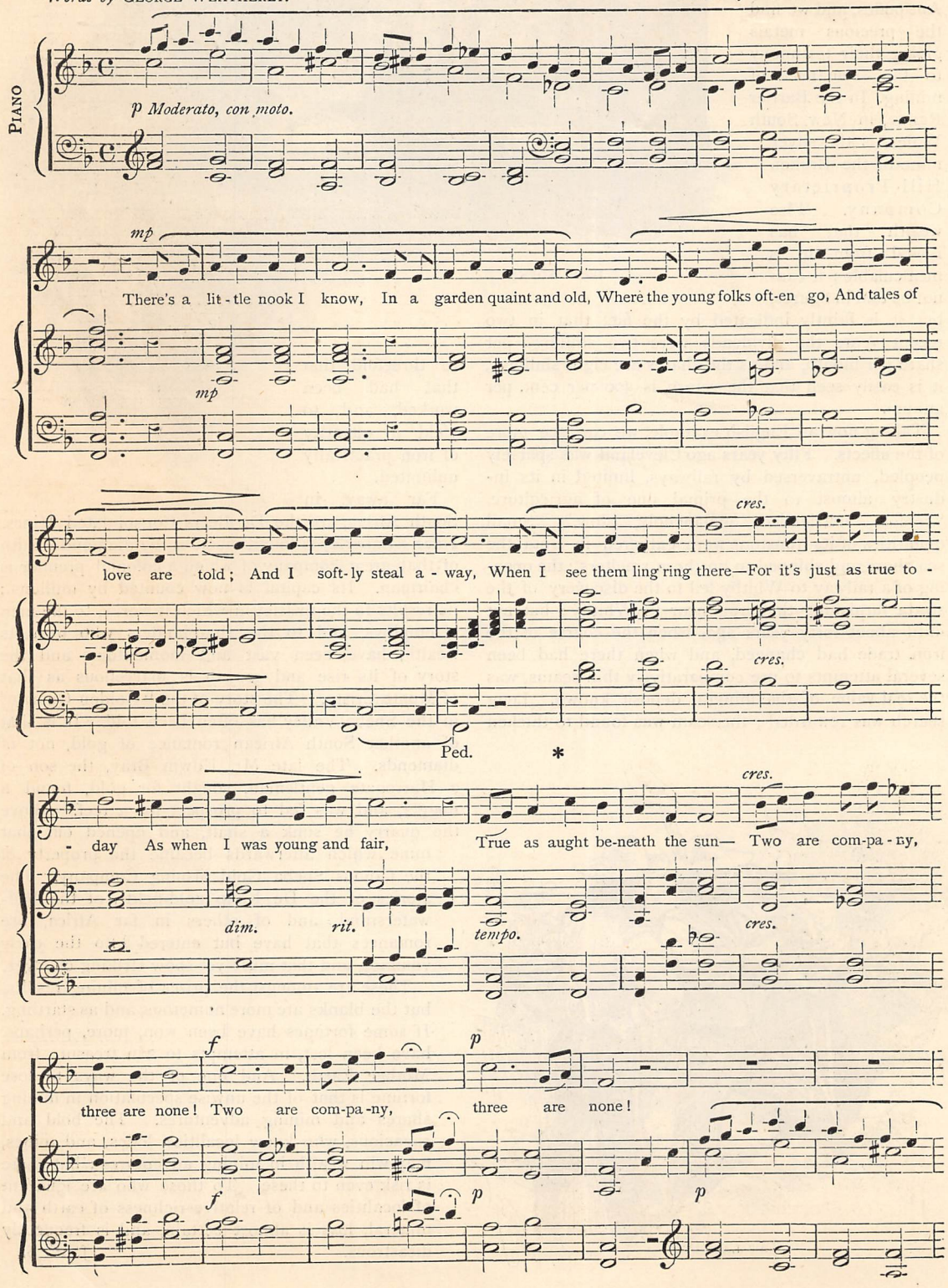
Far away, in South Africa, are the De Beers Consolidated Mines. Near Kimberley is found much of the diamond wealth of that great company of which a colonial premier is chairman. Its capital is now counted by millions; its results to the district in which it works, to the men it employs, and to the shareholders who own its wealth, have been vast and momentous, and the story of its rise and growth is marvellous as that of Monte Cristo. The story of the "Golden Quarry" in the Sheba Valley has often been told. It is that of another South African romance of gold, not of diamonds. The late Mr. Edwin Bray, the son of a Harrogate gentleman, sought for gold, found a nugget, and was led to prospect for a reef. Above the quarry he sunk a shaft, and opened out that mine which afterwards became the property of the famous Sheba Gold Mining Company. The stories of the De Kaap gold-fields, of the Witwatersrand, and of others in far Africa, are romances that have but entered into the early volumes, and that must yet show striking changes.

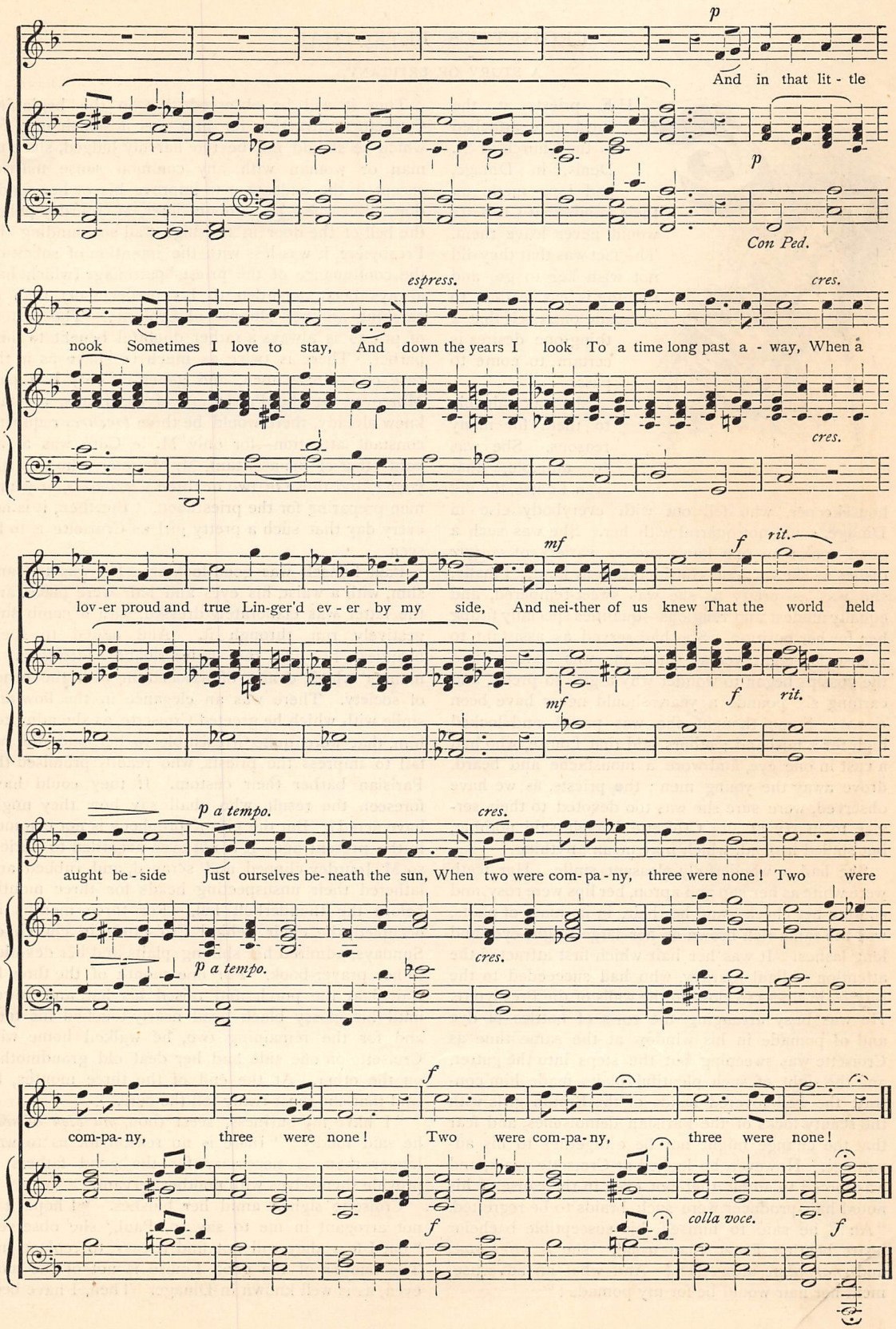
These are amongst the prizes of mining results, but the blanks are more numerous, and as startling. If some fortunes have been won, more, perhaps, have been lost, in attempts to win treasure from Mother Earth. And one of the ways to lose fortune is that of the unwise speculation in mining shares and mining adventures. The bold and sagacious, who know localities, lodes, and mines, may win wealth in mining adventures; but there is risk even to these. To those who are ignorant of localities and of relative richness of earth and mineral, loss is almost certain, and is frequently disastrous.

J. W. S.

Two are Company.

Words by GEORGE WEATHERLY. *Music by* FLORENCE AYLWARD.




p
And in that lit - tle
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Con Ped.
espress.
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nook Sometimes I love to stay, And down the years I look To a time long past a - way, When a
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aught be - side Just ourselves be-neath the sun, When two were com-pa-ny, three were none! Two were
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com-pa-ny, three were none! Two were com-pa-ny, three were none!
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colla voce.
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CROISETTE'S BETROTHAL.

A STORY OF BRITTANY.

THE priests at the Presbytère attached to the Church of St. Denis, in Dinage, had long made up their minds that Croisette would never leave them. The fact was that they did not wish her to go, and nothing is easier than to persuade one's self that a thing one desires is certain to come to pass.

She was valuable to them for many reasons. She was so amiable, that even Louise, the old housekeeper, who fell out with everybody else in Dinage, could not quarrel with her. She was such a good cook: no one knew such a variety of *maigre* dishes as she—a great consideration in Lent. Finally, she was as pretty as she was sweet-tempered, and equally modest and religious—qualities specially fitting her for her position. She had served as assistant to Louise for eight years—since she was sixteen—and the gossips began to wonder why a girl so pretty, and earning six pounds a year, should never have been *fiancée*. Some thought she was proud, and looked high for a husband; others said that Louise, who had a cast in one eye, and wore a moustache and beard, drove away the young men; the priests, as we have observed, were sure she was too devoted to their service to marry at all; Croisette herself said nothing, but smiled instead, which may mean anything.

She had a wonderfully pleasant smile. Her teeth were white as her cap and apron, her lips were rosy, and so were her cheeks, and her hair, in its mass of plaits, was the same rich brown as her large bright eyes and long lashes. It was her hair which first attracted the attention of Paul Jourdey, who had succeeded to the *coiffure* business so close to the walls of the Presbytère. He was busy arranging the rows of bottles of dye and of pomade in his window at the same time as Croisette was sweeping out the steps into the gutter, and the sight of such plentiful plaits made him contrast the well-covered heads of the Breton girls with the scanty locks of the Parisian demoiselles, and fear that the change might not be altogether to his advantage. However, he looked at Croisette again, and was forced to admit that not even in the cause of his noted hair-producer were such braids to be regretted. "Ah!" he said to himself, his susceptible bachelor heart beating faster than usual, "she is *mignonne*, and *charmante* altogether! And what an advertisement her hair would be for my pomade!"

Thus it will be observed that in the beginning Croisette's attraction for him was a selfish one, for which he should not be too harshly judged, since no man or woman with any common sense marries except in the endeavour to improve his or her condition. But when, a few hours later, M. Jourdey pulled the bell of the door in the high wall surrounding the Presbytère, it was less with the intention of soliciting the continuance of the priests' patronage (which had always been accorded to his predecessor) than of catching another glimpse of Croisette. The custom of priests is always a rather doubtful benefit to their barber. There is twice as much to shave as in the case of ordinary men, and generally only half pay. Moreover, at the Presbytère of St. Denis, as Paul knew already, there would be three *tonsures* requiring constant attention—for only M. le Curé was at all bald—that of his assistant, M. Monnier, who was still young, and those of two or three *séminaires*, or young men preparing for the priesthood. But then, it is not every day that such a pretty girl as Croisette is to be seen.

Paul himself was good-looking. He was tall and slim, with a waist, his eyes and hair were black, and the latter was elaborately dressed, with a comb suggestively run through it. And added to these beauties, he had the indescribable attraction of manner which comes of association with the heads of society. There was an elegance in the bow and smile with which he greeted Croisette, as she admitted him, that were quite irresistible to her, and did not fail to impress the priests, who readily promised the Parisian barber their custom. If they could have foreseen the result, who shall say how they might have acted? But the gift of prophecy is not common in the present age—it is not even accorded to clerics; so M. Jourdey clipped and scraped, and rubbed and lathered their unsuspecting heads for three months before the thunderbolt fell. For three months he occupied the chair behind Croisette's in church on Sundays, admired her shining plaits and her devotion to her prayer-book. For one month of the three he waited at the porch and raised his hat, and bowed until his glossy black head nearly touched his toes, and for the remaining two, he walked home with Croisette on one side and her deaf old grandmother on the other. At the end of the three months, he said that she must really tell the curé.

"I have my business, seest thou, *ma bien aimée*," he said fondly; "there is no reason for us to wait longer than is necessary for the good fathers to provide themselves with another servant."

Croisette sighed amid her blushes. "I hope it is not arrogant in me to say so, Paul," she observed, "but I fear they will not find it easy to replace me. The temper of the good Louise is not of the most even, as is well known in Dinage. Then, I have been

in their service for many years; I know their tastes, and am attached to them all."

Paul frowned at the last words. He had no objection to her affection for the old curé, but he drew the line at devotion to the young pupils.

"It is not likely they will find thine equal, *mon ange*," he replied gallantly; "but make them understand that they must find a substitute in a month. It will come better from thee than from me."

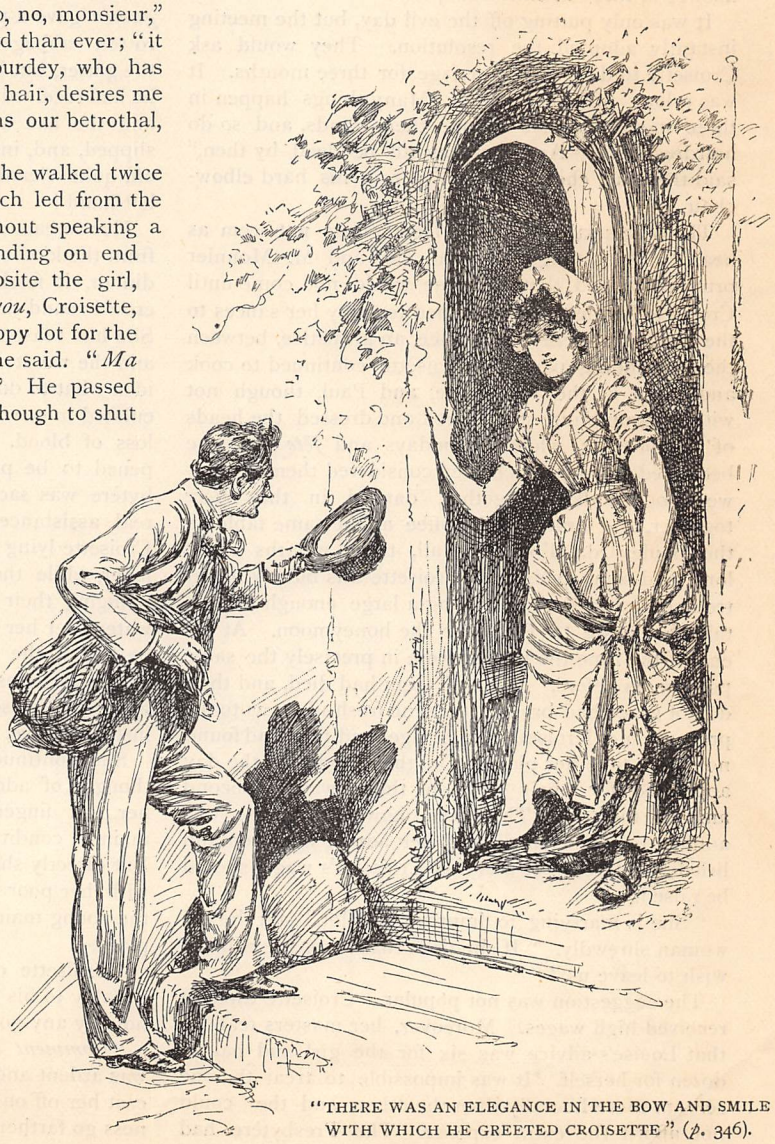
It is a well-established fact that the unpleasant duties of life are generally allotted to women, and this was no exception to the rule, though Croisette was not conceited enough to realise to the full what effect her information would have upon her employers. When, on the following morning, she asked for an interview with the curé, the good old man, seeing her confused, pinker than usual and moist about the eyes, concluded that she desired to confess, and guessing that the sin was of the customary trivial type, began hastily to mumble the form of absolution. "No, no, monsieur," murmured Croisette, more embarrassed than ever; "it is another matter altogether. M. Jourdey, who has the honour of cutting your reverence's hair, desires me for a wife. My grandmother sanctions our betrothal, subject, of course, to your approval."

M. le Curé was so astonished that he walked twice up and down the stone passage which led from the kitchen to the priests' quarters without speaking a word, his few grey hairs literally standing on end with horror. Then he stopped opposite the girl, and stared at her blankly. "You, *you*, Croisette, desire to exchange your safe and happy lot for the uncertainties of the marriage state!" he said. "*Ma foi!* Am I awake, or in a dream?" He passed his hand over his wrinkled brow, as though to shut out an ugly night vision. "I cannot answer you now, Croisette," he said at length. "I must give the subject my full consideration. Do you, misguided girl, do the same;" and Croisette found herself dismissed without having given a month's notice or received any definite promise of the curé's blessing.

Her consternation, however, was trifling compared with that which the news gave to her employers. The curé thought that such a catastrophe as this could only be adequately discussed in a full meeting, and accordingly, he summoned his brethren with speed. If possible, they were more upset than himself. He was old, and had known many reverses, many bereavements, and it was not so with his companions. M. Monnier, who was the greatest *gourmet* and *gourmand* in the house, thought with intense regret of Croisette's cookery; old Louise's omelettes were as tough as her shoe-leather, and her soups lacked the delicate flavours and variety of those compounded by her junior. Yet to these he would be reduced if Croisette went away. The pupils reflected on her invariable amiability. How often had she stood between them and punishment! Two volumes of forbidden novels she had hidden under her apron while the curé inspected M. Lecoit's bedroom. Only last fast day she had purchased a large Lyons sausage for M. Fréville, who was dying of hunger, and conveyed the sustenance to him in secret. Who would perform these kindly offices now? Gloom was on every countenance.

"She has deceived us," said Père Monnier. "Had we ever understood that she meant to enter matrimony, we should never have relied so much upon her."

Everyone felt that the assistant-curé had hit the mark.



"THERE WAS AN ELEGANCE IN THE BOW AND SMILE WITH WHICH HE GREETED CROISETTE" (*p.* 346).

"Jourdey has deceived us no less," observed the curé. "Had I known of his evil intention, he should never have entered these portals. But, my brethren, something must be decided. What shall I tell the girl and her lover?"

There was an uneasy silence. The priests one and all gazed round the room and up at the ceiling. The bare walls of the refectory, where they were assembled, gave them no inspiration. The painted saints only stared stupidly at them out of their picture-frames, and the images bent their heads in silence. It was impossible to forbid the banns, there being no cause or just impediment, and it was derogatory to let Croisette know that she was indispensable to them. Finally, it was the youngest of the party who offered a suggestion.

"Must it be settled at once?" asked M. Fréville diffidently. "Could you not promise Croisette an answer in three months' time, say?"

It was only putting off the evil day, but the meeting instantly adopted the resolution. They would ask Croisette to defer her marriage for three months. It was a long time of respite. Many things happen in three months; girls change their minds, and so do hairdressers. "And we may all be dead by then," said the curé, cheerfully, rising from his hard elbow-chair.

The others said nothing. Death does not seem as near to the young as to the old, and M. Monnier privately hoped that his time would not come until Croisette had left, for he wished to enjoy her sauces to the last. So there was a truce, an armistice, between the contending parties. Croisette continued to cook and clean at the Presbytère, and Paul, though not without grumbling, still shaved and dressed the heads of the priests; while on Sundays and *fête* days the betrothed pair—for such they considered themselves—went out walking together, danced in the *Place* together, and drank their coffee at the same table on the Boulevard. For, after all, three months is not long, and soon sped, while Croisette was busy with her trousseau, and Paul in saving a large enough sum to take his bride to Paris for the honeymoon. At the end of the time the priests were in precisely the same position as before. None of them had died, and their day of grace had brought them no fresh ideas as to the prevention of Croisette's marriage, and they had found no one to take her place. On the evening of the day appointed for their decision there was a second anxious meeting. This time, however, Louise was admitted to the council, and her advice was soon and briefly tendered. It was that Croisette's wages should be raised.

"She is marrying to improve her lot," said the old woman shrewdly. "If she does that here, she will not wish to leave us."

The suggestion was not popular. Croisette already received high wages. Moreover, her masters realised that Louise's advice was six for the girl and half-a-dozen for herself. It was impossible to treat the one servant more liberally than the other, and they could not afford the extra expense. The Presbytère had been recently whitewashed, and the sacred symbol over the gate had had another coat of paint. The fathers' coffers were almost empty. Yet it was urgent that something should be done. Providence seemed to intervene in their behalf.

That evening, while the priests were at dinner, Croisette occupied herself in chopping wood for the next day's fires. The *séminaires* were very often set to perform this duty as a penance, but it so happened that they had been very well-behaved of late, and the pile was low. At the back of the Presbytère was a large yard, at one side of which stood the faggots, and near them the chopping-block and hatchet. The implement was very sharp, for M. Fréville had put a keen edge on it, there being, he thought, no object in making a penance more disagreeable than needs be. Croisette, too, was young and strong; the work was play to her, and while the heap grew she sang to herself over it. Presently in the street outside a *gamin* gave a piercing yell; he had only slipped on a rotten cabbage-leaf and grazed himself in falling into the gutter, but he could not have made more noise if he had received his death-blow. Croisette was startled, and the axe which she had just raised to cut with slipped, and, instead of chopping the wood, chopped off, quite cleanly, the fourth and little fingers of her left hand!

Her scream awoke the echoes. It brought Louise from the kitchen, it dragged all the priests from their dinner, it fetched Paul from his shop, it collected a crowd round the door of the house. Poor Croisette! She had reason to cry. Her hand was an awful sight; and the worst was that none of the spectators had any idea what to do, and while they screamed and gesticulated to one another, she fainted from the pain and loss of blood. A young medical student who happened to be passing the gate, and to whom no Presbytère was sacred, was the first person to offer any real assistance. He pushed his way in, and found Croisette lying pale and senseless in the arms of her lover, while the priests stood in a circle round her, wringing their hands, and Louise poured gallons of water over her head. As the fingers were nowhere to be found, the young medical man was compelled to tie the arteries and bind up the hand without them, and poor Croisette was put to bed with three fingers instead of five.

She continued so ill for days that no one had any thought of adding a sentimental reason for mourning her lost fingers to the very real one which such a maimed condition must needs be to any working girl. But directly she was able to go about her work again, with her poor hand in a sling, M. le Curé sent away the young maiden who had been helping Louise in her place.

"Croisette can never leave us now," he said comfortably to his brethren. "It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good."

"*Comment donc!*" exclaimed young Lecoit, who was ardent and affectionate. "Has that vile Jourdey cast her off on account of this accident? Could baseness go farther?"

"HE FOUND CROISETTE LYING PALE AND SENSELESS IN THE ARMS OF HER LOVER" (*p.* 348).

"You speak without thought," rejoined the old man reprovingly. "Do you not realise that as the girl has lost her ring-finger it is impossible for her to marry? Where is the ring to be placed?"

"Moreover," added M. Monnier piously, "the loss of that particular finger must be a sign to every right-thinking person that this wedding was not ordained to take place. Circumstances have evidently combined to prevent it. It is not for us to interfere. We will not aggravate the poor girl's misfortune by mentioning it at all."

Jourdey, however, took upon himself to do so on the earliest opportunity. The character of individuals is always tested by trouble, and the Parisian hair-dresser, who before had only seemed a gay, careless dog, now showed himself in a very different light. He drew Croisette into his arms when she was sufficiently recovered to see him, kissed her on both cheeks in the most tender manner, and inquired minutely into her health.

"Let us be married at once, beloved," he said tenderly. "Is it not so? I reserve to myself the pleasure of nursing thee, and of kissing the roses back into thy face."

Croisette's eyes, larger and darker-looking since her illness, filled with tears, despite his pretty speeches.

"I shall be a log to thee for ever, *mon brave*, with this helpless hand of mine," she said pitifully.

"What does that matter?" rejoined Paul consolingly. "And *va!* those two lost fingers are superfluous. They were added for ornament. It is with the others that everyone works."

So Croisette, re-assured, and with increased love in her warm little heart for her faithful lover, respectfully told her master that if her substitute had suited him she would be glad to leave, as she was to be married without delay. Then, indeed, there was a storm! The priests had a reason now—or so they thought—for withholding their consent. What, would she fly in the face of Heaven by marrying when her ring-finger had been cut off in order to prevent her? How was M. le Curé to perform the ceremony of marriage? they asked. For the curé obstinately refused to place the ring on any finger but that ordered in the Breviary, as it was hinted to him he might. The idea was impious, he said, and the anathemas of the Church would surely abide upon the blasphemer who had suggested such a thing.

It is natural for a young and plastic mind to be moulded by its surroundings, and Croisette was at least as superstitious as the priests. With streaming eyes she returned to Jourdey, to give him their decision. She would take the veil, she said, for she dared not marry against the will of Heaven and of the curé. In time she might be resigned to her lot; at present she cried vindictively, through sobs, that she felt ready to kill that *gamin* for his ill-timed yells, since, had her fingers been preserved, she might now have been a happy wife. But Jourdey had not been brought up in a convent or a Presbytère, and he kicked against such scruples.

"Nonsense!" he said disrespectfully. "If M. le Curé cannot marry us, we will have a civil wedding at the Mairie. Oh, others have done the same," as Croisette looked shocked. "Friends of mine contracted just such a one, and they have lived happily ever after."

"I could not," murmured Croisette, still weeping. "That would never content me. I should not feel myself married. No; I am convinced that the only veil which I shall ever wear will be that of a nun."

The lovers very nearly came to words for the first time. Paul, being deeply in love, was not disposed to give up his bride without a struggle; and Croisette—though not less devoted to him—was too much under the priests' thumb to marry without the Church's blessing. Moreover, the absence of a ring-finger really seemed an insurmountable barrier to marriage. It was one of those most awkward positions where each party has a measure of right on his side; and how the dilemma might have ended it is difficult to say, had not the medical student who had been the first to dress poor Croisette's hand after her accident happened one day to come into Jourdey's shop to have his hair cut. Once seated before the glass, with a wrapper about his manly form, it was natural enough to fall into conversation with the barber, and almost the first topic which came uppermost was that of Croisette's fingers.

"How did they heal?" the young man asked. "Did she suffer much from shock?"

"It is a villainous business," replied Jourdey gloomily; "and quite enough to sicken one of the Church, and of all priests and presbytères!"

For since the curé's opposition to his suit, the hairdresser had become violently anti-clerical in his views. There is nothing like a personal grudge for effecting such changes of opinion.

"Eh?" cried the doctor, wincing from a sharp pull. "But what has that to do with the affair? The good fathers did not chop her fingers off, did they?"

"No, monsieur," replied Jourdey. "But, *voyez-vous*, now that they are off, M. le Curé refuses to marry us. There is no place for the ring, he says, old blockhead! And my girl is too religious to be married before the commissaire, and talks of entering the cloister."

"No, no; she is too pretty for that," protested the other.

"But what am I to do?" questioned poor Jourdey. "It is all owing to the influence of the priests over these silly women. Bah! I have hardly patience to shave that old curé. I did make him nearly sick the other day, *par exemple*, by putting the soap-brush down his throat, and I swear I will do it again!"

It was evident that Jourdey was growing dangerous.

The medical student laughed.

"My good fellow," he said, in his superior manner, "are you a Breton to be so far behind the times? Have you never heard of artificial fingers? I can get your betrothed fitted with them very cheap in Paris. They will surely satisfy Croisette's scruples, and then you can snap your fingers at the priests."

Jourdey was almost crazy with delight. He embraced the doctor fervently, quite forgetting the difference in their relative positions; he prophesied for him a great and glorious medical career, and he offered to exercise his art on himself and all his friends and relations for all time and for nothing. He danced and leaped as he echoed the cry of the German Army: "*À Paris! À Paris!*" for it did indeed seem as though the course of true love, which had hitherto been grievously rough to the devoted pair, was at last growing smoother.

But alas! for his short-lived exultation. Only a few days later he was lying face downwards among the hair clippings on the floor of his dressing saloon, in utter despair, grief, and lamentation, for he had drawn an unlucky number in the Conscription! His shears must be beaten into a bayonet; he must exchange his neat suits of professional black for the baggy blue trousers and clumsy red tunic. *Hélas!* Such are the joys of a Frenchman's life.

Unfortunately, too, the army was in particularly bad odour just then, and substitutes were hardly to be bought for money. And if Jourdey spent his savings in this way, where would Croisette's new fingers be? Where would be their honeymoon trip to Paris? Where the nest-egg with which he had hoped to begin housekeeping? No, he must go; he must

"SHE AND LOUISE WERE AT THE RIVER-SIDE BY SIX O'CLOCK" (*p.* 352).

practise the goose-step, he must learn to like black bread and horse-flesh; and above all, he must leave his Croisette just when their happiness seemed assured.

A veil may well be drawn over their parting: it is painful to dwell on such subjects, and Croisette felt convinced, albeit it was a time of peace, that her true and devoted lover only marched away in order to be cut to pieces. The priests consoled her—somewhat hypocritically, it must be confessed — by representations that the separation was only for a short time; but their sympathy went for little, since to the most unobservant eye it was evident that they regarded Paul's ill-luck in the Conscription as they had her accident—as a direct interposition of Heaven in their favour.

"It is extraordinary," said Père Monnier, as he sat down to some delicious cabbage soup that night, "how the clergy are invariably protected and cared for. If evidence were needed of our Divine mission, surely here we have it. Because Croisette is necessary to our comfort, twice has her marriage been prevented."

"The chances are, however, that Jourdey will return safe and sound, and what then?" inquired the curé.

"Do not take such a gloomy view of life, *mon frère*," admonished M. Monnier. "If that should come to pass, never doubt but that we shall be looked after. Croisette, in the meantime, may forget her lover, or he may set his fancy on someone else. At present, it is plainly our duty to enjoy her cookery and to leave the future to take care of itself."

So the unselfish men talked and acted, and Jourdey and Croisette corresponded energetically, by which means the girl grew gradually more reconciled to his absence, though her employers one and all noticed that she was far less gay and cheerful than of old, and though still industrious and anxious to please as ever, she was more inclined to be dreamy and sentimental. Croisette was, in truth, counting the days, and the hours even, until her beloved should return. Her days she passed in imagining herself cooking his dinners instead of the priests', and her nights in dreaming of him with his letters under her pillow. Far, therefore, from forgetting him, as the amiable Père Monnier secretly hoped, absence was making both their hearts grow fonder.

One night Croisette was late getting into bed. She had received a letter from her *fiancé*, and had sat up to finish the answer to it. Bedroom lights were not allowed in the Presbytère from April to October, but

the moon was at the full just then, and afforded ample light to write by. The evening was warm and still, and when she had finished she was tempted to open the casement of the close, low-ceiled, little room, and to look out. The cold white light flooded the roads of the picturesque old town, throwing weird black shadows under the arcades and round the pillars supporting the houses; there was no sound in the deserted streets save a soft musical wind sighing gently from time to time. As Croisette leaned out of the window, still pressing Paul's letter to her heart, it seemed to her that the wind was becoming more vocal and less wild; it seemed to rise and fall on her ears, and thrill through her like some solemn religious music, such as the singing of a Gregorian chant. If she had not known that there was no service going on in the Church of St. Denis hard by, and that the priests were all within doors, and probably snoring, she might have thought that they were celebrating a midnight service there, for the clocks struck twelve at the time. The sound, however, roused her from her dreams, and she hastened to put away her idle fancies, and undress and go to bed, knowing full well that she must be early astir next day.

She and Louise were at the river-side by six o'clock, accoutred with their linen, soap, and scrubbing-boards, in the company of many women similarly engaged.

"'WHY AM I AT HOME SO SOON?'" (*p.* 354).

Croisette had been brought up on the shores of the Rance, yet the French Rhine had never looked so beautiful to her before. The high wooded banks were green with the richest summer verdure, a soft blue mist making the tints more ethereal. The sky above was deeply azure, and the river, equally blue that morning, ran past them, singing among the stones and weeds on the brink like a heedless child. The sun warmed Croisette's fresh morning cheeks, and a light zephyr played with her cap-strings. No one could be unhappy on that bright morning, and she and her companions sang and laughed as they beat and thumped the linen, soaped it, rinsed it, and thumped again, as though there were no such thing as trouble in the world.

"Hark at those girls!" said an ill-tempered-looking old crone to Louise at length. "To hear them, one would think that this world is a pleasant place instead of a valley of weeping."

For a wonder, Louise was tolerably amiable.

"Oh well, my dear, let them sing for once. There is sorrow enough in store for them," she grunted.

"There is sorrow enough in store for Jacques Duprès," struck in another old gossip, "with that young family of his."

"How so?" exclaimed a chorus of voices. "Is his poor wife already gone?"

"You may say so," replied their informant, with a wag of her head; adding, in a lowered tone, "since he heard her Phantom Funeral last night."

"Alas!" cried the others in awe-struck voices. "Then she is probably defunct by now. What a visitation!"

"He has already told the doctor not to concern himself to go again to see her," continued the old woman.

"Naturally!" screamed the economical Bretons. "Where would be the use? Who can expect her to live after her Phantom Funeral has been heard? The only thing is to say a mass for the repose of the poor soul!"

There was no more singing on the banks that morning. Everyone was too sorry for Jacques and his motherless children; moreover, no one was entirely free from apprehension on her own account. This mysterious phenomenon was rarely the harbinger of one death singly; if it were observed once, it seldom failed to claim another victim shortly after. The laundresses on the river's brink looked at each other with an "It-may-be-you; it-may-be-me!" sort of expression, and as soon as the sun was high they slunk away, home professedly, but in reality to church. All Dinage went there that day, as though it had been a *fête*, and the confessional-boxes were besieged, for no one wished to die unshriven. The priests were not likely to calm the universal fear; it was too profitable to the Church.

"Yes, yes, *ma fille*, it is too true! We must all die," they said to one after another, as though the Phantom Funeral made the fact more certain.

The old people—to whom the dread apparition was

no novelty—were also besieged all day by those unacquainted with its nature, and their descriptions tallied, for a wonder! Croisette, however, was quite unable to gain any information, for Louise kept her at home busy with the linen, and the priests, too, after their hard day's work, required the support of an extra good dinner. As usual, therefore, on washing days, the girl went early to bed, completely tired out. So weary was she, that it was strange and unusual for her not to sleep until the morning. Perhaps the heat made her restless, for it was a warm night, what air there was being oppressive and tempestuous. Croisette awoke with a weight on her chest for which she could not account at first, until she remembered that it must be the bundle of Paul's letters which had slipped from their resting-place under her cheek. She lay tossing about for awhile, and then, unable to sleep, rose and went to the window to breathe fresh air.

It was a dark night, and the beautiful moonlit sky of the previous evening was exchanged for heavy black thunder-clouds, ominous and angry-looking, while a hot wind blew in fitful gusts. Again Croisette stood at the casement and thought of her beloved Paul, the wailing night-wind echoing her sigh for his presence. Ah! there was going to be a storm, she thought; the wind was rising so. But was it the wind, after all? The sound, which had been as soft as an Æolian harp, was gradually increasing in volume, until it resolved itself into the same sort of music as that which she had heard the night before—an intensely mournful chant. Nearer and nearer the sound came, accompanied on its approach by the roll of wheels, and the tramp, tramp of many feet, over the paved road. The girl stood transfixed, not knowing whom, or what, she might see next. But the seconds passed, and every instant the singing grew more distinct, accompanied now by the solemn slow tolling of a deep-toned bell, the footsteps drawing closer, until they seemed under her very window. And yet no one was to be seen. The street was as deserted as before. With a sudden thrill of ineffable horror, Croisette realised that she was, not witness of—for there was nothing to be seen—but hearer of the Phantom Funeral! And whose?

For a moment she was almost stunned as the answer forced itself upon her, for it was well known in Dinage that the Phantom was sent to an individual to apprise him or her of the death of the person best loved. Thus Jacques had heard it for his wife. With a smothered groan of "Paul! Paul!" poor Croisette cast herself upon the bed, pressing her hands upon her eyes, as though to shut out the vision of horror which the thought of Paul lost to her for ever brought before her. Her terror and grief combined were too great for tears, and she lay in a strange half-sleep, half-stupor, until day dawned, when, cold and shivering, she rose, and went mechanically about her work. Louise naturally was the first to observe the change in her.

"Why, Croisette!" she exclaimed, almost alarmed, "but thou art not like thyself to-day! Thy face is so grey, and thine eyes look at one without any sense. Hast seen a ghost?"

"No, Louise; but I have heard one," replied Croisette steadily.

"*Dites donc!*" cried the old woman, crossing herself devoutly. "And to tell me so in that tone! *Ma foi!* She will be saying she heard the Phantom Funeral next, in the midst of that storm last night."

"I heard no storm; but my Paul's funeral passed the house last midnight," replied Croisette heavily.

Louise had a good heart, and she was kind to Croisette in her sorrow. As soon as she had gathered from the girl's description that she had really and beyond a doubt been visited by the dreaded portent, she busied herself in telling the news to all her acquaintance in Dinage. In order to spare Croisette the pain of making such a disclosure, she must have tramped many miles that morning. Of course, the work of the Presbytère was thereby left to Croisette; but it is well known that employment is the best panacea for trouble, which was, doubtless, one of Louise's reasons for giving her subordinate plenty of it. There was much to discuss in the town, for poor Marie Duprès had succumbed—as the awful apparition had predicted, and as the doctor had also foretold weeks ago, by the bye. Ah! these were dangerous times. By noon a mass had been said for the repose of poor Paul's soul, his shop had been shut up by the caretaker, and Croisette's crape veil was in course of manufacture at the milliner's, though the girl herself hesitated to wear it.

Louise and the priests did not know what to make of her. They would have understood the screams, the hysterics, the noisy woe which spelt grief to most of the Dinage maidens; but this emotionless ashy face, this silence, were beyond them, until Père Monnier opportunely suggested that Croisette was training herself for the cloister, for it was assumed as a matter of course that she would take the veil. Only M. Lecoit understood and shared, in a measure, the suspense which would not permit Croisette to give herself over to despairing grief, and he it was who urged her and his *confrères* to keep an open mind on the subject at least until some authentic news was received from the captain of Jourdey's company; it was he, too, who wrote for tidings without delay. But to the other priests there was something impious in such scepticism. Indeed, they made much capital out of the whole affair; the churches were thronged day after day, and the *al-fresco* ball, which was to have taken place next Sunday evening in the Boulevard Dubrisage, was abandoned by general consent. Only Croisette refused to take the warning as final. It was in vain for the priests to tell her that she owed her punishment to her obstinacy in not receiving as conclusive the repeated obstacles to her marriage which had been put in her way. All she would reply to their exhortations was to regret that she had not married Jourdey when he wished it in the beginning, and to attribute her misery to the fact of her not having done so—a view of the case not likely to commend itself to them.

So the time passed until Saturday, when it would be possible to hear from Jourdey's superior officer. Croisette spent a restless day. Every ring brought her to the door of the Presbytère, with her hands pressed over her fast-beating heart. But, alas! the posts came in one after another, and there was no letter, no sign, until the evening shadows fell dark over the garden, like the gloom over Croisette's soul. Then there was a quick pull at the bell, a face at the grating, a rush down the path, and the fathers saw Croisette enveloped and hidden in the arms of a man who bore no doubtful likeness to the departed Jourdey. He walked with a stick and had his head plastered up, it is true, but it was manifestly Paul Jourdey the hair-dresser, just as it was the emotional Croisette of old who, laughing and weeping by turns, led him up towards the house.

"Why am I at home so soon, *chère ange?*" he was saying. "We had a little skirmish in Alsace, to which I owe this ornament, *vois-tu?*" and he pointed to his head. "And my presence here. Ah! it was cheaply gained."

The four priests' heads were all poked through the refectory window, varying expressions of consternation being depicted on each countenance. Père Monnier was, of course, the first to return to his rapidly-cooling meal.

"Well, we have lost her at last," he said, with a heavy sigh. "Still, as she will live next door, it may be, perhaps, that we have not tasted the last of her *ragôuts*."

"I wish that we had waited before saying that mass for the repose of his soul," observed the *curé* irritably. "That good-for-nothing girl to deceive us into thinking that she had seen the Phantom! She deserves to have to cook for us for some time, in exchange for our trouble."

"It must have been the storm she heard," remarked M. Fréville, with conviction.

M. Lecoit said nothing. Perhaps his faith was shaken in the Phantom Funeral. But from hence-forward the inhabitants of Dinage were divided on the subject, some maintaining, with the priests, that Croisette's experience could not have been the hitherto infallible portent, others that the warning had failed in that instance, and therefore was no longer to be relied on.

At any rate, M. le Curé married Croisette and Jourdey in a month's time, though everybody noticed how gloomy was his countenance, and that of all his brethren. And he had to fit the ring over an artificial finger, which had, after all, cost Paul nothing, since his friend the medical student made it his wedding present to Croisette.

A ROUND OF GOLF.

IT is a glorious morning in the month of August. The club house at St. Andrews is filled with golfers, some getting out their clubs and preparing to start, others chatting about the topics of the hour, others glancing at the papers while waiting for their turn. From the windows of the large reading-room can be seen the beginning of the links, which stretch away to the right towards the estuary of the Eden river. In front is the first teeing-ground, with a telegraph-board indicating the number of the party which is starting. For during the busy season, every fourth minute from nine o'clock onward receives a number, one of which has to be secured by the player on the preceding day.

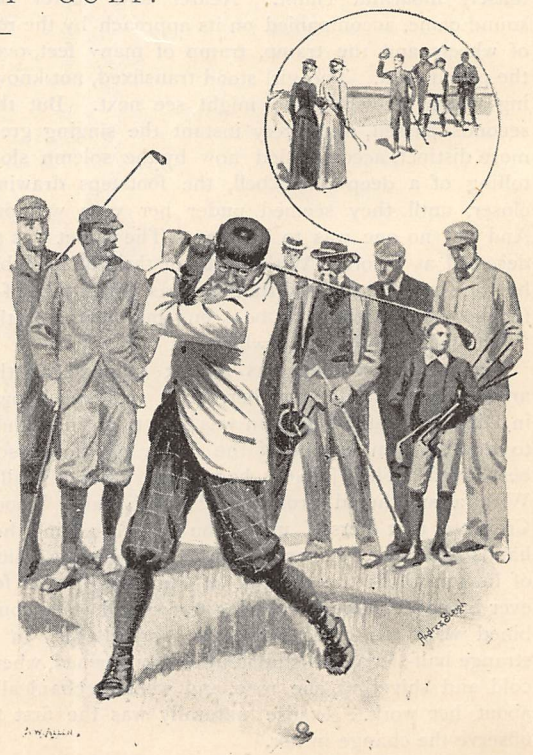
A trio of golfers are standing by the window. A slight military-looking man casts his eye upon the telegraph.

"Our number is next but one, Preston; isn't it?"

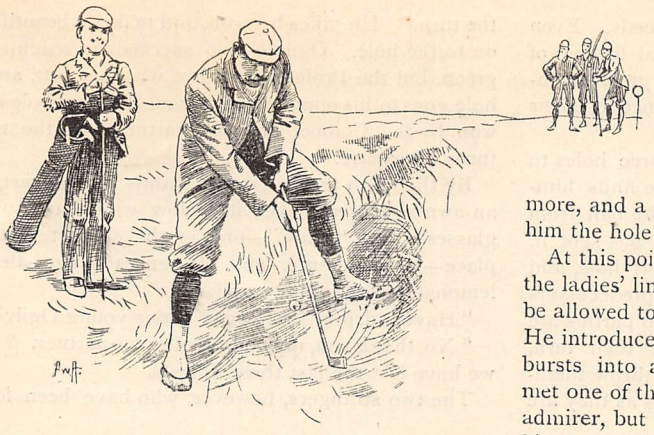
"Yes," replies a burly golfer in a bright red coat. "I hope to goodness the Professor won't be late."

"Trust him," chimes in the third, as the smoke from his cigarette forms a halo round the group. "He's never late, though he's always last."

"But to-day he must not be allowed to talk," re-joined the big man. "If he plays with me, I shall have



"THE PROFESSOR DRIVES OFF" (*p.* 355).



"Ogilvie finds himself unable at the next hole to extricate the ball from a small deep bunker" (*p.* 356).

to feign deafness again. By the way, how should we be divided?"

"Well—" and the Colonel paused—"I think you and I might be partners. Ogilvie, will you take the Professor? You're young, and can do the driving."

"Right you are, Colonel," replies the young man; "and here he is. Good-morning, Professor. You and I have to take half-a-crown off each of these gentlemen. It's all arranged."

The party has collected at the tee. The Colonel is beheading daisies with his driver, "to get his arms loose," while the Professor shows a favourite club to Ogilvie. The caddies are discussing among themselves the chances of the match. A rabble of small boys crowd around, while here and there several members of the fair sex are threading their way across to the ladies' course. A sprinkling of professionals completes the crowd, together with a large number of visitors.

"And this is golf," remarks one of the latter, a tall athletic man, dressed in a suit of flannels. "It seems to me the tamest thing I have ever seen. What are these chaps going to try to do."

"Well," replies his initiated friend, "the object of the game is to send the ball into a series of holes in the fewest number of strokes. Look at this party: those two men," pointing to Ogilvie and the Professor, "are to play together against the other pair. Each side uses one ball, and the partners take alternate shots at it. The side that finishes out in the less number of strokes wins that hole, and both try to be some points to the good at the end of the round."

"But what if they do a hole in the same number of thwacks!" asks the stranger.

"Then it is halved, and does not affect the score at all. Come along; let us walk out with this foursome, and you will see the game."

"Ye caan play noo, sur," suggests one of the caddies; "they've had thur saecond." And as the party in front are out of range, the Professor drives off, and tops the ball into the road.

"My dear Ogilvie, so sorry! My race down to the club has put me off."

"Oh, all right; don't apologise," replies his partner; and a fine long cleek shot takes them to the edge of the burn. The other pair are a few yards behind, and the Colonel, afraid of the hazard, sends his ball straight into the stream. Preston has to play the three more, and a careful approach by the Professor gives him the hole in five.

At this point Ogilvie recognises a couple of girls on the ladies' links, who come across, and ask if they may be allowed to walk out a few holes with the foursome. He introduces them to his partner, and the Professor bursts into an animated conversation. Preston has met one of the new-comers at a tennis party, and is an admirer, but is doubtful whether she recognises him in his gaudy plumage. He presses to make a long drive, and completely misses the ball. With quivering lips he turns away, and the Colonel has to despatch the ball on its way. Preston misses his next shot, and later on is heard muttering something about the "Nuisance of ladies following," "Childish chatterbox," and the "Rudeness of some people," as he emerges from a bunker with his niblick.

The second hole falls also to the Professor's side, but on the third green the Colonel has an opportunity of reducing his opponent's lead. He has a five-foot putt for the hole; but just as he lifts the club—

"Oh, *do* look at that *funny* man, Mr. Ogilvie!" cries one of the ladies. "What *is* he trying to do in the railway?"

This is too much for the Colonel, and a dangerous flash from Preston's eye makes Ogilvie suggest silence to his friends. Of course, however, the putt is missed, and the Colonel has to be content with a half.

"I never thought he'd mind," murmurs the fair offender; adding, in a loud whisper, "I don't think he ought to have minded." Unfortunately, the remark seems to have been overheard, and the play becomes

"It is quite impossible to send the ball in, except by lofting it over the other" (*p.* 357).

worse on both sides as the game proceeds. Even Ogilvie misses a tee shot; and a general feeling of relief is experienced when, at the sixth green—conscious, perhaps of the disturbing influence of their presence—the ladies turn back.

The Colonel and his partner are now three holes to the bad. But relief is at hand, for Ogilvie finds himself unable at the next hole to extricate the ball from a small deep bunker, whither his partner has sent it, and has to give up. The next is a short hole, and each match is required to wait until their predecessors have finished it before they play on. Two parties are already seated on the ground, waiting for their turn, when the foursome arrives. The players throw themselves upon the grass, and watch the balls as they are struck off from the tee, while they listen to the larks singing gaily overhead. Round to the right is the broad estuary of the Eden; the surface of the water, dotted here and there by the brown sail of a fishing-smack, is flashing like burnished silver beneath the rays of the mid-day sun. A line of yellow sand borders the expanse; and far away to the north the outline of Lochnagar is clear-cut against the sky, across which a few masses of glittering cloud are slowly sailing. Two miles to the south, the grey buildings of St. Andrews rise above the cliffs, and the spires of the ruins tower above the city.

"What a perfect day!" cries Ogilvie, as he offers a cigarette to the Professor. "And just a breath of wind to keep us cool."

"Yes," rejoins his partner; "everything is favourable for good play."

Preston has overheard the remark, and growls to the Colonel. "Thank goodness, those ladies have gone! We must play up now, and bring the match square at the turn." He takes his iron, and makes a beautiful loft on to the hole. Ogilvie also succeeds in reaching the green, but the Professor is short with his putt, and the hole goes to his opponents in three. The last hole is also won by the Colonel and his partner, and the match turns all square.

By the tenth teeing-ground stands a hand-cart, with an awning spread over it, below which are rows of glasses. Old "Daw"—one of the characters of the place—is in charge, and dispenses ginger-ale and lemonade to the thirsty golfers.

"Have a drink, Professor?" cries young Ogilvie.

"No, thank you, my boy," replies his partner. "Why, we have lost the last three holes."

The two strangers, however, who have been following the game, yield to the charms of a cooling drink. The old man hears that one of them has never seen the game played before.

"Hoots, maun! wha' hae ye bin daeing? Ye'd hae made a graan' gowfer."

"But I am going to begin, Daw; and I suppose one can pick it up soon."

"Hech, laddie!" sighed the old gentleman; "ye're a' wrang, ye're a' wrang: but if ye stick till't, ye'll mabbe be able to skelp a ba' in fower or five year."

Four or five years! The stranger lifts his hands, and turns away.

At the first hole going home the Colonel was bunkered, and played three more on the green. The other ball was lying some dozen feet from the disc, and Ogilvie asks:

"You give up the hole?"

"Mak' him play it oot, sur; mak' him play it oot," whispers the Colonel's caddy; and his master adds: "Ah! just let us see where you go."

A ROUND OF GOLF AT ST. ANDREWS.

(From a photograph by A. Downie, St. Andrews, N.B.)

Somewhat nettled, Ogilvie turns to his partner; "Your shot, Professor; lay us dead." But the putt is short, and Ogilvie, in attempting to hole the ball, runs past the disc and lays himself a stimie.

"Play the like, Professor," says Preston in a tone of irritating precision.

It is quite impossible to send the ball in, except by lofting it over the other; so the Professor, instead of making sure of a half by a putt to the side of the hole, takes his iron and fails. Ogilvie again misses his shot, and Preston's putt wins the hole.

"Well, 'pon my word," cries the Colonel, "I would have given any odds against our winning that."

"It's a queer game, gowf," his caddy suggests: "a vara queer game."

The next hole is also a short one, and beyond the green is the river Eden. Preston, taking his cleek, drives over into the sand, and Ogilvie profits by his experience, and wins the hole in three.

"All square, and seven to play," remarks the Colonel. "It seems that we shall have a tight match."

The prophecy turns out correct, for the next three holes are halved, and neither side can get a lead. But the fifteenth green sees a change in the score. In playing the like on the green, the Professor is a little too hard, and unluckily lays a stimie for his partner. In attempting to loft over the other ball, Ogilvie knocks it in instead of his own.

"I say, partner, that's our second bit of bad luck," he murmurs; "but we must win."

There is a look of determination in the young man's face, which augurs ill for his opponents. But Preston and the Colonel seem to have also nerved themselves to win, and not a word is uttered as they move up to the next teeing-ground. The caddies, too, are getting very interested, and the Professor's attendant seems anxious about the fate of his sixpence.

The sixteenth hole lies along the railway; and as Preston's drive is sliced off the course, the match is again brought square, and two holes to play. The Colonel and the Professor have the next tee-shots, but Ogilvie's second is far beyond the other, and his side reaches the green in three. Preston plays the odd out of a small bunker by the side of the green, and plays it so well that a half in six is the result. The match depends upon the last hole.

Two good drives, followed by fair seconds, bring both balls to the green. Preston plays the odd, and lies five feet from the disc. Ogilvie takes his putter, with a palpitating sensation visible about the chest. "That for the match!" remarks the Colonel, with a hopeful wink to his partner. Ogilvie measures the distance, and as he raises the club strikes a small twig which he had not noticed on the ground. He stops, and flings it away; but he is evidently nervous, and the putt is short. The Colonel makes a good bid for the hole with the odd, and lies by the rim. Again, "That for the match!" is heard; and the Professor steadies himself, and makes the putt. On and on rolls the ball; it will not be up—yes, it trembles for a moment on the edge, and falls to the bottom.

"Well holed indeed!" cries Ogilvie. "Partner, that's capital!"

"Yes, my lad; you said we must win, and we have."

Preston mutters something about a fluke as he pays his caddy; but he can smile as he congratulates Ogilvie with almost ironical effusiveness on the victory.

"That was an extraordinary hole, Colonel, the tenth," remarks Ogilvie, as lunch is ending. "I thought we had it as safe as could be."

"Never give up a hole till you see your opponent's ball at the bottom of it: it's a golden rule, my boy."

"Your partner was tremendously delighted at it," replies the young man.

"By the way, now that he's gone, was Preston very angry with me as we were going out?"

"Yes; and so was I, you young dog, for bringing those girls round with us. Preston was most inconsistent; he first abused you for not introducing him to them, and then began to curse because you allowed them to stay."

"I'm *so* sorry, Colonel; they *were* rude to you, weren't they? But they don't understand, poor things! They are coming to play tennis with us this afternoon. You'll drop in, and be reconciled?"

"Well—I——"

"Oh yes; you'd better," interrupted Ogilvie. "I'll ask Preston to come too, and we'll be able to let the Professor know what day we decide upon for the return match."

ERIC.

A TOUCH OF LIVER.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

THE liver is a hard-worked organ, and generally it does its work well. It is the largest gland in the body, and is mainly concerned with the functions of digestion and nutrition, though it has other important duties. So varied and complex is its work that most people think they are safe and justified in ascribing a majority of the minor ills from which they suffer to a disordered liver. In this way it is a much maligned organ, and has many things laid to its charge of which it is wholly innocent.

Actual disease of the liver is a serious matter, but it is comparatively infrequent, and never exists alone. In this paper we are only considering those functional

derangements which are popularly supposed to be the cause, and to explain the indefinite indefinable sensations which we experience when we are out of sorts. If we do not feel happy, if we worry and grumble, if we are torpid, if the days seem dreary and long, if the weather is bad, if things go awry, it is always the liver which is at fault. It is generally "sluggish"; and many and diverse are the popular medicaments to stimulate it to the satisfactory discharge of its duties.

A very common cause of a touch of the liver is over-eating (a vice more general than, and almost as reprehensible as, over-drinking). We eat generally out of all proportion to our work or to our needs, and take insufficient exercise, by means of which our tissue-changes become indolent and incomplete. Deleterious products become stored up in our system, and we make the liver the scapegoat. Another cause is over-drinking, actual disease following the frequent congestion of the liver due to habitual over-indulgence in alcohol. The occupation may be of too sedentary a character, and may pre-dispose to liver derangement. But even admitting that in a large number of cases a trivial irregularity in function can be proved against the liver, there is a large number of other causes which produce apparently the same symptoms.

In order that we may be in a better position to discuss the question how far certain conditions of health depend upon functional disease of the liver, it will be well to consider briefly the nature of the duties which this organ performs, and what happens when a disturbance in them occurs. It is a gland: that is to say, the cells of which it is composed elaborate various substances, which are secreted or passed out of the cells into certain channels, or ducts. These various substances together make up a clear, golden yellow, bitter fluid, called *Bile*, which is poured out into the alimentary canal during digestion, and which at other times is stored up in the gall-bladder. This bile plays a most important part in the series of changes by which the food we take is converted in its passage through the alimentary canal into forms available for the needs of the body. It is especially concerned in the digestion of fat. It is owing to this fact that people who have taken more rich fatty food than the bile they secrete is able to digest suffer from a true bilious attack; the liver at the same time being overtasked in its efforts to meet the demand made upon it. Nature remedies this by getting rid of the excess of food by the vomiting which is so constant a feature of bad bilious attacks. Bile causes digestion of fat by breaking it up into very small particles, forming what is called an emulsion, just in the same way as ammonia shaken up with oil forms the emulsion so well known as hartshorn and oil. Milk may be mentioned as a natural example of an emulsion. These small particles of fat—so small that they only look like tiny specks even when viewed under the microscope—are in some way passed through the wall of the intestine, and eventually find their way into the blood.

One other important duty performed by bile is to keep in check the ever-present and mischievous bacteria. These organisms exist plentifully in the alimentary canal; and when the flow of bile is stopped or diminished they increase and multiply. Their action causes putrefactive changes in the food, which lead to troublesome disorders, while poisonous products are formed. These products, if absorbed into the blood, give rise to a host of troubles, of which the least serious are headache, general lassitude, and depression. The complexion suffers, and in certain cases such a well-marked disease as anæmia is produced. Bile is Nature's antiseptic to prevent these changes, and it acts towards the same end by virtue of possessing the properties of a mild aperient. We see, therefore, that a regular supply of healthy bile is one of the first conditions of bodily well-being. It is useless to stimulate the liver by means of drugs unless we remove at the same time the cause which rendered drugs necessary. It has been already pointed out that too much and improper food or insufficient exercise are responsible for much of the misery which people endure when suffering from a touch of the liver. It cannot be stated too often that plain, well-cooked food, in amount not more than is required to supply the daily needs of the body, is one of the main secrets of good health. Too much food affects people in different ways. In some the excess is largely stored up as fat, but in others, especially when the excess consists of nitrogenous food, such as meat, it is converted into crystalline nitrogenous bodies. These are acted upon by the liver, and before being passed out of the body through the kidneys must enter the blood channels. An excess of certain of these bodies circulating in the blood gives rise to gout. When extra work like this is imposed upon a hard-worked organ, there may be no apparent bad effect for some time, but eventually the normal functions are sure to be disturbed.

So far we see that simple food, and not too much of it, is required by those who suffer from a touch of the liver. But there is a large class of people who suffer greatly, and yet could easily be cured if they would take the simple means to effect the cure. This class is that of the girls and women who indulge in the silly, ugly, and dangerous practice of tight-lacing. No organ suffers more in the general wreckage that overtakes the internal viscera than the liver, but we shall have more to say about this another time. Another bad habit which is spoiling many a good constitution and deranging an otherwise excellent liver is indiscriminate pill-taking, which must be practised to an enormous extent, if we may judge by the way in which their inventors flourish and multiply. There is a fatal facility about pill-taking which lures the victim on until the habit is formed. Pills should never be taken with any regularity except under medical advice. A physician first endeavours to go a stage further back than the present symptoms and to discover the origin of the deviation from health, and until this is discovered any treatment can only be regarded as temporary and palliative.

THE ISLAND OF SIX SHADOWS.

BY BESSIE E. DUFFETT.

"LENARD BEGAN A LONG WHISPERED CONVERSATION WITH HER."

PART THE SECOND.

THE "Maid of the Inn" was milking the goat as we approached, and our appearance seemed to startle her to such a degree that she jumped up and nearly upset the little pail. We went closer and signified our need of food and shelter for the night in the most *patois*-like French at our disposal. No reply came. We spoke louder, and, remembering our success with signs in the early part of the day, pointed suggestively to our mouths. The girl was evidently deaf in addition to being stupid, which she most unmistakably was.

"I can't give you anything," was, at first, her only reply to our appeal. "There is only enough food for myself until my brother returns from Saint-Célestin with our provisions."

"You have fowls; at any rate, you can give us eggs and goat's milk," suggested Miss Grayne.

The girl shook her head obstinately.

"Some bread, then," we hazarded, hungrily.

"I have no bread; why do you not go back to Saint-Célestin?" she responded encouragingly.

We told our tale, apparently to deaf ears, for the refrain was the same as before.

"Can it be that she really does not understand our plight?" we said to one another, laughing rather ruefully. "It is bad enough to be shipwrecked, to say nothing of encountering such hospitality—or, rather, want of it—as this."

The pangs of hunger are said to make men desperate, and Trevor and Bertie looked ready to turn housebreakers, when, fortunately, Lenard came in sight. He was carrying his own provisions in a handkerchief, but, apparently, was in search of the accompanying liquids.

"What are we to do, Lenard?" I cried. "This girl is an idiot—*folle*, or something like it. She cannot understand us, and will not give us anything to eat."

"But that is inhuman, brutal," he rejoined indignantly. "I will soon make her comprehend;" and he began a long whispered conversation with her, of which, partly owing to their low tones, and partly to the unfamiliar *patois* terms, I caught only a little. There was something about the probability of our

early departure, and something to the effect of our being very *gentils*, *complaisants*, and so on. But whatever passed it had a successful result, for the girl opened the door of the *auberge*, and ushered us into the kitchen and living-room. It was like the majority of Breton interiors—not too clean, and with a beaten earth floor. A table and a few benches formed the most conspicuous articles of furniture, a ladder ascending perpendicularly from one side of the room arguing premises upstairs, while another, descending from an opposite corner, seemed to indicate cellarage. There was an immense open chimney and fire-place, where burned the few logs which served to keep hot the great black pot hanging from it, the savoury odours from which saluted our nostrils most tantalisingly, and gave an emphatic lie to the mistress's professions of an empty cupboard.

"Give them some *bouillon*," suggested Lenard; "surely you can spare that?"

"We will pay you well, of course," interpolated Trevor impatiently; "we don't ask you to give it to us."

It was really necessary to put the matter plainly before this incarnation of inhospitality.

"I do not want your money," she exclaimed vehemently; "you understand, I do not desire your company at all, monsieur. I endure it because I cannot help it, that is all!" And she banged some crockery upon the board before us, and began to ladle out the broth from the pot. "I told you I had no bread," she said obstinately, as she produced a basket of hard Breton cracknels to accompany our bowls of soup.

We were hungry enough to make shift with worse fare, and our spirits revived with wonderful rapidity as we ate, our hostess watching us intently the while. I have said that we thought her idiotic; but if so in reality, she had all the shrewdness and cunning which so often accompany that condition. Her dull eyes followed greedily the glints of light which danced from Ethel's diamond engagement ring in the fire-light, and measured carefully the length of Miss Grayne's old-fashioned gold watch chain and charms. But I was not suspicious. The girl had, probably, seen few valuables, and, after all, we were partaking of her bread and salt. She pointed brusquely to the door, as we concluded our repast. "Now you had better be gone!" she said, abruptly; "this is no place for you at all!"

Without disputing the fact, or reminding her that any port was welcome in a storm, we walked to the doorway, outside which Lenard was eating his supper, and looked inquiringly out. The dusk was falling early, and the air seemed charged with moisture,

"'I DO NOT WANT YOUR MONEY,' SHE EXCLAIMED VEHEMENTLY."

while heavy grey clouds obscured the sky and the setting sun. The idea of sleeping out-of-doors occurred to all of us, I believe; but this, no hardship on a warm summer's night, was neither inviting nor perhaps particularly safe on such an evening as this. "It looks like rain," was Lenard's verdict. "Messieurs, you and the ladies must alike sleep within four walls."

"I would infinitely rather spend the night in one of the caves," cried Ethel. "What a detestable creature this girl is, Lenard!"

"The whole lot are independent and wealthy—Manon also—I hear," replied the old man sagely, adding, however, with more earnestness, "but you must not dream of sleeping out; it would be unsafe in the highest degree. Indeed, I wish from the bottom of my heart that I had never brought you here, or could take you back to-night to Saint-Célestin——" and he stopped suddenly and waved his arms despairingly.

He was, in fact, far more agitated than we ourselves were, and we hastened to reassure and remind him that he was not to blame, and that we rather enjoyed the adventure. It was not until later on that the fact that his evident concern had not roused our suspicions gave me cause for wonderment. But it is difficult to awake suspicion in minds absolutely devoid of it. In his anxiety, therefore, we all read nothing but exaggerated vexation for his unsuccessful enterprise, and, perhaps, some very natural fear lest his reputation as a boatman should suffer thereby. Had any doubt been stirred within us, the right one would have been the very last to occur to our minds. After a minute's pause, Lenard disappeared within doors, with a murmur of, "Beds for *ces dames*," and began another confabulation with the girl Manon. Judging from the length of time he was absent she evidently required more persuasion than ever to put us up for the night, but at length, with a rude knock at Miss Grayne's elbow, she made her presence known.

"I will show the ladies where they can sleep," she said sullenly; adding, without waiting for a reply: "This way, if you please."

She pointed up a steep ladder, which led from the midst of the kitchen to the upper part of the *auberge*. We all three swarmed up it after her, looking for all the world like monkeys climbing a pole. The room into which we at last emerged was dark and small. A handsome oak chest and a carved wood settle made up the furniture. The beds, after the Breton fashion, were cushioned shelves on the wall, with heavy curtains concealing their murky recesses.

"The ladies may occupy the beds; I can make shift with the bench," said the girl, with an accent of unwonted amiability, and as she seemed so disposed to self-sacrifice, we did not like to say how greatly we should prefer her couch.

Miss Grayne, however, pulled the bed-curtains unceremoniously aside, with her usual contemptuous sniff.

"Ugh!" she said; "what a place to sleep in! How disgustingly stuffy! Girl, can you not open the window, and let us have some air?"

But the demand roused our hostess to remarkable wrath.

"No, I cannot, and will not, open the window," she said fiercely. "And be thankful, mesdames, that you have a roof over your heads, and a good bed to lie on this night. I have done more for you than you deserve, or than I have any business to do. *Va!*"

The outburst quieted her, and also Miss Grayne, who had, as usual, been the loudest to complain of the hardship of sleeping in the open air. The alternative was nothing to boast of, but we should have been worse off if obliged to repose supperless under a rock.

In view of the early rising next day, we were glad to retire betimes, and on my preparing to descend the ladder to wish the boys good-night I found Trevor outside my door.

"We are to sleep here," he said, pointing to a tiny, cupboard-like room next door to ours. "I wanted her to let us have a shake-down in the kitchen, but it seems she is going to be there herself. Personally, I'd far rather spend the night out of doors, but I don't like to leave you girls alone."

"We should prefer you to sleep within reach, of course," I said comfortably. "But I believe we should be all right in any case."

"I'm not so sure of that, Nell," he returned. "That girl is a deep one. I heard old Lenard assuring her that we are millionaires, like all the English, before she would let us in at all. That stupidity of hers is only put on, depend upon it. Listen! She is talking fast enough to him down below."

The old boatman was outside the door, and the amiable and intelligent one was gabbling to him on the threshold.

"We can start at five o'clock," I heard him say.

"But that will not be nearly early enough," was the reply, in sharp, rapid tones. "They must be off before dawn, I tell you."

"*Comment*, Manon? It is dark then. I could not see to steer them safely through the reefs unless it were light," protested Lenard. "We shall strike on a rock and sink."

"I won't keep them after dawn; no, not for a million francs," replied Manon, banging the door impatiently.

"Hospitable!" I murmured in Trevor's ear.

He shook his head frowningly.

"She informed *us* that she meant to sleep on the settle in our room," I continued.

"She is a dark horse, I tell you," responded Trevor enigmatically. "However, five of us are a match for her, I imagine. Good-night, Nell; take care of Ethel," and we parted.

Miss Grayne had already climbed into her berth, and wrapped herself in her cloak, Ethel and I being destined to share the shelf underneath her. Ethel had already made preparation for the night, and looked out from her cupboard-like lair on the wall to ask if I had any matches. Manon had peremptorily

"MISS GRAYNE PULLED THE BED-CURTAINS UNCEREMONIOUSLY ASIDE" (*p.* 361).

refused her a light of any kind, and as Trevor was unfashionable enough not to smoke, he could not help us to the extent of a few vestas even. It was a little matter, but it disturbed Ethel.

"I hate being in a strange room in the dark," she said grumblingly. "It is not as though there were a moon."

Seeing her perturbation, I would not add my fears to hers. There is no sense in making others, as well as one's-self, ill at ease. For though I assured myself that anxiety and nervousness were quite unjustifiable in the circumstances, I could not altogether banish the vague sensations of uneasiness which assailed me; it was as though a shadow from the coming events were already cast over me. I walked meditatively to the window and looked out. It was a dull dark night. What apology for a moon there was, was hidden by heavy clouds; in front and all around was the black waste of water, lightened only by an occasional white crest, and by the foam of the billows as they broke on the shore. The monotonous boom of the waves was the only sound in the perfect stillness reigning about us, except where the wind sighed round the house, and rattled the crazy window.

"It is too ideally lonely," I said to myself, with a little shiver, as I turned away, for the silence, to my slight nervousness, had something eerie in it.

Fortunately, Ethel's voice roused me from my reverie.

"Do come to bed," she said cheerfully; "unless you are composing a sonnet to Solitude, or an Ode in praise of Manon, in which case I would not interrupt for the world."

I climbed to the opposite end of the shelf; it was too narrow to accommodate us side by side, and I cannot call it a comfortable resting-place in any position. Our limbs seemed to get mixed up with each other's; Ethel thrust her foot into my face, and just as I was beginning to doze, she woke me up by complaining that I was pulling her hair with my toes. It was not wonderful that I was a considerable time wooing Sleep before she came. Miss Grayne's snores from above us, culminating from time to time in a snort of triumph, signified that she had forgotten her troubles in the arms of Somnus, and Ethel's gentle, regular breathing told of healthy slumber long before I could do more than close my eyes. I was always a restless mortal at night, and the discomfort of my position combined with excitement, tended to make me more so than usual on this occasion. I had made up my mind at first to lie awake to see if Manon should attempt entrance. She could not come in without my knowledge, for I had put the end of the settle under the door-handle to prevent any such thing; but as time passed and there was no sign of her, my eyelids gradually became heavier and heavier, until at last I too fell into a sound sleep.

How long it lasted I do not know, but a noise awoke me suddenly. It was an unmistakable sound, too, that of the ladder staircase creaking as if under a heavy, stealthy footstep. My heart beat sharply until I recollected that it was no doubt Manon retiring for the night. I had probably slept only for a minute or two. The next instant my suppositions were further confirmed by hearing the handle of our door gently turned, as though someone were seeking to enter unobserved. But as the minutes passed, and no one tried to come in or disturbed my barrier, I was forced to tell myself that I had been mistaken. Stairs always creak in the middle of the night without apparent

cause ; it is one of the proofs of ghostly visitors, or—rats and mice ! At any rate, nothing came of the sound. I fancied I heard it repeated after a minute or two, and then silence again took possession ; my attention relaxed, and I again lost consciousness. A whisper from Ethel was the next noise which awoke me.

"Nellie ! Nellie ! " she murmured excitedly, "I believe the house door has just been closed. I heard it bang. Can anyone have gone out at this time of night ? "

"Let us try and see from the window," I said quickly. "It must be that girl," and I jumped down from our bed and ran to the casement.

Without all was still dark, but whether it was before or after midnight we could not determine. However, by dint of peering through the window, we fancied that we made out a shapeless shawled or cloaked figure hurrying away in the direction of the shore. It was no doubt Manon.

"She isn't fit to be left alone," pronounced Ethel. "Do you suppose she is sleep-walking ? "

"I don't know what to think," I said slowly. "But at any rate it hardly seems safe for her to leave the door ajar, or, on the other hand, to lock us in."

And I spoke what I thought. The girl was a mystery to me. Whether she was really mentally deficient in some way, and so not accountable for her actions, or whether, as was beginning to dawn upon me, her conduct might be due to some hidden motive, and if this last, what motive actuated her, I could not decide. For a minute or two I tried to reason away what, after all, I felt might be groundless fears, but then a fresh cause of nervousness flashed across my mind. The excitement of our deferred departure and churlish reception at the *auberge*, seemed to have driven Bertie's previous alarm out of our heads, for we had none of us recurred to it. But what if Manon's strange conduct and her departure now should be in any way connected with the gang of men who had so aroused the usually plucky boy's terror ? The mere idea made me turn cold with apprehension, for I could but think their evident desire for concealment a suspicious sign, and my nerves, always somewhat easily excited, were now strung up almost to their highest pitch.

"If she has left the house, with us up here, I think we had better call Trevor," I remarked quickly.

"Oh, I shouldn't trouble," said the unconscious Ethel. "You seem quite chilly and your teeth are chattering. Let us go back to our apology for a bed. I'm sure we need not trouble ourselves to inquire into the safety of a half-crazy girl."

"Still, it isn't secure for ourselves," I persisted, half-laughing, and going to the door I turned the handle.

But what was the matter ? Did it open inwards or outwards ? How clumsy I was in the dark ! I had forgotten that the settle was in the way, and quickly drawing it aside, I alternately pushed and pulled at the door, all to no purpose.

"How you are fumbling ! " cried Ethel, whose long gold hair formed the only ray of light in the room. "Can't you find the handle ? " and she laid her hand on it. "Why, the thing won't act ! " she exclaimed. "What can be the matter with it, Nell ? "

It was all as clear as the day to me by this time—the steps on the ladder, the rattling of the door-handle. Manon had fastened us in before going out herself ! It was in itself a disconcerting thought, and worse than disconcerting was the question of her reason for such an extraordinary act. Was it in the wish to protect us ? Or, to prevent any chance of our following her ? Her previous conduct had not been so friendly as to induce me to believe the first supposition, and I inclined to the latter conclusion. In any case, to be prisoners was so detestable a thing as to force one to make an immediate effort to escape.

"We are locked in, that's the truth," I said desperately.

"What ? Oh, Nell, you don't think that ? " cried Ethel in her most childishly terrified tones. "It must be that villainous girl's doing while we were asleep. Oh, what on earth shall we do ? "

I heard tears in her voice, and hastened to re-assure her.

"It's all right, after all," I said soothingly. "Trevor is in the next room, you know, dear ; he'll hear us through the wall if I rap and shout, and will come and unfasten us. It will wake Miss Grayne though, I am sorry to say, for she is more trouble than profit." I knocked loudly on the wall accordingly. "Trevor ! *Trevor ! !* TREVOR ! ! ! " I cried in tones of increasing volume.

For a minute there was no reply, then came a stir, and a—

"Yes. What's up ? " in sleepily muffled tones, through the thin partition.

"We are locked in ! " we cried in duet. "Do come and unfasten us ! "

There was an exclamation, a hurried step to the door, a rattling and a fumbling similar to our own performances, and then a shout of—"Confound the girl ; she must have done something to our door too ! "

I went to the handle and turned it, and felt in an instant what the treacherous creature had contrived. With my hand on our door, I could feel Trevor pulling at his, she must therefore, have connected the two doors with cord or something of the kind. It was artfully managed to prevent our either leaving our rooms or communicating with each other.

"The handles of our doors are tied together ! " cried Ethel, arriving at the same instant at a similar conclusion. "Mercy ! What can she be intending to do ? Burn the house down, perhaps. How can we ever get out ? "

Our noise awakened Miss Grayne, who demanded what was wrong in no amiable tones. Her inevitable "I told you so ! " in reply to our answer, besides its obvious untruth, did not tend to raise our spirits, or to give any clue to the problem of how best to get out of our prison. We tried first, in obedience to Trevor's directions, to snap the string (or whatever substance tied us) by each pulling at our separate doors ; but this proving fruitless, we were utterly at a loss how to

proceed, since remaining where we were was out of the question. Ethel sat down and began to cry—a useless procedure which I felt almost inclined to copy—while Miss Grayne beat on the door with her umbrella, and demanded to be let out—an idiotic action which would have made us laugh at another time.

"We shall never get out alive. Oh! what an end for us all! If I had but stayed at home!" she wailed.

"Don't talk like that," I said impatiently; "we must get away, somehow. Trevor, can you kick your door open, do you think?"

"I'll have a shot at it," he responded, and the next minute the rickety old house shook with the blows from heavy boots.

"He will pull the place down about our ears," and Ethel laughed hysterically.

But all the kicking was of no avail. As Trevor called out through the wall, it was one matter to kick a door *in*, and quite another affair to kick it *out*, and an impossible thing, too. But perhaps Ethel's wail penetrated to his ears, and stimulated him to renewed exertions. At any rate, he hit upon a fresh *modus operandi*.

"I have it!" he cried jubilantly. "We've got our knives, with all sorts of gimcracks in them. I'll make a hole in the door large enough to push the blade through, and to cut the cord. Cheer up, girls!"

The idea animated us with renewed hope. Ethel wiped her eyes and smiled again, and her despair quickly turned to the exhilaration of excitement. "Manon will see that it is of no use trying to imprison a free-born Briton," she cried. "We may as well dress, Nell; it is getting lighter, I believe, and Lenard was to come early for us."

However this might be, we were, naturally, indisposed to sleep. We made our toilets as best we could, accordingly, and packed up our belongings to an accompaniment of sawing, boring, cutting, and filing, which would have set our teeth on edge in other circumstances, but which, in these, was highly reassuring. In the midst of our preparations, however, there was a distinct stir in the kitchen beneath us. The desire to hear made us silence the noise instantly, and fortunately so, or the sequel to this history might have been very different, or, more likely still, have never been written at all. The house-door had been opened, and *two* distinct pairs of footsteps entered slowly and heavily. There was a thud, as of something weighty being deposited; then the steps receded, and all was still again.

"'THERE ARE YOUR ROCKS!' I SAID TO BERTIE" (*p.* 365).

"Manon come back!" I breathed.

"Yes, and Lenard with her, perhaps, for it sounded like two people," responded Ethel.

"And really, how ridiculous of us not to call out," cried Miss Grayne in an angry burst of recollection. "Lenard could have let us out; but it is all you girls' fault. I wanted to shout to them all the time, only you were both 'hushing' so continually."

We did not defend ourselves. It was on the tip of my tongue to suggest the possibility of the intruder not being Lenard at all; but I did not wish to alarm Ethel unnecessarily. Only let us get out of this haunted place, and I could laugh at my own fears, I felt. The sawing continued with more vigour than ever, and a few minutes later we felt the string relax, and Trevor opened our door. Never have I rejoiced to see anybody as I did to behold the faces of those boys, notwithstanding that Trevor's was uncommonly serious. "We'll get out of this as quickly as we can," he said gravely; "we have escaped from something, certainly. *What*, I'm sure I don't know."

"This is an adventure, though, isn't it, Nell?" said Bertie. "If that girl is crazy, there's a jolly lot of method in her madness, isn't there?"

We hurried gladly down the ladder into the kitchen. The air smelt close and stuffy—exhausted atmosphere—and the odours of stores of eatables and coffee, mingling with another perfume more prominent than all. "Ugh! How the place reeks of spirits!" said Trevor.

"And yet that Manon declared that they had none in the house!" chimed in Ethel innocently.

Trevor gave me a suggestive glance, and bustled us to the door, which, fortunately, was not locked. On the uneven threshold was a great pool of liquid, the odour from which left us no doubt that to it was due the scent which filled the place.

"She has wasted some good stuff here," said Bertie, sarcastically; "brandy, evidently!"

"She has been giving Lenard what she denied me, wretched creature, and broke a bottle on the way," pronounced Miss Grayne.

It certainly seemed a not unlikely conclusion and explanation of the footsteps which we had heard. But there was enough in the air of the place to make us glad to leave it, yet we stood within the doorway of the house, and glanced out for a moment, half curiously, half hesitatingly. It was the strange hour before the dawn—strange to us, perhaps, because we so rarely see it. Over the sea, a damp, whitish mist hung, obscuring it, except within a few yards of the shore. The island still lay in the quiet of the night, but as we stood and looked, the vague, mysterious stir, as of awakening, seemed to come over it. A cold salt air blew over the cliffs, and saluted us with fresh morning greetings; a rooster crowed sleepily, and the goat in the shed by the door rose and stretched itself. The day was born, and we felt all the invigorating sense of new life.

We looked instinctively for Lenard and his boat. I, for one, should have felt safer on board her than anywhere else, after what had really been to me, at any rate, a night of horrors. But he was *gone!* We stared blankly at the landing-place alongside of which the old man had told us was the only secure anchorage off Six Ombres; we glanced hurriedly along the coast, but the familiar boat, with its flying red kerchief, was nowhere to be seen.

"Where is that old scamp?" ejaculated Trevor in a voice of extreme annoyance. "Surely he has never dared to go back to Saint-Célestin without us!"

"He said he *couldn't!*" I put in reluctantly.

"Never trust a Frenchman," said Miss Grayne, oracularly. "The abominable fellow must have seized the opportunity to get off with the turn of the tide, regardless of our position! How much longer are we to be at the mercy of a mad girl, I should like to know?"

I said no more, but I believe that my thoughts were more uncomfortable than those of anyone. The idea of connecting Manon's inexplicable conduct with Lenard's disappearance persisted in recurring to me. That the apparently honest old man should be in league in any way with her, could not fail to strike one as a most unlikely occurrence, highly unworthy of him. Yet the undisputable fact remained that he had been most solicitously eager to keep us within doors for the night in Manon's clutches, and that while she had done her best to confine us to our rooms, he had taken the opportunity of leaving us without chance of escape from her domain! At any rate, he was *gone!* We looked at each other disconcertedly.

"Well, this *is* a chapter of accidents, I declare," cried Ethel. "Suppose we walk all round the coast and look out for the boat; it may be somewhere within hail, and the sooner we get back the better. They will be anxious about us in Saint-Célestin."

"You are as eager to leave Six Ombres—your Island of Six Shadows—as you were to come!" sneered Miss Grayne.

"Oh, we will leave you behind, if you care to stay," said Trevor, politely—a suggestion which caused her to subside.

We walked briskly along the shore for some little distance; the mist lifting more and more every second, enabling us to keep the better look-out for Lenard's boat. We did not think of climbing the heights, at first, but kept to the sands, until after about a quarter of an hour's walk, we saw before us six perpendicular rocks set against the cliffs.

"There are your rocks!" I said to Bertie; "but alas for the shadows! Another disillusion, you poor boy!"

"Perhaps they cast shadows the other way," he suggested stoutly.

We laughed rather derisively, but pushed on in order to satisfy him. In another minute we were close to the rocks, which, to our surprise, proved the same as those which Bertie had investigated at such risk on the previous day. It seems absurd, when we were examining the rocks then, that we never thought of approaching them from this side. How much might have been spared us, had we only done this! But the fact was, that small as the island was, we did not then understand our "bearings," and from where we then stood, the beach looked a mere yellow line of sand, the overhanging cliffs preventing our perceiving it to be the wide belt, which it in reality was. We turned the corner of the last rock, and—Oh! how indelibly the vision of what we saw is imprinted on my mind!

(To be concluded.)

DRAWING-ROOM PROBLEMS.

MY drawing-room was one of those rooms which one longed to annihilate bodily with a large Turk's head broom.

It was neatly adorned with carefully nailed up chimney-piece hangings and valance, and very stiffly starched white lace curtains.

There was a good variety of wax flowers under tall glass shades, and several family photographs in plush and electro frames, wherein various members, both male and female, smirked and attitudinised.

The curtains were tied up with sky-blue silk handkerchiefs, and the door and wood-work beautifully grained. In fact, it was just the sort of room that it was perfectly impossible for anyone to use save on a Sunday afternoon in one's best clothes.

I was standing gazing at it next day, and wondering if I should ever metamorphose it into the pretty room of my imagination before the Linton people came to call, when Humphrey came up behind me and slipped his arm round my waist.

"Darling, I am afraid that this room is somehow not like you," he said in a perplexed voice. "But I have a little sum put away in case of emergencies which you have *carte blanche* to use. I know you will not be extravagant."

"Indeed—indeed, dear Humphrey, how good you are to me!" I said, turning my face up confidentially towards him. "I will be very economical, but you do see, don't you, that this room somehow does not match with my pretty gowns?"

I had in my mind's eye the lovely creation in pale blue and silver in which I had been married, and in which I intended to receive my guests. Surely the whole effect of the costume would be absolutely ruined by the prevailing colouring.

Humphrey gave me a little nod of sympathy, and ran downstairs and out on his rounds, while I put on a large apron, and, with Clara's help, turned everything out of the room on to the landing, for my drawing-room was on the first floor—always more convenient in a doctor's house.

The carpet was a brilliant Brussels, which had been the pride of Miss Deane's heart.

I ruthlessly condemned it to the best bedroom, and got some oak staining from the nearest shop, with which we covered the floor.

When this was dry, we produced a grand polish on the whole surface by scrubbing it vigorously with beeswax and turpentine, till it shone like a mirror.

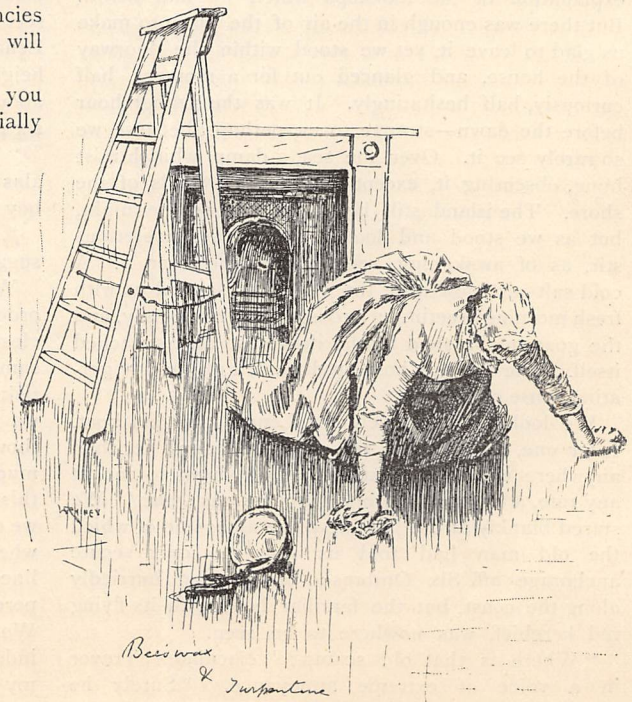
I then took the dining-room hearthrug and another large rug from the landing, which wear had toned down into artistic shades, and laid them cross-ways on the floor, not too near together.

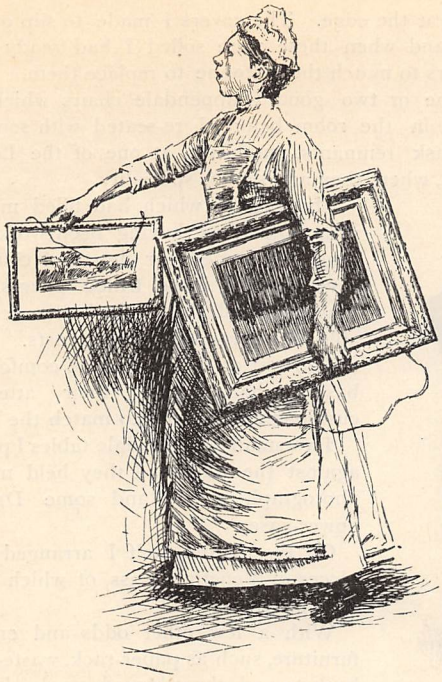
As it was summer time, I removed the fender and irons, and hung the whole fireplace with drapery of peacock blue serge, having a wide border of plush to match, and drew the curtains completely across the fireplace. The space where the fender had stood I filled in with an original device of my own.

I took three moderate-sized rough rush baskets of the hamper shape, and filled these with three luxuriant long-leafed ferns. These I strung up to the mantelshelf across the drapery with thick brass chains, so that the baskets hung just an inch or so from the floor, and the effect was very good.

The wall-paper was an inoffensive one, with a good deal of gilding on it, and an indefinite pattern: which was fortunate, as we could not then afford to repaper.

As the drawing-room had been a bedroom, there was, of course, no horrible gas chandelier hanging from the centre of the ceiling. But, by way of an improvement, I had the two gas brackets removed, and a brass hanging lamp substituted in the bow window, and at each side of the fireplace two branched lamps of Venetian work. These were rather expensive,





THE HANGING COMMITTEE.

but I looked upon them as an allowable luxury, and resolved to curtail expenses elsewhere.

The window curtain I made of peacock blue, to match the chimney-piece hanging, and arranged a broad strip of the plush at the top of the curtains instead of at the sides. In the middle of the window I hung short curtains of cream-coloured spotted muslin, with very full narrow frills, and at one side placed a big brass pot with a palm in it, the green spiked leaves of which stood out well against the white muslin. The pot, I may mention by the way, was a large old-fashioned mortar rescued from the kitchen, and polished brilliantly.

Having re-arranged the elements of the room, there remained now the most important part of all—the furnishing; and although I surveyed with satisfaction, and Clara with pride, the beginning of our handiwork, we were far from certain as to the result.

"Clara," I said suddenly, with a marvellous inspiration, which must have been the fire of genius, "I will not have any of these mahogany tables, or these very correct drawing-room chairs with appropriate gilding in my room at all! We will furnish an attic with them and with the gilt mirror and all the brackets and antimacassars. The first thing I mean to put into this room is a corner cupboard for the china—and I will have the one from the kitchen!"

"Lor, mum!" shrieked Clara, dropping her broom with a clatter. "It's only plain deal stained—just for the teacups and things."

"Fetch it!" was all I said. And it was fetched.

When it was put in a corner of the drawing-room, with the doors swung back against the wall, and lined with old china plates, no one knew it again. The shelves I covered with a piece of cheap peacock blue velveteen, and along the edge of each shelf hung cups by their handles, standing saucers and quaint old pieces of china on the shelves themselves.

Fortunately, Humphrey had a good deal of old china stowed away in an old cupboard, which no one had cared for. And I imagined Miss Deane's face of horror as I replaced them with all the ornaments that had in her reign adorned the drawing-room, knowing that nothing is in worse taste than to mix the modern with the antique.

There was also in the kitchen a nice old-fashioned eight-day clock: not by any means a handsome one, but, as Clara scornfully termed it, a regular "kitchen thing!"

This I conveyed upstairs, and filled another drawing-room corner with it. And as the case was very battered and old I decorated it with a design in brass-headed nails, which was very effective and quickly done, first tracing out my pattern in chalk, and following it very carefully with a light hammer and as short nails as I could procure.

The wall above the fireplace was rather a difficulty, for the paper was shabby, and I could not endure the mirror that had originally hung there.

So I made Clara bring me one of the bedroom looking-glasses that had lost its frame, and secured it to the wall at some distance above the chimney-piece, making it slant out into the room.

This I draped canopy fashion with a piece of thin yellow *pongée* silk, which I festooned at intervals, and kept in place by a few of those small parcel post hampers, which, when entirely hidden by ferns drooping over the edges, looked very well. As ferns last till late into the autumn with care, I knew that my decoration would be effective, and when they faded I determined to fill the hampers with moist sand, and adorn them with any flowers or evergreens I might happen to come across.

By the bye, one great wrinkle of my own discovering was the superiority of wet sand over water for all my drawing-room vases. The flowers last much longer, and are never unpleasant when ordinary sand is used.

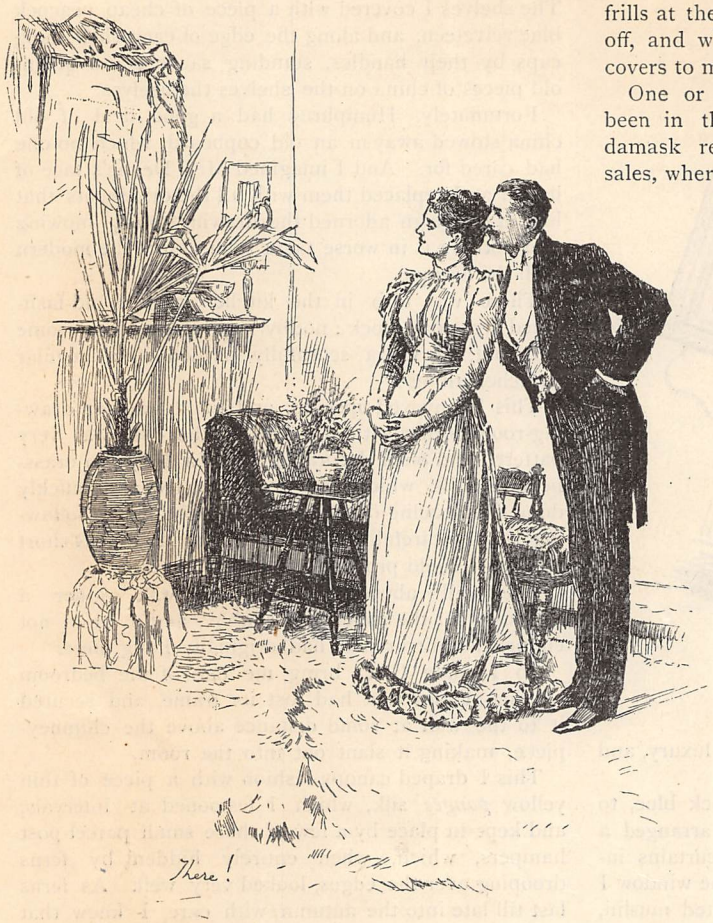
To complete my over-mantel, I hung four lovely little etchings, in plain oak frames, which had been given me, at regular intervals among the silk, and then arranged a graceful trophy of bulrushes and feathery reeds above.

"Here's some grand pictures, ma'am!" said Clara, coming up, breathing heavily after all her exertion, with an inferior oil painting under one arm and an equally poor water-colour under the other, both in gilt frames.

"Those are for the attic," I said, smiling and waving her away. "And very beautiful in colouring that attic will be, I am sure. I shall call it the 'Attic of Wasted Opportunities.'"

The joke was lost upon Clara, who smiled regretfully.

"I am going to have no pictures in my room except autotypes—etchings, engravings, and photographs, unless someone gives me a Leader or a Vicat Coles," I said.



We had had two or three beautiful signed artist proofs of some of the best pictures that had been in the Academy given us as wedding presents; and these, when hung from the wall by their wire, instead of barbaric picture-cord, were most restful to the eye.

I had determined not to make the upright piano the principal object of the room by draping it with Indian rugs and silk abominations. But I pursued a plan which was, perhaps, a little extravagant, but very effective.

I had light frames of ebony fastened to the whole of the back of the instrument, with a tiny line of gilding round them, and filled them with artistic photographs of the places we had visited on our honeymoon, with others of merely moonlight effect. Then I arranged grasses and bulrushes in a big pot at one side, and the whole effect was most artistic.

I brought up the big sofa from the dining-room, and removed to the attic the elegant abomination which was called the "drawing-room lounge." The sofa I covered with a loose cover of shiny cretonne, with an inoffensive yellow pattern upon it of chrysanthemum leaves. And as the small thin cushions one buys are more for ornament than use, I invested in two big bed pillows, and covered them with peacock blue silk, with frills at the edge. The covers I made to slip on and off, and when these were soiled I had ready other covers to match the cretonne to replace them.

One or two good Chippendale chairs which had been in the room before, I re-seated with some old damask remnants, purchased at one of the London sales, where they are such a speciality.

Three chairs which had filled my soul with horror, as having been worked in beads by some dear departed cousin, I covered with loose frilled covers, and thus disguised, they looked quite respectable, like shrouded family ghosts.

The rest of the seats were comfortable basket chairs, with their attendant cushions upholstered to match the room.

Two small Chippendale tables I pushed against the wall, and they held my big photograph screen and some Dresden flower-vases.

On the mantel-shelf I arranged some pieces of Venetian glass, of which I was very proud.

With a few other odds and ends of furniture, such as paper-rack, waste-paper basket, and three-legged stools, I filled up the spare space, and when it was completed, and Humphrey was allowed to see the wonders I had achieved, he fell back in astonishment, and vowed that he had the cleverest little wife in Christendom, and that his practice would increase by leaps and bounds at the mere sight of the drawing-room.

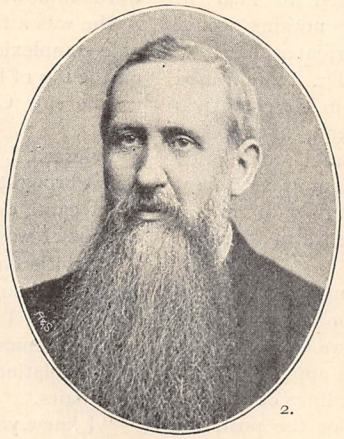
"Clara," I said, when everything was finished and "Mrs. Humphrey Deane" was "at home" to visitors, "now comes the most important part of all: when my visitors arrive you are to ask them upstairs, and precede them with their cards on this silver waiter, which you are to hand to me, at the same time pronouncing their names distinctly. Then, when I ring once, you are to go straight to the front door, and show my visitors out. When I ring twice, it is for tea; three times, for more hot water. I give you all these signals so that you may be saved many a fruitless run upstairs. The tea-table I wish you to keep on the landing outside this door, and to bring it into the room when it is required. And another point that I wish to impress upon you is that the silver tea-things must be always as bright as rubbing can make them, and the bread and butter shaved as thin as a wafer. We must always have either a hot cake or a loaf cake for tea in the house, and one plate of bread and butter is enough besides. Do not on any account bring up tea before four o'clock, as people who arrive earlier do not expect to have it, and it is an uneconomical plan, as it keeps the meal dragging on so long. Our next talk will be about the dining-room; and as I intend later on to give a small 'At Home,' Clara, I shall have a great deal to say and to arrange."

THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN.

ILLUSTRATED FROM MODERN LIFE (IN PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. VERE BRODIE, SUCCESSOR TO MESSRS. BONING & SMALL).

V. "THE JUSTICE."

1.

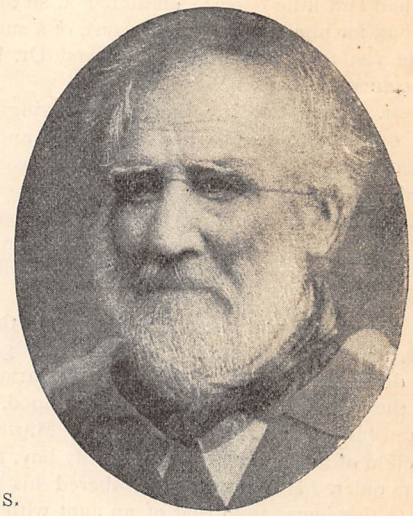


2.

3.

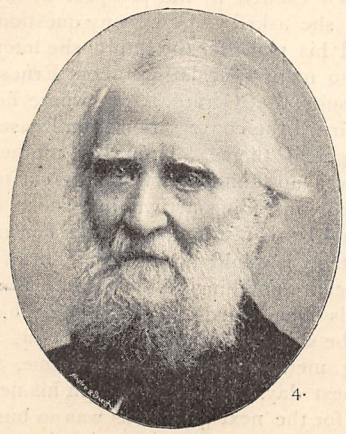
NOS. 1, 2, AND 3 COMBINED.

COMPOSITE PHOTOGRAPHS.



NOS. 4, 5, AND 6 COMBINED.

VI. "THE LEAN AND SLIPPER'D PANTALOON."



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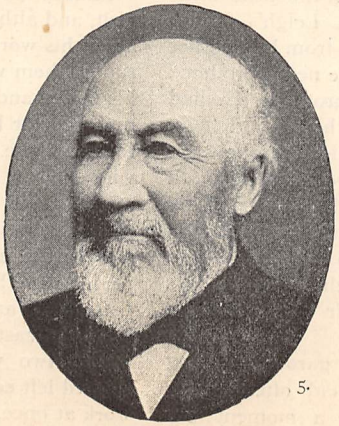

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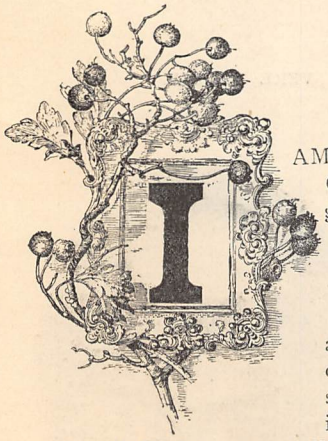
6.

A TRYING POSITION.

A STORY COMPLETE IN TWO CHAPTERS.



I.

"I AM delighted to hear it, Gerard; nothing could give me greater pleasure." And Dr. Leigh leaned back in his chair, pen in hand, and looked with affectionate pride at his stepson, as he sat opposite to him in his study one warm afternoon in July.

Gerard Forbes was a tall young man, with somewhat heavy features, redeemed by honest brown eyes and a pleasant smile. The good news which he had just told his stepfather was that of his appointment as assistant engineer on one of the great lines of railway. There had been many competitors for the post, and Gerard had had little hope of obtaining it, so that his success had for him now all the pleasure of a surprise.

"Have you told your mother?" asked Dr. Leigh, after a moment's silence.

"No, sir. Anne told me that she was lying down, so I did not care to disturb her. I will go and look for Marian, though. I wonder if she will be pleased?" he added, half to himself.

Dr. Leigh looked keenly at him. "Of course she will be pleased," he said. "No one has been more anxious for your success than Marian. You will find her in the garden, I think."

Gerard went into the pretty tiled hall, and through a glass door into the lovely old-fashioned garden, sloping down to the river, where he and Marian had passed the happiest hours of their childhood. Her father and his mother had married when Marian was a little child of four, and Gerard a sturdy boy, five or six years older. He so well remembered his home-coming to this house from that of an aunt with whom he had been left during his mother's wedding trip, Dr. Leigh's kindly welcome, and his mother, radiant as he had never before seen her, with the little blue-eyed Marian—the only child of Dr. Leigh's former marriage—already won over, peeping from behind her skirts, half-shy, half-curious, to see the new "brother" she had been told to expect. Her brother. He had been well content with the title hitherto—although, of course, there was no real relationship between them; it was only during the last year that his wish to disclaim it had arisen. And Marian—had her feelings changed with his own, or did she still regard him as a brother? Well, even if she did, he still had the future before him, and, strong in the consciousness of his own love, he did not despair of evoking an answering feeling on her part.

He now walked quickly down the garden, uttering a peculiar clear whistle which he had often before used as a signal to Marian. In a moment she emerged from a shady walk, and came running towards him, her hands full of flowers.

She was a tall girl of nineteen, with dark blue eyes, pale complexion, and masses of red-bronze hair coiled on the top of her head. She threw down her flowers as she saw Gerard, and met him with outstretched hands.

"Gerard, I did not know you were coming to-day. What brought you home so soon again?"

"I came down to tell the good news. I have got the post I was trying for."

"On the Great Western? I did not know it was to be decided so soon. Dear Gerard, I am so glad—so delighted. I congratulate you with all my heart."

She seemed trying to atone by the warmth of her congratulations for her momentary forgetfulness of his affairs.

"I knew you would be pleased," he said, checking a little sigh, and a feeling of wonder as well, for Marian had hitherto been the sharer of all his hopes and plans—with one exception—and he could not understand her sudden lack of interest. He asked a question or two concerning his mother, who was somewhat of an invalid, and then Marian said—

"Do you know, Gerard, I have some news, too—Ernest is coming to-morrow."

"Ernest Hilton?"

"Yes. He has written to say that he can spare a few days at last, and he is coming by the afternoon train to-morrow."

Ernest was the son of a cousin of Dr. Leigh's who had gone to India in boyhood. He and Dr. Leigh had kept up an intermittent correspondence, and now that his son was visiting England, it was understood that he was to give some portion of his time to his cousins at Farchester. Hitherto the young man had had so many other invitations and engagements that he had professed himself quite unable to come. Now, however, a letter had been received, saying that he would arrive the following day.

Marian was much excited by the prospect of this visit, and although she asked Gerard many questions about his work and his plans for the future, she interrupted them with so many speculations about Ernest, his tastes and pursuits, that Gerard, seeing where her real interest lay, turned the conversation from himself to the more congenial theme. Even his mother, when he saw her, was not quite free from the excitement caused by the impending arrival, but spoke of the pleasure it would be to Marian to see her cousin, and of the advantage it would be to her to meet a person who had seen something of the world. Poor Gerard felt as if his long-hoped-for day at home had been overcast by the shadow of the coming Ernest.

The two young men did not meet this time, as Gerard left early next day. He had to begin his new work at once, and for the next few weeks was so busy

that thoughts of home could only be indulged in at rare intervals. Every letter from his mother contained some word of Ernest: they were all charmed with him; he was such a good musician, such a tennis player; he was so pleased with Farchester that the week he had originally intended to spend there had lengthened into three, and he even spoke of

"Marian? Oh, yes; she is quite well. She is somewhere in the garden with Ernest. We will go and look for them presently."

Presently, however, some visitors came in, to whom Mrs. Leigh had to devote all her attention, and Gerard, seizing a favourable opportunity of slipping through the open French window, found himself in the familiar

"SHE CLASPED HER HANDS UPON HIS ARM, AND RESTED HER BENT HEAD AGAINST HIS SHOULDER" (*p.* 372).

throwing over an invitation to Scotland so as to come back a little later. Mrs. Leigh hoped that Gerard would manage to come home for a few days before the visitor left, as she was sure he would like him.

Gerard himself was not at all confident on this point; however, as he was anxious to see the exact state of affairs for himself, he so contrived his work as to take a few days' holiday, and arrived at Farchester one sunny afternoon in the end of August.

His mother met him as he entered, and took him into the drawing-room, where he had to sit in a shady corner and answer questions about himself, getting little scraps of information in return.

garden, now apparently tenanted only by the humming bees and flitting butterflies. He went through the garden, scarcely noticing its cool freshness, and, passing through a gap in the thick hawthorn hedge at its lower end, reached the grassy bank of the little river. At the other side, under the shore, so as to be well out of the current, was a small boat containing two persons. Marian was seated in the stern, the tiller-ropes in her hands, and opposite to her was a powerfully-built, black-haired young man, holding the oars. He was not troubling himself to row, however, merely giving an occasional stroke—just sufficient to counteract the downward force of the stream and keep

the boat from drifting. His chief occupation seemed to be talking to Marian, whilst she, bending slightly forwards, was evidently listening attentively.

Presently she looked up, and seeing Gerard, said something to her companion, who bent to his oars, and with a few quick strokes brought the boat to land, close to where Gerard stood. Marian held out her hands, half in greeting, half for help, as she jumped ashore. Then turning to her companion, she said—

"Gerard, I want to introduce you to my cousin. My brother, Gerard Forbes—Mr. Ernest Hilton."

As their hands met, the two young men looked keenly at one another, and Gerard saw a dark face, gay and laughing, with brilliant hazel eyes and white teeth. The manner of the stranger was easy and assured, making Gerard feel that the words in which he himself tried to express his pleasure at the meeting were, by comparison, shy and blundering. Marian stood by, listening to Ernest's every word, and watching its effect upon Gerard. Then she slipped her hand into the latter's arm, and went with him towards the house, her cousin walking at her other side, and occasionally chiming in with remark or rejoinder.

The next few days passed without any special incident, yet in their course Gerard's hopes waned, and as he noted Marian's every word and gesture, and compared her manner to her cousin with the placid friendliness of her demeanour to himself, he marvelled at his own folly in having suffered such hopes to strike root. He wondered if the girl's father and stepmother saw what was so patent to him; but if they did, they made no sign.

On the fourth morning of his stay Gerard set off immediately after breakfast to visit an old college friend, who lived some fifteen miles off. He took the doctor's dog-cart, telling his mother not to expect him until dinner-time. Late in the afternoon, as he was driving rapidly homewards, and was within a couple of miles of Farchester, he was surprised, on coming round a sudden turn of the road, to see Marian sitting on a stile leading into a little wood, which skirted the road for some distance. She rose as he drew near, and checking his horse, he jumped down. Before he could speak she said—

"Gerard, I have something to say to you, and I thought you would not mind walking home with me. It is early yet."

Saying a word to the groom, Gerard gave him the reins, and then turned to Marian.

She moved towards the stile on which she had been sitting. There was a pathway through the wood which led to the town, and Gerard, helping her over the stile, walked by her side, waiting for her to speak.

"Gerard," she said at length, "I want you to do something for me. I am very unhappy, and I think you can help me, if you will."

"If I will!" said Gerard. "Don't you know, Marian, that I would go to the ends of the earth if I thought it would give you a moment's pleasure?"

"I know," she answered, simply, "you have always been like a brother to me"—Marian's experience of brothers had been limited, or perhaps she would have understood poor Gerard better—"so I think you will help me now."

She paused.

"You say you are unhappy, Marian. What is making you so? You seemed happy enough only yesterday. Tell me what the matter is. Is it"—he paused, making a strong effort to keep his voice steady—"anything about Hilton?"

"Yes," answered Marian. "Oh, Gerard! I love him so dearly, and father will not hear of it."

"Why not?" Gerard's voice sounded hoarse and strange to himself, but Marian was in too much trouble to notice it.

"He dislikes my going to India; I cannot bear to think of it myself. It seems terrible to go away and leave you all, but it would not be for some time. Ernest could not afford to marry just now."

"Then it could only be an engagement at present?"

"That is all. He would go out to India now, and come back for me when he was better off. It may not be for a long time."

"But, Marian, what is it you want me to do?"

"To speak to father, and to make him understand that I will wait for Ernest if it has to be for my whole life. I will not marry without father's consent, but I will never marry anyone else."

"Why not say so to your father yourself?"

"I did try to say it, but I was frightened and began to cry, and father thinks I am a silly school-girl, who does not know her own mind. Father thinks so much of you that you might be able to persuade him to let us be engaged, and to write to each other. If I had his letters I would not so much mind. You know what Ernest is. Make father see that he is worth waiting for—that I should be happier waiting for him than married to anyone else in all the world. It will be hard enough to part from him in any case, but if it were a final parting, such as father wants it to be, it would break my heart. Gerard, dear brother, help us."

She clasped her hands upon his arm, and rested her bent head against his shoulder, quiet silent tears dropping upon his sleeve. He remained motionless for some minutes, longing to comfort her, yet not knowing how. Truth to tell, his own faith in Ernest was none of the strongest, and he felt in his heart that it might be better for Marian to have her love crushed out while it was yet young. But the consciousness that this would further his own wishes checked him; his sense of honour forbade him to use his influence with his stepfather against a rival. His distrust of Ernest was perhaps a mere prejudice; and then Marian's tears. "Is the going to India your father's only objection?" he asked.

"That, and the long engagement. But oh, Gerard, I fancy—I think there must be someone else whom he wishes me to marry; who, I cannot imagine. He said something half to himself about my being unable to appreciate true love when it was offered to me, and that I should regret it when too late if he allowed me

"MISS VANBOROUGH SEEMED TO TAKE A FANCY TO GERARD" (*p.* 375).

to throw away the substance for the shadow. I wonder of whom he can be speaking? Not that it matters. There is no one in all the world for me but Ernest."

These words threw a new light on the matter for Gerard. It was evidently of him that the doctor had been thinking when he spoke of the unrecognised love. If he were to speak to his stepfather, and make it plain that he had given up all hope of winning Marian, might not Dr. Leigh be induced to consent to her engagement to her cousin? It was hard to have to shatter his hopes with his own hand, but Marian's appeal had left him no choice. What would his love be worth if he allowed his individual happiness to stand in the way of hers? The struggle was sharp, but it was over in a moment.

"Well, Marian," he said, "I think you overrate my influence with your father, but I will do my best. Where is Hilton?"

"He went back to London this afternoon. Father was angry at his speaking to me, and Ernest thought it better to go away. Gerard, if you cannot persuade father, I may never see him again."

"I will try," repeated Gerard.

They were on the high road by this time, and nothing more was said until they reached the house. Marian ran upstairs, and Gerard went into the garden, where he paced up and down, with a cigar which he had forgotten to light between his lips, thinking over what might have been had Ernest delayed his long-promised visit another year.

That night, when the rest of the household were in bed, Gerard entered his stepfather's study. He found Dr. Leigh seated at his desk, pen in hand, but the blank pages lying before him showed that his thoughts were far away from his work. He told Gerard to sit down, and turned to hear what he had to say. Gerard paused a moment, bracing himself for the effort.

"I have come to speak to you about Marian, sir," he said at length.

"I am sorry you did not come before, my boy," said the doctor. "Marian fancies herself in love with her cousin."

"I know that, sir." The doctor gave a start of surprise. "The fact is, Marian has asked me to be her advocate with you."

"Her advocate! Hilton's advocate! I always thought—I see I was mistaken, however. What have you to say for Hilton?"

"You were not mistaken, sir. Until the last few days my one hope was to win Marian. Now I see that it is impossible.'

"It is not impossible, Gerard. Marian is very young. This is a passing fancy, which will be forgotten once the object of it is out of the way. When Hilton is safe in India, you will have her to yourself,

and she will soon come to love you better than she could ever have loved him. Leave it to me, Gerard; I will play the *rôle* of stern father, and just endure the odium it brings upon me. I would rather see Marian married to you than anyone."

Gerard also was young, and it jarred him somewhat to hear Marian's love spoken of in this fashion. Better to resign her for ever than to think her fickle.

"I think you are mistaken about Marian, sir," he said. "I think she is deeply attached to her cousin, and that it will make her seriously unhappy if you persist in refusing your consent."

"Do you really love Marian, Gerard? A man is not generally so ready to resign the woman he loves."

"It is because I love her so dearly that I am ready to give her up. Either she or I must suffer, and I would rather it was I. My love would not be worth much otherwise. What is your objection to Hilton, sir?"

"Hilton is well enough. I have no special objection to him personally. I do not like the thought of Marian's going to India; and besides, I wanted to keep her for you."

"Put that out of your head, sir. I think my hopes really came to an end when I heard that Hilton was coming. He cannot marry at present, Marian says."

"Not for a year or two. So much the better. I would not give Marian even to you while she is so young. Hilton's poverty is not of much consequence. I am richer than people think, and Marian has some money of her mother's. Hilton knows nothing of that, by the way; he really is disinterested."

"Then I may tell Marian that you will consent?"

"Not quite so fast. I cannot give up my wishes so easily as you do yours, Gerard. You may tell Marian that I will think about it."

"Poor lad," said Dr. Leigh to himself, as his stepson left the room. "He has a perfect fever of self-sacrifice on him. I must watch Marian, and if she really seems unhappy I will make inquiries about Hilton. How could she have looked at him when Gerard was by?"

II.

THE following year found Gerard in Canada, busily engaged in the construction of a new line of railway. Dr. Leigh's observation of his daughter, and inquiries concerning Ernest, had resulted in his consenting to a

"HE WAS STARTLED BY AN EXCLAMATION FROM MARIAN" (*p.* 376).

conditional engagement between Marian and her far-away cousin, and the latter had returned to India on the understanding that if he and Marian were of the same mind at the end of two years he might return to claim her. He had come to Farchester for a long visit before he sailed, and Marian, in her shy, blushing happiness, had almost reconciled her father to the engagement. Then came the parting; and when Dr. Leigh saw her pale face and listless manner for days and days after, he was more than ever compelled to admit that it would have been cruelty to insist on a final separation. She was full of gratitude to Gerard, and used to make him the confidant of her hopes and plans. It was more than he could bear, and when the post in Canada offered, he accepted it at once, to the great grief of his mother, who nevertheless guessed too much of the state of affairs to make any attempt to dissuade him. He soon became interested in his new surroundings, and found, as many a man has done before him, that hard work is an excellent antidote to despondency.

About a year and a half after Ernest's visit to Farchester, Gerard spent a few days in Boston, whither he had gone with a *confrère* whose home it was. At one of the houses to which his friend took him he met a young lady, a Boston heiress, who had been for some time in Europe. Miss Vanborough seemed to take a fancy to Gerard, and spent a good part of the evening talking to him. He, on his part, was amused by the girl's quaint, keen remarks on men and things, and he listened to her theories, and put forward his own, doubting, suggesting, contradicting, until he felt more like his old self than he had done since he left home. At length the conversation turned on different types of face, and the connection between mental and physical traits, and Miss Vanborough, wishing to support or illustrate some view of her own, brought from a side table a little morocco box, containing photographs of various persons: some of them celebrities, some private persons, but all possessing some distinctive characteristic in their faces. Gerard turned them over with much interest, questioning and criticising, until at length he took up a photograph the sight of which caused him to utter an exclamation of surprise.

"Who is that?" asked Miss Vanborough, taking the carte from his hand. "Oh, I do not know how this came here. He has no business in this box."

"Do you know the original of this?" asked Gerard.

"Know Ernest Hilton? Of course I do. Did I not tell you that I spent the winter before last in Calcutta? We came home from Europe that way; we have been round the world. I saw a great deal of Mr. Hilton while we were there. Is he a friend of yours?"

"Not exactly; he is related to my stepfather, Dr. Leigh. He was staying at his house in Farchester about two years ago."

"Yes; he told me that he had been staying with some cousins in the country. We went out in the same ship, you know. That was where we first met."

There was an intonation in her voice which showed she recalled the meeting with pleasure.

"And then you knew him in Calcutta?"

"Oh yes; we saw him nearly every day. Do you like him?"

"I have seen very little of him; I was not much at home while he was at Farchester. I have heard a good deal of him from—my stepfather's child, Marian."

"Marian Leigh? Oh, that must be the pretty little school-girl cousin he spoke about. He seemed to admire her very much."

Gerard's blood boiled. "A pretty little school-girl." Was that the way in which this man spoke of Marian? Miss Vanborough had taken up the photograph again, and was looking thoughtfully at it.

"This is not a good likeness of him, is it?" she said, holding it towards Gerard.

"It scarcely does him justice," he answered mechanically.

"See," said the girl, after a moment's hesitation, "this is better, I think."

She unfastened her bracelet as she spoke, and showed him, under the clasp, a beautiful miniature of Ernest Hilton. Gerard could scarcely believe his eyes.

"Where did you get that?" he asked.

"Mr. Hilton gave it to me. Do not look so astonished. I would not tell you if you were not a connection, but I am engaged to Ernest Hilton."

In thinking over this conversation after the departure of the guests, Miss Vanborough found it difficult to account satisfactorily for Gerard's manner of receiving this intelligence.

"He seemed stunned," she said to herself. "Can he possibly have fallen in love with me himself? No, no; I have seen too much of that sort of thing to be mistaken. If he is an unhappy lover—which is not unlikely—he is not mine."

Meantime, Gerard was debating with himself as to the course of action he ought to pursue. Explicit as Miss Vanborough's statement had been, he had sought to verify it. This he had succeeded in doing by means of an apparently careless remark to his friend as they walked home.

"Lucilla Vanborough! Oh yes! You and she seemed to get on very well this evening, but you had better take care, for she is engaged!"

"So I heard. To a man in Calcutta, is it not?"

"Yes—some fellow that she met on board ship. Her own people are very angry about it. They say he only wants her for her money—her dollars are past counting—but she will not listen to a word they say. Her parents are dead, and she is quite independent. I believe she means to go to Calcutta next spring, and be married there."

Gerard spent the greater part of that night walking up and down his room trying to decide on the proper course to take. Should he or should he not make Marian aware of her lover's treachery? Was it right or just to her to let her continue to love and trust this man, he being all the while engaged to another woman—a woman to whom he had spoken words of love while the sound of Marian's farewell must have yet lingered in his ears?

On the other hand, the feeling of irrepressible joy—of upspringing hope—at the thought that Marian would again be free, made him feel as if it would be treachery to his rival to make use of the knowledge he had thus accidentally obtained. And also, would not Marian in future look upon him with suspicion and distrust as the person who had shattered her day-dreams and unmasked her lover? But at length common sense prevailed. It was right that Marian should know the truth, and since the knowledge of it had come accidentally into his possession, it was on him that the telling of it devolved. So the early dawn found him writing to Dr. Leigh. He told his story without note or comment: his conversation with Miss Vanborough, the miniature, and his friend's confirmation of her statement. In conclusion, he said: "It goes to my heart to be compelled to give Marian this pain. Loving her as I do, I would rather even see her married to another man than know that she was going through what I have endured since I lost her. I think, though, that I pity Miss Vanborough the most. I trust that I may never meet Hilton again."

The answer to this letter came in due time. The news had been no surprise to him, Dr. Leigh wrote, and Marian herself had been in some degree prepared for it. Ernest's letters had become fewer and colder of late; he had spoken despondingly of his prospects, and had hinted that it would be better for Marian if the engagement were at an end. This letter had made her anxious and unhappy, and she had shown it to her father, but had shrunk from his advice to break off her engagement, believing that Ernest only suggested such a step for her sake. Now, however, she was convinced, and her final letter to Ernest had gone, enclosed in one from her father. Dr. Leigh concluded by thanking his stepson for the part he had taken in the affair, and expressing a hope that things would in time fall out according to his wishes.

Another year went by, leaving Gerard still in Canada. His wish to return to England and see Marian grew stronger every day, but he still resisted it, fearing to lose all by being too precipitate. Marian had felt her cousin's defection very much, her father wrote, although she had made brave efforts to seem as usual. She was looking brighter and better now, but he doubted if she would ever be her old self again. So Gerard remained, doubting and hesitating, until the question was decided for him by the news of Dr. Leigh's sudden death. It was Marian who wrote to him this time. His mother was very ill also, she said, and longing to see him. Could he not manage to come home, if only for a time? He had been contemplating a return so long that his arrangements were quickly made, and within a month of Dr. Leigh's death, he was again in Farchester, sad at heart for the loss of the man who had always looked on him as his own son, and who had treated him with a judicious and sympathetic kindness of which few fathers would have been capable.

He found his mother prostrated by the shock of her husband's death, and still in a critical state, and his chief attention was, of course, given to her. But the sight of Marian's slight black-robed figure, her pale face under its halo of red-brown hair, and her dark sad eyes, smote him to the heart. He could not tell how far her evident unhappiness was due to her father's death, but he took it for granted that some of it at least was to be attributed to the loss of her lover, and he put his own hopes aside. Some time in the distant future she might listen to him, but he would not molest her now.

As time went on, Mrs. Leigh slowly recovered, and life at Farchester settled down into a regular routine. Gerard had, in accordance with his mother's wishes, resigned his Canadian post, and was now looking for a similar one in England. Mrs. Leigh seemed to take it for granted that they were all to live together, and Marian spoke no word of dissent. Gerard's aim was now so to master his own feelings that no suspicion of them might interfere with her calm acceptance of him as a brother.

One evening, after Mrs. Leigh had gone to bed, Marian asked Gerard to come into the study to help her in sorting and arranging her father's papers—a work that she had undertaken in consequence of Mrs. Leigh's unfitness for any exertion or agitation. She and Gerard worked on quietly for a time, often touched by little evidences of thought and care for the welfare of others which they found among the dead man's memoranda. Late in the evening, Gerard stood up to replenish the fire, which had gone down, and, while so engaged, he was startled by an exclamation from Marian. Going over to her, he saw in her hands his own letter to his stepfather telling of his discovery of Hilton's engagement to the American girl.

"Marian," he said hastily, "put that away, dear. What is the use of awaking painful memories?"

But Marian paid no heed to his words; her eyes were fixed on the paragraph of the letter in which Gerard alluded to his own love for her.

"Oh, Gerard!" she gasped at length. "I never suspected this—never dreamed of such a thing. And I asked you to help me, and talked about——How heartless you must have thought me!"

"My dearest, you never were heartless. If you did give me pain, it was all unknowingly. I only paid the penalty of my own folly in thinking that you could love me."

"But that is a thing of the past; you are not unhappy now?"

"My love for you is not, and never will be, a thing of the past. It is unchanged and unchanging. But the worst of the pain is over. If I could but know that you were happy, Marian, I should not so much mind."

Marian laid her head on her hands and sobbed bitterly.

"Don't grieve for me, Marian. Your share of the suffering was worse than mine. Here, leave the papers to me; I will put them up. You are not fit to do any more work to-night." He held the door open for her, and she passed out silently and with bent head.

Gerard went back to the table and sat down. "Fool that I was," he thought, "to write such a letter! I wonder the doctor did not burn it at once. Now that she knows, she will distrust and avoid me. And she will not remain with my mother if I am there. I must go back to Canada. Just when I thought I should be near her!"

He sat motionless, leaning back in his chair and thinking, until he was roused by seeing the flame of the lamp flicker and wane. Hastily gathering up the papers, he put them under lock and key, and groped his way upstairs.

Next morning Marian did not come down to breakfast, and Gerard, thinking that she wished to avoid him, made some business in the next town, which kept him out all day. When he came in it was quite dark; the fire-lighted drawing-room looked tempting through the open door, and he went in. He thought at first that the room was empty, but in a moment a slender black-robed figure rose from the depths of a chair in the darkest corner, and Marian came forward. She asked him some questions about his day, and gave him some news of his mother, and then silence fell upon them. They had remained standing on the rug, Gerard leaning against the mantelpiece, Marian at a little distance, the firelight falling full upon her, showing her slender figure in its close-fitting black dress, and her bent head crowned with its coils of red-bronze hair. At length she broke the silence.

"Gerard, you said last night that you were still unchanged; is that so?"

"In my love for you I am unchanged, now and always!" he answered.

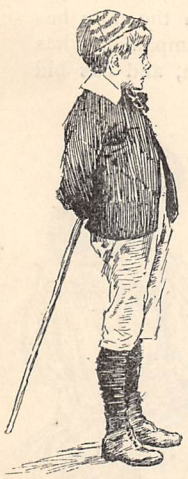
"I am not so steadfast," she whispered. "I am changed. After what you said last night, I know that I must no longer look on you as a brother, and I cannot do without you, Gerard!"

Joy and wonder kept him motionless and incredulous for a moment. Then, as he heard her little appealing cry, and saw her outstretched hands, he made one step forward and caught her in his arms.

"Marian, do you know what you are saying?"

"I do. I understand now what my father meant when he said I was unable to appreciate real love. He said that I should learn to do so when it was too late; but it is not too late yet, is it, Gerard?"

OUR BELONGINGS: THE LITTLE ONES.



TWO little mites and a dog were playing in the nursery. They had a feast spread out on a tiny table, and were sitting on footstools; between them, obediently perched on a doll's chair, was the dog, their constant and beloved playmate. Jack got up to ask nurse for some more sugar; returning with his treasure, Winnie greeted him with—

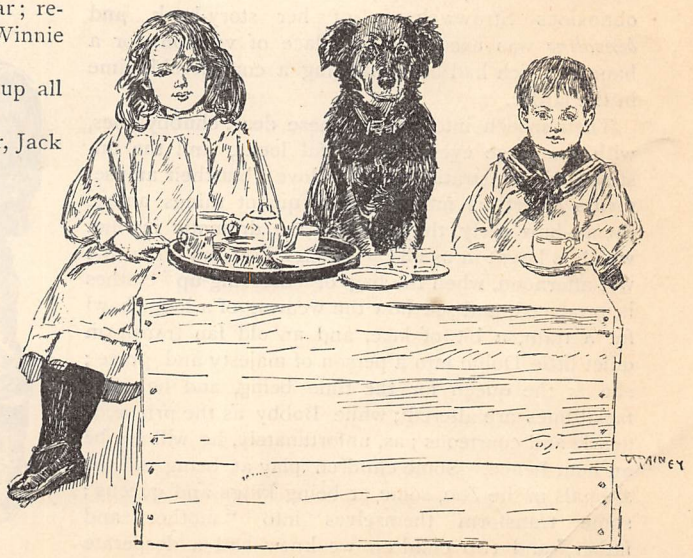
"Oh, Jack! Toby has eated up all the feast."

Before looking for the offender, Jack says gravely—

"Winnie, you should not say eated; you should say 'etten.'"

We wonder why, when verbs are so annoying, Jack should think one form of participle better than another. The dear things are so funny with their talk. Sometimes a golden-haired darling of three, with eyes of wisdom and rosebud mouth, can speak no intelligible word, when lo! one day he launches into long and complete sentences, reminding one of the parrot who could never be caught practising, but listened for weeks to a particular sentence, and then at an appropriate moment made the remark, as if it had just suggested itself to his mind.

"Baby talk" is fascinating; we are constantly surprised at the ideas which spring up in the minds of the little ones, and often more so at the words in which they clothe them. "Why do I have pictures in my pillow, mother?" is a definition of dreams better than



WE THREE.

"DRESSING UP."

most of us could supply haphazard. "Mother, I have cold water in my boots," explains the feeling of intensely cold feet with considerable force. The way the mites construct their sentences is funny, too; we knew a little boy who would never put his verbs in the usual place, but said, "Me up take," "On put boots," "Upstairs go," "I 'way go, leave all alone, dada, you," etc.; while his sister had a fashion of miscalling words which yet displayed some intelligence. A hammock she always called a *hang-up;* a rockery was to her a *crockery;* she told her governess one day that mother said it was *hashed Wednesday*, and they must go to church; drilling she called *quadrilling;* her overall pinafores were *overcrawls*, and "*battered pudding*" was her favourite dish; *Shocking-headed Peter* did as well, perhaps, as the real name for the obnoxious Struwwelpeter of her story-book, and *benzoline* was excusable, in place of venison, for a haunch which had been hanging a considerable time in the larder.

Their speech interests us, these dear, chubby ones, with the large eyes, the wistful looks, and the unstinted demonstrations of their love; but their amusements divert us more. What quaint things amuse them—how early they display the dramatic instinct which is latent in us all! Watch a boy and girl some wet afternoon, when the bag of "dressing-up" clothes is produced, and see how the wearing of a long shawl for a train, a bit of lace, and an old fan transform quiet little Dollie into a person of majesty and grace; she *is* the queen for the time being, and her very facial lines are altered; while Bobby as the prince, is gentle and courteous; as, unfortunately, he will not be an hour hence. Some children play at being all the animals in the Zoo, some at being kings and queens; some transform themselves into "mother and father," and two children we knew had a desperate game which went on night after night in thrilling conversations. They were good-natured burglars, and their butt and laughing-stock was a fat policeman, whom they led through will-o'-the-wisp dances. Where mites of five or six could have heard of the incidents they related, puzzled their belongings to imagine.

We pity the lonely children who are so guarded and tended that they often lose their originality; they surprise us by their polite behaviour, their clean clothes, and the way they amuse themselves with "diversion for one," but we feel when the mite has spent a night with more riotous companions, has been meekly wrapped up by his nurse, and has bid

SHY.

W. RAINEY

farewell to his hostess with a speech of thanks, that we miss something. We are more inclined to kiss Jacky or Jenny, who rebelliously say they *cannot* go home yet, and ask their entertainer "when she will have them again?"

The way learning comes to them is strange, too. A small thing of five will be found reading for his (or more often her) own pleasure, quite difficult story-books, while to another of seven, words of two syllables are barriers insurmountable. One child cannot read at all perhaps at eight, but displays an abnormal memory, which enables him to recite long pieces of poetry or prose, and make a glorious appearance on "breaking-up" days.

THE PROPER BOY.

Some are fearless as lions, and cannot be made to understand where danger lurks; others are terrified at the buzzing of a fly. We knew a lady who went into her bedroom in a high London house one day, and found the windows widely open: left so by a careless housemaid. She moved to close them, and saw, on the parapet beneath, her little boy, a child of four, crawling along the ledge about eight inches wide, having got out of one window, and intending to enter by the other. The heroic mother had strength to make no sound, but go back from the window and hide herself behind the bed curtain till she saw the little fat hands grasping the sill of the window of entry, and then she gently went forward with a smile. The terror of the few seconds of waiting must have seemed to her eternal.

The little ones surprise us sometimes with a touch of sarcasm. A mite of four whom we knew was watching her elder brother and sister being dressed for a party.

"Why don't you dress me too, nurse?" she inquired.

"Because you haven't been asked to go, dear," was the answer.

"Why wasn't I asked? Am I too *ugly?*" said the scrap, who was decidedly not plain.

Their likes and dislikes are embarrassing. A small boy of our acquaintance showed his liking for people by standing quite still and looking at them. He used always to gaze in this fashion at the rector, who, one day, was rather annoyed by the persistent stare of the great brown eyes, and said rather sharply—

"Why do you look at me so?"

"Because I like to watch your eyes: they always speak kind," was the flattering reply.

Another time this boy climbed on his mother's lap, and said, trembling with excitement—

"*Do* send that lady away; I can't *bear* to look at her, mother!"

There was nothing about the visitor that anyone else could find fault with.

Who does not remember the happiness of a visit to the seaside with the little ones? When the weather is fine, the lodgings all that can be desired, and mother has time to "rest and be thankful," how intense are the pleasures in which she shares. The first day of shrimp catching, when the little grey creatures are caught and brought home, and, being boiled by nurse, are discovered by the happy fishermen to turn pink, and curl up their tails like those at the fishmonger's, and to be positively eaten by the elders; the finding of sea beasties, the building of a great fortress on the sand, and surrounding it with a moat, above which it proudly stands when the tide comes in; the picnics in the neighbouring bay, the paddling, the donkey rides, the boating: these pleasures bring to the little faces looks of rapture which will not often appear there in the coming future, and yield a store of memories which are lasting joys.

We marvel at the little ones when they display their different tendencies in their very early years. A child of four who says "I suppose that is what is called a view," the first time he looks round from a

"PAPA AND MAMMA."

hill-top, will probably have a keen eye for the beauties of Nature; while one who finds it easier to draw the thing his little tongue cannot find words to explain, may be taken to have the makings of an artist in him. The little ones who put their fingers in their mouths and stare at small visitors, are not likely to develop into such sociable beings as those who bring toys, and start conversation for the benefit of their guests. The anxious-minded ones, who recollect that frocks must be kept tidy, lessons learned, and puddles never walked into, suffer real anxiety in their endeavours to keep friends who are not so wise, in the way they should go.

Their patience in illness is one thing that must always astonish an observer. Why are they so free from fretfulness, so grateful, so able to bear pain—*real* pain—so obedient and so helpful? Is it (as someone has suggested) because they have no care for the future and very little memory of the past to guide them as to what may befall them in the shape of suffering? It may be so, and that they can do it because they have only each moment's pain to bear, with neither foresight nor retrospect; but still, that does not explain what every nurse and doctor must have noticed in the behaviour of young children.

The darlings! how much delight they give us—how much anxiety and pain—and how heavily they make us feel our responsibilities, what lessons they teach us! Their smiles light up our lives, and their tears obscure the sun. Happy is he or she whom they adopt for their friend, for their instinct is pure, and they cannot flatter or be insincere.

M. R. L.

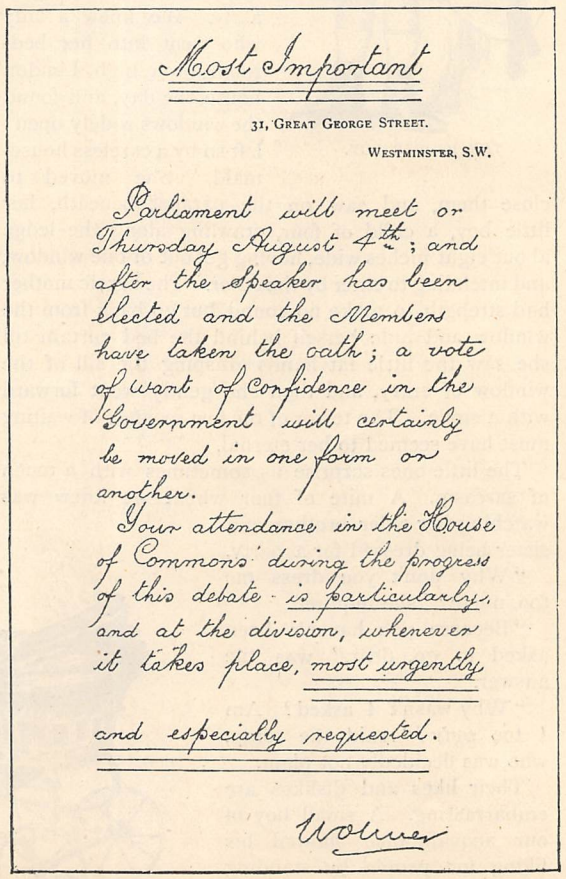
IN PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED.

BY ALFRED F. ROBBINS.

III.—HOW MEMBERS ARE WHIPPED.

SHAKESPEARE, that universal provider of quotations, who, even though an institution had not been invented, foresaw its coming with unerring eye, had plainly before his prophetic vision a modern parliamentary use when he made *Angelo* express the hope to his companion that he would find "good cause to whip them all." For, although the elaborate system of House of Commons management now adopted by every party and, indeed, by every political fraction, was unknown in the glorious days of great Elizabeth, it commenced with the independent display of power by Parliament in the succeeding reign of the first James; and the very term with which it is commonly labelled carries us back to the time when the House was mainly composed of squires, and when "the country party" was not merely a name but a power. Even the title "Whip," as applied to the energetic party official who prevents his pack from going astray, does not preserve the full flavour of that of "whipper-in," which was accustomed to be used in the days when St. Stephen's was full of foxhunters, but which is now to be found only in the always-belated dictionaries, in the speeches of Cobden and Bright, and in those of the oldest among our parliamentarians. The present Prime Minister, Mr. Gladstone, indeed, used it in the House of Commons as lately as the June of 1892; but, with one consent, the reporters in the Gallery sought to correct the possessor of such obviously less political experience than themselves, and when he said "whippers-in," made him say "whips."

What, then, are these "whippers-in" of an earlier parliamentary day, or "Whips," as they are now universally known? If one is to believe the dictionaries, they are persons in a parlous state, for the taint of an old and corrupt period suffuses them still. And while one dictionary informs its readers that a "whipper-in"



Most Important

31, GREAT GEORGE STREET.
WESTMINSTER, S.W.

Parliament will meet on Thursday August 4th; and after the Speaker has been elected and the Members have taken the oath; a vote of want of confidence in the Government will certainly be moved in one form or another.

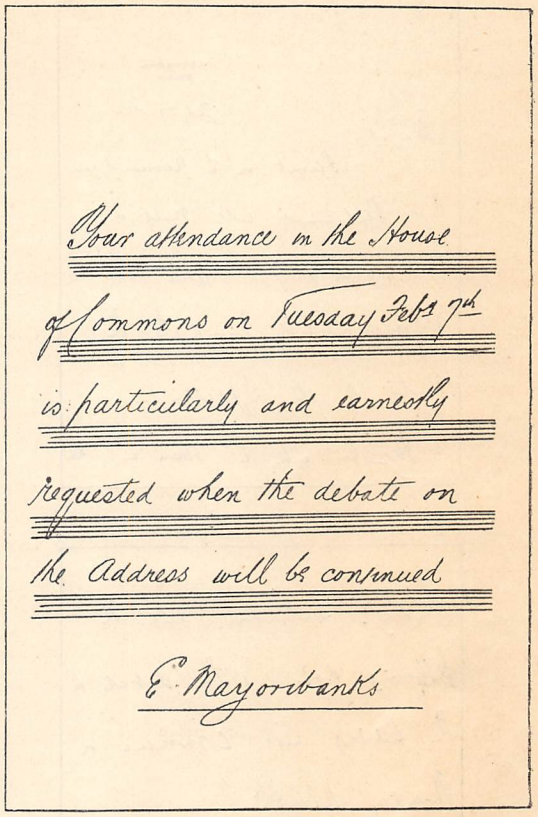
Your attendance in the House of Commons during the progress of this debate is particularly, and at the division, whenever it takes place, most urgently and especially requested.

Wolmer

LORD WOLMER'S SUMMONS TO THE LIBERAL UNIONIST MEMBERS.

is "in Parliament one who enforces party discipline among the supporters of the Ministry or Opposition, and urges their attendance on all questions of importance," and another applies the same almost obsolete term to persons "whose duty it is to rally the members of a party, to bring them to their posts when their presence is required, secure their votes, ensure their support, etc.," a third would make that ambiguous "etc." almost too clear by observing that "to give him greater influence, the Ministerial Whip holds, or is supposed to hold, the minor patronage of the Treasury." But these definitions, despite anachronisms, and "etc.'s," and "supposed's," give a sufficiently general idea of the duties of a Whip. Even when his party is in office, he is not to be ranked among the minor members of the Administration—those janissaries of the Government, as they were once called, whose only duty is to make a House, keep a House, and cheer the Minister. And, whether his party is in or out of place, the work of a Whip is so long, so delicate, and so laborious, that one can only admire the patriotic self-sacrifice, the absolute devotion to their country, exemplified by the various worthy gentlemen who fill the position.

From certain points of view, it is unfortunate that Whips have not fallen into the fashion of our time and published their "Reminiscences," for, if they had, tales could still be told of how in politics some—though not Walpole's "all"—men have their price. That price, as far as the Whips are concerned, is not



Your attendance in the House of Commons on Tuesday Feby 7th is particularly and earnestly requested when the debate on the Address will be continued

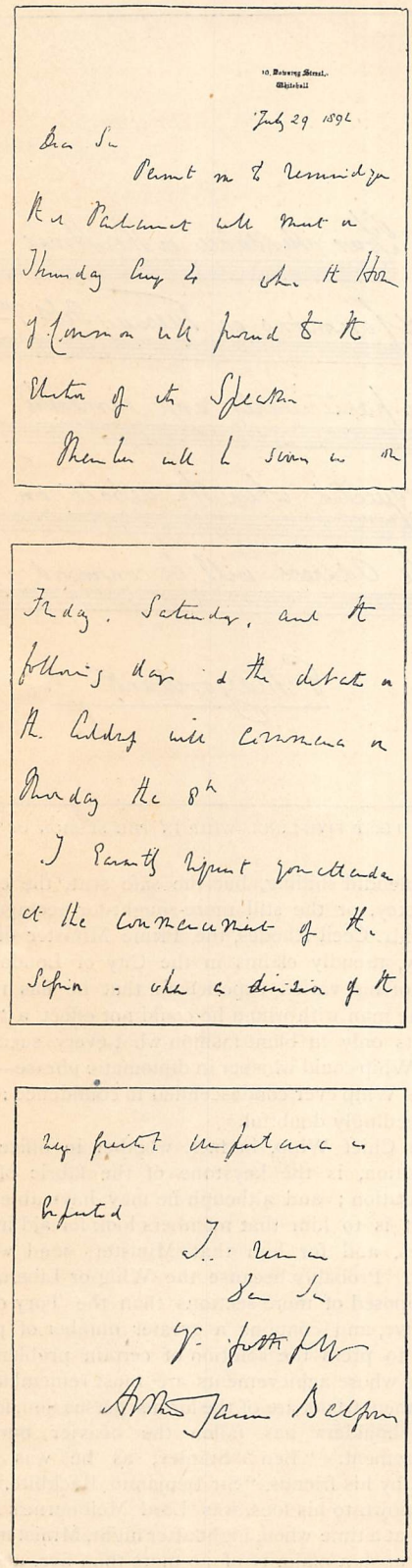
E. Marjoribanks

THE FIRST FIVE-LINED WHIP IN THE SESSION OF 1893.

THE RIGHT HON. E. MARJORIBANKS, M.P., PATRONAGE SECRETARY TO THE TREASURY (CHIEF MINISTERIAL WHIP).
(From a photograph by Messrs. Bassano, 42, Pall Mall, S.W.)

the splendid shilling, but the safe seat, the coveted baronetcy, or the still more-sought-for peerage; and when Mr. Cecil Rhodes, the Prime Minister of Cape Colony, proudly claims in the City of London, as a result of his varied experiences, that he has not yet met the man with whom he could not effect a "deal," he puts only in blunt fashion what every succeeding Chief Whip could whisper in diplomatic phrase—if only a Chief Whip ever condescended to confidence: which is exceedingly doubtful.

The Chief Whip, in fact, whether in office or in Opposition, is the keystone of the fabric of party organisation; and although he may have able assistants, it is to him that members look for aid in emergencies, and for him that Ministers send when in straits. Probably because the Whig or Liberal party is composed of more sections than the Tory or Conservative, and contains a greater number of persons eager to press the solution of certain problems, the Whips whose achievements are most remembered by parliamentarians are of the former persuasion, for upon their shoulders has fallen the heavier burden of management. "Ben" Stanley, as he was always called by his friends, "Sir Benjamin Backbite," as he was known to his foes, was Lord Melbourne's leading Whip at a time when, night after night, Ministers could count upon a majority of no more than five, and when every art of political cajolery had to be used to keep it even at that figure. In his days, members were



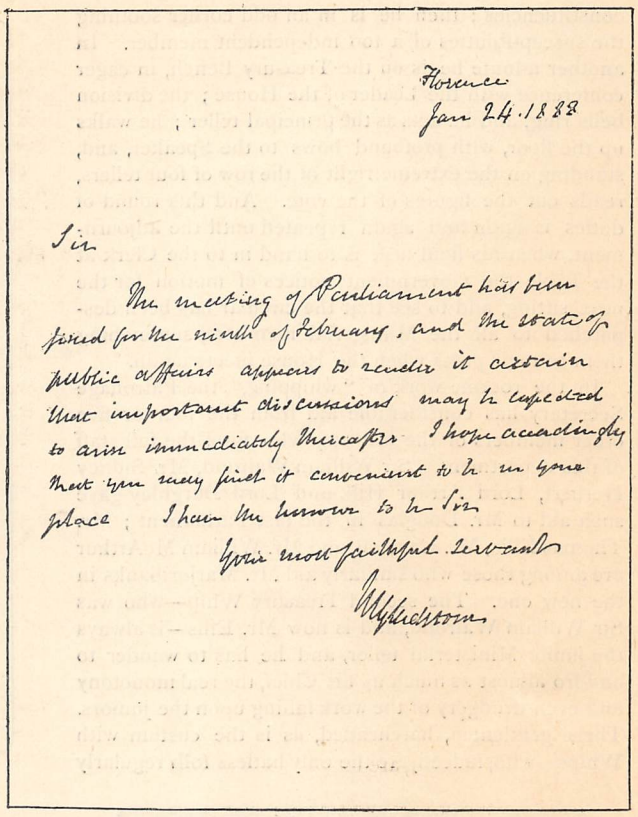
MR BALFOUR'S LETTER TO HIS SUPPORTERS IN THE HOUSE (P. 385).

brought from the death-bed of a parent to give their vote; others were refused a "pair" even when desiring to attend the funeral of one dearest to them; and one unhappy representative of the people who had broken his leg was brought to Westminster at the risk of his life because a critical division was expected. Sir William Hayter, the next great Whig Whip, lived in less savage times—for it is comforting to reflect that our parliamentary manners have markedly improved within the past sixty years—but he excelled in the genial art of capturing votes by conciliation; and the story was long told of how, when serving with zeal the Government of Lord Palmerston, he took four Conservative members for a walk in St. James's Park, where they smoked the cigar of contemplation in his company, while the Whigs were winning upon a narrow division not far away.

It is only a few of our present-day politicians, however, who can recall Stanley and Hayter; but Brand, and Glyn, and Adam among the Liberal Chief Whips, Taylor, and Dyke, and Winn among the Conservative, have left memories which haunt the Lobby like pleasant spectres, and which tell of hard party work well done. For it is not to be imagined that there are no such difficulties to overcome as used to trouble the Whips of earlier days; and the sober-minded constituent who regards the House of Commons as a model of decorum and a training-place for deportment would have his confidence shaken if he knew all the devices which even yet are employed to secure a full House in anxious times. Within the past few Parliaments a member has voted who was brought to Westminster from a private lunatic asylum, to which he was at once returned; another has participated who was so ill while waiting for the division bells to ring that his friends feared he might die in one of the adjoining rooms before they could secure his vote; and a third, who, from cerebral or other excitement, could not decide even at the last moment into which lobby to go, was almost literally fought for by the contending parties, and dragged this way and that, until he was hauled off by the stronger faction, and, after passing the wicket, was carefully sent home in a cab. These may be considered as among the major incidents of the Parliamentary fray; but among the minor are such as are to be noted upon every occasion of an important division. It is almost impossible for the impartial observer to withhold the tribute of tears —whether of sympathy or laughter cannot at this point be discussed—as he listens to the woes of some members at such a period. More than once in recent years has a representative been peremptorily summoned by the Whip to abbreviate his honeymoon and return to Westminster; and men have been even known to decline a dinner with the most illustrious personages because of a command from the same dread official.

The guileless politician who has been accustomed to look upon his local member as a superior and really important personage may wonder, as he does at a conjuring entertainment, "how it's done." On the face of it, the whipping apparatus is simplicity itself. Disraeli, among his many attacks upon Peel, pictured

the then Prime Minister as one whose hatred of slavery extended to every place except the benches behind him. "There the gang is still assembled, and there the thong of the whip still sounds." But that description of the process is as picturesquely exaggerated as Mr. John Morley's idea—before he entered Parliament—that the Whip was merely "the official who runs diligently up and down the back stairs of the party, and tells the Minister that a measure is practicable, and required in the interests of the band." A well-disciplined party is neither, as Disraeli hinted, a gang of slaves in dread of the lash, nor, as Mr. Morley would certainly not now believe, a band of brigands eager for plunder; and the Whip, therefore, is not quite the embodiment of evil portrayed by young politicians and candid friends. If he were, Lavater studied in vain, and physiognomy is not the slightest indication of character; for how could even the most suspicious think ill of the serene calm of Mr. Arnold Morley, the late Chief Whip to the Gladstonian Liberal party; the buoyant gaiety of Mr. Marjoribanks, the present holder of that position; the equable smile of Mr. Akers-Douglas, the most successful Whip the Conservatives have had for many a year; or the candid countenance of Mr. Anstruther, who has succeeded the always genial Lord Wolmer in "whipping" the Liberal Unionists? Suspicion, in such circumstances, would surely be an indictment of nature.



Florence
Jan 24. 1882

Sir

The meeting of Parliament has been fixed for the ninth of February, and the state of public affairs appears to render it certain that important discussions may be expected to arise immediately thereafter. I hope accordingly that you may find it convenient to be in your place. I have the honour to be Sir

Your most faithful Servant

W. E. Gladstone

MR. GLADSTONE'S LETTER FROM FLORENCE (*see p.* 385).

Yet, as the reader will be bound to think, there must be more than a pleasing presence on the part of the Whip and a devotion to principle on that of the representative, to account for the former's power and the latter's complaisance. No more than a few members are to be tempted with a riband or bought with a baronetcy, and, as for the rest, no allurement is possible. It is, in fact, not allurement but terror which affects the nervous member, and the terror is that of his constituents. Let the case, for instance, be supposed of a group which holds strong opinions upon a certain subject, the expression of which, and especially if carried to a division, will weaken the party to which they belong. The members of such a group will be blind to the frowns of their leaders, deaf to the remonstrances of the Whip; serene in their consciousness of independent virtue, they proclaim their intention of proceeding to the bitter end, and the Whip goes quietly to his room, and writes to some influential supporters of each. What follows? Letters come back to them by return of post, warning them to be wary how they injure the party; the voices just before so shrill in declaration of independence fade to a whisper, their possessors begin with one accord to make excuses, and the incipient "cave" dwindles to a crevice, and is seen no more. That is how more than one promising "split in a party" has been smothered in its birth during recent years; and it would not be surprising to find that so simple a plan proves effective again.

Under ordinary circumstances, of course, no such exercise of extraneous pressure is necessary, for the sense of party discipline is sufficiently keen all round to lead members to answer the appeals of the Whip. The duties of those holding that office are, however, never light, dull as the customary business of the parliamentary day may be. The Chief Whip of every section, before he comes to Westminster in the afternoon, has various affairs to transact in connection with the organisation of his party; but if he happen to be the Patronage Secretary to the Treasury—the official title of the leading Ministerial Whip—he has also to frequently consult with those Ministers who are mainly responsible for the conduct of business in the House of Commons. Let us follow the Patronage Secretary from Whitehall to Westminster, and, without seeking to penetrate his jealously-guarded sanctum, entered from the Members' Lobby, let the routine work of him and his colleagues be watched. The inscrutable Chief is here, there, and everywhere within the compass of the House and the Lobby from the moment the Chaplain reads prayers to that one, many an hour later, when the chief doorkeeper has sounded the welcome question, "Who goes home?" and the lights are lowered in Barry's Gothic halls. Now he is in his room discussing an important point of party organisation with some influential supporter from the

constituencies ; then he is in an odd corner soothing the susceptibilities of a too independent member. In another minute he is on the Treasury Bench, in eager conference with the Leader of the House ; the division bells ring, and he acts as the principal teller ; he walks up the floor, with profound bows to the Speaker, and, standing on the extreme right of the row of four tellers, reads out the figures of the vote. And this round of duties is again and again repeated until the adjournment, when his final task is to hand in to the Clerk at the Table the Government notices of motion for the next sitting, and to see that the circular has been despatched to all the Ministerial members, summoning them to their posts when the House meets again.

In the routine work of "whipping," the Patronage Secretary has considerable aid from the four or five other members of the Ministry who form the full staff of this department. Sir William Walrond, Mr. Sidney Herbert, Lord Arthur Hill, and Lord Burghley gave such aid to Mr. Douglas in the last Parliament ; Mr. Thomas Ellis, Mr. Causton, and Mr. William McArthur are among those who similarly aid Mr. Marjoribanks in the new one. The second Treasury Whip—who was Sir William Walrond, and is now Mr. Ellis—is always the junior Ministerial teller, and he has to wander to and fro almost as much as his Chief, the real monotony and even drudgery of the work falling upon the juniors. These gentlemen, bareheaded, as is the custom with Whips—who, indeed, are the only hatless folk regularly

THE CHIEF CONSERVATIVE WHIP.

MR. H. T. ANSTRUTHER.
(CHIEF LIBERAL UNIONIST WHIP.)
(From a photograph by Messrs. Bassano, 42, Pall Mall, S.W.)

seen in the Lobby—have to be continually "on the pounce" for members of their party. They have to learn who are present and who absent ; when a man has put in an appearance they must not let him go unless he has arranged a "pair" with one of the other side, or will promise to be speedily back ; and they have daily to secure that a sufficient number of members dine within the precincts to prevent, on a Government night, a count-out during the dinner hour. They guard the doorway with a vigilance which evokes both awe and admiration from the looker-on, whose sense of humour is appealed to, however, by the spectacle of grave senators, the ornaments of Quarter Sessions or the arbiters of Town Councils, humbly suing the Whips for permission to leave the premises for one short hour. As it is the duty of Ministers to make and keep a House when Government business has to be transacted, it is, of course, upon their Whips that the heaviest routine work falls ; but those of the other sections have to take care of their own men ; and they do not always find the task an easy one.

And now for the difference between the Whip with a large initial and the whip with a small one. The former is the official, and the latter is the circular he issues, the form of which varies with the importance of the expected division. Upon ordinary occasions the invitation to members is couched in mild terms, but, as the need for their attendance becomes more marked, the emphasis of the summons is increased by underlining, until a whip headed "Most Urgent," and with three, four, or five lines scored beneath the principal words, is

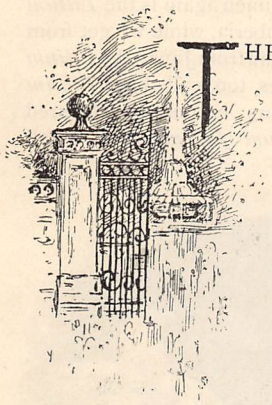
one which a party member disregards at his peril. In addition to these circulars, there are the summonses, almost partaking of the character of a whip, issued by the respective leaders at the commencement of each session. Such a one as that sent by Mr. Gladstone from Florence five years ago, or by Mr. Balfour at the opening of the present Parliament, may be considered historic.

The members who are to be seen in the Lobby with note-book frequently in hand, and without a hat, play an important part in our parliamentary life. It is the habit of some superior folk to disparage them, unknowing or forgetting that from the ranks of the Whips, from the arrangers of the "dinner lists," and from the performers of "door-mat duty," have sprung some famous parliamentarians. Mr. Gladstone had a narrow escape from being one of them, for his first appointment was that of Junior Lord of the Treasury, which was changed to the Colonial Under-Secretaryship only because electoral disaster had befallen a colleague; while the present Speaker, like his predecessor, had passed a period of service as Whip before attaining the position of First Commoner in the realm. The office is a thankless one; Premiers reward it with peerages, colonial governorships, baronetcies, and—though very rarely—seats in the Cabinet; but parties are seldom grateful, and even so strikingly successful a Whip as Mr. Douglas did well to take a testimonial in the earlier portion of his official career. Yet, so fissiparous is the tendency of modern political life, that the number of whipping organisations is on the increase, and where once were only Whig and Tory, are now Liberal and Conservative, Liberal Unionist and Nationalist, and among the last section are Parnellite and Anti-Parnellite; while in the defunct Parliament the Radical Committee had Whips all their own, one who was associated with them giving, through Mr. Goschen, the nickname "Jacobyn" to our political vocabulary. With the growth in number has come a necessity for revising and supplementing the accommodation accorded to them at Westminster. This session Mr. Anstruther and Mr. Austen Chamberlain, the Liberal Unionist Whips, need no longer to use the room of their Conservative allies; and Mr. Deasy and Sir Thomas Esmonde, the Whips of the majority of the Irish Parliamentary Party, have likewise an apartment of their own. But at the present rate of increase, separate sections will soon be so many that there will be almost more members "whipping" than "whipped."

HOW A WILDERNESS BECAME A GARDEN.

SECOND SERIES.

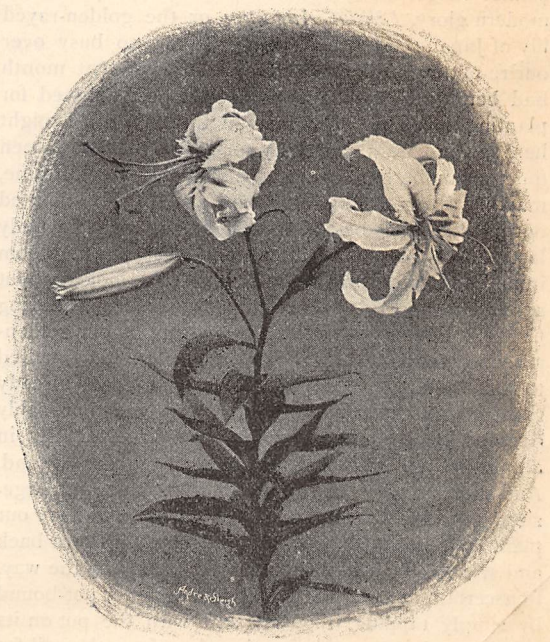
A CHAPTER ON LILIES.



THE Easter recess, winding up with the Monday Bank Holiday, was, by the mutual consent of our rival friends, to be, as usual, devoted to still further horticultural progress.

"Well, Charles," said John, "I am delighted with my subject. It is the 'Lilies of the Field,' Alice," with a knowing look at her. She, however, merely responded with a more than usually rosy smile, in remembrance of a certain picnic long ago. And he continued, "and so impatient am I in the memory of their glory that I am embarrassed at the very outset."

"But I had better be methodical and talk first of the soil best adapted for lilies in general. For the most part, then, they like a rich soil, with plenty of sandy loam in the compound. Then again, of course, some varieties like an aspect that looks south, and a good supply of sandy peat into the bargain. A fibrous peat soil is what some of the American, and certainly the Japanese, sorts mostly delight in. Paxton, the great authority, considers white to be the original species. Some three hundred years ago, then, or thereabouts, was the plain white lily—*Lilium Candidum*—thought to be introduced into England from the Levant, as also was *Lilium Bulbiferum*, an orange-coloured flower that blooms in June, and of which there are



LILIUM LANCIFOLIUM ALBUM.

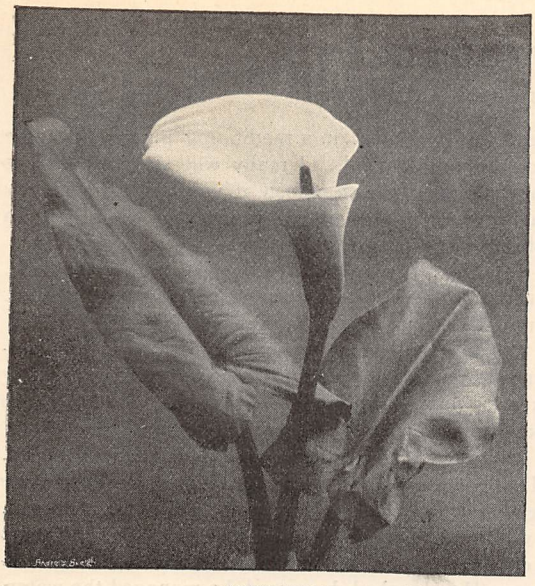
GOLDEN-RAYED LILY *(LILIUM AURATUM).*
(From a photograph by Messrs. J. Valentine & Son, Dundee.)

several varieties. And though it is generally the custom to send off the best firework the last of all, I cannot longer delay the mention of a comparatively modern glory, *Lilium Auratum*, or the golden-rayed lily of Japan. And then, when we are so busy over our re-potting in the month of February, that month had better perhaps be named as the best adapted for planting the *Lilium Auratum* in a pot, though I might here say, in passing, that any specimens that have been quietly slumbering through the winter in a cold frame, may, in this now coming month of April, be planted out in soil that is best adapted for their growth. Only last July did I see one in full and magnificent bloom in an open garden on a side border that looked about south-east, and this was within four miles from Charing Cross! But to go back to the potting of our golden-rayed lily bulb. As for the soil more particularly suited to it, it would do very well in that we have already named, with the addition perhaps of some thoroughly decayed horse manure and some wood ashes. But in all our potting we must never neglect the use of sand. And then we must be careful to use a good and large-sized pot, as it would never do later on to have our plant what is called 'pot-bound,' that is, thrown back and stunted for want of room. It is easy, by the way, to ascertain at any time if any given plant is pot-bound by simply tapping it gently and with the pot on its side in our hand, removing the plant from the soil for a moment; and if we find a multitude of roots, like a quantity of vermicelli, *covering* the *whole surface* of the soil, the plant is pot-bound. Do not quite fill your pot with soil. See, of course, first of all, carefully to the drainage of the pot with crocks, in the usual way, and have a good three inches of soil over your bulb. And next, your pot can then be placed in a cold frame, but give it at the outset no water, and let no spring frosts touch it: but as soon as your eye is gladdened by the sight of the fresh green spike you will do well to plunge your pot, say, in some tan taken from some old cucumber frame. Later, as your plant grows rapidly in height, it will, of course, require support by staking. The scent of the flower is almost overpoweringly superb. It will grow to some four feet in height, while the blossoms themselves, white, tinted with gold and spotted with crimson, are often some nine inches in width. The bulbs themselves can be had from ninepence to half-a-crown each, or a more choice and selected species up to five shillings each."

"Well done, John," suddenly exclaimed Charles, as he became more animated and interested; "but now give us the names of a few thoroughly hardy lilies of other kinds, and never mind even if they are a little old-fashioned, for I cling with an increasing fondness to the flowers that our grandfathers loved."

"Well, then," said John, "there is, for example, the *Lilium Andinum*, that bears a fine scarlet flower in July, indigenous to North America, from which we got it more than seventy years ago; and then there is the *Lilium Canadense*, so called, of course, from its Canadian home, which gives us, also in July, a light orange-coloured flower. A yellow specimen again is the *Lilium Sibiricum*, which hails from Siberia, while we get from China the *Lilium Japonicum*, and from Japan the *Lilium Speciosum*, which is sometimes, too, called the *Lilium Lancifolium*, and which bears an orange-coloured flower in August. The *Lilium Japonicum* is a tall

BERMUDA EASTER LILY.



ARUM LILY.

grower—as, indeed, we know are many others—and grows to some five feet in height. Lilies of the valley, as we know, Alice—here the roses came again—do well in quite shaded places. I know well a noble bed in a suburban garden that never sees the sun and is surrounded on all sides by trees. They are such universal favourites that if Charles will let me I should like, when I have time, to say a little more about them, for we cannot, in a brief half-hour's talk, discuss the merits of every class of lily. Nor have I even named the *Lilium Martagon*, of which there are several varieties. For general gaiety and variety of colour, the *Lilium Martagon* can hardly be surpassed, the bloom being of a purple, white, lilac and orange-coloured class. But where are we to begin and where can we stop in discussing the glories of the flower garden?"

"And there is another very old-fashioned flower of our grandfather's days, now that we are discussing the lily and bulb tribe in general, and that is," said Charles, "the old *Arum Maculatum Album*. You have not, I think, said anything of it."

"Well," said John, "it is so well known to us that little need be said of it: its pure white flower with the single yellow central spike and its long green leaves, make it a useful and popular flower either in our greenhouse or table decoration; it is plentiful enough at weddings and we see it in the mourning wreath as often. Of course, just now in April it is blooming in profusion, but for decorative purposes last Christmas florists were asking from sixpence to ninepence for each single head of bloom, but we can purchase the bulbs at some very reasonable rate—something like three shillings a dozen is perhaps an average price. We can, too, readily propagate them by a simple division of the roots when the plants have gone out of flower.

"There are other varieties of the Arum of which we might merely instance a few; for example, there is the *Arum Italicum*, known to us now for upwards of two hundred years; it flowers, however, a little later than this, about June, I think, and is of a light yellow."

"That Bermuda Easter lily that I see blooming so gracefully over there," said Charles, when they found themselves presently in the greenhouse, "is a rather more expensive one, is it not?"

"Undoubtedly more is wanted for it than is asked for the modest Arum: I should say ninepence would be the very lowest price for any single bulb, and for many specimens much more than that is asked. Oh, by the way, as we were only just speaking of varieties of the Arum," suddenly added John, "there is another one, see here, called the *Little Gem*, a sort of dwarf free flowering kind, very much more costly though than the *Arum Maculatum*."

"The *Lilium Longiflorum* is a much more moderate priced one," said Charles, noticing a specimen then in bloom. "And now," continued he, "do not you think that some people put their bulbs in the open garden—I am speaking now of all hardy bulbs in general—unnecessarily early?"

"The middle of October," said John, "or even as late as the beginning of November is time enough for bulb setting, provided at least that there be no frost about; for only conceive the terrible risk you run by having two or three dozen bulbs lying about along your borders while a keen frost is about."

"True," replied Charles, "and for a very similar reason the bulbs should be set at a depth sufficient to avoid the frost getting to them after they have been planted; four or five inches of soil should always be over them, and then they are quite safe."

"Going back to some of our greenhouse lilies, did you ever see," asked John, "the *Lilium Giganteum*, a noble and stately growing kind? It grows to a height of some six or eight feet, the scent is quite overpowering, the flowers are white, though with violet-crimson lines along it, but you would have to pay quite five shillings for a single bulb and often a great deal more than that."

THE END.

THE PARTNERSHIP.

BY ARTHUR MILTON.

MR. THOLAGH and Miss Buz decided to go into partnership. When I say partnership I mean distinctly that they were partners in business. There was no love whatever in the matter. Indeed, there really could not be any love, if you come to think of it, for Mr. Tholagh was a jackal and Miss Buz was a goat. It seems curious that there could have been any understanding between those two. It was really quite as curious a fact as a Coalition Government.

Miss Buz was grazing upon a very fertile bit of ground one day, when Mr. Tholagh, peering through some neighbouring bushes, saw her. I said just now that there was no love in this story. But that statement was not strictly true. For Mr. Tholagh fell in love at once with Miss Buz. It was love at first sight. For Mr. Tholagh was very fond of a good dinner, and he said to himself, "What a lovely dinner Miss Buz would make for me! In fact, if she were a little fatter she would make me two, or even three, dinners."

Now jackals, like some statesmen, make up their minds and form plans very quickly. It was so with Mr. Tholagh. Advancing with great dignity and with a smile upon his face which would have persuaded the majority of voting constituents that he was honest, he said—

"My dear madam, what a lovely spot this is in which I find you. I suppose it is your own property?"

"Yes," said Miss Buz. "I inherited it from my father, and I am the only descendant of a very illustrious and ancient line of landed gentry in this country."

"Dear, dear," sympathetically exclaimed the jackal. Then, thoughtfully smoothing his chin with his hand, he added, "It surely is not right for you to be dwelling alone like this. It can hardly be safe, my dear madam. Besides, if you had some thoroughly practical and trustworthy manager this beautiful bit of country might be made very productive and profitable."

"That may be true, Mr. Tholagh," said the goat sadly; "but a lone woman like myself knows no one to apply to."

"Well," came the answer, "I have a great mind to offer you my own services. It is very inconvenient, as my own estates and the castle may suffer from my absence. But I should like to do you a service. Yes," he continued in a meditating manner, as if he were thinking aloud, "I really will stay with you as your manager for one season, if you will agree to my having one quarter of the produce of your land in return for my labour."

"Oh, Mr. Tholagh," she replied, "you ask too little. I could not accept your valuable help at such a price. I must ask you to agree to take half the crops."

"Thank you, thank you kindly," said Tholagh, rubbing his hands together in glee. "Your generosity exceeds your beauty, my dear madam. I see we are likely to get on most pleasantly together."

And after a little further talk everything was settled. Mr. Tholagh went off immediately to the bazaar in the neighbouring village to buy (as he said) grain for seed. I would not say for certain that he paid for it. It was a curious sight to see Mr. Tholagh turning to agriculture. He ploughed, he sowed, he managed the watercourses and irrigated the land. He watched the rising crops and looked forward to the future with confidence and pleasure.

As for Miss Buz she enjoyed her life immensely. She thought it quite part of the bargain that she should lead the life of a lady, which her ancient pedigree warranted. So she very seldom touched any work herself. But she would speak approvingly to Tholagh, and now and then bestow useful advice upon him.

When the crops were looking their greenest, before there was any suspicion of the golden hues heralding the harvest, Mr. Tholagh came one day to Miss Buz and said—

"The crops are most promising. We may expect a rich harvest. There is more, in fact, than we shall want. Will you not take a portion of the corn now to feed upon? You enjoy fresh green food. It will make you more beautiful. I have thought lately that you have not been looking so sleek and well-favoured as you ought."

"But," she replied, "I shall be defrauding you. We agreed, you remember, to divide the crops at the time of harvest."

"My generous benefactress," said the cunning gentleman, "we are, I hope, on better terms than to quarrel about a few stalks of corn. When the division is made I shall have all I want. I would readily join you in eating the green corn now, but you know I do not care much about such food."

"No," answered Miss Buz; "I know you like poultry, or milk, or even a young kid much better than my simple fare."

The day being very hot Miss Buz was using her fan, and at the mention of a kid she looked over the corner of it in the manner that ladies know how to, when they wish to suggest more thoughts than their words utter. Mr. Tholagh winced, but he tried to cover his discomfiture with one of his ready smiles, saying at the same time—

"Nay, madam, you are joking at my expense. You know, I think, that I belong to the celebrated Antibuzi Gosht Society, which exists only for the preservation of your race. The members all solemnly pledge themselves not to allow goats to be molested in any way."

"Ah, well," laughed Miss Buz, "you will not be hurt at my poking fun at you. We quite well understand one another."

"I am not quite sure that we do," thought Tholagh to himself, although he went away endeavouring to appear quite satisfied and unconcerned.

Miss Buz went at the green corn with a good will after the above conversation, and day by day the jackal thought he could see her getting fatter and fatter. He had to use all the self-control he could summon to enable him to keep his teeth from justifying the existence of the society to which he belonged.

At length came the time of harvest, and a rich crop was reaped. How Tholagh did work! He thought "All this is mine, and what a jolly harvest supper I shall have," and this thought put life and energy into him such as he had never had before.

The crop was gathered in, and then the scoundrel said to himself—

"Now the work is done, Miss Buz is fattened, I am hungry. I will quarrel with her and inflict punishment upon her."

So he went in search of the mistress of the land. He soon found her reclining easily in her private apartment.

"Madam," he began, "I received a letter this morning from my dear wife, in which she informs me that my grandfather's aunt, by marriage on his mother's side, has a pain. It is feared that this pain may be produced by some disease which may some day prove fatal. In view, then, of this terrible prospect of possible family bereavement, you will not think me

"HE SAT DOWN IN A CONDESCENDING SORT OF FASHION" (*p.* 390).

unduly hasty if I ask that we may at once divide our crop and dissolve partnership. For I must go back to my home to see my—beloved—relative."

These last words were almost choked by sobs, so deep seemed the poor fellow's grief.

"I feel for you very greatly," said Miss Buz; "you are too much overcome just now to think of doing any business. You just lie down here for half-an-hour and rest. I will come back when you have had a little sleep. You will then be calm and your head will be clearer for business."

She gave him no time to protest, for she quickly retreated from the room and shut the door. As the door shut she turned the key, which happened to be on the outside.

"Got him safe this time," she muttered.

She then ran off as fast as her fattened condition would let her towards the village. She had not gone more than a mile when she met a couple of dogs.

"Come along with me," she said to them. "I can give you a good bit of sport."

They all turned and came back to Miss Buz's dwelling. The two dogs were behind her as she opened the door and greeted him with—

"I trust you are rested, dear Mr. Tholagh. I thought I would save you the worry of business in your present state of domestic affliction, and so I have brought two umpires with me who will manage everything for us."

Tholagh glanced over her shoulder at the dogs and saw that he was checkmated. He muttered something about ingratitude and made a dash at the door.

His movement was so sudden and unexpected that the dogs actually let him get out and then an exciting chase began. Over the fields that had lately been bedecked with golden crops, the result of the ill-fated jackal's hard labour, through the thick jungle, out on to the open plain beyond, bounded the pursued and his pursuers. Mile after mile went by and Mr. Tholagh seemed to be at last drawing away from his cruel persecutors, when alas! penetrating a thicker brake than usual in the hope of eluding the dogs, the poor jackal came right into a group of huntsmen on the other side.

For a moment he gave up hope; the dogs behind, the armed men all round, everything seemed to be against him. But it was only for a moment that he lost heart. His ready wit, he thought, might yet serve him well.

So, deliberately refusing to run, he went up to the chief man of the party, and sat down in a condescending sort of fashion, asking his news as he did so.

The man he had chosen to go to turned out to be the king of the country. When he saw the jackal come to him he was very much disgusted. He called to one of his men—

"Here, Fatteh Khan, come and kill this beast."

"Well," said Mr. Tholagh, with all the boldness in the world, "that is not a polite way of treating a guest that has come all these miles to see you. You have not killed me yet. You often say 'while there's life there's hope,' and so I say now."

"There is not much hope for you," returned the king.

"I am not so sure of that as you seem to be, sir king. If you kill me, night and day will no longer exist. Would you like that?"

"What do you mean?" said the king, "you are talking perfect nonsense. I have not only killed plenty of jackals, but lions and tigers. Not only lions and tigers but men too—noblemen, chieftains, priests, philosophers, and everyone that stood in my way. Day and night have not altered their course on their account, why should the death of vermin like you affect them?"

"Sire," gravely replied the jackal, adjusting his spectacles, which had become disarranged in his flight, and now looking very wise, "if you have been guilty of slaying philosophers listen now to the voice of philosophy, to, perhaps, the only voice of wisdom left in your country. Your Majesty has doubtless heard of the two words 'subjective' and 'objective,' which many philosophers and wise men are fond of using. These words are adjectives which it is most important to use in their right applications. They are derived from the nouns 'subject' and 'object,' respectively. Now let me illustrate these two nouns. *I* am a subject, a subject for a picture, or I might even say I am one of your *Majesty's subjects*, over whom you seem to claim the power of life and death. But on the other hand, my dear king, you are an object—and a fearful object too. This being the case, whatever has to do with me is subjective, whatever concerns you is objective. To this you can raise no objection.

"Therefore you will readily see the truth of my statement. If you kill me, for me subjectively, for such a subject as I am, night and day will no longer continue in their course. They will not exist. But for you, an object, such as you are, they cannot be expected to make any change."

The king was so amused at this lofty discourse that he said—

"Let the rascal go."

With a low bow and dignified mien Mr. Tholagh took his departure, but he did not return to Miss Buz. For the latter kept her body-guard in future. The two dogs became her firm allies and faithful protectors.

I am not sure what became of Mr. Tholagh, but I think I heard that he repented of his ways and wrote a book, but whether he made large profits from it I cannot tell.

WHAT TO WEAR: CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.

BY OUR LADY CORRESPONDENT.

(With Illustrations photographed from life by Walery, Regent Street, W.)

LAST season general attention was particularly directed to the bodices of gowns, but now our minds are exercised about skirts, and, though there are many changes in the make of sleeves and in the trimmings of bodices, the radical innovation in the outer garments of women lies in the matter of skirts. In Paris dressmakers are making them eight yards wide, but we have not followed such a preposterous plan in England, and do not seem likely to do so. Our attention, on the contrary, is directed to obtain the appearance of amplitude of skirt without the use of too much material ; but it is absolutely necessary to be in the fashion that circular folds should be apparent all round.

Make of Skirts.

In Paris the dressmakers frequently introduce a straight breadth into the centre of the back ; in England the back breadths are cross-cut, with plenty of fulness overlapping each other. There are many ways of producing the effect desired, and one of these is to lay the material out flat with just one join, and thus to form a large circle. Then just sufficient material is cut away at the top for the exact size of the waist, so that the skirt fits at the hips and radiates outwards in fulness towards the feet.

Crinolines.

There has been a great deal written and much energy expended on the subject of crinolines. Those who remember when they were worn in years gone by know that it was their abuse and not their use that was so objectionable. But we are not likely to be called upon, at present, at all events, to show any feminine heroism in foregoing fashions dictated by the wearing of crinolines, that is, skirts distended by steels. The word crinoline, however, is also applied to a horsehair cloth, and with this many of the skirts are lined up at the back to a depth of from twelve to fourteen inches.

Fashions in Skirts.

There is also a great change in the trimming of skirts ; the double skirt is coming in again, which consists of a plain skirt, and over it another reaching to the knee. When it is in one piece, it is frequently trimmed with only two or three bands arranged wide apart, reaching to the knee.

Trimmings are to be flat, such as braids, cords, and ribbon galons variously treated ; moreover, the materials are woven with borders that form a garniture in themselves. I have seen a skirt composed of five flounces overlapping each other, but put on with no fulness whatever, and edged with a woven border of contrasting colour.

A CHILD'S FROCK.
(By Messrs. Debenham & Freebody.)

Children's Fashions.

The accompanying picture of a little frock photographed at Messrs. Debenham and Freebody's will without doubt be a useful model to mothers who are anxious to arrange spring garments for their children. It is made in fawn-coloured bengaline, and the skirt is trimmed with a cluster of some eleven infinitesimal tucks, a similar treatment of the material forming the waistband, the collar, and the cuffs. The bodice is full, and is trimmed with a couple of braces which fall on to the skirt ; they are formed of cream braid laid on mousse-coloured ribbon velvet, and ornamented with gold. It reappears on the back, and it is buttoned down the centre. The sleeves are trimmed with similar galon and puffed.

Full bodices are worn, mostly for little girls, and many are trimmed with the 1830 capes like their elders, some gathered in the most old-fashioned but quaint and pretty style. The basket-woven cloths find favour for children, and their frocks are much trimmed with velvet.

Happily mothers now realise that fashion is only secondary to health, and the dresses of young people

are allowed to be loose and unconfined; the return of the Empire modes has helped in this good object, and a yoke with the fulness falling thence to the feet in an unbroken line is a pretty and favourite style of frock; moreover, it has this advantage, that when desired it can be drawn in at the waist by a Swiss belt, or a loose sash of soft silk which is frequently done in the case of girls over nine or ten.

A simple dress for a schoolgirl is a plain full skirt sewn to the bodice, the junction hidden by a soft silk sash with a rosette at the side. The bodice is slightly full, the fulness drawn into flat stitched pleats at the waist, and velvet revers are placed on the front. The sleeves are full to the gauntlet.

Others, again, have a yoke edged with a thick ruche of ribbon or the material, the full bodice is gathered from this to the waist, and the skirt plain or sometimes made with a double skirt, which may be all round or cut up into four distinct battlements.

A NEW WALKING COSTUME.
(*By Peter Robinson, Oxford Street, W.*)

A Walking Costume.

As seeing is believing, I think I cannot better represent the current style of dressmaking than in the accompanying new walking costume of fancy crepon, and photographed at Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street.

The skirt is made quite plain of bright blue crepon, having three small frills at the hem, the two under ones of black silk, and the upper one of crepon. The back of the skirt is rather full, having two broad bands of crepon, which resemble a sash, carried down the centre of the back, and embroidered with sprays of forget-me-not in fawn silk. The bodice has large leg-of-mutton sleeves of black silk, the cape being of the crepon and the shape altogether new.

New Materials.

We have every reason to hope that this coming season will be most prosperous and gay, in marked contrast with that of last year, when trade languished. Inspired by this hope, manufacturers have been unusually active, and a number of beautiful fabrics have been introduced into the market. The leading ideas in these are shot effects, shaded effects, and chiné effects, and I am about to describe to you how these assert themselves. Crepon is the material of the year, and it is shot as well as plain, the *changeantes* effects being the newest, and the mixtures of colour are perfectly charming, but often so startlingly vivid that a year ago we should have thought it altogether impossible that fashionable Englishwomen could wear them. At all the most fashionable weddings lately and other gay gatherings of the *élite* of society, there has been a striking indifference in this respect; the most glaring colours have been worn in the same toilette, and, I am bound to say, not always in the purest taste. One of the favourite mixtures of the present time is almond green, and the new pink peach, which is more vivid than the colour of the same name worn a few months since. But in the new crepons charming tints are frequently blended, as well as black and colours, and there is a new kind of grenadine which has a coloured ground, say blue or pink, with loosely-woven threads of black over them. The effect is most excellent. Crepon is made of various thicknesses, and it wears extremely well, so that the public have no reason to quarrel with its popularity. To bring it to your mind in order that you may realise it, I must tell you more as to its colouring. The newest introduction in the way of tints, "Eminence," is a rich, red violet peach, with a great deal of light in it; we might a year or two ago have called it "petunia," but it possesses more brightness, just as satin has more sheen about it than silk. This is mixed with mousse, with black, and sometimes with almond green, a new tinge slightly more subdued than grass green. It is also intermixed with gold, red with blue, pink with green, and heliotrope with gold, and other shades. White crepon is admirably adapted to evening gowns, especially when embroidered in gold.

I have another fabric to describe which has almost every charm but cheapness, and this is

satin cashmere. It looks like the softest make of bengaline with all the silky surface, and is uncrushable, but it is made entirely of wool, though no one would think so by its appearance. I consider this one of the best plain materials of the year. Lace effects and brocades are much worn, both in silks and wools. One of these is called "Venetienne;" it has a shot ground, with a black-and-white pattern all over it, a reproduction of Venetian lace. The surface is silky, and it looks different in every light. Some of the handsomest satins to be used for Court trains and dinner gowns are of some solid colour, with three-inch stripes of brocaded white lace, like lappetings, waved at either edge.

The *ombré* effects introduced into silk are delicate and exquisite. Imagine a rich cream poult de soie, on this pink toning to green, but of the faint nebulous hue of the rainbow when it is disappearing from the sky. The white ground is perfectly apparent throughout and so are the delicate shaded tints. You remember the mirror velvets which were so fashionable last season; they were velvet, but the pile was slight, and they had all the sheeny aspect of having been ironed, hence their name. They were admirable, but are displayed to greater advantage this year when shaded, and some of the most beautiful—which are used for trimmings and to mix with other materials—are green toning to pink, and peach toning to green.

There is a new silk, "Ondine," soft and curiously woven. One of the most charming examples I have yet seen had an eau de Nil ground scattered over with pink picotees, and a white ground sparsely covered with pink wild geranium. *Ondine moiré* is new; but this is watered in quite a new way. Have you ever watched a grainer at his work? Now, having a damp oil colour before him, he takes a comb and draws it downwards in order to represent the graining of wood. Well, the lines in this Ondine moiré are perfectly regular, but have this same appearance. The chiné silks have generally shot grounds, but sometimes black, with detached sprays of flowers, such as clover and sweet peas in chiné effects. Canvas woven stuffs will be much worn.

THE NEW 1830 CAPE.
(By Messrs. Dickins & Jones, Regent Street, W.)

Trimmings.

Here again canvas asserts itself, and many of the most beautiful galons, about two inches wide with straight edges, have a gold canvas ground. Some of these display a pattern in what appears to be white muslin embroidery, intermixed with coloured Pompadour tints. Some have appliqués of leather of every colour possible, intermixed with gold spangles and gold thread, while others are worked with cork, and I had no idea how beautiful this could look thus applied. Large leather daisies on a lace foundation form a fashionable trimming for light gowns and cloaks, and all these galons are made in three widths, so that they can be used graduated for skirts. Metallic threads in the most delicate shades, find their way into nearly all the new trimmings, and the success of garnitures depends on colours and their proper blending. Silk cord of the finest description is used for gimps, and cable plaits which are to head folds and border frills in the coming season, and narrow ribbons half an inch wide with pretty little floral brocades are set together in rows of five and seven, kept in place by metal buckles as a trimming for skirts. Metal threads are crocheted into galons to be worn with all the pretty shot fabrics of the year. Jet will be used alone, and treated in a new fashion laid on a colour, introduced into the centre of shaded ribbon, and applied in a variety of ways. Fashionable dressy dust cloaks and evening cloaks will be made of shot crepons, and trimmed with close-set rosettes made of gold braid set on a narrow foundation. More costly cloaks and dresses will be trimmed with beautiful laces and gimps, composed of gold thread set with turquoise, for the day of turquoise has returned to us again.

Our other illustration, taken at Messrs. Dickins and Jones's, Hanover House, Regent Street, shows the new 1830 cape. It crosses in front and is made full on the

shoulders, and may be rendered in any of the new materials now in fashion trimmed with velvet.

Outdoor Jackets.

In Paris it is said that nothing will be worn in the way of outdoor mantles but capes, because the dress sleeves will be too large to pass into any other sleeves; but English women are conservative, and with them, at all events for young girls, a jacket would seem to be a necessity. These are being made shorter, and are often trimmed with triple capes but arranged in quite a novel way. They start from beneath wide lapels which are often continued to the waist, narrowing to a point. These capes are so full and pleated over the shoulder that they form an epaulette, and sometimes there is but a single cape which forms part and parcel of the rever, but this also widens considerably over the sleeve. The lapels are sometimes of velvet, and the capes of cloth like the jacket, but frequently all these additions are velvet edged with jet. Black cloth of a thin make and velvet are used, and fawn with brown velvet or sometimes green. Many have velvet sleeves. They are not at all costly, and will fill a general want, especially as they are cut somewhat shorter in the waist to accord with the dresses.

Mantles.

The more costly class of mantles are made in velvet, which in our climate can be worn almost all the year round, especially when they are cut in the Empire style with a deep kilt pleating of lace starting from the bust, and reaching to the hem of the skirt. Plain cloth capes in Eminence and other colours are trimmed with lace insertion. Occasionally the capes appear to have sunk into a jacket by the addition of a little more lace and full elbow sleeves with lace ruffles. Pleated lace collars, standing up high round the throat, finish off most of these garments, and there are deep capes for older women, and paletôts, very richly trimmed with jet and showing large bows on the shoulder, and occasionally pleated epaulettes with plain coloured velvet and cloth. Shaded velvet sleeves are frequently used, and the principal part of the ornamentation centres on the shoulders and the line which ends at the bust. Here in the middle of the front there are often large bows, radiating from a circular ornament, and beautiful passementerie is used. Black poult de soie is trimmed with iridescent embroidery, and many mantles have wide belts arranged in this way. Moiré is intermixed with silk, velvet and jet, and many beautiful colours in velvets are likely to be used for the spring mantles.

Empire Modes.

The Empire style is a reproduction of modes which extended from 1791 to about 1814, including, in fact, the period of the Republic, the Consulate, and the Empire. We have revived these styles, but adapted them to the present day; some of them are full skirts, with short waists that meet the bust, low and rounded at the neck, and a short puff to the sleeve. A tea-gown after this period has a close-fitting sleeve overhanging the hand, and an epaulette caught up under a rosette or button on the outside of the arm. There is an under-dress pleated to the throat, and a scanty over-dress cut low, buttoned in the centre of the front.

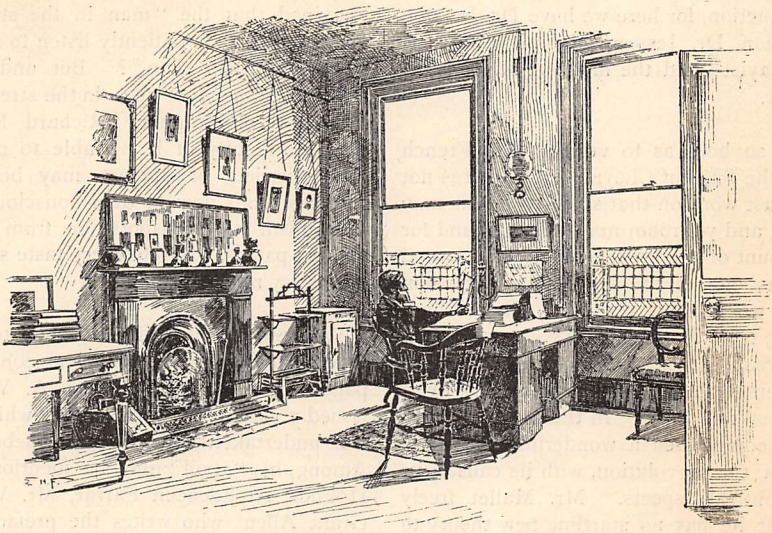
Other gowns in the Empire style show a narrow front breadth and frillings on the shoulder, while many cross in the front and are kept in place with the girdle; but the most fashionable reproduction is a close-fitting under-bodice from which a gossamer material of some sort, perfectly transparent, such as gauze or lace, falls from the bust to the feet, but does not disguise the figure, and this mode has given rise to the introduction of a number of beautiful thin stuffs.

Millinery.

The changes in millinery are more marked than in almost any other department of dress. In Paris, bonnets are small; in London, Empire styles are prepared and sold. They resemble the old coal-scuttle bonnets of our grandmothers. They stand out boldly above the face, often bringing to mind the sun-bonnets. The straws are made with shot plaits, the shot armure chips being quite novel. Many hats and bonnets are trimmed with a satin-like plait of straw in an admixture of many colours, used especially for the large upstanding bows like a flying bird or butterfly. Both the straw hats and bonnets have a crown of one colour and a brim of the other, the inside of the brim being in frequent contrast to the outside. A black bonnet or hat, for example, would have a pink crown and under-brim. Green and Eminence are often combined. Hats and bonnets are closely allied, it is almost impossible to distinguish the difference untrimmed. The crowns of hats are low and small, as well as of the sugar-loaf form. Open work insertions of straw are introduced into many of the brims, especially those of the new coloured straw called "Champagne," the faintest tinge of *café au lait* with a dash of yellow in it.

It is rather difficult to accustom the eye at first to the amalgamation of colours which appear in the plaits themselves; brown, pink, green, and gold with a dash of heliotrope is no uncommon mixture. The Marie Stuart shape in bonnets prevails, and the brims of hats are bent in almost any fashion you can imagine. Artificial flowers are being worn on bonnets and on evening dresses, but the feathers are loaded with tinsel and jewels, and nothing would seem to be so fashionable as mistletoe with pearl berries. The newest-shaped aigrette resembles a fan, and all the bows are broad.

A GOSSIP FROM BOOKLAND.



"WHERE *is* Uganda?" The answer generally given to this not unusual query is, "Oh, it's somewhere in Africa." But if we want rather more precise knowledge on the point, it is frequently somewhat difficult to obtain without long and weary searching in the atlas. Mr. J. Scott Keltie, however, in "The Partition of Africa" (Stanford), not only tells us all about Uganda, but throws in information concerning such delightful places as Magdoshu, Katanga, or Monomotapa. What a mine of information this book will be for youthful debaters! In these days of mock Parliaments the suburban Foreign Secretary will be able to pulverise his opponents (with Mr. Keltie's assistance), and the Leader of the Opposition, primed from the same source, will be enabled to score triumphantly off the Little Pedlington representatives of her Majesty's Ministry. But one may read Mr. Keltie's book with pleasure even though one be comparatively calm amid all the strife of party. As a careful statement of fact, garnished with some delightfully quaint, as well as exceedingly useful, maps, this work is sure to be welcomed by many. Mr. Keltie gives a very interesting account of the growth of the interest in the Dark Continent, and indeed his book might almost be said to be a history of Africa in little. What a wonderful fascination the continent seems to have exercised over men's minds! From the days when, as Mr. Keltie's maps show us, they believed the interior of the country to abound in huge lakes and fearful, strange beasts and birds, down to our own day, Africa seems always to have presented irresistible attractions to the European fancy. Surely a thorough perusal of this volume should render false the old saying that out of Africa there is ever something new, or if there should still remain any truth in the adage, it will not be the fault of Mr. Keltie.

Once more we can renew our acquaintance with the Rural Parson, that tried old friend who has taken many a delightful journey with us and chatted with us so cheerfully and pleasantly. And in his "Studies by a Recluse in Cloister, Town, and Country," published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, Dr. Jessopp is as delightful a companion as ever. He tells us of St. Albans and Bury St. Edmunds, he discourses to us on English towns and on land-ownership, he gives us a charming little essay on Letters and Letter-writers, and his views on "L'Ancienne Noblesse"—all this, and more besides. We cannot help noticing one point in the paper on Letter-writing. Dr. Jessopp, calmly, and apparently without the least compunction, recommends youthful devotees of the Poetic Muse to *write their letters in verse!* This may be admirable advice for the poets, but what about their correspondents? Think of the terrible consequences! With what trepidation we should await the arrival of the post, how we should start at the postman's knock, fearful lest he should be inflicting upon us—a poem! Surely life would be hardly worth living under such conditions. The "Suggestion to my Betters" is quite admirable. Dr. Jessopp proposes that clergymen should give lectures—or get others to lecture for them—in their churches *on* their churches. Every church has its own antiquarian, historical, or architectural interest. The "Country Parson" has tried this plan and has made it succeed; why should not others follow suit? But whether as

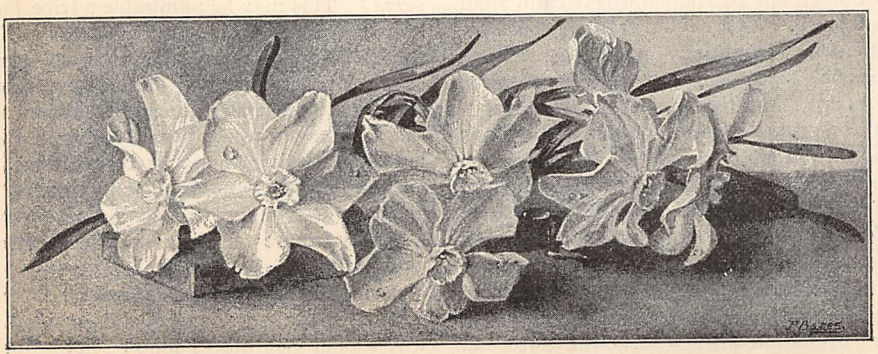
Nestor to the poetical Telemachus or as clergyman to clergyman, it is indisputable that Dr. Jessopp is a most beguiling writer, and in his latest book one may find plenty of delightful reading. But perhaps, after all, the most delightful part of a thoroughly delightful book is the introduction, for here we have Dr. Jessopp himself rather than Dr. Jessopp the historian, the antiquary, the essayist—and the more we have of Dr. Jessopp the better.

Who shall be so bold as to write of the French Revolution after the Sage of Cheyne Walk? Has not Carlyle said the last word on that subject? This may be fully admitted, and yet room may still be found for Mr. Mallet's account of the great struggle, just issued by Mr. Murray as one of the University Extension Manuals. Here we have a text-book, and an admirable text-book, too. Here we may gather the main facts, see the broad issues, get some idea of the principal characters of the drama, without being overwhelmed with a mass of detail. In the space of three hundred pages is compressed a wonderfully clear and concise account of the Revolution, with its causes, its economic and political aspects. Mr. Mallet freely acknowledges that he has no startling new theory to propound, no message to deliver, but there will be not a few, we fancy, who will be grateful to him for giving them what is old in so convenient and attractive a form. And what a fascinating period it is! Surely the story of the Terror will never lose its awful charm for us. Robespierre, Danton, Marat, Desmoulins—they are all here, and in Mr. Mallet's pages they live again and appeal to our feelings as vividly as ever. The book is furnished with a capital chronological table and bibliography. The series of manuals is edited by Professor Knight, and is designed to supply text-books in connection with the course of University Extension Lectures. But Mr. Mallet's book will certainly meet a general as well as a special want.

We are glad to welcome new editions of the late Richard Proctor's "Other Worlds than Ours," "Pleasant Ways in Science," and "Rough Ways Made Smooth" (Messrs. Longmans & Co.). What a wonderful gift the man had of investing what seemed to be the most hopelessly "dry" subject with interest for the casual reader, and from what ordinary subjects, again, did he extract unexpected information! Who would have expected thirty years ago that "Oxford and Cambridge Rowing" could possibly have formed the subject of a scientific paper? Or who would have imagined that the "man in the street" could have been induced to patiently listen to information about "Oxygen in the Sun"? But under Mr. Proctor's skilful guidance the "man in the street" would become a natural philosopher. Richard Proctor possessed the rare faculty of being able to use simple words. Every variety of subject may be found in these volumes, from dew to dual consciousness, from somnambulism to sun-spots, or from comets to commercial panics. Surely every taste should be gratified and every mind informed.

We need not formally introduce to our readers Mr. Raymond Blathwayt, who has contributed to these pages more than once. Mr. A. W. Hall has just issued a volume of "Interviews" which Mr. Blathwayt has undertaken with various celebrities of the day. Among his "spoil" may be mentioned Dr. Wendell Holmes, Archdeacon Farrar, Mr. W. T. Stead, Mr. Grant Allen (who writes the preface), Dean Spence, and Mark Twain, besides many more. The book is showily got up—indeed, it is a thought too "rollicking" in appearance for our sobersidedness.

Mr. James Payn employs all his wonted skill in the telling of the tale of "A Modern Dick Whittington," a one-volume edition of which is just published by Messrs. Cassell & Co. The characters are as firmly drawn, the humour is as delightful, and the interest is as well sustained as ever. How many novels has Mr. Payn written? It must be a very considerable number. Mrs. Parr's right hand, too, loses none of its cunning, and she sustains her reputation with her latest book, "The Squire," also issued, in one volume, by the same publishers. Most people will know already this writer's "Adam and Eve" or "Dorothy Fox," and to know these books is to admire them. Here is an opportunity of making a further acquaintance with their clever writer. While we still have these veterans in the art of story-spinning we need be in no hurry to call for a New School of Fiction.

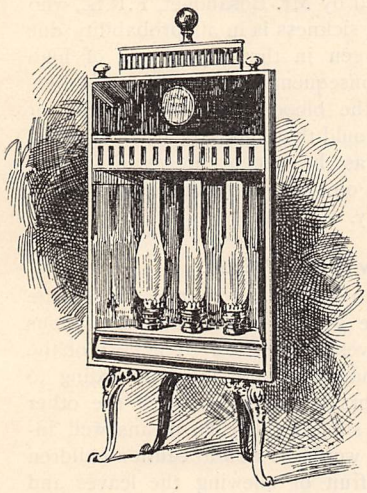


THE GATHERER:

AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF INVENTION, DISCOVERY, AND SCIENCE.

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.

A Combined Oil and Gas Stove.



A combined oil and gas stove has lately been brought under our notice, which is likely to be useful. As shown in the illustration, it contains three burners which can be fed with oil or gas. The back and sides of the stove are made of iron lined with mirror glass, which is heat proof and reflects the heat through the open front. The stove yields both light and heat, and the cost for oil is said to be only a farthing per hour.

A Recording Receipt Stamp.

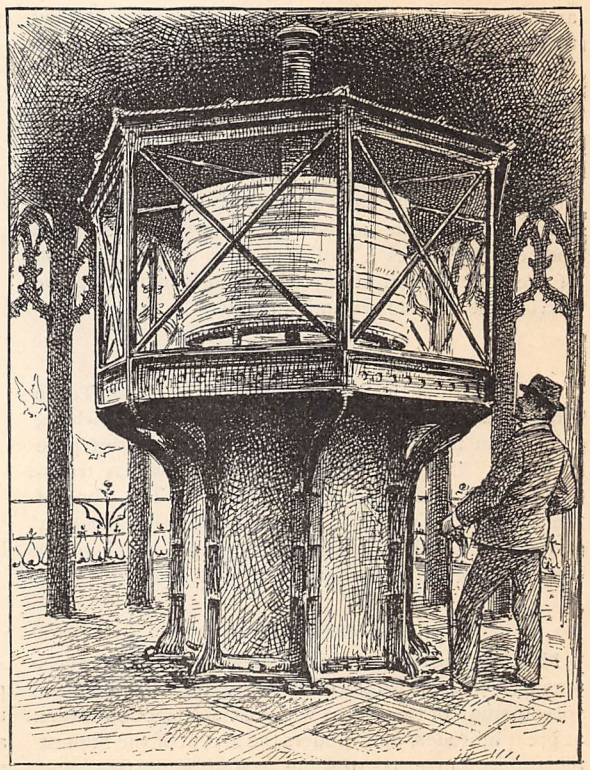
A receipt stamp, not quite five inches in height, measuring only two and a half inches from back to front, and two inches in width, has just been patented. So compact is this little machine that, on being properly set, it will not only stamp a receipt with a dated note of the payment and the amount received, but also impresses upon a tape, securely locked in its interior, a duplicate record of the amount stamped upon the receipt given to the payer. Three wheels at the side of the apparatus enable the person using it to control the amount which it shall register; but he can only make the stamp work by striking the handle at the top which inevitably and automatically repeats the entry of the sum accounted for upon the slip inside, and presents a blank space for the following entry. The key is, of course, retained by the owner, who has therefore a perfect check upon the amounts for which receipts are given by his *employés*.

The Parks of Colorado.

Dr. Theodore Williams, President of the Royal Meteorological Society, recently read a paper on Colorado as a sanatorium. He considers the "parks," or magnificent basins of park-like country interspersed with pines and backed by the Rocky Mountains, as full of interest for the artist, sportsman, and seeker of health. Most of them are 7,000 to 9,000 feet above the sea-level, yet the winter is so mild that Herefordshire cattle lie out and fatten on the grass. The skies are so bright that not more than half a day a week in winter is overcast, and the rainfall is only 14 inches a year. Sunshine is abundant, but the heat is tempered with breezes or winds, and the atmosphere is often highly electric. The exhilarating atmosphere has already restored great numbers of invalids, more especially consumptives, to active life.

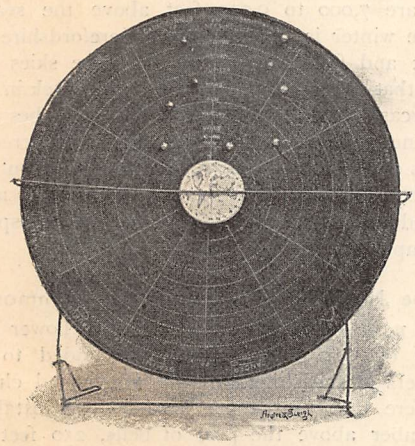
The New Signal Light of the Commons.

The new signal light on the Clock Tower of the House of Commons, which is intended to show Members of Parliament in the West End clubs or elsewhere that the House is sitting, is installed in a chamber above the peal of bells, 250 feet high. The lantern, as shown in the figure, is a second-order dioptric apparatus of highly-polished lenses, surrounding a Wigham lighthouse burner of sixty-eight gas



THE SIGNAL LIGHT, WESTMINSTER.

jets, producing a mass of flame eight inches in diameter and six inches high, which consumes 240 cubic feet of gas per hour, and has an illuminating power of 2,400 candles. A glazed lantern, twelve feet high and nine feet in diameter, encloses the whole. The old lamp which it replaced could only be seen through an arc of a circle of 210 degrees, corresponding to the West End district ; and it is perhaps a sign of the times that the new light is visible all round.



The Celestium.

The above woodcut shows an ingenious astronomical calendar for recording in miniature the daily and hourly positions of the heavenly bodies as they traverse the different signs of the zodiac. The earth is at the centre, and the moon, being the nearest heavenly body, comes next. Then follow the sun and planets in the order of their vicinity to the earth. These bodies are represented by round-headed pins or pegs, which are moved by the user into the holes provided for them daily or hourly, according to the instructions in the ephemeris. It will be seen that the celestium gives a bird's-eye view of the condition of the solar system at any time, and is likely to prove serviceable to teachers and students.

An Island of Salt.

In the delta of the Mississippi near the Bayon Teche there is an island known as Avery's Island, which, apart from the surface soil, appears to consist of pure rock salt. The salt occurs in a more or less transparent mass, and is quarried for export. The whole of the surrounding region is extremely interesting from a geological as well as a historical point of view, it being a remnant of old France in the New World.

Mountain Sickness.

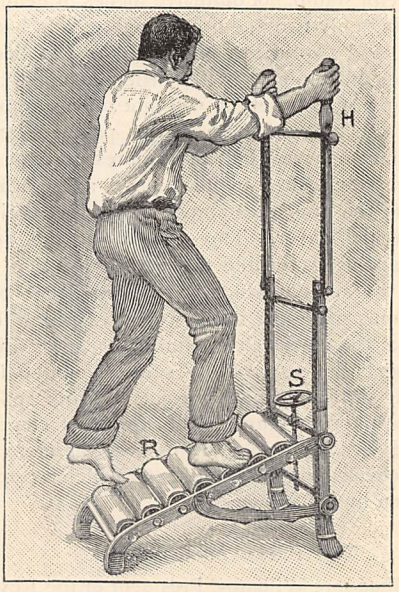
Mr. Whymper in his most interesting work, "Travels among the Great Andes of the Equator," has made a special study of the illness which attacks mountaineers at great altitudes, and renders the ascent of the highest mountains dangerous to some persons apart from any perils of the route. Not long ago Mr. Dent, in a paper on the subject of climbing Mount Everest in the Himalayas, went so far as to say that only persons of strong vitality and full blood ought to attempt the highest peaks. The fact that one of Mr. Whymper's party was far from robust and even delicate, and yet escaped the affection altogether, is, however, against this conclusion. Curiously enough it was noticed that the climbers lost their appetite, and when they did not eat so much they recovered from the oppression and giddiness of the sickness. These anomalies are intelligently explained by Mr. Bosanquet, F.R.S., who shows that mountain sickness is in all probability due to deficiency of oxygen in the rarefied air of high altitudes, and as a consequence the imperfect combustion or oxidation of the blood. The best remedy for mountain sickness would therefore be, not an artificial supply of oxygen, as has been suggested, but a preliminary training on short commons and a partial starvation on the way.

Yew Tree Poison.

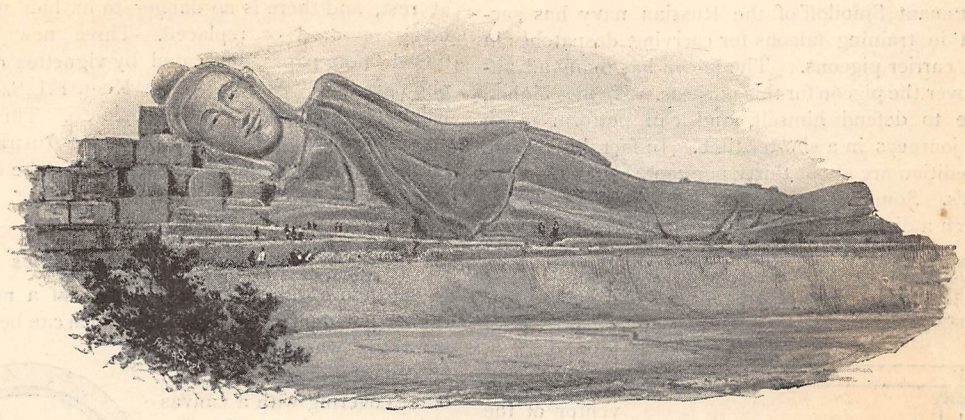
It has recently been determined that both the male and female yew tree secrete one or more poisonous alkaloids in their leaves and berries. The flesh of the berry is, however, harmless, and may, according to Dr. Munro and others, be eaten, provided the other parts are left. The subject is by no means well investigated yet, and it would be well to caution children against eating the fruit or chewing the leaves and twigs.

A Gymnastic Mill.

The apparatus we illustrate has, we understand, been brought out in France, and is designed for the



purpose of affording a gentle exercise akin to walking up a slope. This gymnastic treadmill consists of a series of rollers, R, covered with carpet or india-rubber, and inclined at an angle to the horizontal. Two uprights, H, for grasping with the hands to steady



A STUPENDOUS STATUE.

the operator, rise like the back of a chair as shown. In treading on the rollers these tend to carry the feet downwards, and in order to keep the position it is necessary to walk rapidly or even run. The extent of movement may be graduated by raising or lowering the frame of the rollers by means of the screw, S, and the higher the inclined plane is set the more violent is the exercise.

A Stupendous Statue.

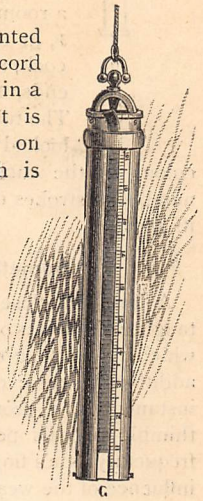
In the year 1881 a railway contractor, searching for ballast in a jungle of the province of Pegu, in Burmah, accidentally came upon an enormous recumbent statue of Buddha which had been lost to sight and memory for over a hundred years. Our illustration represents this curious work which has recently been examined by Major Temple, who ascribes its construction to the fifteenth century. It is 181 feet long and 46 feet high at the shoulders. The monument is built of brick and is finely proportioned throughout. Burmah, with its sacred city of Pagan, offers a rich field for archæological exploration. On the Irrawaddy, below Prome, there is a cliff two miles long and 300 feet high which is carved with innumerable statues of Buddha, tier on tier from top to bottom, some of the figures being 20 feet high and richly gilt.

The Pigmies of Spain.

As might have been expected, the dwarf race of Morocco and the Atlas have been traced to Europe, and fairly pure types are found in Spain, especially in the province of Gerona. These people are only 3 feet 7 inches to 3 feet 9 inches high, and are otherwise characterised by a yellow skin, broad square faces, Mongolian eyes, and red hair of a woolly texture. Specimens of them are occasionally to be seen in the market of Salamanca ; and there is said to be a number in the Col de Tosas and the valley of Ribas several hours by rail from Toulouse. It is not improbable that the Mongolian eye which is observed in a small percentage of Welsh and English people is derived by inheritance from the Iberian pigmies or a common ancestry.

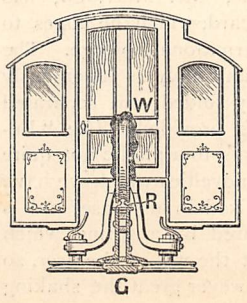
A Water Sounder.

The apparatus which is represented in our engraving is designed to record the depth of water, for instance, in a ship's hold or storage tanks. It is based on the action of water on chemically prepared paper which is not acted upon by oil. A hollow cylinder of brass, having a longitudinal groove, G, on each side, in which ribbons of the paper are placed and measured by a graduated scale, is lowered into the water by means of a cord, and the height to which the water reaches is indicated by the level of the chemical change which has taken place in the paper.



The Pruynway.

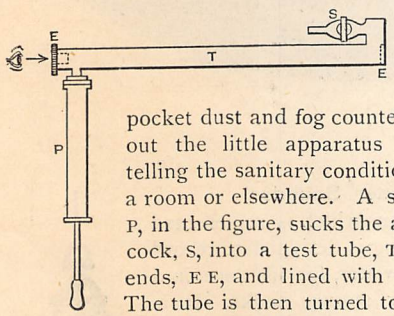
The completion of the electrical elevated railway at Liverpool points to a hopeful means of travelling in overcrowded thoroughfares, where tunnelling is out of the question. A single-rail system of conveying passengers has been introduced by Mr. H. S. Pruyn of New York, and some idea of it will be gathered from our illustration, which represents a cross-section of the line, showing the iron girder, G, supporting the rail, R, on which rests the driving wheel, W. The latter is actuated by an electric motor deriving its current from conductors running along each side of the track. Each car is self-propelling, and the weight of the passengers is brought to bear below the level of the rail, and the whole is so constructed as to give steadiness of travel combined with safety.



Carrier Falcons.

Lieutenant Smoiloff of the Russian navy has succeeded in training falcons for carrying despatches in lieu of carrier pigeons. The falcon has many advantages over the pigeon for this purpose. He flies higher, is able to defend himself, and can perform much longer journeys in a shorter time. In fact, his powers of expedition are about thirty per cent. better than the pigeon's. Some of his birds have carried a heavy despatch a distance of 250 miles in something over 7 hours.

The Koniscope.



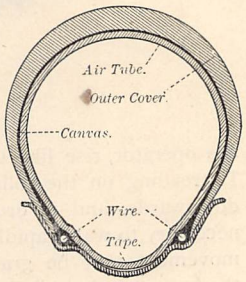
Mr. John Aitken, F.R.S., inventor of the pocket dust and fog counters, has brought out the little apparatus illustrated for telling the sanitary condition of the air in a room or elsewhere. A small air-pump, P, in the figure, sucks the air by the stop-cock, S, into a test tube, T, having glass ends, E E, and lined with vitreous paper. The tube is then turned to the light and looked through like a spy-glass. The colour of the enclosed air, taken together with the number of strokes of the air-pump, is an indication of its purity

Something for Everybody.

A long and close acquaintance with inventions has taught us that it is often the seemingly small discoveries which make the greatest advance and make the best additions to our every-day home comforts. Here, for instance, is a group of novelties. An adjustable thimble appeals peculiarly to ladies, who know how frequently one's fingers seem to vary in size under the influence of the weather and our bodily health. Well, to obviate the difficulty thus caused, the lower part of this thimble is slotted and covered with a screw-thread on which works an ornamental ring, which, of course, compresses the segments of the thimble as it is screwed down and so reduces its size.—In large institutions, such as schools and hotels, it is important to have towels very plainly marked. We are glad then to draw attention to the new "Genoese" towels which, in the special manner of their bordering, afford opportunities for names, initials, or devices to be woven in, in a permanent and not unpleasing method.—An Englishman in Boulogne, Mr. Merridew, has patented a new reply letter-card, which he hopes to see brought into use for international postage. The entire card, both for message and reply, is ingeniously cut in one piece, and is readily folded and separated by means of the perforations provided.—The "Reform" violin bow-holder appeals to a public not quite so extensive as some of those novelties which we have noticed already. It is easily fixed in any case, and is fitted with an ebony top secured by a spring, which keeps it either open or shut at the will of the user, so that the bow is held firmly, however great the shaking to which the case may be subjected while the bow is at rest, and there is no danger to its hair when it is being removed or replaced.—Three new series of "Owl" note-paper, illustrated by vignettes of original photographs by Mr. W. Savile Kent, F.L.S., are published by the London Stereoscopic Co. The vignettes represent varying droll attitudes of an Australian bird, familiarly known as the "morepork." The effect produced is often very quaint.

A Detachable Tire for Cycles.

Our figure shows a cross-section of a new india-rubber pneumatic tire for cycles which can be detached from the wheel for repair. It consists of two parts, an outer covering with a canvas lining and an inside air-tube. Instead of being bound on the tire by canvas it is attached by two wires, which run through both edges of the outer covering and when in the run fit into two grooves. The tire is removed by placing the hand under the wired edge and running it round the wheel. The valve is attached to the air-tube, and by loosing a check-nut can be passed through the rim and removed.



The Gila Monster.

The animal called the Gila monster is a native of Arizona and the arid south-western regions of the United States. It is, in fact, a species of lizard, and it owes its forbidding name to the dangerous character of its bite. Every year a number of lives are lost from this cause, and yet naturalists have denied that it is venomous. A recent observer has shown that the source of the poison is the saliva of the mouth, which, when it enters the blood through a scratch or an old wound, produces an effect similar to a rattlesnake bite. Intense suffering follows, and the blood is decomposed. This is probably the true explanation of the mystery, as venom is known to exist in a more or less pronounced form in the saliva of many animals, even horses and dogs.

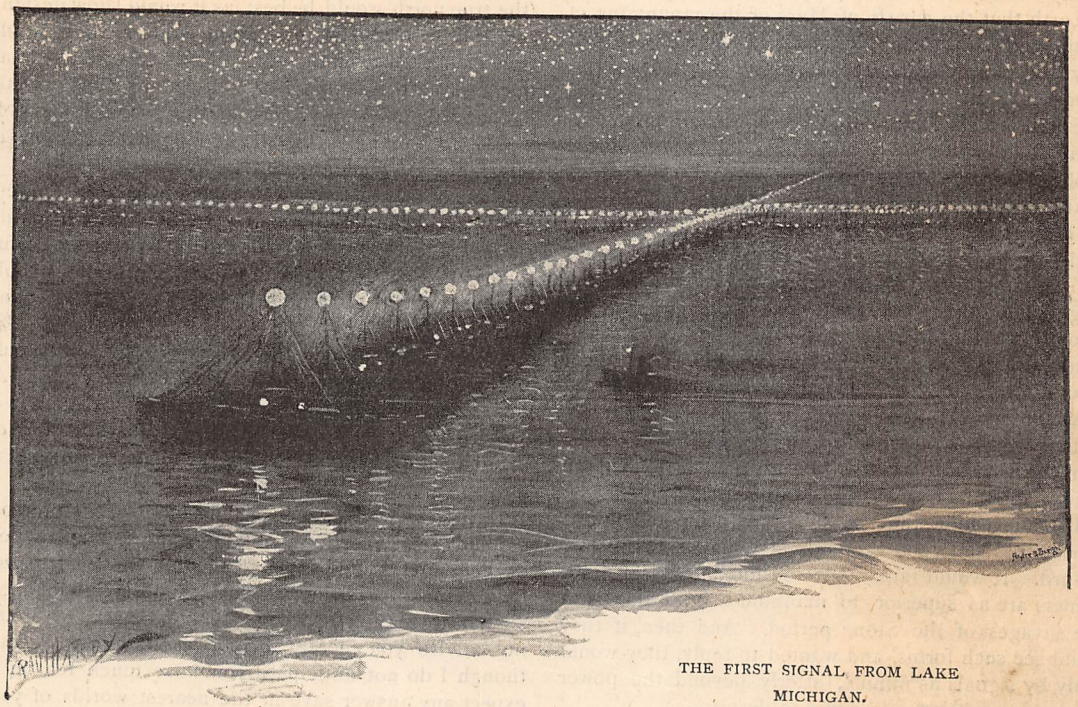
The Convexity of the Eye.

It has been observed that in the antique Greek statues the male eye is frequently more convex than the female eye, and the older anatomists have observed that such a difference does exist in nature; but quite recently Herr Greef has actually measured the disparity, and finds that while the average radius of the cornea, or apple of the eye, is 7·83 millimetres for men, it is only 7·82 for women. Other measurements by Donders give 7·858 and 7·799 millimetres respectively. The difference is so slight that the Greeks appear to have exaggerated it for an artistic purpose. Their fidelity to nature was, it is well-known, governed by artistic motives.

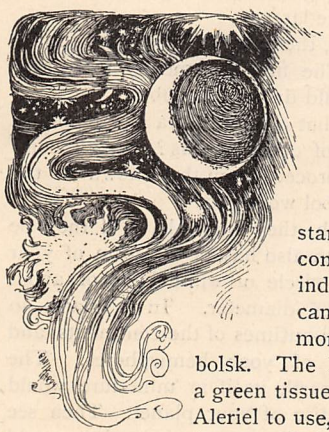
SISTERS.

(From a photograph by Messrs. Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.)

CORRESPONDING WITH THE PLANETS.



THE FIRST SIGNAL FROM LAKE MICHIGAN.



ONE morning when the post came in, one of my letters struck me as strange. It bore the postmark of "Tobolsk," in Siberia, and had a Russian stamp. I opened it. The contents were curious indeed, for they mainly came from a region far more remote than Tobolsk. The letter was written on a green tissue, such as I had known Aleriel to use, and at the head were these words in English :—

"I, Selauriar, a child of another world, send this to you, commissioned by my friend Aleriel, and a wanderer from another world resting for awhile in earth's Arctic realms—I greet thee.

"SELAURIAR."

Underneath, on green tissue, was inscribed in Aleriel's peculiar, but to me well-known, hand, these words :—

"MOUNT ASONIAR,
"THE BANKS OF THE GANGES,
"IN THE WORLD OF MARS."

I am told by one who came from earth but recently, and who has brought to me and my comrades, who for awhile are resting here in this Ganges realm of Mars, the news that mankind are beginning now to wish to communicate with their fellow creatures in other worlds. It is a natural feeling. When you know they exist, and that life is not confined to one tiny world in space, which to the vast whole is but as a grain of sand to the ocean's shore, you must wish to know something of your brethren in other worlds—at least, in the worlds near you. The sentiment that animated the founder of the great Observatory of California, and which has now moved somebody in Europe to make a bequest for this object, is one which is most natural in rational beings.

However, there are difficulties in the way. The distance from earth to the nearest habitable globes is very great. Man can hardly rise to the summit of earth's loftiest mountains ; and while men are discussing whether human life could be maintained upon the top even of Mount Everest, in the Himalayas, it might seem presumption to aim at communicating with worlds many millions of miles distant.

Sound is impossible as a mode of communication, for though Pythagoras dreamt in the days of old about the "music of the spheres," in interplanetary space there is an eternal silence—for there is no air to convey sound.

But sight—the appreciation of light through interplanetary ether—is a sense which traverses all space, even to the remotest nebulæ. To sight alone can you look for aid.

But supposing sight is available—still supposing the rational intelligences of the solar system are no further advanced than mankind is—even that will be hardly sufficient. It is only by the best instruments of Earth that the canals of Mars or the mountains of Venus can be seen. The unaided human eye can only see bright stars, the highest skill of man can imperfectly discern the markings on their surfaces. The assumption in the whole proposal of intercommunication with the intelligences of other worlds implies that they are superior to mankind.

And does not the wonderful canalisation of Mars—the huge inlets, as it were, straight and parallel on that world—going in one direct line for hundreds of miles for the advantage of the inhabitants and for the irrigation of their territory, encourage you to the theory that in Mars at least—an older world than yours—civilisation, and knowledge, and control of natural forces may be greater than it is on earth?

Assuming this—that there are beings in the solar system equal or superior in knowledge and power to man, who wish to receive from this earth a message from mankind—how shall it be sent them?

The suggestion that buildings of geometric forms should be constructed on some plain is manifestly absurd. It would imply that the inhabitants of other planets are as superior to mankind as man now is to the savages of the Stone period. And then, if they could see such forms, and wanted to reply, they would reply by signals as minute, utterly beyond the power of earth's mightiest telescopes to descry.

Probably the one way is that which I used upon earth, *i.e.*, the lighting up of a large surface of the sea or land with coloured lights in geometric forms. The power of reflectors on your best lighthouses shows how great the power of man is already to light up a large tract of sea. But the blue colour of the water is unfavourable. The lighting up of a large plain clad in winter snow by night with reflectors from electric arc lights would be effective. Suppose, for instance, on the Rigi such lamps were fixed, and turned on snows beneath; or better still, perhaps, from the Malvern Hills when snow falls on the Midlands, a large space might be lighted up at night in a geometrical figure.

You will require not a small space, but several square miles to be thus lighted up. You know that Phobos and Deinos, the tiny moons of Mars, have hardly so large a diameter as Greater London. Thus the lights of London and Paris have long been seen by the astronomers of Mars.

But the question is: If a signal is given, how shall it be made quite distinct from natural objects, so that those who looked on it millions of miles away would see at once that it was artificial, and not natural? The proposal that the first figure should be the forty-seventh proposition of the First Book of Euclid is a good one. That is manifestly artificial, and would not be likely to result from natural causes. But a simple Latin or Greek cross would do still better. It is not a natural form, and one easier to discern than the complex forty-seventh proposition of Euclid.

The cross is also an easy design to form by electric lights. All you have to do is to form a series of powerful arc flash lights with reflectors turned on a snowy surface or on a lake in a line north and south (the true north would be best, as it would show design), and then a cross series at right angles. This would produce an effect on the dark side of the earth such as one can hardly suppose would be produced exactly by natural forces anywhere in the solar system. It would, to the whole of the intelligences capable of observing it, demonstrate itself as artificial—not a product of natural laws, which work usually in different ways, according to laws of evolution, and not with mathematical exactness. Flash lights would be useful. Alternate light and darkness every ten minutes could not be a result of natural laws. They would manifestly be artificial.

When the illuminated cross was formed it should be repeated for several nights, perhaps for weeks. At the same time, careful observations should be made of the red plains of Mars about the canal region and on the mountain-lands of Venus, which are opened to human sight while the plains are clad with clouds.

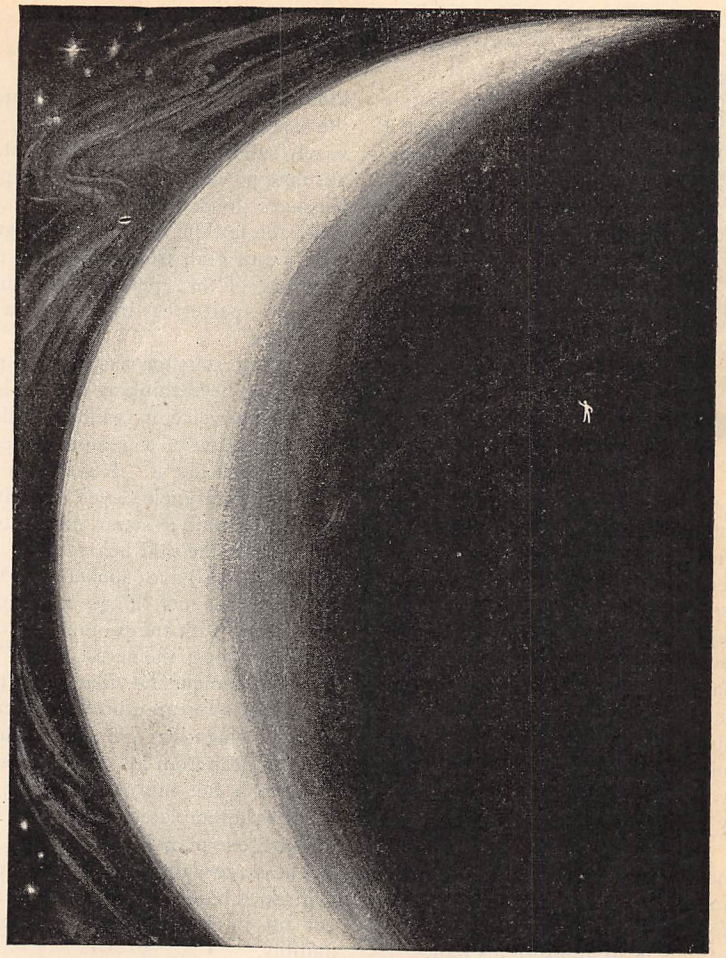
If there, or elsewhere in the solar system, a cross similar to yours, with its head toward the north pole of the planet, should appear, you would have fair *primâ facie* evidence that in that world at least intelligences similar to man, or superior to him, exist. I would not advise you merely to look at Mars and Venus, though I do not anticipate you have much reason to expect any answer save in the nearest worlds of your own order: *i.e.*, belonging to the inner group of worlds of which the earth is the largest.

If a reply did appear, the question is: What should the next signal be? The first was merely to attract attention, the next should dispel all doubts.

But the point is: What common idea has mankind with the inhabitants of other worlds? In all communications we must proceed from the known to the unknown. What symbol would do?

The first idea which they must have if they be rational, and which man also has, is the form of your own world. Form a circle of white light of about fifteen or twenty miles diameter. In it place—in tracings of green light—outlines of the continents and large islands of one of your hemispheres. The representation of the earth itself in miniature would appear thus on one disc of your planet. Then see (supposing intelligences like men exist) what would be the reply. Would it be the representation of earth as it looks to them, or a map of their own world? Should either appear, then the existence of these intelligences, either equal to or superior to man, would be established with almost mathematical certainty.

One of the first symbols you should give them, if this were achieved, would be the representation of a man—the tracing of a human figure, either man or woman—in an outline of electric arc lights. This would show them of what form humanity was, and probably they would reply in the same place, with their own forms: thus you would learn something you never could gain



OUTLINE OF THE HUMAN FIGURE, AS SEEN FROM MARS.

by augmenting your telescopes a thousand-fold, *i.e.*, the physical appearance of the intelligences of the other worlds of the solar system.

It seems to me that we have more hope of seeing mankind undertake this great enterprise in America than in Europe. You Europeans are too occupied with your vast armaments for mutual destruction to care to devote much cost or trouble to communicating with neighbouring planets. It may be an interesting, but it would be thought an unprofitable enterprise. But in America, with the memories of the Columbus centenary before men's minds, it is just possible that some enterprising Americans might catch the fire of the genius of Columbus, and launch forth the rays of light into space that should reveal (if they exist) the peoples of other worlds. Men called the Continent which Columbus opened up a "New World." It is not so. It is only part of a hemisphere of the earth.

But this would truly reveal to you a new world, and tell you more about the universe than any improvement of the telescope could reveal. It is intellectually in one way a grander work than that of Columbus, though not likely to have such material results. Could it be tried at Chicago Exhibition? If the snow be not then available, the waters of Lake Michigan might be lighted up. What nobler spectacle than that of the forming such a display of electric lights on lightships, moored in a cross form on Lake Michigan, striving, on the occasion of the exhibition, to communicate with the planets, in the presence of myriads of earth's denizens assembled there to celebrate the centenary of the opening up of a new hemisphere to human civilisation? Man progresses in four centuries from communicating with the Western Continent to communicating with another world.

ALERIEL.

MR. PENBURY'S PUPPETS.

I WAS such an absolutely absorbing novel that I could *not* wrench myself away from it, although the most pressing and important business was at that moment calling me away from my arm-chair. A lawsuit, whose issue meant, on the one hand my succession to vast estates and boundless wealth, on the other my total and irrevocable ruin, had at that very moment reached its decisive stage.

The clock on my mantelpiece pointed at that moment to seventeen minutes to eleven. It had been arranged by my solicitor that that day, at eleven o'clock, I should appear in the witness-box at the High Courts, to prove my identity, and become on the spot a titled millionaire. All had been prepared; my solicitor's clerk stood waiting feverishly on the hearth-rug before me, urging me to arise and come to the court. At seven minutes past the hour all hope and chance of proving my claim would have vanished—vanished hopelessly and for ever—and I should be a beggar.

"I will *not* come!" I said, in a hard determined voice. "I *must* finish this novel!" And I sat and read. With a suffocating groan the solicitor's clerk threw up his hands to his head and tore his hair.

I had arrived at the last chapter of that novel. The base uncle, his abandoned and Macchiavellian family solicitor, and the cruel and remorseless villain with the crisp black hair and brilliant teeth, had met over the flower-strewn grave of the young hero with blue eyes and frank mien—the young man who, in the flower of his youth, had been foully done to death by the villain and his accomplices, the two beetle-browed and sullen miscreants from the Nevada mines.

The final and most cruel blow was about to fall upon the heroine with the waving golden hair, and her good old father, the Vicar of Dulcicombe.

With such fell and ingenious devilries of gruesome machination had the three demoniac monsters, now standing over that quiet grave, taken advantage of certain peculiarities of the law, that at one and the same stroke the mortgage on the vicar's property was to foreclose; the unhappy vicar was to be torn from his sobbing child, and executed at Holloway Gaol for seven murders committed years ago by the villain; the heroine's pet canary and pug were to be burned alive in a barn to which they had secretly been conveyed by the two creatures from Nevada, and this before her sobbing eyes; the heroine herself was to be kidnapped and conveyed on board an Atlantic liner, the captain, crew, and passengers of which had been basely suborned with ill-gotten gold, there to be in the absolute power of the villain—helpless, alone; and the heroine's good and gentle Aunt Jane, together with John, the faithful and trusty old gardener, were to be basely torn limb from limb upon the lawn before the windows of that peaceful drawing-room, and amid the gay parterres brimming with sweetly-scented blossoms.

The base solicitor was the first to speak—

"I have been thinking over this business," he said in a solemn voice, in which—could it possibly be?—a faint indication of a tremor seemed to be discernible; "and I don't like it. It seems to me not to be right."

The wicked uncle's eyes were fixed upon the flower-decorated tomb; some moments elapsed before he spoke; then he said hoarsely—

"I feel you have spoken the truth. Perhaps one ought not to do things like this—they are not in accordance with the promptings of conscience, which, after all, is ever the surest guide."

For a moment the villain with the white teeth stood apart. His tortured brow gave evidence of the fearful struggle which was going on within him. Dashing a scalding tear from his cheek, he sobbed audibly.

"No!" he murmured. "It was wrong of us ever to contemplate such acts. Let us decide to relinquish our plans."

The three—ah, how changed in one brief moment!—grasped hands above the early and promising grave, cut off in the flower of its existence, and sobbed audibly.

The two beetle-browed creatures from the mines of Nevada were sobbing audibly. At that moment the crowd of bailiffs, executioners, murderers, etc., who had been engaged to carry out this heartless work arrived upon the touching scene: they were sobbing audibly.

The page swam before my eyes; I felt I was sobbing audibly. Dashing the scalding tears from my eyes, I read on—

With one decisive thump upon their bosoms the three conspirators—now so, indeed, no longer—linked arms and proceeded with hurried and remorseful steps towards the vicarage. To throw themselves at the feet of the heroine, her aged father, and her good and gentle Aunt Jane, John the trusty and faithful old gardener, and the pet canary and pug, was but the work of a moment.

"We will restore and make amends for *all*," they cried in one voice. "Can—ah! *can* you ever pardon—ever wipe from the tear-blinded page of memory those nameless deeds at whose recollections our aching bosoms can now but shudder, gushing with welling tears?"

At this point all were sobbing audibly.

"But Algernon Davenport Roland de Crespigny—my love, whom you cut off in the flower of his promising manhood—can you restore *him* to me?" asked the heroine in a harsh, dry, mechanical, hard, hopeless, tearless, grating voice.

At this very moment a tall and graceful figure, with blue eyes and bright curling locks, whose light summer suit rather lent additional grace to, than concealed the elegance of, his every gesture, appeared over the brow of the distant hill, and in another moment was clasping the heroine in his sobbing arms.

It was the hero.

A few words sufficed to explain. He had not been really dead: it had been a case of suspended animation.

The base uncle, the wicked solicitor, and the villain—now changed for ever—entered the Church, and became ere long curates under the good old vicar—to prove the stay and comfort of his declining and white-headed years.

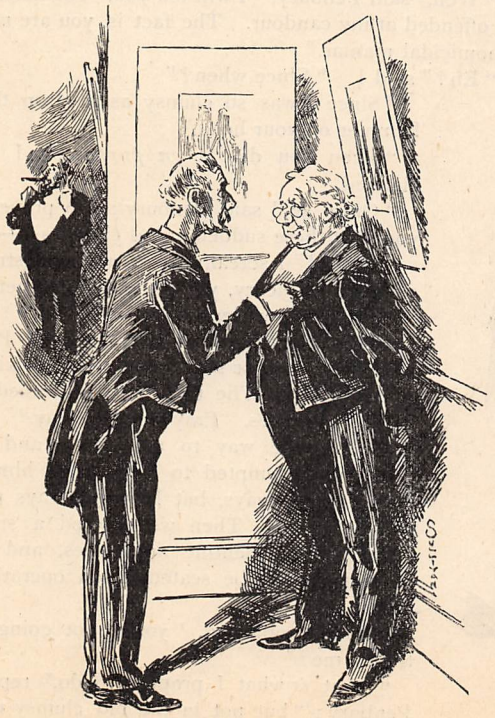
THE END.

* * * *

I closed the book and looked up. The solicitor's clerk had swooned upon the hearthrug, and the clock pointed to seven and a-half minutes past eleven. I knew I was a beggar.

But at that moment I actually did not care.

Fiction had always exercised a potent and fascinating influence upon my mind, and this novel now completely absorbed me. It thrilled the reader, touching those hidden and finer chords of his being as only imaginative work of the highest kind can—carrying him out of himself for the time. Admirable construction and concentrated interest—that powerful and even masterly delineation of character, only to be achieved by subtle and instinctive insight into the hidden workings of our human nature—and a facile literary aptitude had combined to produce a most fascinating work of fiction. The writing was undeniably fine—nay, eloquent—even rising at certain stages to something very like sublimity.



"I DULY CORNERED HIM AND OPENED FIRE."

Yet there was something—an indefinable something—which seemed to transmit a jar of discord through the whole book.

Stay! *Was* this something indefinable? The more I asked myself this question, the more I felt that the answer must be in the negative. No—it was definable. I had it: it was a touch—hardly perceptible, it may be, but still there—a touch of *improbability*. And this touch occurred somewhere towards the end of the book.

I sat long, puzzling this problem out, seeking to localise the blemish, and I succeeded in doing so. The touch of improbability lay in the *sudden conversion of the criminally-inclined personages of the story*, and in the incident of the *restoration of the hero to life*.

At first my solution of the problem gave rise to a feeling of relief and triumph; after this (perhaps as the fascination of the story gradually faded, even as the vividness of a dream gradually fades from the moment of waking) I began to feel irritated with the author, partly because such genius as his should harbour any flaw, and—I cannot but feel—partly because the magic of his fascination had been the cause of my losing an earldom and vast wealth.

The more I thought over this author and his work, the more mortified I felt at that fatal flaw in the otherwise grand production, until I positively ached to meet the man face to face, to get him in a corner, and insist upon the impossibility of such mental and moral changes as were suggested at the end of his work—to expostulate early with him, and bring him to a sense of his error.

At length, at the house of a literary friend, I had the happiness of meeting that author, the well-known Mr. Plato Penbury, and I duly cornered him and opened fire. He listened patiently to what I had to say, a quiet smile playing over his features. Then he said—

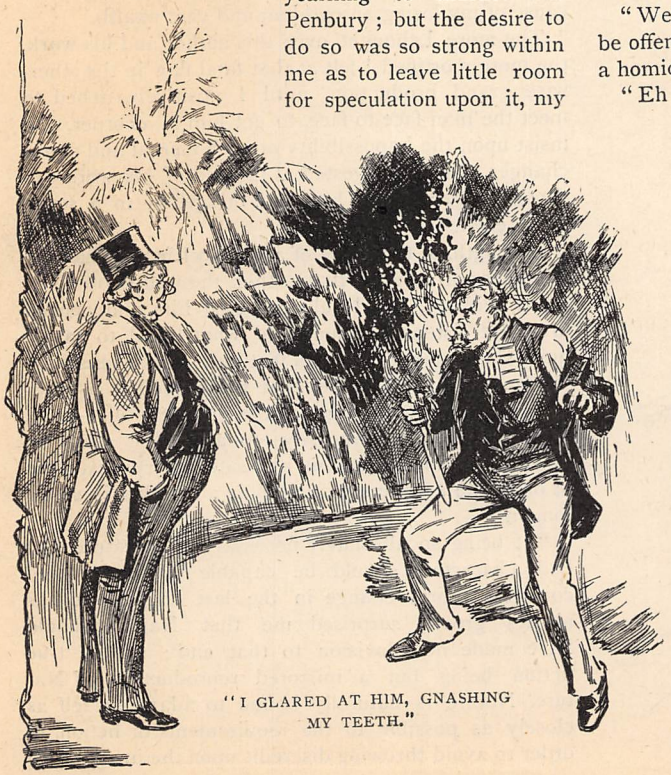
"I admit at the outset that these sudden psychological changes, although of the utmost utility—nay, almost of absolute necessity—to an author about to finish a novel in a pleasant and satisfactory way, were at one time apparently impossible; but this is so no longer.

"It being so absolutely necessary to literature that bad characters should be capable of sudden and complete moral change in the last chapter, it has always greatly surprised me that Nature should have made no provision to that end; for all true fiction being but a mirrored reproduction of Nature, Nature is naturally bound to adapt herself as closely as possible to the requirements of fiction, in order to avoid throwing discredit upon the imaginative

writer. Science has, however, lately succeeded in assisting Nature in this connection—assisting her to bring about results which were doubtless always part of her scheme, however imperfectly carried out. If you come and see me at home, I will give you a clearer insight into my methods of study from Nature ; for the feature of my book which you consider a blemish was the direct result of close study of Nature, assisted by science."

Accordingly, the next morning I took the train to the suburb where the novelist's house was situated. It was a commodious mansion, and I found a great many visitors there, apparently staying with Mr. Penbury. He made me very welcome, and at once asked me to do him the favour to assist him in the hanging of a picture he was just putting up : I was to hold the picture, while he mounted a pair of steps above me to knock in the nail. Presently he was clumsy enough to let the hammer slip out of his hand right on my head. It was a considerable blow, and made me giddy ; I sat down for a few minutes to recover, while the novelist apologised most effusively for his carelessness. I replied that it was nothing, and did not matter in the least, and other polite things ; but presently, when I was left alone for a short time, I began to crave for his blood. I had never been a vindictive man ; in fact, I had always been considered by my friends as a person of so mild and forgiving a disposition that they had a great affection for me, as one whom they could injure and degrade without fear of retaliation—in fact, as a friend of the truest and most valuable type.

Knowing this, I felt some surprise at my new-born yearning to murder Mr. Penbury ; but the desire to do so was so strong within me as to leave little room for speculation upon it, my whole thoughts being absorbed by the determination to accomplish my end and by the contrivance of the means. Accordingly, I slunk round the house until I found the knife-shed, where a boy was busy cleaning the knives ; and, telling the boy that the gardener required him immediately at the end of the kitchen-garden, I got rid of him for a few minutes.



"I GLARED AT HIM, GNASHING MY TEETH."

Those minutes sufficed for me to select a good strong carving-knife, which I hastily sharpened on a stone and concealed in the breast of my coat ; then I went off in search of my host, and perceived him walking along a secluded part of the garden. It was an excellent place for my purpose, as I could sneak noiselessly up behind him on the grass and deal the fatal blow. I did it ; but great was my rage on finding that the point of my knife, instead of penetrating deeply between the ribs, broke off upon something hard, like a piece of metal.

I tried again—a third and fourth time—but with the same result ; after which Mr. Penbury turned round smiling and faced me, and I glared at him, gnashing my teeth, and overwhelming him with abuse.

Penbury nodded triumphantly.

"Why, you appear to have suddenly changed your character," he remarked blandly. "How very curious, to be sure ! I understood from those that knew you that you were a most forgiving and patient person. Doesn't it strike *you* as odd ?"

I dropped the carving-knife on the grass, and clutched at my forehead.

"Confound it, yes !" I muttered. "I never felt the slightest inclination to hurt even a fly before ! What on earth is the meaning of it all ?"

"Well," said Penbury, "I will tell you. You mustn't be offended at my candour. The fact is, you are now a homicidal maniac."

"Eh ?" said I. "Since when ?"

"Since I was so clumsy as to drop that hammer on your head."

"Then you did it *on purpose?*" I exclaimed.

"Quite so," said Penbury : "to prove to you that these sudden moral changes——"

"What !" I screamed. "Just to illustrate a wretched theory, you go and permanently destroy a fellow-creature's——"

"Permanently, my dear sir ?" said Penbury. "Bless your soul ! nothing of the kind, I assure you. The thing can be remedied in a few minutes. Pray step this way."

He led the way to the house, and on the way I attempted to assassinate him in five different ways, but he was always prepared for me. Then we entered a small room full of scientific appliances, and he requested me to be seated in an operating-chair.

"But," I objected, "you're not going to trepan me ?"

"That *is* what I propose to do," replied Penbury ; "but not in the old clumsy way. The improved operation is perfectly painless,

"'HE WAS CARELESS ENOUGH ONE DAY TO LEAVE OFF THE ARMOUR'" (*p.* 410).

safe, and expeditious. I will not detain you more than three minutes."

So saying, he fitted on my head a curious apparatus connected with an electrical battery, and handed me the morning paper; and when I had read a short paragraph about the decimation of London by cholera brought by the pauper immigrants from Russia, and about the arrangements made by the British Government to import one million more emigrants regularly every week, Mr. Penbury took off the apparatus and smilingly invited me to rise.

I rose. I was a changed man. I loved and worshipped my host as I had never loved and worshipped anyone before; I grasped him warmly by the hand and determined to die for him; and I was about to make a solemn vow never to leave him again, when I pulled myself up, and said—

"Hang it! Look here, Penbury: I *won't* stand this! This is another of your beastly experiments. *Will* you drop it, and give me back the moral constitution I brought with me? That was good enough for me."

"Well, then," said Penbury, "I won't trouble you any more. Allow me."

And he dealt me a smart blow on the skull with a small leaden mallet which had been lying on the table.

"You are all right now—just as good an article as when you arrived. You don't appear to have heard of that case in America some little while ago? That's what revealed the whole thing to me.

"A young man in New York was attacked by thieves and beaten insensible, his skull being fractured. He recovered, but was found to be a changed man: he was a babbling imbecile. Eleven years after an operation was performed, a fragment of bone being removed from the brain, and the man recovered his reason immediately. But now his whole character was changed. Formerly he had been amiable, cheerful, mild-mannered, good-tempered, sober, and moral; now he was sullen, irritable, violent, drunken, and vicious. He refused to work, and knocked his wife about, and subsequently stabbed a man in a drunken quarrel.

"I perceived at once that this supplied the one missing link to the novelist's chain of potentialities, and removed the one great difficulty which has been so keenly felt by even writers of fiction—how to make the bad characters suddenly virtuous in the last chapter, and render them worthy to be married and live happily ever afterwards. For years and years, previous to this valuable discovery for the morals, I had laboured under the painful necessity of getting rid of the villain in the last chapter by means of a ten-thousand-foot precipice; but I never liked the expedient, and I wanted to reform him.

"As I mentioned to you, I study every one of my characters from Nature—assisted by science—and now everything comes right. Sometimes (when I have got myself into a tangle, and have a difficulty in getting myself out of a situation in a story) I make the virtuous

hero suddenly go wrong and become a villain for a short time; or I make the villain perform some act of extraordinary self-sacrifice and virtue; and these expedients get me out of the most serious troubles without running counter to Nature and probability."

A sudden revelation flashed upon me.

"Then, is it possible," I said, "that these visitors staying in your house are simply your victims, whom you inconvenience in this horrible way just to——"

"Oh, pray don't put it in that uninviting way!" said Mr. Penbury. "It is true that these ladies and gentlemen are the models from whom my novels are written; but I assure you that their experiences here form a pleasant distraction from the humdrum monotony of their lives. They enjoy the excitement immensely, and will return to their virtuous family life greatly benefited by the temporary change. I have my suspicions that they have made away with several persons in the neighbouring villages; but there is no absolute proof. Of course, one has to be careful.

"You perceive that gentleman who has just passed the window. He is reading Watts' Hymns, and is a person of the most scrupulous integrity and virtue: you will scarcely credit that he was formerly a speculative builder, who showed himself at chapel three times every Sunday. But he was: there is no change of character, however diametrical, which is impossible to this system."

He had completely carried me away with him. I was amazed and delighted. I saw at once the potentialities opened up, not only to novelists, but even more to dramatists, for this great system rendered possible and natural, at a single stroke, two-thirds of the dramas which had ever been produced.

* * * *

Shortly after my visit to Mr. Penbury, the novelist, I decided to call again and enjoy a further conversation about his excellent method. On arriving at the house, I was disappointed by finding it desolate and for sale. I inquired of the caretaker about Mr. Penbury.

"Ah!" said the man, "that was a sad affair, that was. He was careless enough one day to leave off the armour he always used to wear under his clo'es, and went to sleep on a garding seat, and them two old gents as was stayin' here found him. There's a widder and a large family; but they do say all the money he left 'em 'll be swallered hup by the actions as a lot o' ladies and gen'lemen is bringin', to show cause why they shouldn't 'ave their moral constitooshuns put right—wich it's all Greek to me."

J. F. SULLIVAN.

THE ART OF KEEPING WELL.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

"HOW do you do?" is a universal question, to which, from mere thoughtlessness, an answer, almost universally incorrect, is given. But the ready reply, "Quite well," may be given in ignorance. Few people have ever considered what is meant by being in good health; indeed, a body in a condition of perfect health is almost unknown among civilised men. The wear and tear of modern life, depending upon increased competition as well as upon over-indulgence in compensating pleasures, together with the insanitary condition of our crowded cities, tends to undermine even the healthiest constitution.

All of us exhibit in some degree the effect of this high-pressure in those minor ailments to which too little attention is often paid. The American man of business is dyspeptic because, in his hurry to make money, he cannot find time to eat his meals comfortably; and the American woman, in her pursuit of culture, takes so little exercise that her nervous system suffers. But England is not free from like evils, so that we may with advantage consider how personal health is to be maintained.

The science of health, or hygiene, may be divided into two parts: public hygiene cares for the health of communities, and deals with such matters as water-supply, drainage, the removal of town refuse. It is the work of the State acting through proper officials. But personal hygiene cares for the health of individuals, and it is the duty of every person to apply its principles to his own individual case. We are only concerned in this paper with personal hygiene, which has two great objects—the preservation of health, and the prolongation of life. To attain these objects it is necessary to make use of every beneficial influence possible, as well as to avoid injurious influences. It is owing to a strict adherence to the principles of personal hygiene, modified for particular cases by the doctor, that many people who suffer from some complaint, such as a weak or even a diseased heart, live useful lives and even reach old age.

Many of our ailments are due to faults of omission or commission. It is unnecessary to give illustrations, as most people can recall plenty in their own experience. Sometimes ill-health follows the fault immediately, as when we take cold from wet feet; sometimes it is more difficult to trace the connection between the fault and its consequences, as when gradually-increasing corpulence follows long-continued though trivial errors in diet.

It is important to begin to take care of health early in life. During infancy, either from neglect or ignorance, many preventable diseases are allowed to occur which often do irremediable mischief. Improper feeding is due in the great majority of cases to ignorance, and causes the death of thousands of infants. It has been estimated that fifty per cent. of the deaths of infants are due directly or indirectly to improper feeding. It has further been stated on good authority that about thirty per cent. of the blindness which exists in the United Kingdom is due to preventable diseases of the eye occurring in infancy, the majority of these cases being due to mere want of cleanliness and care. In early life the body is growing, and is therefore more profoundly and permanently affected by good or evil influences. This is acknowledged to be true in the case of moral training, but it is equally true as regards future bodily health.

The personal care of health is equally important at the other extreme of life. With advancing years the digestion becomes enfeebled, the secreting organs become less active, and the tissues generally have less power to resist injurious impressions from without. These facts are made obvious by the slowness with which old people recover from illness or even from excessive fatigue. In old and young alike, it must be remembered that definite general rules of conduct cannot be laid down to meet every case. Constitution has to be taken into account, for individuals are often very differently affected by the same influences ; so that for the preservation of health it is essential to know what are the conditions a person tolerates best.

There are five great factors concerned in the preservation of health. First and foremost must be placed education, using the word in its widest sense to include physical development, moral training, and mental culture. Too lit le attention has hitherto been paid to education from the point of view of health, but recently the importance of hygiene has been more fully recognised. A right system of education so trains the mind that it is eager to occupy itself with some pursuit at all times ; and thus people are prevented from falling into idle habits which not only waste time, but give the imagination opportunity to conjure up all sorts of fanciful disorders. We all know the hysterical, nervous, delicate girl, who is so only because she has neither work nor occupation. Educated girls who lead useful lives do not suffer from hysterics, nor do workmen's wives, in general, because both these classes have their time fully and profitably occupied. An interesting point worthy of notice is that the criminal class, taken as a whole, is uneducated; and it has been shown that a distinct relation exists between ill-health and crime. Hence the importance of the preservation of physical health for the preservation of moral health, and we thereby recognise that health itself has a distinct moral value.

The second factor in personal hygiene is the regulation of food and drink—the regulation not only of the quantity but also of the quality. This last point is often neglected, but it is important, especially so in children. A common mistake is to force children to take food which is distasteful to them. It must not therefore be inferred that children are to have whatever they like best ; but when a child shows a great distaste for, say, mutton fat, the best way is to make the fat into a suet pudding, which in all probability will be readily eaten. Violent prejudices which are conceived in early life, owing to want of thought on the part of parents or guardians, often remain fixed, and cause trouble and annoyance in after-life. The quantity of food we take ought to depend greatly on our work. A man when he is resting needs about half as much food as when he is engaged in laborious work.

Thirdly, the functions of our different organs require to be exercised and encouraged. It is not necessary to do more than mention the value of mere cleanliness and care of the skin. A dirty skin means that more work is thrown upon delicate internal organs, especially the kidneys, and the working power of the whole body is thus lowered. In this connection the hygienic clothing of the body must be mentioned. Regularity of the action of the bowels must be secured—many dangerous illnesses arise from want of care in this respect. The importance also of a suitable amount of sound sleep cannot be exaggerated, for however important regular and sufficient exercise may be, ample time for rest and recuperation is equally important.

This brings us to the next point to be considered—exercise, the essential requirement of which is regularity. It is surprising to note how all our organs become accustomed to regular and habitual exercise and rest. Regularity in the time of going to bed conduces to sleep ; regularity in meal-times conduces to most efficient digestion ; and regularity in the amount of exercise is attended with less fatigue and more benefit than exercise of varying amount taken irregularly.

Lastly, there is the question of occupation. Certain occupations are necessarily unhealthy; others are unhealthy on account of the badly-ventilated rooms in which they are carried on. The delicacy of many shop-girls is often rightly attributable to this cause, especially when the lungs are affected. Personal hygiene teaches the precautions which must be taken by those engaged in unhealthy occupations, the scrupulous cleanliness to be practised by workers in lead, the outdoor life which, as far as can be, must be adopted by those who work in confined rooms and offices. It also teaches that want of occupation is also unhealthy and leads to premature death.

The laws of health embody principles which admit of universal application ; but, as we have already seen, these laws need modification in their application to individuals. It is the duty of all to make themselves acquainted with the general principles of hygiene. They owe it as a duty to themselves and to the general community ; for, after all, the health of a city depends upon the health of every individual citizen, and the many may suffer needlessly from neglect by the few.

THE ISLAND OF SIX SHADOWS.

BY BESSIE E. DUFFETT.

PART THE THIRD.

A SAILING boat lay stranded on the rocky shore at the entrance to the cave, and in the cave, lying on the ground half asleep, or sitting on stones smoking and talking, were some half-dozen men. They were dark, powerfully-built, foreign-looking fellows, dressed as sailors, in guernseys and stocking caps, their dusky ears and hands adorned with rings, and their feet bare. Altogether there was more of the Norman than of the Breton type of face in their dark countenances. The whole ground was strewn with barrels and casks of every description, size, and shape, while the strong odour of spirits was detectable even in the brisk morning air blowing straight off the sea. In the foreground, sitting on a stone with a coarse Breton cup of brandy in her hand, was Manon.

It did not require much knowledge, or intuition, to inform us each and all that we were in the midst of a smugglers' den ; that the *auberge* was the headquarters of this illicit traffic ; that the girl had been fully aware of the prospective arrival of the schooner and its contraband cargo ; that to prevent detection she had locked us in our rooms until the gang had hidden their booty safely away, and that her reluctance to admitting guests had been due to dread of discovery and punishment. We were never able entirely to make up our minds whether her strange manner had been assumed to save herself, under the screen of idiocy, from punishment and blame, or was the natural result of her shocking indulgence in spirits. It may be that there was a double reason for it.

I do not remember what we did first ; we seemed almost spellbound with surprise, and for an instant the men appeared quite as amazed as ourselves. No doubt they imagined us safe in our prison. The following moment, however, they jumped to their feet with a muttering more like the growling of wild animals than human voices. They were one and all intoxicated, or the worse in some way for liquor—their flushed faces, red eyes, and swaggering gait showed this all too plainly, and the fact may also have accounted partly for their subsequent conduct. A brute is always a brute, it is true, but a drunken man is lower than a beast, and the very look of these fellows was a warning to us to expect scant mercy at their hands. The next thing that I recollect was seeing Miss Grayne take literally to her heels, and run away with all her speed towards the *auberge*. It was natural self-preservation, and perhaps our own tardiness in not following her example was rather due to conviction that the inn was no safer than the shore, than to bravery. She had, however, not run more than a yard when, with an angry

"ONE OF THE MEN DARTED AFTER HER" (*p.* 413).

expletive, which, fortunately, we did not understand, one of the men darted after her, and seizing her roughly by the arm, dragged her back to the mouth of the cave.

"Stay where you are, madam, English spy, whatever you may be," he said coarsely. "Or——" and he drew a revolver from his side, clicking it suggestively.

"Yes, they are spies!" interpolated Manon, casting a malevolent glance at Miss Grayne. "Did not the old woman try to pry yesterday morning, and endeavour to find out whether I had any cognac?"

"More fool you to let them in, then," growled one of the men, pulling her ear viciously. "But we are not the less fools not to have captured that boy when he came poking into our cave in the afternoon."

"Ha, ha! You had been too busy testing the quality of your strong waters," said Manon with scornful euphemism. "What are you going to do with them now?"

Upon this they began a prolonged discussion and altercation together, which, it was not difficult to divine, concerned us, though it was carried on in too low a tone for us to be able to overhear the words. I wondered later on at our composure at such a moment, and can only attribute it to a want of realisation of the serious nature of our position.

Ethel could weep and lament loudly enough when she merely found herself unexpectedly locked into her bedroom; Miss Grayne could wring her hands in an utterly groundless fear that she would never emerge alive, and Bertie had flown alarmed from the mere sight of the very men in whose midst he now stood quiet and cool.

"What will become of us?" I said softly to Trevor.

"I can't tell at all," he replied gravely. "We mustn't lose our heads, that's all. I should not care if it were only Bertie and myself; but I wish to goodness that you girls were not here."

"Where can Lenard be?" whispered Ethel. "It would be all right if he and his boat were in sight."

For my life I could not see that the presence of an almost decrepit old man would materially improve our position, since the smugglers would doubtless have serious objections to our departure. Every fresh observation increased my disquietude. Watching the men as they stood in a group at a little distance from us, I soon saw that not only the one but all were armed. Clasp-knives, cutlasses, revolvers and guns of however antiquated patterns, showed all too plainly the helplessness in such hands of those whose only means of defence were walking-sticks and umbrellas. And again, the very fact of their being so accoutred revealed the unmistakable truth of our being in the midst of a band of desperadoes, accustomed to resist opposition, or even observation, by bloodshed, or perhaps worse.

One of the men came towards Trevor at this moment, and, in a bullying voice, demanded our names and business at Six Ombres. His French, but for a few traces of Norman *patois*, was pure and intelligible, and Trevor gave him a straightforward account in as few words as possible, of what I have set down here at length.

"And you expect us to believe that?" returned the man insolently.

"It is the truth!" said Trevor, his colour rising angrily.

"Truth! Bah!" came in a chorus. "You lie! Where is your boat then, now? Answer us that! Why did you not come by the steamer with the other visitors, on the ordinary day if, as you say, you are only tourists?"

It was evident that these men timed their visits between the weekly calls of the steamboat at the island, and were proportionately enraged at finding their security invaded. Lenard had certainly showed great reluctance to bringing us to Six Ombres at all; was it possible that he was aware of the fact? I knew well enough that most sailors have scant sympathy with the duty on spirits, and that the smugglers would be tolerably safe from interference in their hands.

Our excuse of ignorance of the whereabouts of our boat sounded lame even to me, and evidently did not carry weight with the smugglers.

"If you had come with an ordinary boatman, you would not be alone now," said the first speaker. "Do not think to hoodwink us!"

"The girl can tell you that she spoke to the man who brought us here," I struck in impulsively. "It was old Lenard from Saint-Célestin in his sailing-boat *L'Orage*;" and I looked appealingly towards Manon. "Surely," I thought, "she will establish our good faith in this small instance?"

But she wagged her head with elaborate indifference.

"I know nothing about any boatman," she said mendaciously. "They may have come here in a balloon for all the sign there is to the contrary;" and she grinned fiendishly.

I lost my temper . . once.

"You know you are telling a falsehood," I said sharply. "Do you dare deny that Lenard persuaded you to give us supper, and beds, and——?"

"Your money may have persuaded me; words would not," replied the girl sneeringly. "I tell you I have not seen any boatman," and she turned to her companions.

One of them cut short my angry protest with a cool—

"Come, come, mademoiselle; one person's word is as good as another's. Abuse will not save you. It is plain enough to us, from what Manon says, that you guessed our trade and have determined to spy upon us. You shall not have the chance."

"The question is, how are we to treat them!" chimed in another voice.

"Let the women go free, and deal with me, whatever you do, and in the name of all that is merciful," said Trevor boldly.

"You talk like a fool," returned the man. "If we let the women go, what is to prevent their making straight for the *Commissaire* at Saint-Célestin, and informing against us? Women's tongues are longer,

not shorter, than men's. *Alors!* What happens? A band of Custom House thieves will be down upon us, and then away will go our trade and its comfortable profits!"

"But we will promise never to give you up——" began Ethel in a trembling voice.

"Yah! I would not believe an Englishwoman's oath on the Gospel," said the same man, insultingly.

"The safest way would be to get rid of the whole lot," said the oldest of the men. "Only dead men tell no tales, you know."

His cool voice and manner made our blood run cold. I cannot answer for my own face, of course, but Ethel's was as white as the sea foam already, and her lips livid, Bertie's being nearly as ghastly. Miss Grayne gave vent to a shriek of horror.

"Butchers! Murderers!" she screamed hysterically. "Do you know that we are English, and that our Government would avenge us?"

Several of the men snapped their fingers with gestures of contempt.

"What Government can get hold of us?" they cried.

"Hold your noise, old woman, or we will find some way of silencing you altogether, without giving you a minute for your prayers!" said one, brutally thrusting his fist into her face.

"Well, won't a large ransom satisfy you?" pleaded Trevor. "You know that English people have money. Let the ladies and the boy go in search of any sum you like to name. I will stay with you until it is forthcoming."

"I expect the money and the Custom House officers would arrive together!" sneered the old man. "No, no, monsieur; if we took you with us we should have to put your eyes out wherever we went, or when you were released you would not take long in setting those gentlemen on our track!"

For the first time Ethel's cou age utterly failed and she sank down on a stone on the beach, faint and sick with fright. We dipped a handkerchief in the sea and bathed her forehead, the occupation serving partly to divert my own mind from the horrors of our plight. Nevertheless, as I really realised our peril for the first time, I felt my whole body tremble from head to foot, and the sea, the cave, and its inmates seemed alike blurred before my sight.

"I will never leave Trevor," I said to myself, a lump rising in my throat at the mere vision of life without him. "Ethel and Bertie must go safely," and I thought of the anxiety of Ethel's invalid mother, if she ever guessed even a tithe of what her jealously-guarded daughter was passing through. It would kill her if anything happened to Ethel and Bertie, I knew full well. Would nothing move these men?

There is something in smuggling which seems to impart more reckless wickedness, more dare-devilry to character than any other wrong-doing. The daily risks to be run and avoided tend to strengthen daring and carelessness of human life, while the almost absolute safety of the freebooters' home on the wide sea leads to complete indifference of conduct on shore. Evidently the trade of these smugglers was a particularly lucrative one, since they were anxious to dare anything rather than be detected and hindered in it. But the more I reflected the more I saw that our lives hung on the chance of their accepting a ransom, and keeping one of us captive until the sum was forthcoming. It would have to be a large sum, no doubt, but we were none of us penniless, and deliverance from this hideous position was worth any sacrifice. How much would satisfy them? Or, rather, how little?

I plucked up courage again, and spoke to them to this effect, begging them to name the amount they required, and to keep whichever of us they preferred as hostage. It was safe to do this, for any one of our party would have readily saved his own life and that of the rest by remaining captive. Even this alternative would be infinitely better than the fate that they had threatened. The worst of it was that should they agree to some such arrangement they would go scot free, and it galled me unspeakably that such wretches should never suffer for their evil deeds, and should be permitted to follow their nefarious traffic in absolute safety elsewhere, though, perhaps, not at Six Ombres. Yet, after all, in this dreadful struggle between life and death, life was cheap at any price.

For a few minutes, while they were obviously discussing my proposal among themselves, we waited in suspense. Then at last we heard one of the men speak.

"Better, as Dublis says, make away with them," he urged. "If they were to offer us a ransom of a million francs it would not compensate us. Consider. We should no longer be able to use this island, which has proved so satisfactory in every way. Where else should we find such accessible headquarters?"

"Put a bullet through their heads," was the next suggestion, "and pitch them into the sea."

"Not safe now. With the tide still flowing their bodies might be found, and then there would be mischief," said another ruffian knowingly.

"To push them over the cliffs would be the most secure way," decided the man who had been the spokesman throughout, and who seemed to be in some way the captain of the band. "That would evidently be only accident. Manon could prepare a tale for the satisfaction of anyone who came here in search of them, or—could hold her tongue, which she is so skilled in doing. By that time we should be safely over the water."

There was a murmur of "*Soit!*" from the little group of hearers.

"Let us be on the safe side."

I felt then as though the last chance of life were gone. But, after all, to say that I *felt* would be perhaps incorrect. One does not feel at such moments. Death, as a rule, is so far away from the thoughts of the young, vigorous, and happy, that when his grisly form does approach—above all, without any warning—its tendency is to stun the faculties and to blunt sensation, rather than to render it more acute.

The girl Manon, who had hitherto scarcely spoken audibly, though, of course, what share she had taken

in the secret councils we did not know, here put in her word.

"They have jewellery," she said greedily. "Mademoiselle has a glittering ring, and the old woman a fine watch and chain. I should like to have them now, without waiting until later."

The proposition was surely a refinement of cruelty, but it seemed to amuse the men mightily.

"Ha, ha! *fillette*, thou hast an eye to finery, I see," said one, sufficiently like her to pass for a brother. "It would take a jeweller's shop full to make thee handsome, however!"

"I have had enough trouble and blame on their account, so it is but fair that I should have some recompense, I say," responded the girl sullenly.

"Why not? Let her have them by all means. As well now, as afterwards," said the captain brutally. "Give up your ring at once," he said to poor Ethel. "And your watch," to Miss Grayne.

"SHE SNATCHED IT UP EAGERLY."

Miss Grayne's watch was her most cherished possession, being the gift of some former pupils, with the exception only of the old-fashioned treble gold chain she wore, which had a more pathetic interest still, for it had belonged to her mother. I saw her sharp grey eyes glow with a dangerous steely light as she listened to the command delivered to her, and elaborately ignored the outrageous demand.

"Do as you are told, old woman!" said the man with an angry oath.

"I am afraid there is nothing for it but to give it up," whispered Trevor, to whom the impossibility of resistance was almost the bitterness of death itself.

"I will not, then!" proclaimed Miss Grayne pluckily.

"Oh, you refuse, eh? Then, as I am determined to gratify my little sister, we must help ourselves, I suppose; hold her hands, Jacques, please," and the fellow most like Manon beckoned another, who seized the unfortunate woman's wrists firmly.

There was a short struggle, and then the first speaker coolly appropriated the watch out of its pocket, roughly passing the chain over her head, and handed both to Manon with a jeering laugh.

"That is the way to punish rebellion in the camp," he said. "Now, mademoiselle, are you going to be amiable, or must I treat you likewise?"

Ethel broke into bitter tears as she fingered the treasure. To give her love-gage, the most precious of all her belongings, to that revolting creature! I hardly knew which to pity more, her or Trevor. For her half-beseeching, half-inquiring glance must have been torture to his impotence. I saw him bite his lips and gnaw his moustache in helpless rage as he was forced to bow his head in acquiescence to her appealing gesture. We had just seen the result of resistance, and what could one man's unarmed strength avail to defend a girl against half-a-dozen armed ruffians? He turned aside, and looked away over the sea as with blinding tears she drew off her glove, and slowly pulled the shining circlet so full of meaning off her finger, then kissed it and—because it was so precious—flung it on the sand before the girl, who snatched it up eagerly. It was some slight gratification to us in the midst of this our humiliation to see that the beautiful symbol refused to pass the second joint of any of the wretched girl's stumpy red fingers!

What was a gem, a mere bauble, to us, you ask, in the face of death itself? What? Why, real! While death could not be real, when only yesterday we were all so brimful of life and its bright prospects. No!

Death was still shadowy, despite our closeness to it. Life and love were the only realities, I felt, as I instinctively passed my arm around Ethel and drew her towards me. Above all, I can recollect looking vaguely round me at the beautiful world we were to leave. The sun was up by now and shining radiantly. The sky and sea were deeply blue, and a soft wind ruffled the latter into ripples. It was going to be a lovely day—and we—where should we spend it? . . . In the same misty way I heard the men—already as they were the worse for liquor—propose to broach another cask of rum, and saw them withdraw to the hidden depths of the cave, and tap one of the barrels. They knew full well how entirely at their mercy we were, and could take every advantage of their position. It seemed ludicrous to a degree that we were left thus unguarded, and yet had not the faintest chance of escape. We were so tantalisingly close to safety too!

I was gazing dreamily over the sea when Trevor's hand was laid suddenly upon mine; with the quickest and quietest gesture possible he pointed in the direction of Saint-Célestin. I followed his cautiously-raised finger and saw approaching rapidly through the reefs in the distance a black speck gradually resolving itself into a boat of some kind. I looked again, and saw from the faint line of smoke against the sky that it was a steamer. A wild hope filled my soul that we had been missed, and that the steam launch from the town had been sent in search of us. In the sudden revulsion from utter despair to hope I marvel now that I did not lose my head, and by shouting and signalling effectually destroy our only chance. My first impulse was certainly to do this, but in the act my tongue seemed to cleave to my mouth—with excitement, I suppose—and Trevor and I watched in silence for some minutes the steamer coming closer and closer, without breathing a word to the others.

Ethel's face was still hidden against my shoulder, and I could feel her chest heave with a convulsive sob from time to time. Miss Grayne had one hand over her eyes as though occupied in thought, or, perhaps, for a better purpose still. Bertie was sitting on a stone at our feet writing in his pocket-book. He had some idea, obviously, of getting a letter to his mother transferred to her by a kindly wave, and, as he afterwards said, in the hope that it might help to track the smugglers, he was setting down an elaborate description of each one and of the girl Manon. Only Trevor and I were for the nonce in possession of the hope of life, and from the finger he placed on his lips I realised the danger of awaking it too suddenly in the others. For the approach to the landing place was hidden from our enemies, indulging in their illicit liquor, in the depths of the cave as they still were, and if by movement or sound we roused their attention before safety was assured to us, we might yet be undone.

I waited until the steamer began to plunge and toss about in the Race, before venturing to whisper the joyful words in Ethel's ear. She started violently, and in the fear of her becoming hysterical, I felt compelled to speak harshly.

"Hush! If you breathe a sound it will be all over with us!" I said to silence her, and she looked up and smiled.

Such an April smile it was! Such a mingling of joy and tears! Trevor then stooped, and taking Bertie's pencil wrote on his note-book: "The launch is in sight, but keep quiet so as not to alarm the men." Bertie was made of sound stuff, and could be relied on to preserve his self-control to perfection, it was Miss Grayne's excitement which I dreaded. Fortunately, her eyes were still hidden by her hand, and we fondly hoped they might continue to be, up to the instant of rescue.

But what moments of ineffable anxiety those were, during which we watched the launch ploughing its way through the Race—heavily and slowly as it seemed to our frantic anxiety, though in reality with all the speed which steam could attain. The strain of mind and body was terrible. My heart beat in solid thumps more like the blows of a blacksmith's hammer than any ordinary throbbing, and my eyes ached with staring at one object, in the bright morning sunshine. We stood scarcely daring to move a muscle lest the motion should attract the attention of the smugglers, and cause them to endeavour to put their murderous scheme into execution before our rescue, or what was almost worse, to one of our number, lest they should have time to escape their just retribution! For Trevor's face at this supreme moment showed how hard had been the struggle for him to see those whom he was bound to defend insulted and bullied without reprisals. Joy lighted up his great dark eyes, but determination showed itself in every line of his sternly-closed lips. While we thought but of security from danger, he was meditating the punishment of the causes of it. Well! Is it not in such ways as these that men are truly said to take wider views than women either can or do compass?

We suffered one more agony of suspense, for the little launch swerved, and for a minute or two seemed hesitating as to her course. Those on board her appeared half determined to steer round the island, in search of us evidently, seeing no traces of human beings within view. If they had done this we should indeed have been lost, and in the horror of such an idea, Trevor ventured to wave his handkerchief. In reality the time was only seconds, but I can affirm that I lived a lifetime of anxiety during the course of them, and until we saw a flag waved from the bow of the steamer in response to our furtive signal, and knew that we were observed.

The next instant the boat drew up to the landing-place, and a small crowd of uniformed men disembarked, and came towards us. It was plain that Lenard, having suspicions of the truth, had made a violent effort, and under cover of the darkness had rowed off in his big, unwieldy boat to inform the authorities in Saint-Célestin of the contraband traffic which was being carried on in the lonely, legend-haunted islet. Hence the presence of the *douaniers*

and the *gendarmerie* in such force. Our cheeks flushed and our eyes glowed as we realised that only a few minutes were between us and safety. If only they would traverse the quarter mile of sand so stealthily as to spring upon the smugglers and capture them unawares ! But the beach was heavy walking, and official dignity permitted neither hurry nor cat-like softness.

Miss Grayne was the first to hear their footsteps, tramp, tramping towards us, their cumbersome top-boots knocking against an occasional stone in the sand. With a perfect shriek of joy, which re-echoed from the rocks behind us, and sounded in my ears for days and nights afterwards, she rushed like a lunatic towards them. Then there was an immediate clatter of feet in our rear, and we knew that the smugglers were on the alert.

"Now we must run for it!" cried Trevor, and with the words we followed Miss Grayne's example, and one and all made simultaneously for the landing-place. Of that mad race I remember nothing more than the wind rushing past us, and the sea murmuring in my ears. Then there was the report of a gun, and something swifter than the wind darted by me. I redoubled my efforts, and ran past the blue line which represented the Custom House officials; then there was another shot, and another, and another, and finally Trevor seized me as I nearly fell blindly over the rough stones of the landing-place. Miss Grayne was standing on the little quay, laughing and crying by turns before me, and Ethel, Trevor, and Bertie, all breathless, were looking eagerly in the direction of the fray.

It was a proof of their drink-soddened wits that the smugglers were surprised by their enemies at such close quarters. Even as the noise of our flying footsteps roused their attention, and they darted round the corner of the rocks in pursuit, the launch with its small army of officials now so close to them, must have caught their gaze, causing an immediate pause of amazement and consternation. They saw themselves outnumbered and out-armed, but with a fierce determination to sell themselves dearly they fired first after our retreating forms and then at the *douaniers*. Then, finding their position helpless, they made a desperate effort to launch their boat and to escape their pursuers. But the tide had sent it high up on the beach, and by the time we had reached safety, by the irony of fate, the Custom House officers had just reached them, as they stood with their boat at the water's edge. It was too far off for us to see the hand-to-hand struggle, too far off to see any of the fight. A few shots resounded on the still morning air, and then the champions of the government returned with the enemy in handcuffs, and Manon in the secure grip of a *gendarme*. It was characteristic of the girl that she did her utmost to assure her captors that she was entirely innocent of any complicity in our ill-treatment !

"I know nothing of the whole affair," she whined. "In fact, I have done what I could to convince these men that *ces Anglais* meant no harm ! I even went so far as to try to shelter them, and to keep them out of danger, by locking them in at the *auberge*. It is hard to be blamed for others' faults !"

For a moment the authorities looked questioningly from the girl with her livid face of abject fear to ourselves.

"You need not dread being punished unlawfully, or

"TREVOR VENTURED TO WAVE HIS HANDKERCHIEF" (*p.* 416).

"'THAT GIRL IS THE WORST OF THE WHOLE CREW!'"

without cause, *ma fille*," began the man who had her in charge.

But Ethel, the loss of whose treasured ring rankled deep, broke in with an indignant protest.

"Without cause! Messieurs *les douaniers*, believe me, that girl is the worst of the whole crew! She has deprived me of my engagement ring, and the old lady of her watch."

"My brother gave me the ring long ago," protested the model of truth. "It is indeed my own."

"What? When it will not fit one of your fingers? You had forgotten that fact, I think," laughed the officials. "*Bon!* You have said enough to convict her, mademoiselle. Without evidence of that theft, it would have been difficult."

* * * * *

It will not take long to gather together the scattered threads. Lenard, the good genius of the story, was rightly the chief gainer by it, and the fruit of his faithfulness appears in his three smart sailing boats.

The conclusion of our stay in Saint-Célestin was marked by some disagreeable notoriety in the shape of "appearances" in court, and some less unpleasant prominence as the heroes in an adventure which might have proved tragic.

Of course, the whole band was punished, though as it seemed, at all events, to Ethel, Miss Grayne and myself, far from adequately. Law, and French law, above all, is beyond the comprehension of mortal woman, and we could never agree with a decision which punished the smugglers only for their offences against the Custom House, and not for those against the persons of English citizens! The fact is, I suppose, that law does not take into consideration any "might have beens," and no proof beyond our own assertions was forthcoming to convince French judges that our kind friends meant us any harm whatever! They swore, of course, on their own behalf that they only intended to alarm us by threats—this despite their use of firearms!—and but for discoveries made soon afterwards we might have agreed with the verdict, and have been ashamed to think how unreasonably we had been frightened.

The *auberge* is now occupied by Custom House officers, and the whole island looks so prosaic, that it is difficult to believe how nearly Six Ombres was indeed for us an Island of Shadows!

THE END.

OUR FRIEND THE FOX-TERRIER.

THE fox-terrier pup is undoubtedly the *enfant terrible* of the canine family. To look at him as he sits on the hearth-rug, gravely regarding you with his solemn baby face, you would think him the four-footed equivalent to the "good little boy" of the Sunday School story book; but when you return home, and find him lying peacefully asleep amidst the *débris* of a sofa cushion, which he has torn to pieces, you no longer fear that, being "specially beloved of the gods," he will die young.

He sows his wild oats in the most lavish and prodigal manner, and only reaps an occasional whipping, instead of a whole crop of ills, such as is the usual result of similar agricultural ventures on the part of a human being.

This is to a great extent due to the artful manner in which he always appears to be perfectly ignorant of his crimes.

You are going out to dinner, perhaps, and leave word for your dress clothes to be put to warm before the fire; this has scarcely been done when the child, waking up and scrambling out of his basket, sets to work to pull them off the chairs; after which he laboriously drags your coat into the coal house, and your nether garments out to the front gate, where he leaves them, and returning to his bed, flops down in it with what is evidently the "pleasing sense of duty done." An hour or so later you enter wrathfully, with the aforesaid N.G.'s in one hand, and a small cane in the other, and the fixed determination in your heart that you will "make that confounded dog sit up." But he gives you such a cordial greeting, and seems so glad to see you, and so utterly unconscious of any misdemeanour, that instead of applying the avenging rod to his podgy little body, you give it him to drag about the room, which he does with intense enjoyment, banging it against all the chair and table legs, and very nearly twisting his head off, and at last settles down and makes a hearty meal off it in a quiet corner.

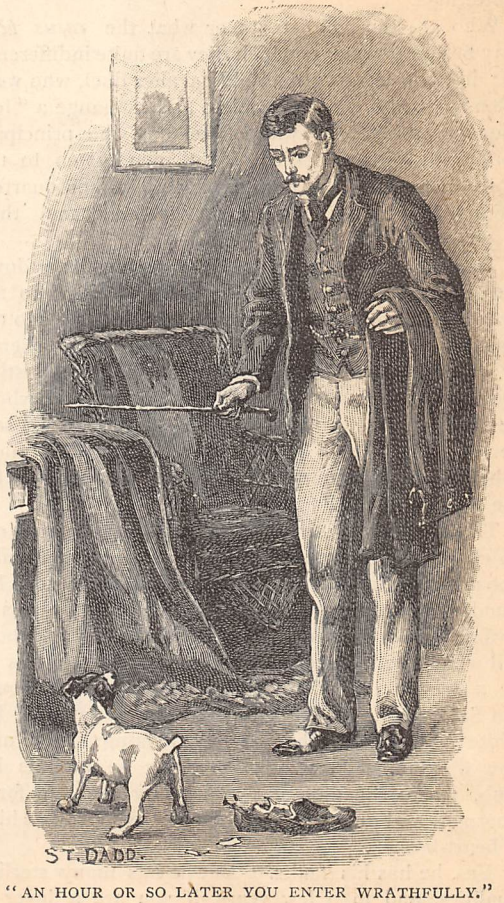
Except when he is asleep he seems to be the personification of perpetual motion. It is astonishing how much work he gets out of that piebald mouth and those lanky legs; and, as a rule, he spreads ruin and consternation wherever he goes.

Before you are aware of it, his childhood is passed; he no longer takes delight in eating carpet slippers and chasing pigs, for now his terrier blood begins to show itself in earnest, and goes tingling through his veins, as his heart leaps within him at the sound of that mystic word "rats!"

It is an inheritance that has come down to him through generations of gallant ancestors that he can understand the stirring sound which has moved them to deeds of prowess even before his maiden teeth have been imbued with the blood of the obnoxious vermin.

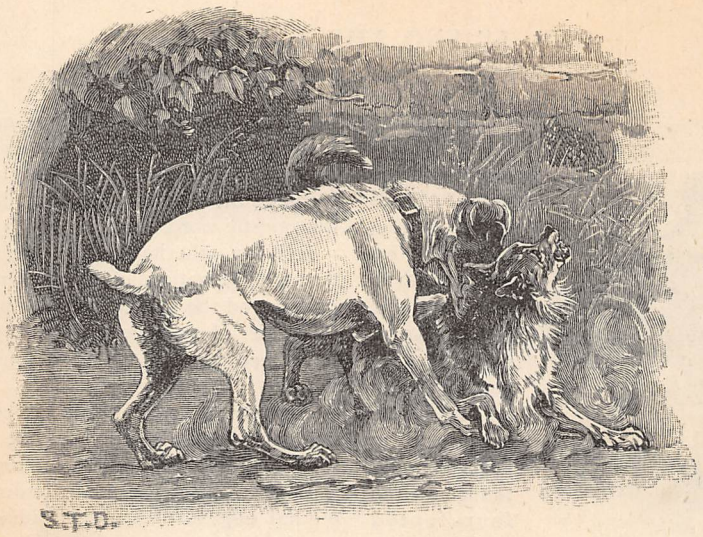
Now, also, as the adult fox terrier, he goes forth upon that crusade which Nature seems to be always preaching to his race—the destruction of cats!

Why these unfortunate animals should be the eternal objects of his vengeance one cannot understand, but it is certain that no knight of old could have shown more resolute determination in crossing the scorching plains of Palestine than he does in his attempts to climb trees and squeeze himself through impossible apertures when in pursuit of the foe. Nor could the chivalry of old have met with greater coolness the scimitars of the infidel than he does the



"AN HOUR OR SO LATER YOU ENTER WRATHFULLY."

flying broom handles of indignant neighbours. He is of a distinctly warlike temperament, and is ever to be found "seeking the bubble reputation" at the mouth of any dog who feels inclined to "give him satisfaction." Whenever two dogs fight and make a row over it, you may be sure that within five minutes all the fox-terriers within a quarter of a mile who can get loose, will come galloping on to the scene of action, the neck and back of each transformed into a hat brush, and their mouths "full of strange oaths," which they pour forth in low, guttural mutterings.



"DUSTING THE PATHWAY WITH A CROSS-BRED POMERANIAN."

Who are the combatants, or what the *casus belli* may be, are matters to which they are quite indifferent; but like the seconds in an old cavalier duel, who were often wont to draw their rapiers and exchange a "few friendly passes," by way of keeping the principals company; so these bellicose gentlemen hasten to the front, where they, as a rule, pick up minor quarrels among themselves, fight a few rounds, and then disperse.

There are times, such as when you are walking down the street and he insists on pursuing a cat into the dwelling of its owner, and you listen awestruck to the sound of overturning furniture and smashing crockery; or when you come out of church, and find him dusting the pathway with a cross-bred Pomeranian—with whom he always fights "on sight"—on such occasions, I say, you are apt to think it would be a decided advantage if he became a convert to arbitration, and you long for the time when wars will cease.

The episode of your meeting him as you came out of church, reminds me that he is not very particular about his companions, and generally spends his Sunday mornings at a sort of club which meets at various street corners, and from the tag-rag and bob-tail which are included among its members seems to be a society in which "blackballing" is unknown. On Saturday he has his bath, and comes out of it, his white coat, with its ebony spots, looking like a nice new domino. On Sunday morning he attends his club, where the members apparently use him for a doormat, and on his return the cook, who washes him, is heart-broken.

Yes, he has his faults. But he has many sterling qualities, and in a few years, if you are a lover of animals, you find he has won for himself a large place in your heart.

It is astonishing, too, how much he thinks of you; you, who, perhaps, have never even had your name mentioned in a local paper, and yet to him you are the first man of the day. If it were possible for you to sit in a room with all the crowned heads of Europe, he would single you out at once as being most worthy of his regard, and would rather have an approving pat from you than from the Czar of Russia.

He is the best of companions—if only he would moderate his language a little when people ring at the front door—and one cannot but be touched with the many evidences he gives of that loving fidelity which has always characterised his race, even as far back as the time when on Ulysses' return home :—

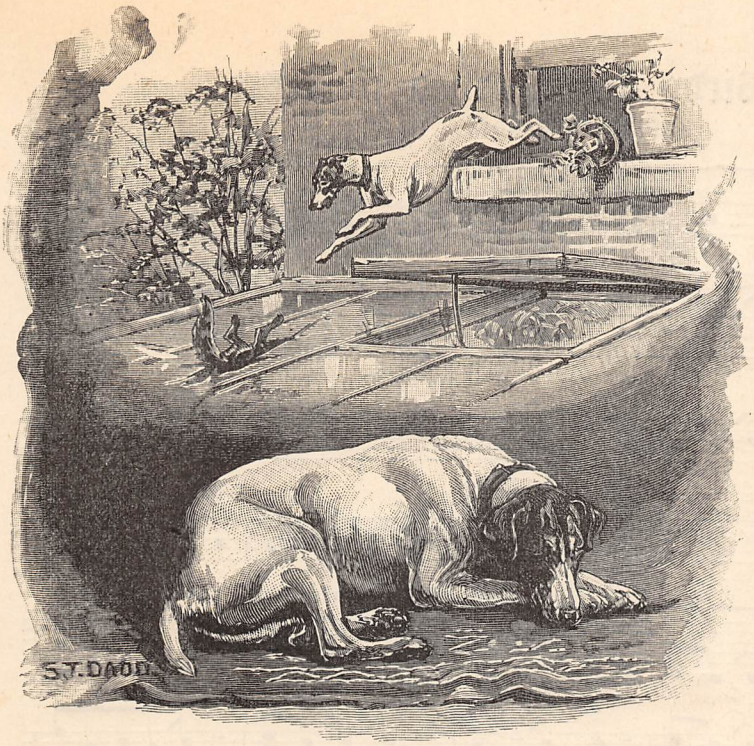
"The faithful dog alone his rightful master knew."

The years pass away, and by-and-by you find he is growing old. He is sober and quiet now, and prefers to stretch himself upon the hearth-rug, instead of scouring the neighbourhood in search of adventures.

You wonder sometimes what he finds to think about during the long hours that he lies blinking at the fire, his ears rising and falling as the coals shift in the grate. Perhaps, as he has no grandchildren to whom he may recount how large and fierce were the rats of "my young days," he is content to commune with himself upon these matters, and once more, in spirit, follows the Jones's cat through the glass roof of their conservatory, or rolls in the mud the cross-bred Pomeranian, who—dear me! can it be possible?—has been dead and gone these five years!

Length of days is not a boon to animals, and it seems to be man's privilege alone to find enjoyments even in old age. In the case of a dog, it becomes, in due time, painfully evident that he has "had his day," and that life is no longer a pleasure to him.

Then there comes a time when a gentle voice remonstrates with love, and pleads the cause of mercy. You go and have a conversation with the groom, who, on the strength of having a brother a kennel man to the North Blankshire, considers himself an authority on dogs; and the upshot of it is



"ONCE MORE, IN SPIRIT, FOLLOWS THE JONES'S CAT" (*p.* 420).

that as you turn to go back to the house, you say, "Very well; I'll take him myself to-morrow."

You almost wish "to-morrow" would "never come," but it does, and then something like the following usually takes place :—

You have been wandering about in an aimless sort of way for the last ten minutes, with your hat and coat on ready to go out. At last you open the door and call, "William."

"Yessir."

"William, I—I find I'm busy this morning, and shan't be able to go out, so you'd better take him. And William——"

"Yessir."

"Be sure you see that every care is taken."

Away goes William and behind him trots, quite contentedly, your old companion. He turns just before he gets to the corner, and stands a moment looking back, as though he thought you might be following. I doubt very much if he can see you with those poor old dim eyes, but you raise your hand, and wave him a last adieu, and say, "Good-bye, old man."

Then you make a bolt for your arm-chair, where you sit for a quarter of an hour and read the paper very diligently. But the compositor was evidently *distrait* when he set this type up, or the lines would never have been so crooked; no wonder you do not notice that all this time you have been holding the sheet upside down.

* * * *

In a few weeks, perhaps, you have another little study in black and white, making frantic attempts to scale that as yet inaccessible fortress, your lap; but though you bend down, and put a helping hand at the back of his neck, and assist him to scramble up the "breeches," and allow him to use your watch chain for a "gum-easer," still you find your heart goes sadly forth to a spot at the bottom of the garden, where stands a small stone bearing the laconic inscription, "JACK."

H. AVERY.

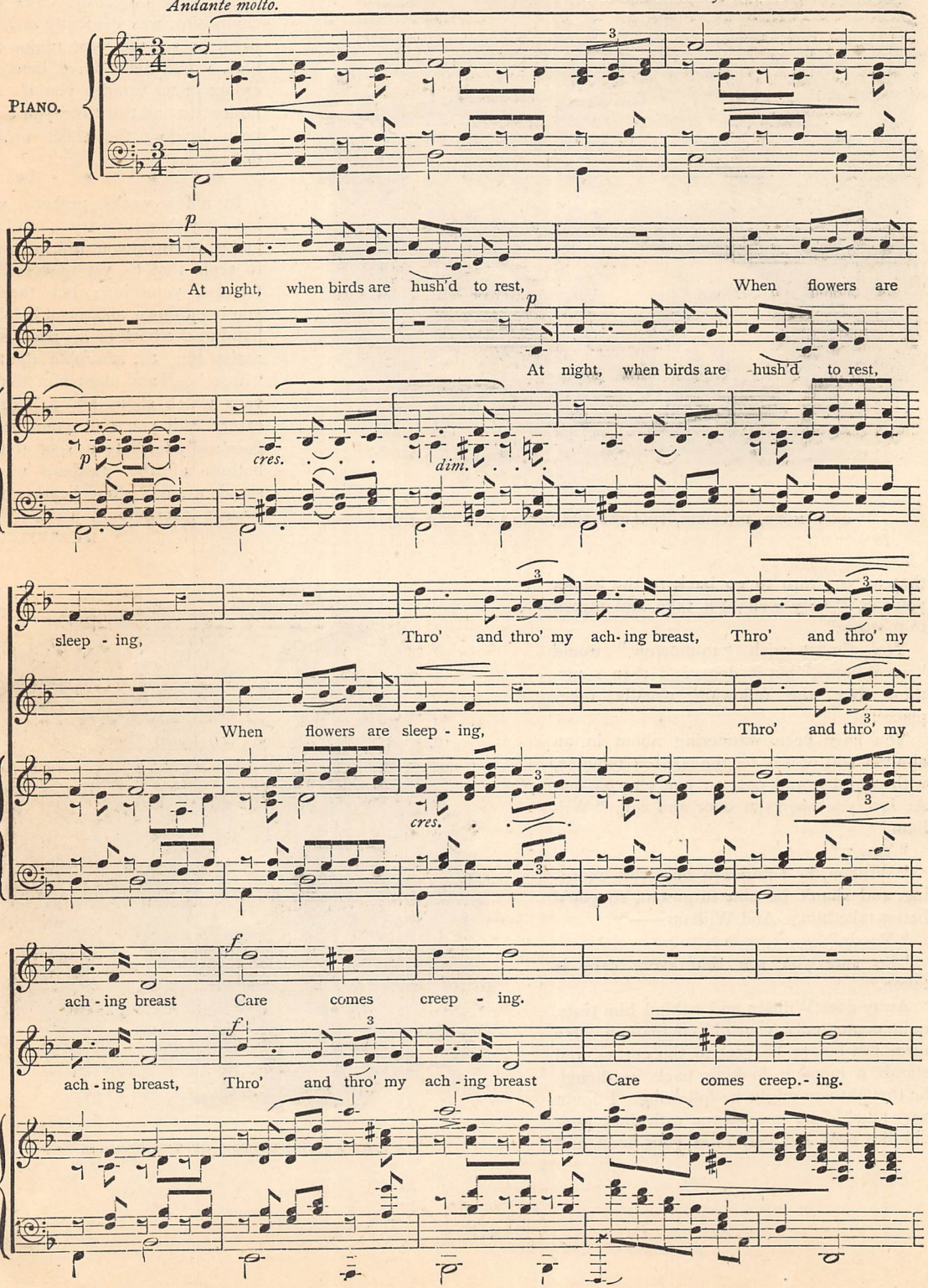
"A SPOT AT THE BOTTOM OF THE GARDEN."

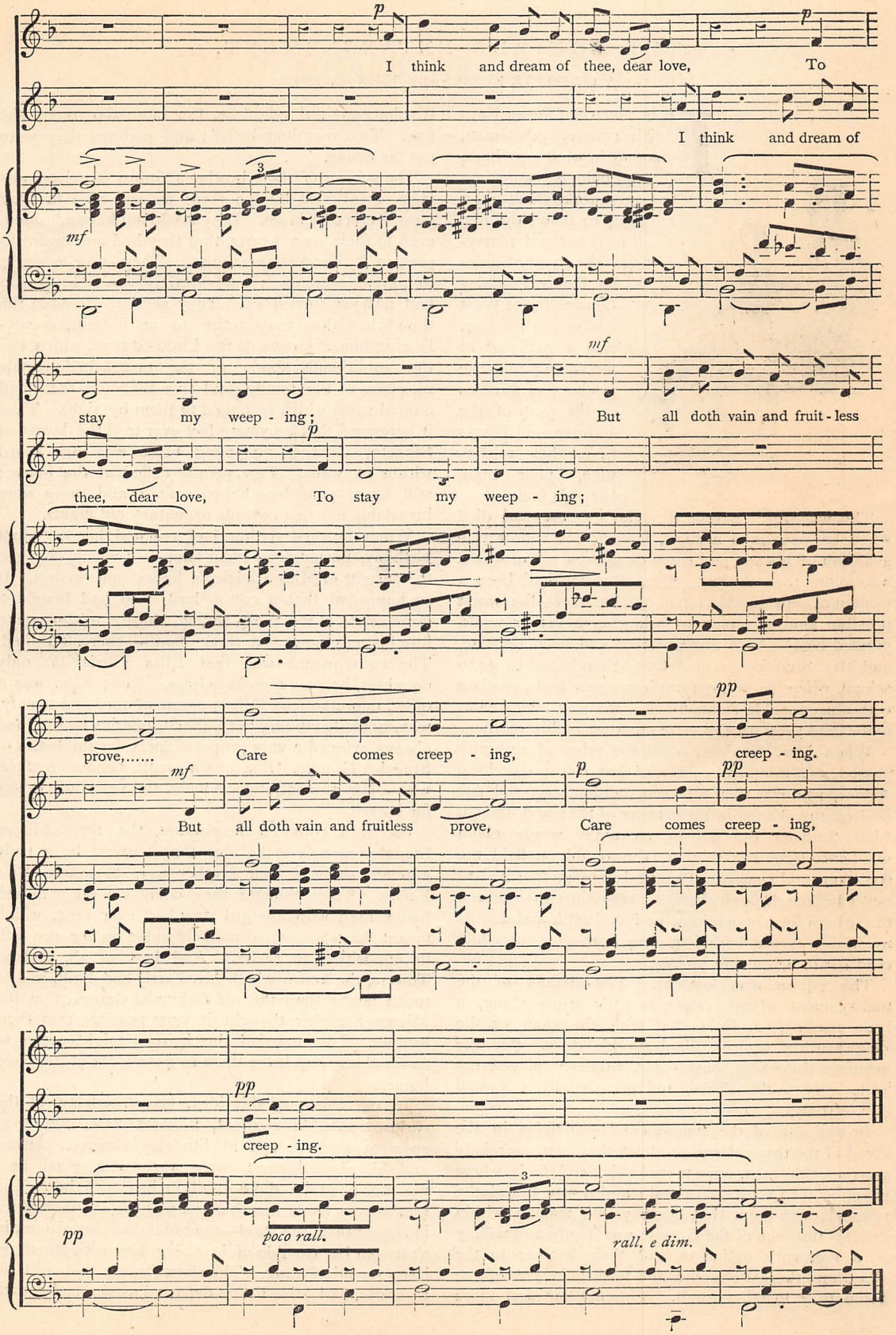
When Birds are Hushed to Rest.

DUET IN CANON.

Words and Music by FREDERIC W. AUSTIN.

Andante molto.




I think and dream of thee, dear love, To
I think and dream of
stay my weep - ing; But all doth vain and fruit - less
thee, dear love, To stay my weep - ing;
prove,..... Care comes creep - ing,
creep - ing.
But all doth vain and fruitless prove, Care comes creep - ing,
creep - ing.
poco rall.
rall. e dim.

THE SQUIRE'S ENTANGLEMENT.

A COMPLETE STORY.—BY JOHN K. LEYS.

IT is not usual for an English country gentleman, sound in wind and limb, and enjoying an estate worth three thousand a year, to reach the age of forty without marrying. Yet Arthur Studeley, Esq., of Studeley Grange, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, was a bachelor at forty-two; and the mothers of families in his part of the country said it was more his misfortune, poor man, than his fault.

This was true. Arthur Studeley's father had died when he was quite a child, leaving his widow sole guardian of his son and three daughters, all of whom were older than Arthur. Mrs. Studeley had been a woman of considerable force of character—the worst possible kind of person to bring up a rather weak-minded boy. As a child, Arthur had been delicate, and Mrs. Studeley decided that he ought not to go to school, where he might form low tastes and associate with objectionable companions. He was educated at home, and grew up the mere creature of his mother.

When Mrs. Studeley died the reins of authority passed, as a matter of course, to her eldest daughter. Arthur, who was then nineteen, neither expected nor desired any change in his manner of life; and though Miss Studeley did not in so many words claim obedience from her brother, she so ably upheld the traditions and customs of his up-bringing, that he had never broken through them. Everything was referred to Barbara for her opinion; and as Judith and Cecilia invariably agreed with her, they formed a three-fold cord not to be quickly broken.

The squire was content. The details of the management of his estate, a little trout-fishing, a little reading, a little chat with the vicar or the neighbouring squires, filled up his days. For the evenings there was music—Mr. Studeley played the 'cello very fairly—chess, and occasionally a formal dinner-party.

It was one of the fundamental principles in the creed of the three Misses Studeley that men, especially marriageable men, were mere babies and fools where young women were concerned; and it was likewise a principle with them that every young woman within driving distance of the Grange was ready and willing at a moment's notice to lead their brother to the altar, and thereafter come and turn them out of the home they loved so well. The prettier and more frivolous any girl might be, the more dangerous she was. That was their belief; and perhaps they were not far wrong.

The subject of their brother's future marriage was never mentioned by the three sisters, even in their most secret conclaves. They would not have admitted, even to their own hearts, that they had any desire to prevent Arthur from marrying. They knew he ought to marry—some day; but certainly the right person had not yet turned up. They secretly dreaded the time when they must retire to an ill-built, dowdy-looking house, known as the Little Grange, which was the traditional abode of the unattached female members of the family, and live there on the small annual sums which belonged to them by right. Thus it happened that no young feet ever trod the lawns of Studeley Grange—no young voice was ever heard within its walls. Few people called at the house; still fewer paid lengthened visits; and these were invariably married persons or mature old maids.

When brother Arthur had reached his forty-first birthday, however, an event happened which changed the current of Miss Studeley's hopes and wishes. It so happened that a cotton lord, who had bought a large estate in the West Riding, had the misfortune to lose his only son, and three months thereafter died. The consequence was that Eliza Ferris, his only daughter, became a great heiress. Now, Eliza was a quiet, unpretentious little woman of four-and-twenty, who, notwithstanding her father's superior wealth, had always evinced a very proper respect for the ladies of Studeley Grange. She was a small, slender creature, with a fair amount of good looks and very little to say for herself.

As by a common inspiration, the three Misses Studeley conceived the idea that it would be a truly excellent thing if their brother were to marry Eliza Ferris. They thought they could get on with her better than with any girl they had ever seen, which meant that she seemed unlikely to set up her own will in opposition to theirs. And best of all, Acland Towers, the house which Mr. Ferris had built, was so much larger than the old-fashioned Grange, that the Misses Studeley thought it very possible that their brother, if he married the heiress, might prefer to reside there, and leave them in possession of their old home.

In pursuance of this idea, Miss Studeley, at the earliest possible moment, brought Eliza Ferris to spend a week or two at Studeley Grange. Arthur and his sisters' guest were thrown a good deal together; but he did not fall in love with her. The reason very likely was that she was too common-place in appearance, too staid—too much like his sisters, in short—to be capable of inspiring him with anything like romantic feeling. The sisters' hints met with no response, and Miss Ferris departed as she had come.

"I am afraid you have had rather a dull visit," said Arthur Studeley to her as they sat together over the last meal.

"Oh, not at all," said Miss Ferris, in the tone she would have used if she had been asking for a potato.

"It has been your fault, Arthur, if she has found it dull," observed Miss Studeley severely.

Arthur frowned, blushed, and glanced timidly at the visitor, who answered for him, with a faint smile—

"HE SAW A FACE WHICH STARTLED HIM" (*p.* 426).

"Oh, not at all. I think I prefer quiet to gaiety. Home life is always the best. It is so peaceful"—a sentiment which merited and received Miss Studeley's approbation.

A week after Miss Ferris left the Grange an event of apparently slight importance kindled in the squire's mind the first sparks of revolt against the established order of things. A certain Captain Cockshot came to visit his cousin, the Vicar of Studeley Wick. The captain was a man who knew life, yet he was not vicious. He had, or affected to have—which came to precisely the same thing—an intimate acquaintance with every sport, every kind of pleasure, every trick, and (in theory) nearly every vice that ever was heard of. Yet he remained superior to them all. He did not lord it over the squire, as the squire knew he might have done. On the contrary, he was civil—almost deferential—to him, and extremely deferential to the three sisters. They did not regard him with favour, but they tolerated him when another man of his attainments would have been forbidden the house. Many a pipe did the captain and the squire smoke together; many an anecdote did the captain tell to the squire, and the squire felt all too bitterly that he had nothing to tell in return. He pondered much and long, and the result was that on the day succeeding Captain Cockshot's departure Arthur Studeley said to his sister after dinner—

"I think I shall run up to town to-morrow, Barbara."

"You mean to Malton, Arthur?" observed Barbara, knowing perfectly well that he meant nothing of the kind.

Judith and Cecilia suspended their meal, and held their breath to listen.

"No; to London," said Arthur airily, as if a trip to the metropolis were for him the most ordinary thing in the world.

"To London, brother?"

"To London, Arthur?" cried Judith and Cecilia simultaneously.

"Judith, my dear, you forget that Arthur has a perfect right to go to London when he chooses," remarked the elder sister.

Arthur was surprised and grateful.

"There won't be time, I'm afraid, for us all to accompany you, dear," she continued, speaking to Arthur; "but you can escort Cissy, while Judith and I can follow in a day or two."

The squire's face fell.

"We all want to go up to town, as it happens," went on Barbara, before he had time to reply; "so your going just now will suit us nicely."

"Yes; but—but, I hope you won't consider me——"

"Oh, brother! *of course* we would consider you," interrupted Judith.

"—Consider me one of your party," resumed Arthur. "The fact is, I want to look up Cockshot and one or two fellows, friends of his—not exactly ladies' men, you know."

"Not fit company for ladies, you mean, Arthur," said Miss Studeley. "No doubt you are right. Judith, my dear, and Cecilia, will you kindly bid us good-night? I have something to say to your brother."

The two elderly maidens rose immediately.

"Confound it, Barbara! I—I'm not a *child!* I——"

"I shall not keep you long, brother," said Barbara, with a sad tranquillity. "What I wish to put before you is simply this—whether you can reconcile it with your conscience to seek, for no reason, the company of men to whom you cannot introduce your sisters, and even to *prefer* such company to ours. I do not wish to say more. You know what our sainted mother would have said, how deeply she would have felt, on such a question. Good-night, Arthur. May you be guided aright."

So saying, Miss Barbara imprinted a sisterly kiss on her brother's forehead, embracing him at the same time in a tender but not effusive manner, and went to bed.

All this had its effect upon the squire. It did seem as if he were really wicked to wish to go up to town by himself and cultivate Captain Cockshot. Why did he wish to break out in this way? He hardly knew. Chiefly, he told himself, because he wanted a change from Studeley Hall; but in his secret heart he knew that that was not all. He wanted a taste of the forbidden fruit; he longed to know something of that world that was not so thoroughly respectable as the world in which he had hitherto lived and moved; and he was conscious of a certain warning voice which agreed with Miss Studeley's grave remonstrance. But none the less he was determined to have his own way.

The squire started for London, in spite of the sad, half-frightened glances which followed him out of the hall. He felt at times a strange, delicious excitement, as keen and vivid as that of a schoolboy out for a holiday; at other times a distinct pang of conscience such as he used to have when, as a boy, he had once gone fishing on a Sunday.

When the squire called on Captain Cockshot, he found, to his disgust and dismay, that the gallant captain was out of town—that is to say, he was at Homburg or Baden-Baden. So he had to go about alone, and he found it inexpressibly, horribly lonely and dull.

Life in London was as much a mystery to him as ever, and he was meditating a return to Studeley, to escape from his own society, when he chanced one evening to visit the Portuguese Exhibition, which was then in full swing. To wander about the gritty paths called "gardens," and listen to a raucous German Band, might not be a high form of entertainment; but it was better than sitting in a stifling concert-room, without a soul to speak to.

As the squire walked to and fro he saw a face which startled him.

It was the face of a girl—of a girl, apparently, who was hardly yet a woman. It was wondrously white, and crowned with a coronal of hair dark as night. The eyes, large and lustrous, lit up the face, and made it like a speaking picture.

Soon he perceived that this lovely creature, shining and separate like a star, belonged to a party of ordinary human beings. There was a little stout man in a frock-coat that was much too tight for him, wearing a moustache as thick as a sausage. There was a big, over-fed woman with enormous arms, a black lace scarf worn very much down on her shoulders, and profuse jewellery. Could they be the father and mother of——? Impossible! Yet it must be so. They were evidently foreigners. That would explain much, and in particular a yellowish swarthy tinge, the impression of scanty ablutions, which seemed to pervade the worthy couple.

They sat down on a bench, the angel vision on one side of them; and the squire—inexperience is ever diffident—seated himself at the other side, on the right hand of M. le Père.

An inane remark which Mr. Studeley ventured about the music was graciously received, another observation followed, and a conversation gradually sprang up. Studeley gave his new friend some idea of his social standing, confessing at the same time that London was almost as strange a place to him as it must be to the distinguished foreigners who were honouring the English capital with their presence. The squire spoke in French, which the stranger received without more smiles than politeness enjoined. In return, the little stout man handed Studeley a card on which was engraved the words "Count Eugène Catalini," with the address of a Parisian club underneath. The count was travelling in England with his wife and daughter. He was charmed with the English towns — churches — streets — horses —

carriages — railways — cooking — theatres — music—in fact, everything. They had taken a furnished house in Dorchester Square, Bayswater, and they would be very happy to see Monsieur Studeley, if he felt inclined to call.

The squire returned to his hotel that night feeling that he had carried a difficult position by a piece of masterly adroitness.

On the following afternoon he called at No. 10, Dorchester Square, was graciously received by the fat-armed countess, and introduced to "our daughter Beatrice." The fair Beatrice was absent, *distraite*, indifferent, until the squire was about to take his leave, when she suddenly awoke to life, displayed a charming interest—the interest of an intelligent but ingenuous child—in the subjects of the squire's conversation. Having stayed as long as he decently could, Mr. Studeley took his leave, accepting an impromptu invitation from the countess to dine at Dorchester Square on the following evening. The sweetness of disposition evinced by Beatrice in forcing herself to join in the conversation when she would have preferred to remain silent furnished the squire with abundant food for meditation as he journeyed to his hotel.

"AT THE FLOWER SHOW HIS SISTERS ENCOUNTERED A FAMILY WHOM THEY KNEW" (*p.* 428).

From that day the intimacy between Arthur Studeley and the Catalini family ripened rapidly. The squire constituted himself their cicerone, taking them not only to concerts and theatres (where he insisted on paying for the whole party), but to such places as Hampton Court, Windsor, Kew Gardens, the Crystal Palace, and so on. Beatrice seemed to him more beautiful, more fascinating, every day. Her moods were wayward and changeful as an April day.

Sometimes her clear pale face was cold as an icicle; sometimes it bloomed into a charming brightness and gaiety; sometimes the girl's big dark eyes would melt with an indefinable emotion—an indication, so Studeley interpreted, of the deep wells of passion and sympathy which lay concealed in her nature.

It need hardly be said that Arthur Studeley was head over heels in love with her. This he had been from the first evening of their meeting. But he had not yet asked her to marry him; he had not even made love to her. This was not because he doubted her worthiness or the strength of his own affection. What he feared was that the girl might marry him hastily, carelessly, only to find that he could not satisfy her heart. He remembered that he was two-and-forty years of age—old enough, in fact, to be the girl's father. How was he to know that she loved him for himself alone?

There were one or two circumstances, he could not but acknowledge, which operated adversely to his cause.

M. the Count was too much like a foreign count, too little like an English gentleman. The countess,

too—a qualm would arise in Arthur Studeley's heart at times, when he thought upon the countess. He could not picture to himself any possible intercourse between Beatrice's mother and Miss Studeley. On these occasions the squire would draw another string in the show-box of his fancy.

One afternoon, as Arthur Studeley was sauntering along Piccadilly with Beatrice and her father, he noticed an open carriage. And in this carriage he saw, to his amazement, his three sisters. He started, turned red, and took a hasty step or two in the direction of the carriage. Then he hesitated, stopped short, and tried to lead his companions to suppose he had been mistaken in thinking that the ladies in the carriage were known to him. The count and his daughter looked polite unconcern ; but, of course, they knew perfectly well that their English acquaintance had unexpectedly come upon the ladies of his family. He went back to his hotel, hoping that his sisters had not seen him. As a matter of fact, they had. They had taken stock of the count and his daughter, and had decided—at least, Miss Studeley had decided—that they were not people to know.

Studeley refrained for a time from trying to find his sisters—his conscience bearing witness against him ; but at last he did go to an hotel in a quiet West End street, and there he found them.

"*I thought* I saw you in a carriage the other day, Barbara. Captain Cockshot—you here ! "

"Yes ; met your sisters a day or two ago, and Miss Studeley kindly asked me to call."

He expected reproaches—at least, silent ones—concerning his long and unexplained absence from his family, and was agreeably surprised to find that his misdeeds were ignored. He spent quite a pleasant afternoon, and promised before he left to take his sisters to a flower-show next day. At the flower-show his sisters encountered a family whom they knew—a family which had one or two remarkably pretty girls among its members. That afternoon a visit to one of the picture-galleries was projected, and this expedition, in its turn, gave rise to the idea of a water-party. Arthur found it very pleasant. No little feminine manœuvres such as used to separate him effectually from the more eligible maidens at social gatherings in Yorkshire were now practised against him. His sisters were never all present at the same time ; they did not interfere with him, but they generally made arrangements for a pleasure party of some sort for the next day before they parted with him at night. Arthur Studeley was enjoying himself very much. He literally had not time to call at No. 10, Dorchester Square, and the image of the beautiful Italian girl was beginning to fade from his mind.

Things were in this state when the squire received one day a note—a tiny note, on thick, delicately-tinted paper, signed B.

"Dear friend," (so the note ran), "why do we never see you now at our pleasant little reunions? Surely it is not possible that I or any of our family can have offended you? It is my mother, who has a headache, who bids me write to you, and say if you can dine with us on Thursday at eight we shall be glad. Come if you can."

Arthur Studeley's heart beat fast as he read these lines, and lifted the paper that bore them to his lips. He resolved at once that he would go to the count's on the evening named. Which of those girls, his sisters' friends, could compare with Beatrice? Not one ! Not one !

He had neglected her of late, but he could not think how he had been such a fool. He would not squire his sisters about London any more.

He was impatient for the day. It came.

Beatrice was radiant in a black and amber dress —a white flower in her magnificent dark hair. As she turned her eyes on him with a smile, his face involuntarily grew bright and tender. The beautiful girl dropped her gaze with a very faint blush, and a newcomer was announced—Prince Mitchikoff. The Russian was a particularly tall, handsome man, with a small black moustache and eloquent eyes. The eloquence of his eyes, as Studeley very soon discovered, was chiefly devoted to the entertainment of Beatrice. He managed to sit next her at dinner, and succeeded in monopolising her conversation, although of right she belonged to the squire for the time being, in virtue of his having taken her in. This naturally made Arthur Studeley very angry, and when he remembered the terms of that sweet little note of invitation he had had from Beatrice, he became more angry still. For the most part he sat silent. The conversation was chiefly carried on in French, so that he would have found a difficulty in joining in it freely, even if he had been so inclined. The countess seemed disposed to do her best to entertain her silent guest, but Studeley did not want such entertainment as the countess could afford him.

In the drawing-room, after dinner, it was just the same. The prince kept near Beatrice the whole evening, so that the squire could hardly say a word to her. All her looks were for the Russian. Studeley gave vent to his spleen by throwing haughty and contemptuous glances at the prince, but they were not so much as noticed by his Highness.

The squire left early, looking unutterable things at Beatrice as he gave her his hand. He was indignant with her, but at the same time many fathoms deeper in love with her than he had ever been before.

On the following afternoon he called at the house in Dorchester Square. To his disgust, the prince was there before him.

From that time forth it seemed impossible for him to find his adored one alone. Either her father or her mother was sitting by, or the odious prince was at her side. Over and over again the squire vowed to himself that he would not stand it—that he would bid Beatrice an eternal farewell, and go to the Great Lone Land, or Central Africa—or go back to Yorkshire. Yet he could not tear himself away. His sisters and their friends were totally neglected. He was utterly wretched : now burning with the desire of meeting the prince face to face, and fighting it out with pistols ; now furiously angry with Beatrice, and again longing, as the lady novelists say, to take her into the shelter of his love for evermore.

One afternoon he called at the count's house,

determined to say something which would end this intolerable situation one way or another.

For a wonder, Beatrice was in the drawing-room alone.

The squire took her hand, and the girl dropped her eyes before his burning gaze.

"It seems strange to find you alone, Beatrice," he began.

"Not so very strange, surely," murmured the girl.

Mr. Studeley sighed.

"Yes," he said; "the pleasant days we used to spend together seem to have gone, never to return."

"They may be gone: but others like them may come."

The squire sighed once more.

"They cannot return while you are so changed," said he.

"I! Changed? How am I changed?"

"You seem to avoid me. At least, I seldom have an opportunity of speaking to you. You seem to prefer the prince's conversation to mine."

"The prince! Prince Mitchikoff? Oh, Mr. Studeley, you are cruel—*cruel!*"

The fair Beatrice turned away her head, as if to hide her emotion. The squire was in an indescribable state. He felt at once guilty, embarrassed, astonished, and overjoyed.

"Beatrice!" he exclaimed, in an agitated voice; "I do not understand you. I would not for the world cause you pain. I thought that—that, in short, you cared for this Russian fellow. He is always at your side."

She turned her lovely eyes on him for a moment, then dropped them again.

"Yes," she answered, speaking rapidly, her hand clasped on her breast; "my father and mother are charmed with him. They think that an alliance with the house of Mitchikoff would——. No matter; I cannot say more. But he—he is nothing to me."

"Beatrice!" cried the enraptured squire, starting from his seat.

The handle of the door was turned noisily. He sank back again on his chair. The door opened.

"Prince Mitchikoff," said the servant; and the prince walked into the room.

The girl rose to meet her visitor, and Arthur Studeley admired her self-possession as she did so. For himself, he could have annihilated the Russian with pleasure at that moment; but he restrained his wrath. He, after all, was the favoured one. His time would come.

He kept his ground; but one or two more people, among them the countess, dropped into the room. It was evident that the declaration of unchangeable love which had been trembling on his lips must be postponed. He rose to go, but managed to secure a whispered word or two with Beatrice before he departed.

"Shall I come to-morrow? Shall I find you alone?"

"Yes," answered the girl, with downcast eyes. "At three."

Arthur Studeley left the house, feeling as if he trod on air. He went back to his hotel, and there he found Captain Cockshot waiting for him.

"Delighted to see you!" cried the squire, as he shook hands with his friend. "I have ever so much to tell you. I am the luckiest man in the world. You must dine with me to-night, and I'll tell you all about it."

Long before the dinner hour the gallant captain was in possession of the squire's secret. He said little, but pulled his moustache thoughtfully.

"What's the matter, man?" cried the squire. "Why don't you congratulate me?"

"So I do; but—but there are lots of foreign counts knocking about London; and marriage, you know, is a serious thing."

"Oh, hang it, Cockshot! I thought *you* would have been above those silly insular prejudices."

"Well, so I am in a general way; but tell me what your friends are like. Perhaps I know them."

"You could not possibly have forgotten Mademoiselle Catalini if you had once seen her; however, I will describe the family as well as I can."

He did so.

"Do you know them?" he asked when his description was ended.

Captain Cockshot shook his head.

"And this other man: Prince What's-his-name—what is *he* like?"

"Oh, he's a tall good-looking fellow; has a confounded patronising way with him, black eyes, and black hair that looks as if it had been crimped with a hot iron. Rather over-dressed, for my taste. But I say," he continued, seeing that his friend seemed plunged in a brown study, "how did you know I was here?"

"Oh, I happened to meet your sisters in Regent Street, and they gave me your address."

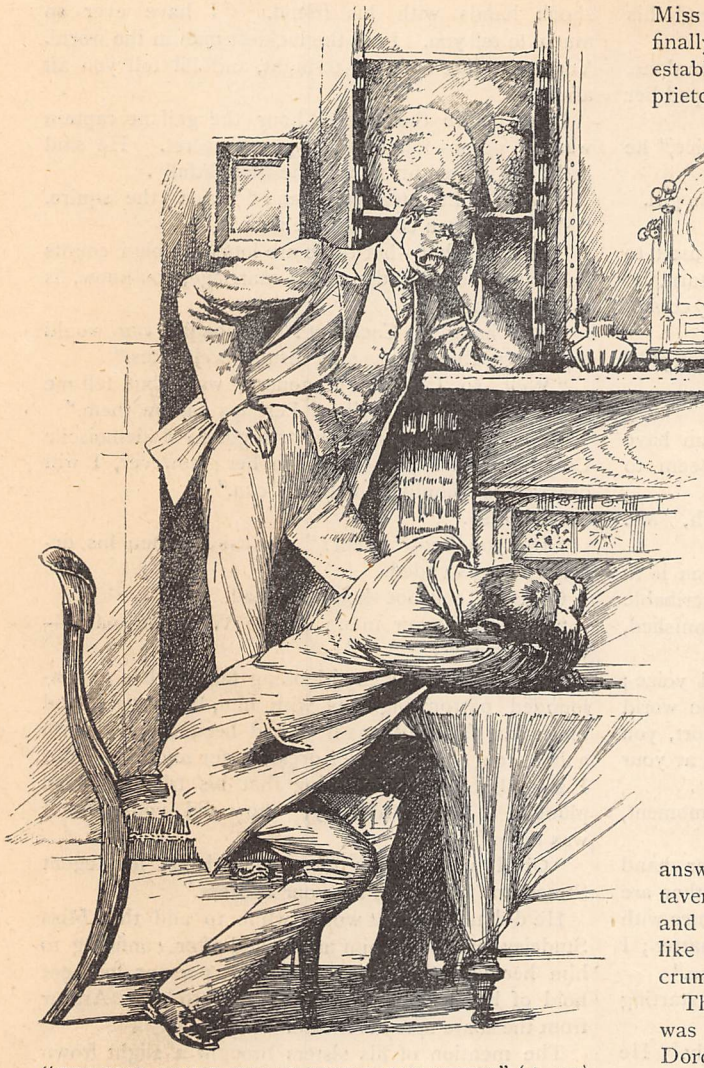
He did not think it worth while to add that Miss Studeley had taken him aside, and after confiding to him her fear that some designing persons had got hold of her brother, entreated him to save Arthur from the snare spread for him.

The mention of his sisters brought a slight frown to the squire's face. His conscience was not quite at rest concerning them, and he foresaw troubles in that direction. However, he did not allow these forebodings to spoil his present joy. He treated his friend royally, and after dinner the captain proposed that they should visit one or two of the public billiard-rooms, as he had a friend whom he was anxious to meet that evening, and who was generally to be found in a billiard-room after dinner. Mr. Studeley did not play billiards and had no interest in the game, but he had no objection to his friend's proposal.

Captain Cockshot dragged the squire from one well-known billiard-room to another, and still he was unsuccessful in the object of his quest. At length they entered a large room filled by men who were watching two well-matched players with great interest. Hardly had they crossed the threshold when Studeley gave a start, and craned his neck this way and that.

"What is it?" asked Cockshot.

"That voice—I thought I knew the voice!" stammered the squire.



"THE POOR SQUIRE WAS SO VERY BADLY BITTEN" (*p.* 431).

Again the voice rang out, clear and resonant, declaring the state of the game.

"Yes; as I live, Cockshot, it is he!"

"Who?"

"The prince—Prince Mitchikoff! He is marking. What on earth can a man in his position be marking at billiards here for?"

"Are you sure it is he?"

"Certain! See—that tall fellow with the black crimped hair."

"Keep back—don't let him see you. Look here, Studeley: I know the proprietor of this place. You go back to your hotel. I will investigate things a little, and let you know the result to-morrow morning."

"Not on my account, pray," said the squire rather stiffly. "After all, it is no business of mine who the fellow is, or how he chooses to enjoy himself."

Captain Cockshot threw a contemptuous glance at the retreating figure of Arthur Studeley. He hesitated. Miss Studeley's entreaties recurred to his mind; finally, he visited the more remote parts of the establishment, and had an interview with the proprietor. He then went back to the billiard-room, got into conversation with the marker, and invited him to supper. Under the influence of unlimited hospitality the marker became communicative, and the conference was continued till far into the night.

A few hours later the captain went to Arthur Studeley, and informed him that the Russian prince was neither more nor less than a professional billiard marker, who eked out his income by acting as steward or master of ceremonies at assemblies of a humble type; that "Count" Catalini was his uncle.

"Well, what if he is?" demanded the squire.

"And—forgive me, Studeley; I dare not keep it back from you—Beatrice Catalini is his first cousin; and it was *her* idea that the billiard marker should be brought into the house under the title of a prince!"

"That's a lie!" screamed the squire, beside himself with rage and with grief; for though he would not believe the story, something whispered to him that it was true.

"No, Studeley, it's not a lie," calmly answered the captain. "The landlord of the tavern corroborated him in several particulars, and he gave me a note. I thought you would like to see it;" and he threw over a much-crumpled sheet of paper to his friend.

The squire opened it with trembling fingers. It was from Beatrice, telling her cousin to be at Dorchester Square on a certain evening, since A. S. was coming.

Studeley hid his face in his hands.

"Cheer up, old fellow," said Cockshot, with a well-meant but weak attempt at consolation. "I must send him back this," he added. "To do the fellow justice, he was indignant when he found out that he was being used as a means for hooking you. He admires Beatrice immensely, and I believe it was jealousy that made him betray her."

"I must see her!" cried the squire starting up. "I will not condemn her behind her back! It may be all a vile plot—she may be able to explain——"

"Don't be such a——" the captain began, and checked himself. "Take my advice," he said impressively, "and write to the lady. Say that you are obliged to leave town immediately, and have no time to call before going; but mind you, put in that you met Prince M. at the Imperial Hotel Billiard Room last night. That will be quite enough; she will understand. If you get no answer you will be satisfied, won't you?"

"Satisfied! Cockshot, you don't know what this

is to me. I feel as if my heart were broken. I don't care any more what becomes of me. I have nothing to live for. Do you mean to tell me that poor Beatrice's father is not a count?"

"He *may* be; but to the best of my belief, the man calling himself Count Catalini is not the young lady's father."

Studeley groaned. He collapsed entirely, threw his arms on the table, and buried his face in them.

The hardened Cockshot was sorry for him, and at the same time rather inclined to grin; the poor squire was so very badly bitten.

Mr. Studeley took the advice of his mentor, and wrote as directed to Dorchester Square. It is hardly necessary to say that his note evoked no reply.

Arthur Studeley went to Paris, to Rome, and Venice, and finally returned to Studeley Grange. In due time he proposed to Elizabeth Ferris, and was accepted by that practical-minded young lady. Through her magnificent dowry the house of Studeley was raised to a new place in the hierarchy of county families. Yet the Misses Studeley regard their brother's wife, not unreasonably, as a monster of ingratitude. Before she had been three months installed at Studeley Grange the three maiden ladies found it desirable to retreat upon that forlorn refuge The Little Grange. There they reside now; and there they are likely to live till the end of their days.

HOW A WILDERNESS BECAME A GARDEN.

SECOND SERIES. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS FROM LIFE.

A CHAPTER ON SOME SPRING FLOWERS.

"MY DEAR JOHN,—What you were telling me a few weeks ago about lilies in general so interested me that I want you to look in this evening and tell us something about one particular lily, the lily of the valley, a universal favourite. All I know really about it is that it is generally in perfection during this month of May, and this fact naturally enhances my interest in it. And then there is another May flower that I want to discuss with you.—Yours in haste,

"CHARLES ROBINSON."

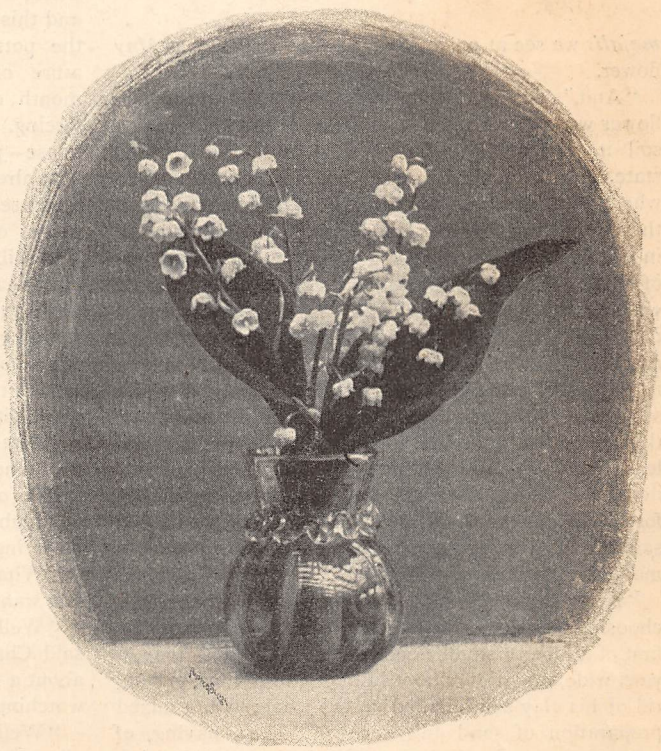
This was a short note that a servant brought in to John and Alice Smith while at breakfast on May-day, and to which a verbal reply was given that they would look round the same evening when the business of the day was done, and enjoy what was a pleasure common to them all, a horticultural debate.

And it being a typical May evening the debate was opened in Charles Robinson's garden, until its equally typical and deceitful chill a little later on drove them all into the house to an early supper.

"What a good thing it is, Charles," said John, as, with something of a shiver, one of the party had just reached the dining-room, "that in this fitful climate of ours we have so many hardy, herbaceous perennial plants that, like the lily of the valley, must be accustomed to the sudden changes of English weather."

"And that being so," replied Charles, "come over to the fire and unburden yourself of all you know of this lily of the valley—*Convallaria Majalis*, as we name it, and, by the way, why, to begin with, is it so called?"

"Well, I suppose it is from the Latin, *convallis*, a valley, and *rica*, a woman's hood or small cloak, with an evident reference to the very complete covering which the foliage of the plant gives to the flower itself; and from the mere fact of its being surnamed



LILY OF THE VALLEY.

A STUDY, SHOWING THE GROWTH OF A SINGLE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

majalis we see at once that it is, *par excellence*, a *May* flower.

"And," continued John, "the best way to grow any flower well is, first of all, of course, to notice in what soil it rejoices most in its wild and uncultivated state. Now, I well remember an old Kentish garden whose proprietor was particularly partial to the lily of the valley; but, owing to his having a heavy clay soil in which to work, he rarely got beyond an abundance of foliage when endeavouring to encourage his favourite, which—to make short work of it—nearly always refused to flower. Noticing, however, that in a fine wood a few miles distant, one May, that the flower was blooming in profusion under the cover of a lovely plantation, he soon saw that the soil was an exceedingly sandy one, that the only manure was that afforded by the decayed leaves of the previous season, and that the only gardener was Dame Nature, so he came to the conclusion forthwith that the lily of the valley flourishes best in a sandy soil, in a shady situation, and with plenty of moisture and leaf mould.

"Accordingly he came home a wiser man, and, choosing a cool and sheltered situation in his garden, he first of all dug a small trench a couple of yards long, a yard wide, and a good foot in depth, and thus, getting rid of his clay soil he filled up the whole with a mixed preparation of sand and decayed leaves, having, of course, seen to the drainage of his bed, rightly judging that plants which even delight in moisture cannot flourish in an undrained quagmire. Indeed, the steward of the estate on which he had seen these lilies of the valley in such luxuriant perfection kindly allowed him a few barrow-loads of the rich leaf sandy soil itself as a beginning with which to fill up his trench. And when the trench was within a very little—perhaps some couple of inches—of being filled in, the roots of the lily, which he had got from a good florist, were then laid on the surface, a few inches apart, and covered over with similar soil and watered. Decayed leaves are to be had in all gardens, and a good supply was then laid over the whole.

"This was done in the early spring of the year, and in process of time a well-established bed of lilies of the valley was the result."

"Excellent, John," said Charles; "but how is it that we are very often able to get lilies of the valley even in the winter months?"

"Well, of course, they are forced, so I had better say something about that.

"We can force them, indeed, in any sized pots, but perhaps a small-sized pot is preferable. See first that your pots are well-drained, and use soil similar to that already described. Very considerable caution is necessary when lifting and choosing from your open bed the plants you are intending to pot for forcing. When your pot is filled with rich loamy soil up to within less than four inches from the top, put in your roots fairly closely together and cover them over well with sand and leaf mould, such as that of which we were speaking just now as abounding in the plantation. Then, when the usual good watering has been given—and this must never be omitted when we are potting—the pots must be placed in heat and at a temperature of some 75° of bottom heat. About the month of October is a good time for potting for forcing. A frame will do, if you have no forcing house—provided, at least, that the required amount of heat already named can be attained. An old-fashioned plan used to be to cover the pots with two or three inches of old tan when placed in the bottom heat. The soil, of course, must never be permitted to get dry; and finally, as the buds come through and there begins to appear the promise of flower, the plants should go into a well-warmed greenhouse; and at last, as our object is to enjoy both their modest beauty as well as their fragrance, we can bring them into our warm sitting-room.

"By the way, I may finish up my hints by noticing two other species of lily of the valley: there is the *rubra*, or flesh-coloured flower, and the *C. forepleno*, or double-flowered white, both of these are May flowering.

"What else was it, Charles," concluded John, "that you wanted to ask me about?"

"Well, it was a very different subject altogether," said Charles; "but I merely was a little concerned about a few May-blooming rhododendrons that I am watching."

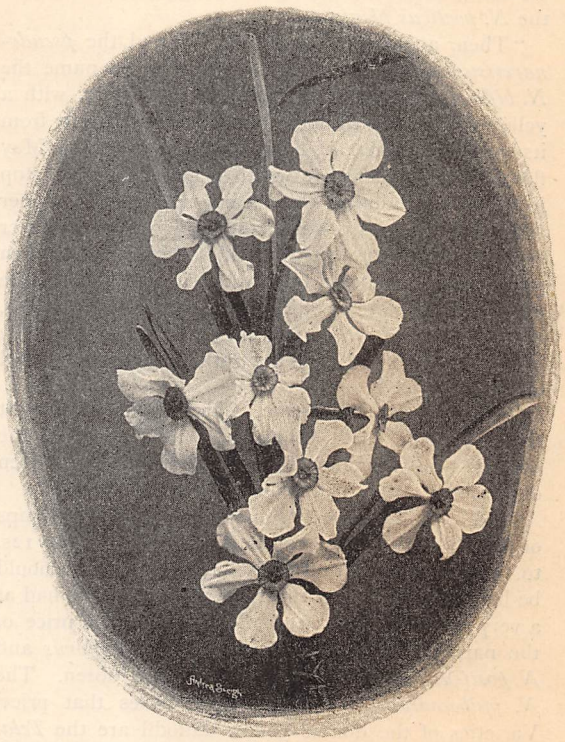
"Well, you see, rhododendrons should never be allowed to get dry at the roots, so that if any very dry season sets in during April—for it is not *always* that

we have April showers—they should have a copious watering given to the stem and roots."

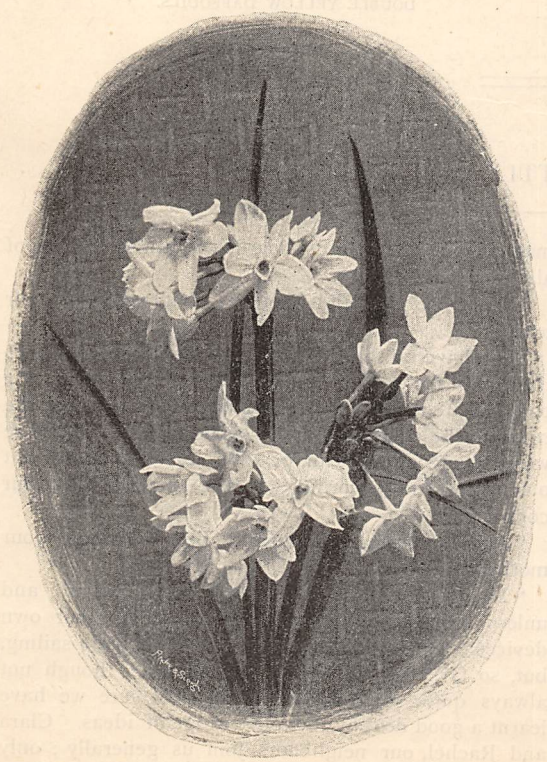
"Just so," replied Charles; "but I think we must enter upon the subject of rhododendrons and shrubberies in general more in detail. I have got three kinds now in flower, the *R. Ponticum*, a purple flower, the *R. myrtifolium*, a myrtle-leaved specimen, both known to English growers for some hundred and thirty years as hailing originally from Gibraltar, then I have another indigenous to Austria, the *R. chamæcistus*, a pale purple flower; but the rhododendron is a large tribe of stove evergreens, half-hardy, and wholly hardy evergreen shrubs. And now, John, we must be rapidly thinking of our bedding-out preparations, but I suppose from our early country experiences we are fairly well at home in an operation of that kind. It is not, however, safe to begin bedding-out on a May day, and I intend to wait quite another fortnight before actually filling up our little beds."

"True, Charles," said John; "but we might easily be preparing for it by lifting our spring bulbs such as hyacinths and tulips, and by gradually hardening off a few of our most hardy bedding plants. For instance, I leave my greenhouse door open nearly all day and have brought outside for a few hours and for the best of the day all my calceolarias, and it takes me but a few minutes to pop them back into the greenhouse in the evening.

"Something, too, may be said this month of an ever-popular spring flower—the narcissus—after so much about the lily of the valley," said John. "I think I should like to hear a little from you, Charles, about this, knowing what a favourite it is with you."



NARCISSUS POETICUS.



NARCISSUS TOTUS ALBUS.

"Well," replied Charles, "it is, of course, well known, but for all that, like everything else, it requires attention. We can raise it from seed or perhaps more readily from off-sets from our bulbs. I should say the best soil for them should be made up of a light but rich sandy soil, in equal parts of loam, turfy peat, and decayed cow-dung. They should be potted about October, with nearly the whole bulb under the surface of the soil; and if you want to force any, make further preparations thus:—A month or so after potting, bury the pots a few inches under the soil of the ordinary garden, or even place them in a corner, covered over with old tan or sawdust, and a month later take up the pots again and stand them in a cold pit, either to grow on under this slight protection, or you can take a few of them and force them in a warmer house.

"Now, of course, their number and variety is legion; but I can name a few of the more striking and singular. Here, for example, is the *Narcissus bulbocodium*, or the hoop-petalled specimen, known to us for more than two centuries as indigenous to Portugal—a brilliant yellow flower that blooms in April.

"Another one is the *N. incomparabilis*, which blooms the same month: some parts of the flower are of a paler yellow than others, and the contrast is certainly effective.

"A month later—that is to say, in May—we have

blooming another favourite class—the *N. poeticus* and the *N. poeticus plenus*.

"Then, again, there is our old friend the *pseudo-narcissus*, or daffodil; while we might also name the *N. biflorus*, a most fragrant specimen, white, with a yellow crown; and another, fragrant necessarily from its very name—the *N. odorus*—a sweet-scented May flower also. Where are we to begin and where stop in the enumeration of these early spring and summer delights? The narcissus planted in the open flower garden, and merely left to itself, will bloom in its own proper time; it should be planted in patches of some half-dozen or more in one spot. Plants that, like this, are often left the whole year in the ground, should be noticed once for all, and not ruthlessly disturbed and cut about."

"One practical question, Charles, you have not touched upon," said John, "and that concerns the average price of some of these flowers we have been discussing. What can you tell us on that head?"

"Well," said Charles, "some strong imported clumps of the lily of the valley can be had for from about 12s. to 15s. per dozen—if for early forcing the best should be had; but of course there are varieties to be had at a very much cheaper rate. Then, again, the price of the narcissus of course varies: the *N. biflorus* and *N. poeticus* can readily be had at 6d. a dozen. The *N. bulbocodium* is perhaps three times that price. Varieties of the double yellow daffodil are the *Telamonius plenus*, the *Incomparabilis*, and the *Lobularis plenus*, the first named being a very cheap one. The *Totus Albus*, an early flowering one, can be had at a shilling a dozen."

DOUBLE YELLOW DAFFODILS.

OMELETTE NIGHT: A BATTLE WITH THE PANS.

"DO come, it's Omelette Night. You are sure to be amused, and you may be enlightened."

"What do you mean by Omelette Night?" and the speaker's face wore a puzzled expression.

"How stupid I am; I forgot that you have been away for six long months; of course we had not started our 'Recreative Evenings' when you went away. Our 'Home Technical School,' Charlie calls it. I meant to tell you of it by letter. In the winter, you must know, we all had a course of lessons in various branches of science, domestic and otherwise. You remember the Technical Institute, two miles off. Now, we are employing our evenings by putting into practice all the subjects there taught: one night, dress-making; another, wood-carving; next, a delightful mixture of hygiene, a few simple chemical experiments, and a little ambulance work; then comes what is, I think, our pet subject—cookery. Our old nursery is quite transformed—you would not know it. It is fitted up with a dear little range, father's Christmas gift; and the big cupboards contain something of almost everything."

"What a splendid notion; but who is your teacher?"

"We have no teacher now; we are putting mother's theory to the test so far as our cookery goes. She contends that no one ever solves the mysteries of the *cuisine* who does not make experiments. Therefore we originate all we can, or alter any recipes to suit our taste, and according to the materials at our command."

"And have you succeeded? But I suppose your mother assists you?"

"No; mother brings her work and looks on; and unless we are in any difficulty we follow our own devices. I can't say that it has been all plain sailing, but, so far, everything has been eatable, though not always quite presentable; and I am sure we have learnt a good deal by the interchange of ideas. Clara and Rachel, our neighbours, join us generally; only Rachel is coming to-night. Ah! We have been

some weeks working up to omelettes, and I am quite yearning to follow the dictates of my savoury tooth, as Grace is, her sweet one."

"Well, Marie, I will be with you. What is the time?"

"Seven sharp. And you may sit still or help with the work, just as you please."

With this the girls parted, and the time appointed found them ready for their task. A long narrow table bore a goodly show of eggs and other necessaries, and very business-like the three young cooks looked. Marie's first task was the chopping of some parsley for a savoury omelette, a teaspoonful of which she mixed with a pinch of something from a bottle that sent forth a most fragrant odour. The nature of the compound Marie promised to make known should the omelette turn out a success. At this all laughed, and Mrs. Slater remarked that Marie always had a mysterious bottle of some sort or other at hand. Then began the beating of the eggs, only two, for all were agreed that with such risky dishes as those in hand only small quantities should be dealt with.

"Better spoil two eggs than four," said Mrs. Slater practically, if not very encouragingly.

After a few seconds Marie paused, the fork in mid-air, and Charlie offered her a penny for her thoughts.

"No, Charlie, I will not ask assistance thus early in the proceedings," and on went the beating again until the eggs were very light and frothy.

A dainty little pan was then put on the fire, and soon a pleasant frizzling from the butter it contained betokened its readiness for its work.

"Now for the critical moment," said Marie, and almost in the same breath, "Oh, mother, it has all gone lumpy," and the little wooden spoon twirled more rapidly than before.

"Just as it should do, my dear. Go on, you are quite right, but don't stir too long; remember to stop before it gets quite set all over."

Straightway the stirring stopped, and the pan was raised further from the fire; and in a few seconds more the contents were worked into a semicircle by the aid of a palette knife, and the omelette emerged golden-brown on to the dish in readiness. The whole operation had taken but a minute or two.

"Saved by a hair," said Charlie, who was handing it round for inspection and consumption, all in turn taking a morsel with a fork. "I nearly dropped it; it *is* hot.'

"I'm sorry I burnt you; I quite forgot the cloth. While bearing in mind that a dish for an omelette should be hot enough to complete the cooking, I forgot the tender fingers of my little waiter."

The verdict on the whole was favourable, though Mrs. Slater caused some fun by advising that the onion be chopped finely in future, as the crunch between the teeth was not pleasant.

"Trust mother for finding out things," laughed Marie. "Now I come to think of it, someone says that you should not only chop but pound it, and it is better still to use only the juice of the onion. And no doubt I used too much, as much onion as parsley; was that wrong?"

"I should have used about a fourth as much. What else did your bottle contain?"

"Only a morsel of grated lemon peel, chopped thyme, salt and pepper, cayenne and nutmeg."

"And a very good blend too, when suitably proportioned."

"Now, Rachel, your turn next; how you *are* beating; yours ought to be good."

Then up went the basin, as its owner passed her spoon with an air of satisfaction through its snowy contents. This was the economical member of the party, and nothing pleased her more than to make one egg do the work of two, so no one was surprised to hear that her concoction was a decided departure from the original, and that she would not guarantee that it should be an omelette proper. Indeed they were not to be surprised if it turned out a cross between a pancake and a griddle-cake. After this, naturally, all wanted to know exactly what the bowl contained.

"The pulp of three roasted potatoes, sieved mind, or it won't be light, and boiled ones won't do either, they would not be dry enough; to that I added a gill of milk and half an ounce of butter; nobody watched me boil it altogether, but I did, and it has got cold again; you were all busy in criticising Marie's production; now for the eggs, three; my recipe says six, and only half as much potato as I have used. We will try the effect of turning the tables. Who will lend a hand? It wants another beat; that is half the making of this particular omelette."

Help was soon forthcoming; then Rachel put it to the meeting whether her dish should be sweet or savoury, for it appeared that the plain potato base was capable of unheard-of possibilities. Opinions differed until Charlie shouted "cheese," and this was carried unanimously. So in went a tablespoonful from a bottle in the cupboard; a supply being grated ready to hand.

"Steady with the pepper, Rachel, you half-choked us last week."

This from Marie.

"Right, dear; and if my memory serves me this is the remainder of that very salt cheese that led us astray in seasoning those little patties that otherwise would have been so good. By the way, would not celery salt be nice in this?"

Without waiting for a reply the busy girl finished the operation, and in a second the compound was changing both shape and colour very rapidly in the pan.

"You have soon stopped stirring," came in a minute from Grace.

"Yes, but it is quite correct; you notice mine is a round omelette; no shaping into half moons or other puzzling devices; I just melted the butter, only two ounces for all this lot. Think of it, and then don't be over-critical. Then, as soon as the edges turn colour the pan is to rest, and it is to work out its own solidification: the omelette, not the pan."

A smell of burning came as an interruption, and the pan was hastily moved to a cooler part of the range. The omelette was soon ready for dishing, and if only

its bottom surface had been as delicate looking as the top, all would have been well. But alas! when too late Rachel had remembered that as soon as the stirring ceased the heat was to be slackened, and the palette knife employed to prevent the omelette sticking. This was followed by expressions of regret.

And now Grace's turn had come, and great things were expected of her; for had she not had the benefit of the failures of the others? She commenced by explaining that her omelette would be a sweet one; laughter followed this, for it was the family belief that Grace would live on sweets if she followed her own inclination. But Grace meant business this time, and promised them a real treat; declaring that she might safely use four eggs, and then there would not be enough to satisfy the demand made upon her dish.

"But I claim no credit for it beyond trying to carry out instructions; I am not inventive, I don't pretend to be. This is one of Pauline's, and is sure to be good."

Pauline was an old schoolfellow, now resident in Brittany.

"Look, I have a bran new pan," holding out one of fireproof china; "I scraped it out of my pocket money."

In a second the butter was melting in the pan, and Grace gave her eggs a few turns with a whisk, adding sugar in a very gingerly fashion, about a tablespoonful; then she mixed in some ratafias which Charlie had crushed to powder with the rolling pin and shaken through a sieve. She was about to pour her mixture into the pan when the others warned her that she had not beaten half long enough, and failure was inevitable.

"No arguments now; wait a bit, please."

So while the girls were wondering what would be the outcome of this venture, the cooking went on, and there was no lack of energy now. First a stirring altogether, with much scraping from the bottom; then a dexterous use of the palette knife, and a shaking of the pan; in a second more the omelette, that so far had been kept round, was lying on the dish, with a pile of apricots on half of it; these were hidden by the other half, and after dusting with sugar and glazing by holding in front of the fire for a second, everybody was asked to taste and pronounce judgment. And while they tasted Grace reminded them that the apricots must be cooked and sieved, and re-heated when required, as if put on whole or in halves the result would be heaviness; also that the ratafias, just half a dozen or so, made the omelette a good flavour, though a drop of almond essence could be used as a substitute; likewise that the syrup of the fruit might be boiled and poured round at the last, but as they *all* objected to sweets—this with a merry twinkle in her eye—she had given them the plainer form for a trial. Finally, she told them for a very superior dish, the sugar should be boiled with a spoonful of orange flower water and mixed with the rest; but as Pauline had not told her whether it should be cool before mixing with the eggs, she had not ventured on that. In reply to further questions, for this was such a dainty snack that everybody wanted to know all about it, Grace told them that her scant beating of the eggs was design, not accident, her recipe having stated that it was a method often adopted for sweet omelettes; less butter would then be required as they would cook quickly, and be very light and delicate. For rich savoury omelettes, when a larger quantity of butter was mixed in with the rest, the beating to a froth was considered the better way, at least in that part of the country from which Pauline wrote.

On the whole all were satisfied with the night's work, and decided to try their hands at *soufflés* on the next occasion.

DEBORAH PLATTER.

THE HURSTS OF HAZELWOOD.

BY H. ELRINGTON.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

THE MAKING OF THE PROMISE.

"LET Baby Eric go," said Lady Mary, with a saucy laugh.

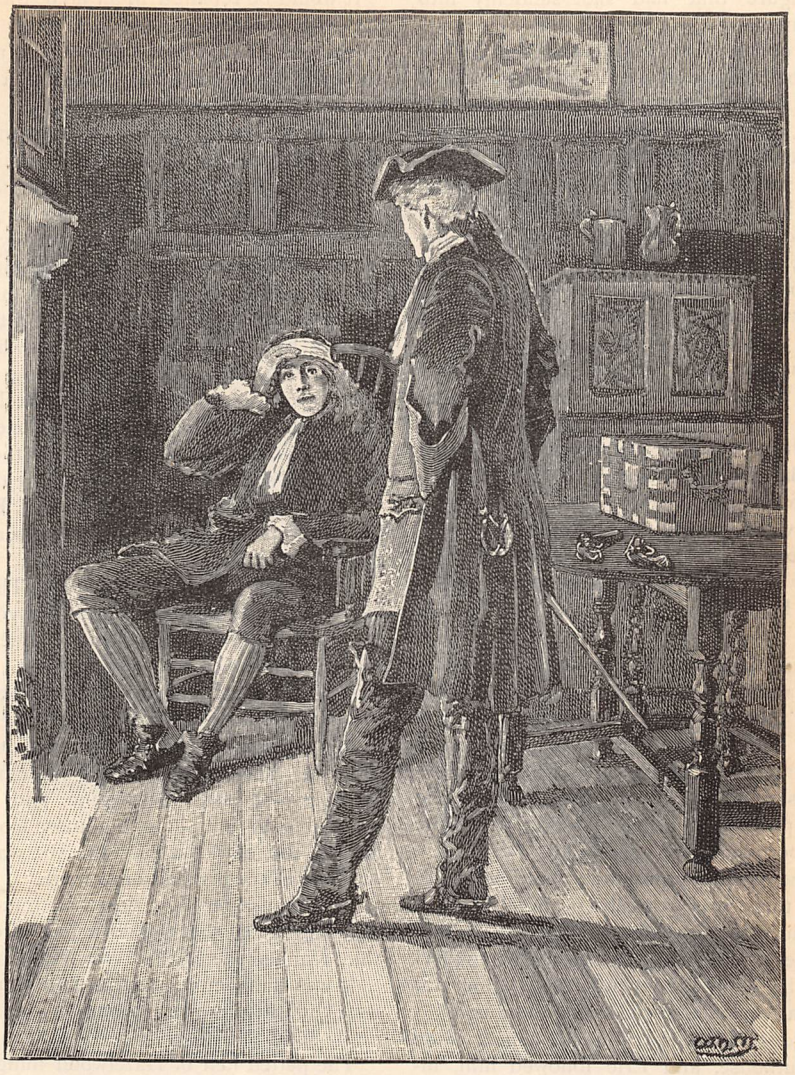
Squire Hurst, who was sitting in a huge arm-chair, with one leg arranged on a footstool, and both face and figure expressive of nothing but a severe attack of gout, was well over sixty; his two maiden sisters might have been any age from that to seventy, and there was no one young in the room but Mary herself and a tall youth, who was leaning moodily against the mantelpiece, and now gave his cousin a glance that was a curious mixture of fury and affection.

It was about seven o'clock on a March evening, A.D. 1740, and the room, with its dark hangings and heavy furniture, wore a somewhat gloomy look, though the light from four great branching silver candlesticks aided the remains of daylight.

Mary, with her bright dark face and her long robe of cherry-coloured silk, the sleeves of which were just short enough to show her rounded arms, was the brightest object in the room. Her hair was dressed very high, in the latest fashion, and the powder on it and cherry-coloured bows enhanced the brilliancy of her eyes and complexion.

"Baby Eric!" Squire Hurst laughed; but it was a bitter laugh.

"Eric!" cried the old ladies together, in varying tones of horror: "he is too delicate. Besides, Mary, you, a Londoner, have no idea of the dangers of the



"'WAS I SHOT?' ASKED ERIC FEEBLY" (*p.* 439).

country. I tell you I never feel happy until the rents are safely lodged on the other side of Windmill Common."

Eric straightened himself.

"Let me go, father," he said suddenly.

"Pish, boy!" said the squire testily; "there is no question of your going. A pretty pass we Hursts have come to!" he grumbled, in a sort of monotone. "Wilfrid, that was my right hand, dead; myself a useless log, and George——" he stopped as if the gout had caught him suddenly, but it would have been hard to tell if the expression on his face was caused by pain or anger. He gave his bob-wig a tug that twitched it all awry, and made him look morosely ludicrous, as he muttered: "No one left but women and boys."

Eric grew crimson, and hung his head, while Miss Griselda knitted a few tears into the comforter she was making.

Lady Mary had meant no harm, only to tease her cousin a little, and now she looked from one to the other in perplexity. She did not know what to make of these strange cousins, the rugged squire, the prim ladies, with their faded hair twisted up as light and small as possible, or even of Eric, who allowed them to treat him like a grown-up baby. But she was sorry for Eric now, for she was a good-hearted girl, though fond of teasing; besides which, Eric, though he looked ridiculously old-fashioned in his loose country-made coat, and with his own golden hair brushed back from his face and tied in a knot behind, was very handsome.

The only fault that could be found with his face was that it was too fair and delicate, contrasting

oddly with a figure that had shot suddenly into strength and manhood.

Mary was one of the nine daughters of the Earl of Uxminster, a nobleman who liked the pleasures of a town life, but found the awkward size of his family rather interfered with his enjoyment of them, so one day he remembered that his distant cousin, Squire Hurst, had a son who would inherit Hazelwood, because his elder brother had quarrelled with his father, been disinherited, and finally disappeared from the scene altogether, and it struck the Earl here was a possible provision for a daughter. Accordingly it was discovered that Mary's health required sea and country air, and she was despatched into Southshire, to make the acquaintance of her eligible cousin Wilfrid. It was rather a blow to find that Wilfrid had just broken his neck out hunting, and the heir was now a raw youth, who had been alternately coddled and bullied by his aunts, so that he was something between an invalid and a child. Eric was slow of thought and slow of speech. He replied neither to his cousin's jest or his father's taunt; but as he left the room, Mary saw some new expression gather round the corner of his boyish mouth.

At eight o'clock the next morning there was much bustle in the stable-yard of Hazelwood, for Burton, the steward, was getting ready to convey the rents to the bank in the county town. He was going in the great yellow chariot; a couple of postillions were already in the saddle. Jim and Tom, two of the stablemen, occupied the rumble, making, with the coachman and footman, seven men in all.

Considering the expedition was to go and return in broad daylight, there was scarcely need for Eric to feel he was doing a desperate act when he slunk stealthily into the yard to make one of the party; yet so it seemed to the home-bred youth, though love for his fair cousin had wakened his sleeping manhood.

Burton had gone, before starting, to inspect some repairs in an outhouse, and Eric followed him, intending to break his resolution to him, but as the steward turned into the room a bright idea struck him. When Burton went into the room Eric turned the key in the lock hastily, sped back across the yard, jumped into the chariot, and gave the word to start.

They were actually turning out of the gates of Hazelwood before the coachman and other servants realised that it was Master Eric who was with them, not Burton.

Fortune favours the brave, but in this instance she seemed inclined to play Eric false; the roads, never very good, were in an exceptionally bad state after a wet season. Then the coachman was a new hand, and lost his way; being a pig-headed fellow, he would not listen to the advice of the other men, and took a wrong turning, the result of which was that they did not reach the inn where they were to change horses until two hours later than they ought to have done. Worse still, when they reached it at last, something was found to have gone wrong with a wheel, and they could not start at once.

It would be repaired in an hour, they told Eric; but the hour stretched to two, and then to three, for the blacksmith proved to be drunk, and nothing but time and cold water could bring him into a fit state to put the tire on the wheel.

However, at last it was done; and Eric, chafing with impatience, was able to start again.

If he could only reach Staunton before dark!

That was the best he hoped for now; it was useless to think of the return journey that day.

But the afternoon was wearing on, and ten miles of bad road and the lonely expanse of Windmill Common still lay between them and their destination.

They had not gone five miles when there was a hitch and a stop, and Eric, looking out, saw, to his infinite vexation, the tire of the wheel bounding gaily into the ditch; the blacksmith had done his work badly.

Eric sprang out and looked at the damage, while Tom slowly poked the tire out of the ditch.

"Can none of you mend it?" said Eric irritably, for the sun was very low, and he was seriously uneasy at this fresh delay.

The men shook their heads. They were stupid fellows, but willing, and at last Jim volunteered to try. Now indeed Eric had reason to lament his bringing-up, his ignorance and helplessness. If it had been Wilfrid, he would probably either have mended it with his own hands or shown someone else how to do it.

Jim patched it together in a fashion by means of a big stone, but he took a long while hammering at it. However, at last it was done, and once more they were able to jolt along, but more slowly than before, and at the end of a mile the tire was off again, and Jim had to try his skill once more.

In this manner they progressed, now stopping, now crawling on, so that the dusk had already fallen when they reached the edge of Windmill Common.

It was a dreary evening, and the wind came moaning over the waste lands, making an indescribably melancholy sound.

The petted heir of Hazelwood flung himself back in the corner of the carriage, shivering and grumbling. The cold penetrated even through the triple capes of his thick coat, and his spirits fell, for everything seemed to have worked against his bringing the expedition to a successful conclusion.

He peered uneasily through the gloom, but he felt ashamed of himself for starting when the treacherous twilight made a solitary tree assume the aspect of a rider coming towards them.

But at last, to Eric's great joy, he saw, he thought, the lights of Staunton.

"We are nearly there now, are we not?" he called to Jim, who had come several times with the squire.

"Bless your heart! no, sir," said Jim. "We ain't a quarter across the common yet. Yon's the light in Half-way Inn; and precious glad I'd be to have it behind me, too, for it's an ill-charactered place."

"Pooh!" said Eric, drawing in his head.

He suspected that Jim, who still looked on him as a little boy, took a secret pleasure in magnifying the difficulties of the way.

Worn-out with anxiety, Eric had dropped into an uneasy sleep, when the carriage came to such an abrupt stop that he was flung on his hands and knees on the front seat.

"Stupid oafs!" he cried angrily; "what is it now?"

But before the words were out of his mouth he saw an indistinct mass of faces at the window. The door was torn open, and he was dragged out by two men, while two others began rifling the carriage.

Outside, there was just light enough to see the condition of affairs. Jim lay on the ground, apparently dead; one of the postillions was helping a man in a mask to quiet the terrified horses, but the rest of the party were scouring away across the common. There was another man on horseback at a little distance, a motionless and seemingly indifferent spectator of the whole proceedings.

Eric's first clear thought was that they had been overpowered by inferior numbers, and that this was an intolerable disgrace. Then he caught sight of the men dragging out his father's box, and, with an effort so strong and sudden as to take by surprise the men who held him, he wrenched himself free, caught up the heavy whip the coachman had flung down, and laid about him with the handle with such good will that one of the men dropped like a stone, and the other drew back.

It was only for a moment, though, for their friends came to the rescue, and Eric was seized from behind and flung violently to the ground. One knelt on his chest, while another held a pistol to his head. He felt the cold touch against his cheek, it seemed to him that it went off, and then he knew no more.

When he came to himself he looked round in utter bewilderment. The common and the carriage and the highwaymen had disappeared, and he found himself in a huge arm-chair by a blazing fire in what looked like an inn parlour. He was not alone, for a man, whose weather-beaten face contrasted strangely with the daintiness of his costume, stood on the other side of the fireplace, looking down at him.

"Was I shot?" asked Eric feebly.

His head swam still, and the stranger's face and figure floated in a sort of mist before him.

The stranger laughed.

"No; you have had an ugly knock on the head, though, my friend."

Something in his tone irritated Eric, and he was about to answer sharply when an idea struck him.

"Was it you who saved me?" he asked.

The stranger nodded.

Eric expressed his gratitude rather awkwardly. The stranger's cold blue eyes and easy manner confused him, and he was glad when the other moved into the shadow, where his face was nearly invisible.

Then, as recollection came back more fully, he asked—

"Is Jim dead? And the money is gone, of course?" he added, with a sigh.

"Jim is none the worse for a tumble in the mud; and as for the box, it is there," and he pointed to a table.

Eric broke into incoherent thanks and questions, but the other cut him short.

"No more, young sir. Go to bed now, and go home to-morrow to your nurse, and tell them to send a man with the rents next time."

Eric was furious, but the sense of what he owed this man restrained him, though his cheeks burned. In his ill-cut clothes, he felt like a clown in the presence of his rescuer, who, with the exception that he wore a bag-wig instead of the elaborate hair-dressing affected by them, exactly resembled one of those Macaroni his cousin Mary had described to him.

"Not so fast, young sir," said the stranger, as Eric moved towards the door.

"Who are you?" burst forth the boy, even his gratitude not proof against the intolerable insolence of the stranger's tone.

"A loyal subject of his gracious Majesty King George," sneered the other. "I want something for my services."

"What do you want?" said Eric. "I owe you much."

"Only," said the stranger, "that if I should at any time ask you to take my place for twenty-four hours you will do it."

Eric was silent for so long that the stranger's patience gave way.

"Make haste, young gentleman. I have business awaiting me."

"Tell me," said Eric slowly, "will it involve my doing anything wicked, or—or unbecoming a gentleman?"

The stranger turned a deep red.

"No," he said shortly.

"Then I promise," said Eric; and he wrote a few lines on a slip of paper. "Send me this if you want me."

The stranger took it, and broke into a mocking laugh.

"What a foolish youngster it is, to be sure!—to take so long over the easiest thing in the world—the making of a promise. Why, there is only one thing easier."

"What is that?" called Eric after him.

But he was gone.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

THE KEEPING OF THE PROMISE.

"LET Eric see to it."

Two years had gone by, but the scene was the same, and there were the same people in it; yet not quite the same. The squire and his sisters were indeed unaltered, except that increasing infirmity made the former more querulous. Mary, too, was little changed: a shade more womanly, perhaps, and with perhaps a softer radiance in her bright brown eyes; but with Eric there had been a change—and a great one, for it was that from boy to man.

Even yet there was something childlike in the expression of his face: but his features were brown and manly, and his mouth had acquired a decision of outline only seen with those accustomed to be obeyed.

"'DON'T, ERIC; YOU ARE HURTING HIM,' SAID MARY." W.D. MARGETSON.

He still wore his own hair brushed loosely back, but he was more carefully dressed than formerly, and his bearing was erect and alert.

"Let Eric see to it," was all the squire said; but his tone implied a perfect confidence that if Eric saw to it all would be right.

"What is it, Mary?" said Eric gently, for the girl was panting and frightened.

"A face at the window!" she gasped: "the library window, that looks into the rose garden."

"Wilfrid told me not long before his death. He and—George used to play there when they were children, and found it out."

The squire winced. He had loved George best of all his children, yet father and son had never been able to get on together, for wills and tempers were continually at variance. Petty quarrels had ended in open war, and George was thrust out of his home and place in the family; yet, though he had been a wicked and violent youth, there were times when the old man's heart ached for his first-born son.

"Are you sure you saw a face, Mary?" said Eric.

"Yes, yes; it was staring in the window; the library was dark, but it could see right into this room, for the curtain between was drawn back."

"Don't be frightened, Mary. I will go out and see that all is safe;" and Eric quietly pushed back the curtain again, and stepped into the library.

An exclamation broke from his lips, in spite of himself, as the stream of light from the room behind him flashed on a white face pressed against the glass; but Eric went out, but he could find nothing, and the servants said it was impossible that anyone could be about, for old Cæsar, the best watch-dog in the county, had not barked.

After this incident Eric and Mary, who recovered quickly from her fright, took to frequenting the rose garden at odd moments, in the hope of solving the mystery of it; but in reality it was another mystery Eric was trying to solve—the mystery of a woman's heart. As for Mary, she was mocking, gentle, and gay by turns, so that he knew not what to make of her, and indeed the wild sweet girl only knew one thing about her own heart for certain: and that was that nothing would ever induce her to accept Sir Wortley Hull.

One morning Eric and Mary were together in the garden; but it being broad daylight, they took no notice of the fact that Cæsar was barking violently, until a sound near them made them perceive that someone was struggling to get through the thick hedge.

Eric turned sharply at the noise, and saw the head and shoulders of an ill-looking man forcing their way through the passage he had spoken of to his father.

In a moment Eric's strong arms were round him, dragging him out in a very rough-and-ready manner.

"You ruffian!" he cried, pinning him down. "So it is you who have been making faces at the window, is it?"

"Don't, Eric; you are hurting him," said Mary, for the man was gasping and struggling. "It is not him; the other had fair hair."

The man cursed horribly, but he could not free himself from Eric's grasp until he muttered:

"Let go, master, or you'll be sorry. I've got a message from one you owe a good turn to;" and he managed to thrust a crumpled paper into Eric's hand.

Eric recognised his own signature, and relaxed his hold.

"Will 'ee keep your promise?" said the man surlily;

and there was a shade of anxiety in his voice as he added, "'Tother said you wouldn't, and I warrant you won't;" and he leered at Mary, who reddened angrily.

"Of course I will keep it," said Eric haughtily. "I must go, dearest," he whispered to Mary.

"I know;" and there was a break in her voice and tears in her eyes as she added, in a lower tone, "Come back safe to me," with a slight emphasis on the "me."

Then Eric knew that she was won at last. He turned to go into the house to make a few preparations, and told the man to go round to the kitchen for food and drink. The man refused surlily, but said that Eric must provide him with a horse, as they had a long way to go, and he was foot-sore. Also he said that it was in the bond that Eric should take no servant with him, but he swore the horses should be well looked after.

It was a strange silent ride Eric and the messenger took together; one moment Eric would be intoxicated with delight as he thought of Mary's looks and words, the next, down-cast and troubled; for though he was no coward, life was very sweet, and he scented danger in the air.

They rode towards Staunton, and when they were getting near it, the messenger said gruffly:

"My master, alas! is in prison, but a friend who cannot indeed set him free has procured an order for you to see him."

He said no more, but when they reached the prison gate he thrust a paper into Eric's hand, and disappeared with celerity.

Eric was stumbling after a turnkey down a dark evil-smelling passage before he had grasped the fact that his unknown rescuer was the notorious highwayman, Silent Jem.

The cell Eric was thrust into was so dark that at first he could see nothing; then he distinguished a figure crouched on the bed.

The figure sprang up.

"You here?" it said. "So you have been too stupid after all, to do the one thing easier than making a promise. Well, all the better for me."

The words were mocking, yet something in the tone belied them.

Eric answered coldly. "Of course I have kept my word. I am a gentleman."

"Ha, ha!" sneered the other; "you don't know yet the price you have got to pay for that privilege."

Eric was silent. In his slow way he felt he had given offence; yet, how could he have told this mocking stranger that all through his weakly mis-managed boyhood he had never forgotten his mother's dying words, "Fear God and speak the truth, my little Eric."

He peered through the dim light, and saw a man much older than himself, whose face, once handsome, was lined and altered by violent passions; his clothes, though rich in material, were soiled, and his wig had fallen off, showing fair hair like Eric's own. Though changed for the worse, he recognised his rescuer, but this time something undefinably familiar in his face and voice struck him that had not struck him formerly.

"You owe me twenty-four hours of your life," said the prisoner, "and I want them now. I must pass out of this kennel in your clothes, and you must remain here until my return."

"And if you do not return?"

"It will be unpleasant for you, as Silent Jem is under sentence of death, and has only a couple more days to live."

"But they would discover I was not the right man," said Eric.

"Hardly," said the other, with a curious laugh. "Look at me and look at this"; and he drew a silver-mounted mirror from his pocket.

"Two days in this hole will make you an excellent substitute for me. Family likeness runs strong in the Hursts of Hazelwood."

"George!" cried Eric, and covered his face with his hands.

"Pish! Give me your clothes, quick! There is no time to lose."

Eric obeyed passively, stunned by the revelation of his brother's degradation.

At the last George said: "If you like to break your rash promise, there is still time."

"No," said Eric doggedly; "that may be the easiest thing in the world to you, but not to me. Only if anything should happen to me, let them know the truth at home."

"I will," began George in a softer tone; then he looked at his brother and his face hardened. When the turnkey came back he turned on his heel, and followed him without another word.

As for Eric he flung himself on the wretched bed; it seemed to him he had already entered the valley of the shadow of death.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

THE SEQUEL OF THE PROMISE.

TWO days later, after the meeting between the brothers in the prison, a man with a white face and bowed shoulders came out of a little cottage on the side of the cliff near a lonely fishing village. It was George Hurst, and he looked even more haggardly miserable than he had done forty-eight hours before, for in the house behind him his wife lay dead of neglect and anxiety.

"My sins have found me out;" he muttered: "an undutiful son, a bad husband, and an unnatural brother." He stopped short, put his hand to his head, and appeared to calculate. "There is no time to be lost," he muttered, with an oath. "I have enough on my conscience without his blood."

He went round now to a little stable near the cottage, and saddling his horse himself, was soon ready to start.

But at the last he ran back to the cottage, as if he could scarcely tear himself away; pressing his burning forehead to the cold door-post, he murmured:

"Good-bye, Marie, good-bye."

Then, with a despairing look, he turned away, and led his horse by a narrow path to the top of the cliff.

A strange creature was George Hurst, slow of brain, but passionate and courageous in temperament, selfish and jealous he had made shipwreck of his life.

But though he had at times enjoyed his lawless career, with its ceaseless adventure and hair-breadth escapes, and though he revelled in having plenty of money through it to spend on the pleasures he loved—having always chafed bitterly at the tight hold his father kept on the purse-strings—he was yet not an utterly hardened ruffian, and it would have been as hateful to him to let his brother die in his stead as to rob his father when he found the whole party in his power on Windmill Common two years before.

But his life had brutalised him more than he knew; besides which, an intensely jealous disposition made him capable of petty cruelty.

At first, when he sent for Eric to the prison, he meant to tell him the truth that he only wanted twenty-four hours' liberty to visit his dying wife; but Eric's first words had irritated him, and the contrast between them—he the condemned highwayman, and the honourable gentleman—struck him with such painful force that he felt he should like to make him suffer too.

Eric held the birthright he had lost, and it stung him to the quick to see in him the reflection of what he himself might have been, and he resolved to hold his tongue. Twenty-four hours of suspense in that miserable cell, with the fear of a shameful death before him, would be good for the haughty young heir of Hazelwood.

But his cruelty recoiled upon himself; his wife lingered and he could not bear to leave her until the tired eyes had closed for ever; there was still time enough to release Eric, but he wished, now that the twenty-four hours had elapsed, that he had left him some certain promise of safety.

Once during the last month before his capture a great longing had come upon him to see the old home again; he had gone secretly to Hazelwood, and it was his face Mary had seen at the window. He had looked for a moment with the quick eye of jealousy on the happy family group where his place knew him no more, and he had almost hated Eric then. But now his jealousy vanished before an awful fear that he might be too late to replace his brother. That fatal likeness between them would cost Eric his life, and he groaned aloud as he thought how he would go to the scaffold believing George had stolen it away from him.

But he thrust away his fears, thinking he might safely trust to the speed of his favourite mare; yet he had not gone far when he found he had reckoned in vain; he had not left the village two miles behind when he saw something was wrong with her. At other times she was ready to go till she killed herself, but this day she went slowly, and needed the spur he hated to give her.

He loved the mare. More than once her speed had saved his life and liberty, but now for Eric's sake he must not spare her. It was a man's life against a brute's; and with a weary sigh he urged her on.

At last he saw the inn where he might hope for a fresh horse. To add to his anxieties, he was short of money; however, the mare was a valuable beast, so he might hope to get something tolerable in exchange for her. She was so exhausted now that he dismounted, and went the last two or three hundred yards on foot.

But it was too late to save her, for as he entered the inn yard she dropped dead.

Tears stood in his eyes, already burning with fatigue and grief; but there was no time to be sorry for anything now: the execution had been fixed for that evening, and the hours were speeding by.

Half-an-hour was lost haggling with the landlord, who objected to taking a dead beast and some trinkets in exchange for a mount; and when at last the bargain was concluded, and a horse led out, it proved but a sorry brute.

George used whip and spur now without remorse, but the horse, a sluggish chestnut, refused to be hurried.

He looked anxiously round; the sun was already sloping to the west, and its beams level with his smarting eyes. Once more he thrust his spurs into the horse's flanks with cruel force, and urged him on, but it was no use; after a few minutes he dropped back into what was little more than a walk.

At last he saw a young man coming towards him, well-mounted and alone. This was no time for ceremony, and intercepting the solitary rider, he demanded an exchange of horses.

The other was inclined to thrust him aside as a madman and ride on, but the determination expressed in George's face made him hesitate.

"It is for life or death," urged George. "If there is loss to you in the bargain, Hurst of Hazelwood will repay you."

At the name, which was well known in that part of the country, the young man's face lightened, and he consented to the exchange, but as much from fear as anything else.

George's mind was now at ease; the execution was not to be until sunset, and the sun was still above the horizon when he rode into the suburbs of Staunton. It was strange, but as he rode along he felt totally unable to realise the solemn and fearful part he was to play in the scene he was approaching.

He had not ridden far into Staunton when he was struck by the air of silence and drowsiness that reigned over the place; there was none of the excitement that was wont to attend an execution.

In his haste, he nearly rode over one of the few people about, and the man caught his bridle, saying angrily:

"Where be you off to in such a hurry, mister, that you don't see honest folks?"

"I ask your pardon," answered George; "but I am in haste to see the execution of Silent Jem."

The man laughed.

"You may just turn back, then, and bide your disappointment as best you can, for that's all over and

done with. Yon's a cruel chap, I reckon," muttered the man as he let go the bridle, "to be so bent on seeing poor Jem swing."

* * * * *

The sunset was past and the stars coming out in a clear sky as George Hurst, almost mad with grief and shame, rode at headlong speed over Windmill Common. Confusedly he thought of what had happened; for some reason the execution must have been hastened, and he had filled up the measure of his crimes by letting his innocent brother die in his stead.

Suddenly both horse and rider swerved aside with dangerous violence as some tall black object stood out between them and the cloudless sky. George had forgotten it, but he knew well what was here, though he had never feared it before; now he turned his ghastly face away, and urged his horse to still more frantic speed. For the first time the gallows on Windmill Common filled him with sickening terror; he dared not look what might be there.

* * * * *

All was still and dark when George crept through the rose garden, and springing up on the library window-sill, peered into the lighted room beyond. The squire was in his usual place, and Mary was reading to him, while opposite sat Miss Griselda and Miss Jemima. Mary was very pale, and on all their faces was a shade of anxiety, but it was manifest they knew nothing as yet of the terrible tragedy that had taken place. George groaned, "I promised him, but I cannot, cannot tell them."

Suddenly the scene changed; the door was flung open, and Eric himself, worn and travel-stained, but unhurt, was in a moment the centre of that family group.

Simultaneously a shot rang through the evening air, and George dropped heavily to the ground.

* * * *

Shot like a dog by his father's servant: that was a fitting end to his dark career. Burton, sobbing like a child on discovering who it was he had mistaken for a burglar, carried him in and laid him at his father's feet.

But George's gaze wandered away from him to Eric.

"I meant to be in time," he said.

"Yes, dear George," said Eric, as he knelt down beside the dying man. "It was only just at first I doubted you. This is what happened: you have a friend at Court who got you a pardon (you once did him some service) on condition," he hesitated, "of—of your leaving this country for ever."

"For ever," murmured George: "yes, for ever. Good-bye, father, and forgive me."

The old man bent his stiffened joints until his face was level with his son's, and whispered:

"I too go hence for ever, soon. Forgive me, George."

And so these two passionate, jealous-natured men made peace at last.

Then that other of a nobler type whose fair face in the last two days had won an increase of steadfast gravity, stood aloof by Mary's side, that no one might come between father and son in those last moments.

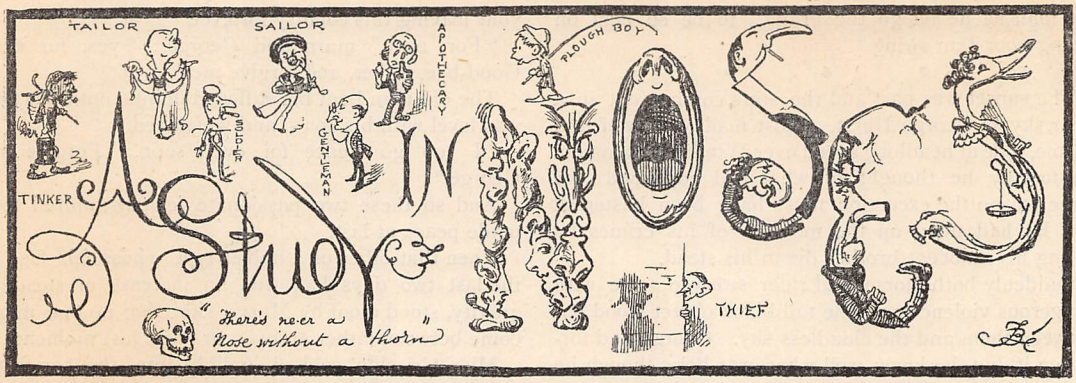
Miss Griselda sobbed audibly into the comforter her fingers had been busy with, and the figures in the account-book that was never far away from Miss Jemima floated in a sea of tears.

"Who is that?" said George presently, sitting up, and fixing his dim eyes on Mary. "I want to wish her joy; she has won the best of all the Hursts of Hazelwood."

Then his head fell back before he could hear their answer.

They led the old squire gently away from his son's body, but moving like one in a dream, he put Mary's hand in Eric's and echoed George's words—"Of all the Hursts of Hazelwood, yes." And Mary knew their words were true.

"'I MEANT TO BE IN TIME,' HE SAID."



Illustrated by FRED BARNARD.

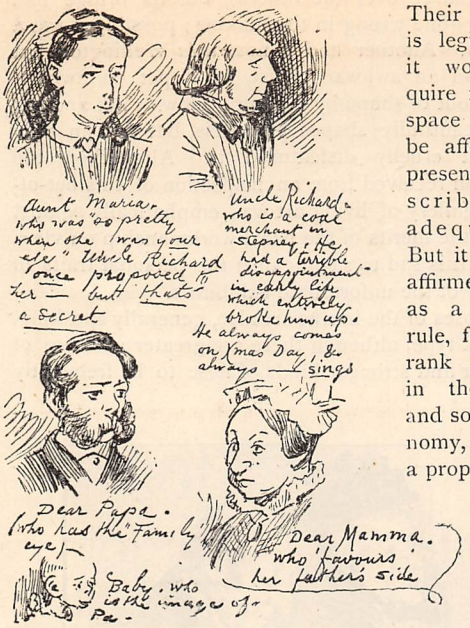
"THE SHARPLY CURVED, EAGLE-LIKE BEAK OF THE IRON DUKE WAS UNDOUBTEDLY THE STRONG POINT IN HIS OTHERWISE MILD AND PACIFIC FACE."

IT was reported of the Duke of Wellington that when appointing men to the more responsible military posts, it was his frequent habit to select those who had the best noses. The astute soldier must—if the story is true—have had a strong bias in favour of the nose as a pretty reliable index to character. And remembering how very remarkable a feature the nose was in his own physiognomy, there was at least some excuse for Wellington's indulgence in what might have been regarded as a mere fad or absurd idiosyncracy by those who, unfortunately, had not a similar claim to his favour. The sharply-curved, eagle-like beak of the Iron Duke was undoubtedly the strong point in his otherwise mild and pacific face. With the slightest change, however, in that feature—had it, for instance, received but a slightly straighter line (it could not surely have been more hook-like without becoming positively ugly, and even owlish !), the facial expression of the great soldier would have been entirely altered. Not only so ; in all probability the owner himself would have been a man of quite a different character : possibly a Churchman of ritualistic proclivities, or even a country squire, whose greatest ambition was to be master of the hounds. But with that magnificent nose, which even Julius Cæsar might have envied, no wonder that the victory of Waterloo fell to the army that was led by the warrior-genius to whose personality it supplied such extraordinary emphasis and force !

Yes, there is something in possessing a good nose : that is, a nose with character in its lines, curves, and general outline. Being the most prominent feature in the human face, the nose at once either sets off or disfigures it ; or it may be a feature of such an ordinary kind that the expression of the face is neither assisted nor disadvantaged by it. This latter type of nose is by far the most prevalent in our race (limiting our study at present to the chief European and American peoples) : that is to say, for every single nose of distinguished character there are at least nineteen which are only remarkable for their plainness and ordinariness. Even this proportion may be somewhat under the mark. Take, for example, a side view of the faces of any crowd of people, such as may be seen at a political meeting, or a theatre, or within a church, and it will be an ordinary experience to find the commonplace nose a very plentiful quantity, while the really excellent probosces will be quite at a discount. Moreover, were it possible to make the acquaintance of the owners of the latter, it would very likely turn out that, for the most part, they were persons of distinguished character, par-excellent in some particular regard, above the rank and file of their less-favoured fellows —that is, less-favoured in point of noses !

What a variety of types of noses there is — from the classical Roman and Grecian type, and that admirable blend of them both, to the mere morsel of tissue that does duty for that ornament so often seen on the faces of jail and workhouse inmates.

"POSSIBLY A CHURCHMAN OF RITUALISTIC PROCLIVITIES."



NOTHINGY NOSES BELONGING TO NOBODY.

Their number is legion, and it would require far more space than can be afforded at present to describe them adequately. But it may be affirmed that, as a general rule, for every rank or scale in the racial and social economy, there is a proper corresponding nose. For instance, a bold, well-defined Roman or delicately-lined Grecian type is invariably associated with strength of some kind or other; with dignity, nobility, and pride of place. Was there ever a king or queen, worthy of the name, who had not a truly noble nose? Look at any of the authentic portraits of past or contemporary monarchs, and is not that feature, in almost every instance, one of the most striking that arrests attention? From a physiological point of view, there is nothing more characteristic of the present royal family, from her Majesty Queen Victoria herself—who, by the way, is the possessor of a really superb nose—to her grown-up grandchildren, than the excellence of the nasal type common to one and all of them. Every member, almost without exception, is well-equipped in this particular regard, and the fact supplies a capital example of the heredity of distinguishing features from generation to generation. In the portrait gallery of Holyrood Palace there is a great array of paintings of the kings of Scotland, from Malcolm Canmore down. There is positively not one of the portraits but shows a nose of such pronounced and prominent a type — Roman, indeed, with a vengeance — that someone suggested they must all have been modelled after the huge palace-door knocker! Be that as it may, a king or prince of the blood *minus* a good nose would be a despicable sort of personage to honour, and, as a matter of fact, is a *rara avis*, at least in these countries. No; a king or queen may be a poor creature and cut a miserable figure in the constitutional sense, but a good nose is the destiny of all who wear the crown. Even Richard the Third is said to have been thus favoured. When in passionate speech he raged that he had been—

"Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,"

the reference could not have been to his nose, which, according to all accounts of the doings of that crafty monarch, must have at least been long and sharp, if not exactly of the vulture type. The tenor of the foregoing remarks may apply also to the line of pontiffs that have ruled at St. Peter's for at least two centuries past. In extant pictures of the popes all appear to have had admirable noses. His Highness Leo XIII. the present possessor of the Holy Chair, has perhaps as exquisite a nasal ornament as had any of his predecessors. And so is it with nearly all the various rulers and leaders of the human family—strong noses are to the front! In the State, in the Church, in literature and the fine arts, in musical spheres, in the army (particularly so), indeed, in almost every department of human affairs, the heads and fronts of those who are in the van are liberally distinguished in this feature. A great statesman may have a low forehead, or even be afflicted with a hump, and still command respect at the Senate if his nose be all right; even a poet may affect glasses, or wear short hair, or even stutter pitifully, but to influence his readers at all he must be known to have a classical type of nose: that at least is expected of him! The "great Cham" of literature was a huge, gross man, sadly afflicted in his person; poor Pope was a kind of Richard the Third in bodily deformity; Ben Jonson had a very tousy-tykeish appearance, and did not mind the fact, since he was only the son of a bricklayer; Robert Burns was sorely pock-marked and never thought much of the disfigurement; but all were endowed richly in the matter of nose, and in each case that feature was at least one redeeming point in the physiognomy.

In the same way are weak noses indicative of the character and force of those who are so disfavoured by Nature. Sometimes persons with this disadvantage may take a leading place in the honourable ranks of mankind, but they are decidedly in a minority. Not only so; but where this important feature is a positive disfigurement—*i.e.*, a physiological failure—it will not unfrequently be found that the owner is an individual whose natural disposition is, in some fundamental part, awry and unhealthy, if not vicious, with a vagabond or even a criminal bias. Of the leading actors in the great French Revolution of a century ago, not a few portraits have been handed down. If these do justice to their originals, what a predominance of bad-nosed men took part in that sanguinary tragedy!

THE GOOD OLD-FASHIONED WORKHOUSE NOSE.

Marat, for instance, had such a vile, vulture-like beak, that it was said of him he could smell human blood from afar; but our jails, and even our workhouses, contain many illustrations of this striking fact.

Some time ago the writer had occasion to visit one of the largest and best-known workhouses in the country, when the inmates happened to be assembled in their chapel for evening worship. One of the first characteristics of these folk that attracted the notice of the visitor was their almost uniformly poor physiognomy; and especially shabby and weak was the nose-equipment in evidence. A few fair noses were discernible here and there in the crowd, though chiefly among the men, and there was at least one striking, even powerful, nose, which

A FAMILY OF NOSES—"UNDER INSTRUCTION."

adorned the face of what seemed to be the most robust inmate of the house—a nose of which the prime minister himself might not have been ashamed. But for the rest, the great majority, paltriness, weakness, and helpless imbecility were the chief features—a poor-house type, truly, and affording a striking comment on the pitiful nonentiness of the character of those to whom the noses belonged. There was, for instance, the thick, flabby, bulky beak of the drunkard (little of the colouring left), with not a good line or curve to redeem its massiness; there was the thin, slightly upturned, undecided sort of nose that denoted the shiftless spendthrift (a large supply of these); and there were also the short, squat, snub noses, that looked as if they had, so to speak, been dumped in a hurry on the faces of not a few inmates, who looked very much more at home in the place than the others—born paupers these, without a doubt! One particular man, however, had a nose of a decidedly Roman cast (and even he seemed to be in some sort of charge over the others), but its bridge had somehow gone wrong in the making; possibly, it was a birth-flaw. Another had a nose *à la* Wellington, but it, too, had an awkward twist, as if put on awry or knocked out of shape by a severe blow. Yet another had a beautifully shaped proboscis, but for an ugly wart that cruelly disfeatured it. Altogether, the impression received from an inspection of this out-of-the-way gallery of living art was emphatically against not only the merits of the nasal workmanship on view, but also, it is sad to say, against the personal traits of character of the unfortunate exhibitors.

The noses of the insane are also, generally speaking, of a weak type, although there are greater varieties of the better and stronger kinds of nose to be frequently found among them. And, in this connection, is it not a fact that persons sometimes become insane—their inordinate vanity and self-esteem being at the root of the mischief—either from priding themselves too much upon the beauty of their features, the nose coming in for a large share of their flattery, or, on the other hand, from imagining that they are cursed in the possession of prominent features of a ridiculous and even a hideous type? More than one asylum contains, it is to be feared, not a few unfortunates to whose pitiful cases these remarks apply.

But the long and short of the matter under this aspect of our subject is just this: that a well-formed nose is not only an index to the character of the possessor, but likewise betokens in the great majority of examples the happy possession of at least the *sana mens*, albeit that is not always to be found *in sano corpore*.

Were a classification of noses made according to their respective merits as judged by the ordinary

THE SAME FAMILY OF NOSES—"ON AMUSEMENT BENT."

phrenological standard, they might be placed in something like the following order:—

First Class: The classical Roman and Grecian types.

Second Class: The blended Græco-Roman type; for example, the great Napoleon, Savonarola, and Marie Antoinette had noses of this class.

Third Class: The sanguine type; a long, straight nose, with which many illustrious men and women have been endowed, such as François I., Henry Irving, Charles Dickens, Thomas Carlyle.

Fourth Class: The Jewish type. Though distinctive of the race from which it has taken its name, many Gentiles have been equipped with this powerfully-outlined nose—the late "George Eliot," for instance, though without the slightest strain of Jewish blood in her veins, was highly distinguished in this respect.

Fifth Class: This class, while still a good type of nose, is slightly indicative of weakness, and yet, *mirabile dictu*, notable men like Martin Luther, Charles Darwin, and Pasteur had nothing better to show.

Classes Six and Seven may be bracketed together, as they include both the various common types of nose to be seen every day, and the weak, imperfect types owned to a large extent by the thriftless and criminal classes.

In this paper little or nothing has been said of the nationality of noses—a very interesting branch of study in this subject, and worthy of a special article to itself.

A. C.

TO A DYING DAY.

AH, dying day!
I weep not thy decay,
Nor send thee sighs
Beseeching thee to stay;
But with calm eyes,
Yea, and a secret pleasure—
A joy sense may not measure—
Behold thee pass away.

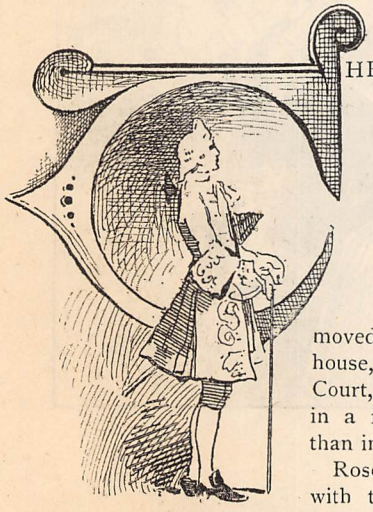
So shall I see
Each coming morrow,
Each rosy dawn and dewy eve,
Expire like thee,
Nor grieve:
Since dead days hasten my reprieve
From pain and sorrow.

MATTHIAS BARR.

A ROMANCE OF MAN.

By C. E. C. WEIGALL, Author of "The Temptation of Dulce Carruthers," "A Lincolnshire Lass," etc.

["*This little story is the true record of the sufferings of an Englishman in the last century.*"]



CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

THERE were anxious hearts in the Isle of Man through those long, weary, dragging weeks of silence. Mr. Marvin had learned wisdom by bitter experience, and had moved into a smaller house, very near Urleigh Court, where he lived in a far simpler style than in old days.

Rosemary was often with the Constantines, and during her father's frequent absences on business she used to take up her abode at Urleigh, where she became like another daughter in that happy household.

Her engagement and the terrible time that had preceded her projected marriage, were never mentioned, and it seemed as though everyone were concerned in the same kind conspiracy to ignore anything that might be painful to the girl.

Mrs. Constantine was something of an invalid, and used to spend her days on the sofa in a sunny little room, dubbed by all the family the "Haven of Peace," where every member went with his or her joys and sorrows, sure of a sympathetic listener. Rosemary had brought many sorrows to the Haven, and had always gone away comforted; for worries and worldly cares seemed to have no place by that sofa or in Mrs. Constantine's gentle life.

"Well, Rosemary, sweetheart," said she one morning, looking up, as a soft rap at the door announced the girl's arrival.

It was a winter's day early in December, and a light sprinkling of snow had frosted the heavy velvet and fur of Rosemary's long pelisse. The extraordinarily-shaped bonnet, with its curling ostrich plumes, that she wore would have astounded a *modiste* of the present day, but it was very becoming to the girl's fair face.

"'Tis a cold morning outside, but I find a warm welcome here," she said, kneeling down by the sofa, and pressing a light kiss on the pale cheek, shaded by the frill of the invalid cap, and almost as white as the muslin itself. "No; I've no troubles this time, dear one; everything is going on very quietly. But have you heard from him yet?"

Her eyes took a wistful expression of mute sorrow as Mrs. Constantine gravely shook her head.

"No news at all of him, as yet. But we must not give up hoping yet, Rosemary, for we know the difficulties he would have in conveying a letter of any sort. In time of war all despatches are cut off. May God forgive the French nation, for they have caused me much suffering, and my boy—my dear boy—more perils than tongue can describe. And indeed, Rosemary, they are like to cost me more than one son, for my dear Charles is coming home, with a gunshot wound that is hard to heal—not much of a wound, he writes me, but just enough to bring him home to Urleigh before long. We had that word this morning, but God knows how long it may be before I have him in my arms again."

"And where did poor Charles meet with his hurt?" said Rosemary with tender anxiety, for she had learnt in her time of trouble to value and feel for all her old friends, and not least of all, gentle, brave Charles Constantine.

"Some little skirmish in the Peninsula with the French. He wrote but a few words, for he said the battle was too small to have even a name or to bring him any honour. Still, wherever my boy is, we may be sure that he has the honour of having done his duty nobly."

And Mrs. Constantine ended with a thrill of motherly pride, and a flush that lent a shade of becoming colour to her white cheek.

"You do seem to have more sorrow than is your rightful share," said the girl, stroking the thin hand tenderly. "Dear Mrs. Constantine, you are like the sweet-briar, it seems to me, which, when we crush it, only gives out a sweeter, richer perfume."

"Little goose!" said Mrs. Constantine, with a smile, and stroking the pretty brown hair. "Now tell me something about yourself, for I am sure, since I have not seen you for a week, you must have some news."

"Such an interesting budget! The hens won't lay very well, and old Sarah says it is because I gathered the eggs after sunset on Friday last week. Our cat has had three kittens, poor old Floss nine puppies, so we have plenty of young life about us at present. We spend a very unexciting existence, you see. But so much happier we are with three little maids instead of that perfect host of servants; my father enjoys his little dinners so much, and is quite interested if I manage to give him a new pudding. Oh, but stay! I *have* a piece of news for you; at least a letter which I am sure will interest you. For this morning, only think, I received a letter from Aunt Maria! She must have waited so long a time in the hope of finding someone to frank it, for Aunt Maria would never spend an unnecessary shilling, surely."

Mrs. Constantine smiled as Rosemary drew from her pocket a three-cornered letter, directed in an

angular female hand, with a good many sharp curves and flourishes about it. The paper smelt strong of a sickly perfume which Aunt Maria much affected, and which was a cross between musk and patchouli, with a dash of carbolic thrown in.

"Here it is," said Rosemary, drawing down the corners of her mouth as she read :—

"DEAR NIECE,—I now take up my pen to write to you, wishing to know the welfare of both you and my sin-stained brother. My earnest wish is, now that I have become a joined member of that most holy Chapel Bethshan, where every Sabbath I sit under a most godly minister, that you may do likewise, and find true comfort for your soul, which was ever too deeply immersed in things earthly. I am now able to freely forgive the lies which that unfortunate young man spread about me ; and indeed I feel so pityingly towards him that were he starving I could offer him bread. The shops in Bath are absurdly dear, and but few bargains are to be picked up. But the Pump Room is a pleasant resort, where we may meet many friends. And that reminds me, dear niece, that my chief object in taking up my pen was to let you know that I have already become espoused to a most godly man, and that my name is now Maria Redhead. 'Tis a delicate task to have to break such tidings one's self to relations ; but Captain Redhead, in spite of little drawbacks of health (for he is consumed with gout), is a very satisfactory husband. Any little differences you and I may have had in past days I freely forgive, dear niece ; indeed, I feel in so beatific a state, that I could forgive that prince of evil, young Annesley himself—yea, could even clasp him to my heart, though I never really loved him, as you well know. 'Tis unfortunate that you seem in a fair way to become an old maid ; nevertheless, we cannot all have the good fortune to find partners. Pray purchase for me in Douglas six balls of twine and six yards

"'MAY GOD FORGIVE THE FRENCH NATION!'" (*p.* 448).

of drab ribbon; it is much cheaper there than in Bath,

"Ever your truly affectionate and well-wishing Aunt,
"MARIA REDHEAD."

Mrs. Constantine laid her head on her pillow, and went off into a hearty peal of laughter as Rosemary finished reading.

"Truly, Rosemary, what a change has come upon your aunt!" she said. "What did Mr. Marvin say to the letter?"

The girl smiled as she answered demurely—

"Father was very naughty. All his old impatient spirit came back when he read it, and he said, 'Dash my wig, Rosemary girl! if I don't think I shall send you to Bath to pick up such another husband as your Aunt Maria's. Seems to me that it is the very place for malicious old fossils.'"

"Why, Rosemary, are you here?" broke in pretty Meta Constantine at that moment, putting her head round the door. "Come and look at the lovely 'Welcome' we are working in scarlet braid and tinsel to greet our two heroes, Alec and Charlie, when they return. For they are two heroes, both of them, and the family is as proud of them as a whole generation of peacocks!"

And Rosemary followed her, trying to crush down in her heart the growing presentiment that the only wreath that would be woven for Alec would be one of immortelles, to be laid upon his grave.

CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH.

ABOUT a week later Alec was taken across to Plymouth in a fishing-boat. He was so confused with fever and illness that the whole events of his voyage passed as if he were in a dream, and he realised nothing till he found himself in bed at the house of an old friend at Paignton, near Torquay.

He could not in the least tell how he arrived at his destination, but when he opened his eyes, he looked round with astonishment at the strange room.

It was prettily papered and simply and freshly furnished, and a bunch of Christmas roses stood on a table at his side.

Through the window at the foot of his bed he caught sight of a line of green hills and a blue, mist-flecked sky, which could only belong to an English country scene.

"Where am I?" he said feebly, lifting himself on his elbow with an effort.

A grey-haired elderly man rose from a seat behind the bed curtain, and came forward.

"You are here, Alec, thank God, with your old friend Doctor Harness. As to how you got here—well, I discovered you on the top of the London coach, almost done for, and brought you straight here, where you will remain until you are well enough to be moved to your home.'

Alec pressed the kind wrinkled hand.

"He hath delivered me out of all my troubles," he said brokenly. "But, Doctor Harness, have you written to my mother?"

"I will do so at once, although I fear, by all accounts, that the weekly packet will be much delayed; there have been terrible storms and floods, and it may be many days before they hear of your safety. Now drink this cup of soup, and then I shall leave you to sleep."

The kindness which Alec met with in that most hospitable house went far to restore him to his health, but he was so weakened by all his privations and sufferings that it was many days before he left his room, and crawled downstairs to join the little family party.

Dr. Harness promised him that as soon as he was well enough he should have some medical work to do connected with Paignton Hospital; for that he would not be strong enough to brave the difficulties of a voyage to Man for many weeks was evident.

"Mrs. Constantine and that bonny young lady had far better come down here for a bit," said the old doctor, rubbing his hands gleefully. "I shan't let you go away in a hurry, Master Alec, and we should dearly like to have the wedding down here."

Alec flushed crimson. He had had no letter from Rosemary, though he had already written to the Governor of the Fortress of Arras a letter full of veiled gratitude and thanks, and had asked him to forward any packet that might come for him. And he felt certain that Lafitte would, if it were possible, do this for him.

Still, it was strange that Rosemary had not written. She must have had many opportunities; and did not this silence show that she had forgotten him?

So Alec tormented himself, suffering far more by these mental tortures than he had done during his long months of imprisonment.

Actual physical pain is far easier to bear than mental anguish, for the one can be eased by outward distraction; the other is borne about by the sufferer without hope of alleviation, for his suffering is himself.

One day Dr. Harness came up to Alec's bedroom, where he was sitting reading a medical work.

His face wore a look of gravity, and there was a sadness in his voice which made the young man look up anxiously into his face with a foreboding of fresh trouble.

"My dear boy, have you a brother in the army?" was the doctor's abrupt question.

"Yes — Charles is in the Eighty-first, Doctor Harness. What has happened to him? I know by your face that you bring no good news about him."

"Stay—stay! don't be so hasty. Of course, there are more Constantines than your family in the world. But I have just had a letter from a friend of mine in the hospital at Plymouth, and he says that he has now in the wards a young officer, by name Constantine, badly wounded by some skirmish with the French, and quite unable to proceed to his home. His reason in writing to me was to inquire if I considered his treatment of a gangrened wound the right one."

Alec rose to his feet.

"It is my brother, I am sure, he said, "and I must go to him at once. Poor Charles ; how terrible for my mother! Doctor Harness, will you send Johnson down to book an inside place in the night coach? I must go at once, without a moment's delay, for Charles and I were ever the greatest friends, being the nearest in age in the family."

Though he was still very weak, Alec refused Dr. Harness's offers of an escort, for he preferred to meet his brother face to face, without the intervention of a third person, however kind.

He was right when he had said that Charles had always been very dear to him. But in spite of that, he had never fathomed the depths of his brother's reserved nature, and had never even guessed at his hopeless love for Rosemary.

He knew that Charles had admired her, as every young man who had crossed her path must perforce have done, but that the feeling had gone deeper, and had increased till it had become the very pivot on which his existence depended, he had never realised.

Few people understood the inner nature of Charles Constantine. He was so reserved and silent when in society that some of his acquaintances went so far as to say that he had no second nature under his placid exterior. But like the dead crater of the ocean bed, the least touch was liable to call into existence the glowing furnace of his soul—all the more passionate from being buried under an outer crust of reserve.

Alec huddled himself up in his fur coat, and tried to sleep during the first part of his journey. But vivid scenes of his later dangers and of his young life at Urleigh came crowding into his mind. It could not surely be that he was to lose his brother? The very idea made him shudder, and with a restless hand he drew aside the curtain that covered the coach window, and looked out.

They were being carried swiftly through the night by four good horses, and their red lamps sent a cheery glow along the dusky road.

Though it was winter, the Devon air was so warm that it seemed almost impossible to realise that Christmas was not far off.

The sky was flushing into morning in the east, and a fresh sweet breeze that seemed to come from the very sun himself, so laden was it with life and light, sprang up and ruffled the rocking surface of the sea.

The Devon wooded slopes and misty hills seemed blended and merged in the sky-line, and Alec almost wondered if the scene were not the outcome of his fevered brain—so heavenly sweet was it in the morning air.

The dungeon at Bêtche and the gloomy fortress of Arras seemed very far away, and as the coach paused at the foot of a steep slope, and the rattle of the wheels ceased for an instant, he heard somewhere, far off among the trees, a bird piping, and the rustle of the branches as they stirred into life again at the first breath of morning.

They reached the quaint old town of Plymouth at last, and Alec went straight to the hospital, and asked to see his brother.

He was met at the door of the ward by a sweet-faced woman in a nurse's dress, who looked sympathetically into his white, drawn face.

"I am afraid, Mr. Constantine, that you will find a great change in your brother. Do you think that you feel strong enough to risk the meeting before partaking of some refreshment? He is very weak, remember."

"I am quite strong enough to go at once to my brother," returned Alec quietly ; "but I wish to know the truth first. Will he recover from his wound?"

The nurse looked away through the window, out into the narrow street, and away over the harbour to

"'MY DEAR BOY, HAVE YOU A BROTHER IN THE ARMY?'" (*p.* 450).

the eternal sea. She could not tell him the truth that before many hours were over the gallant soldier would stand on the shores of a darker, deeper sea—a sea from which there is no returning.

But at that moment the door of the ward opened again, and a young doctor came hurriedly out.

"Doctor Frank will tell you the last news of the patient," she said evasively. "Doctor, this is Mr. Constantine;" and she left them together.

Alec held out his hand.

"I want the truth," he said; "for I have half guessed it already."

"He wants you at once," said the doctor simply. "And—it is only a question of time now."

"Thank you," answered Alec, and he entered the hospital ward, and slipped behind the screen that stood round his brother's bed.

He had thought that the fountain of his tears was dry, but when he looked down at the wasted face on the pillow, tears that all his own sufferings had failed to wring from his eyes stood thick upon his lashes.

Charles tried to lift his head and to smile at him in welcome. It was sweet to see a home face, and to think that he had not to go out to meet death in the presence of strangers or alone.

Pascal may say "*Je mourrai seule*," but surely the bitterness of death is softened by the presence of those we love.

It was some time before the brothers spoke or moved their eyes from each other's faces.

"Ah, Alec!" said Charles at last, "thank God you are in time, and that I may hold your hand to the last. God has mercifully brought you through the valley of the shadow, and you must help me to go through it—though return is not for me. It is harder to meet death in a hospital ward than in all the excitement of a battle-field. I have just missed the glory of dying in action, but surely my country will grant me a soldier's funeral."

Alec sat down at his bedside, still holding the restless wasted hand in his.

"You shall be buried like a soldier," he said gravely, for he could not buoy himself up with even the faintest hope that his brother might recover. Death was too plainly written on his face.

"I had thought that my mother and father would have been here in time; but I hear that the storms have delayed the mails, and that in all probability they will not receive the letter until I am gone. But you will comfort them, Alec?"

Alec, at his request, gave him a slight account of his adventures, and when he had ended Charles smiled faintly, and a look almost unearthly in its beauty came over his face.

"Put your hand under my pillow, Alec," he said, "and take my little Bible. I want you to read the Psalms for to-day to me; my mind is so weak that I cannot remember them."

Mrs. Constantine had given both her sons Bibles on the day before they left her, and the little brown volume that Alec drew out was the exact counterpart of his own, only that on the leather cover was a dark stain of blood.

"I want my mother to have that," he said. "But there is another legacy I wish to leave before I die. You will not mind, Alec, now that Rosemary is all your own?"

He took with trembling hands a piece of ribbon from his neck, and at the end of the ribbon was fastened a tiny Maltese cross, made of some foreign wood.

"Will you give that to Rosemary?" he said. "It is the only thing she ever gave me, and I should like her to have it. If I could but look on her face once more, I should die happy."

"Charles, my poor Charles," cried Alec, a sudden light breaking in upon him, "have I, in securing my happiness, wrecked your life? God, forgive me! for you would have made her far happier."

Charles shook his head.

"She never loved me, or even knew how much I loved her," he whispered. "But marriage and giving in marriage are all over for me now, and if I have suffered, it makes me happy to feel that she will be my sister, and that your life will be spent with her."

A quick thought flashed into Alec's mind—a thought of such tender kindness and compassion as must surely have been suggested by his guardian angel.

He took from his breast the miniature of the girl that he always wore, and put it into his brother's hand.

"That shall lie on your heart when you are dead," he said. "I will never part you from it again."

The smiling, radiant face of the girl looked out into Charles Constantine's dying eyes. Life and love were face to face with death and renunciation, but the bitterness of his sorrow was past for the young soldier. He reverently put the miniature to his lips, and thanked Alec with a look as he clasped the gold chain round his throat.

He was past the mere utterance of words! it was joy enough for him to think that he should never be parted from the picture of the girl he loved while he lived.

"You must not bury it with me," he said, with an effort, at last. "Her place is not with death. She is the very embodiment of life, and life is over for me now—life and love. Let me turn to the Cross a penitent—a true penitent. Would that I had lived more fully the life of a Christian soldier!"

Alec sat reading to him until the clasp of his hand relaxed, and then, seeing that his end was approaching, he slipped on to his knees at the bedside, and in a choking voice began to repeat the Commendatory Prayer.

Charles lay motionless, his fluttering breath alone betraying that he still lived, until the last solemn words of the prayer died away. Then he raised his head.

The sun was already beginning to dip towards the west, and the bare ward was bathed in a glow of brilliant light, that touched the face of the dying

soldier, hiding it for the moment from his brother's eyes.

"Light at eventide—Christ beyond the setting sun. The angels are beckoning me up the ladder of light; and Rosemary is there—Rosemary—for remembrance."

And when the sunlight faded and died away from the whitewashed walls, the sweet-faced nurse stole up to the silent bed, to find the soldier-hero gone, and his brother, with face buried in his hands, sobbing his heart out in the midst of the hush of death. For he had lost his brother, and his heart refused comfort.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH.

SOME days elapsed before Alec recovered from the shock of his brother's death sufficiently to be able to return to Paignton. And when he did so, after the funeral was over, Dr. Harness saw a great alteration in his face.

He had, as it were, met death face to face over his brother's grave, and when the body of Charles Constantine was laid to rest, in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection, Alec laid away in the same grave much of his light-heartedness and buoyancy of spirits. He did not seem able to rally quickly from his grief, and the silence from Urleigh troubled him; for they must have received his letter, and the reason of their silence seemed only to point to a second sorrow.

Perhaps his mother or father were ill, or even Rosemary?

And as he thought of this terrible probability the blood rushed to his face, and in a tumult of impatience he rose from his seat, and began to pace the room like a caged lion.

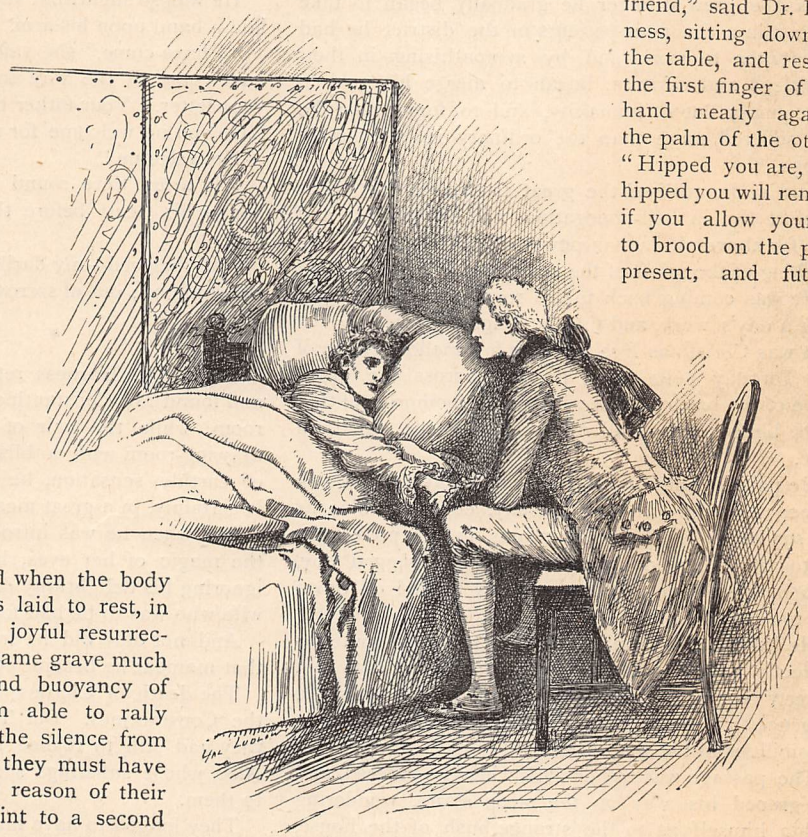
Dr. Harness, in the room below, heard him, and, watchful as usual of his health and spirits, came upstairs with an anxious face.

"What is the matter, my friend?" he said; "and why are you pacing the room in that fashion? I would as lief live in the house with a wild beast as with you, tramping all the original ideas out of my head with your hobnail boots. You ought to be on the sofa. Come, lie down, and I'll bring you a good rousing tonic. What you want is tone, my friend, and tone you shall have, as sure as my name is Jeremiah Harness! Shall it be bark or quinine?"

He put his head on one side as he spoke, like a meditative robin. And indeed, with his rounded outline and neat cherry-coloured and brown waistcoat, he strongly reminded the casual observer of that cheerful bird.

"No tonic that you can give me will ease the weary burden of my heart," said Alec. "There is one tonic only in the world: one face that has the power to recall me to life and the desire of living, and that face I seem destined never to behold."

"Tut, tut! my dear friend," said Dr. Harness, sitting down by the table, and resting the first finger of one hand neatly against the palm of the other. "Hipped you are, and hipped you will remain if you allow yourself to brood on the past. present, and future,



"ALEC SAT DOWN AT HIS BEDSIDE" (*p.* 452).

Now, I never allowed myself to brood over any single subject in life. And look at me, and look at Mrs. Harness. See the result of cheerfulness!"

Alec looked across at him with a rueful smile. Round, red, and cherubic as he was, the young man had no exact desire to resemble him. He preferred his own experiences and troubles, his own chastened melancholy.

"Now, what you want," went on the little doctor energetically, "is a cheerful wife. Nay, do not wince; the idea may be a little painful to you at first, no doubt, for I know—at least, I have heard—of small entanglements and troubles. But what is the good of worrying over a woman? Why, the best among 'em isn't worth a sleepless night! There's as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it, and I have a very ideal wife for you in my mind's eye: a nice rosy

cheeked girl—not too scraggy, with a nice bit of money and a good domestic soul."

"Thank you, Doctor Harness: no doubt she would make an admirable wife," said Alec, smiling, in spite of himself. "Still, I must confess that my soul does soar above a mere stocking-mending, pudding-making wife. It may be wrong, but I prefer to remain faithful to my ideal; at least, till my ideal be proved hollow and false."

As Alec grew stronger he gradually began to take interest in a few poor patients in the district he had undertaken to work, and by sympathising in their sufferings and sorrows, began to merge his own in the common lot of humanity, and to forget that he had suffered more than the ordinary run of human beings.

And so he realised the great truth that the truest comfort lies in self-abnegation and sympathy, and that far above all human power of consolation is the soothing of the griefs of the seamy side of the world.

He was coming back to his rooms one night, tired after a day's work, and full of thought.

It was Christmas Eve, and the full mellow chime of the Torquay bells came floating across the green slope of the bay, charged with tender memories of that night blessed above all other nights in the annals of time.

He paused outside his door, and gave one quick glance up at the star-spangled sky, clear and blue as the sea below it. Then, searching in his pocket, he bestowed a sixpence upon a wandering ragged boy, who in blissful ecstasy immediately trotted off down the road to spend it.

He looked after him, smiling. One little soul was perfectly happy that night, for what were rags and poverty compared with the joy of having a whole sixpence to spend—a sum containing such magnificent possibilities in the way of food?

The passage was rather dark when he entered, and he groped his way up the steep stairs, wondering within himself as to the strange hush of the house, until he remembered that they had all gone out to a party, and that he had elected to spend his Christmas Eve quietly in his own room.

It would be a trifle dull, perhaps, but he was not in a mood for excitement, and he felt that he might have been a damper on any gay home party. Even had he done his best to laugh with them, they would have pitied him, and their very pity would have sounded a false note in their festivity.

His room seemed strange when he opened the door.

The lamp was dimly alight, and over the back of the easy-chair was flung a woman's black fur cloak, clasped with some glittering ornament that attracted his eye with some strangely familiar suggestion.

His senses were numbed as he stood holding the door ajar in one hand, trying to realise that something was about to happen; for out of the half light grew the gracious figure of Rosemary—pale and fair, her cloud of brown hair, loosened by the journey, shading her face and the tearful azure of her eyes.

It was Rosemary—and this was his Christmas Eve.

His feet seemed to be rooted to the ground as he stood devouring her with his eyes.

She was more lovely in her atmosphere of sorrow than he had ever found her in the hey-day of her happinesss, for the soul of the woman had awoke within her, and the trivial side of her nature had ceased to exist.

He was so silent that she went forward, and timidly laid a hand upon his arm.

"I have come," she said, in a faltering voice. "I have come all the way from Urleigh, when we read your letter. Your father brought me. But oh! Alec, have you no welcome for me?"

No welcome!

His arms were round her, and he was crushing her to his heart before the words had died on her lips.

"My beloved—my darling! After the storm comes the sunlight; out of sorrow, happiness!"

* * * *

When Dr. Harness returned from his festivities and found Mr. Constantine hungrily pacing the dining-room, while the pair of happy lovers occupied the drawing-room with a blissful disregard of things or of earthly sensation, he realised the fact that life is certainly, in a great measure, made up of shocks.

But when he was introduced to Rosemary and felt the magic of her eyes, he entirely forgave Alec for ignoring his delightfully domestic treasure—the model wife who was to be had for the asking.

And not only did he freely pardon Alec, but from that moment he became Rosemary's devoted slave.

The death of Charles was naturally a great grief to the Constantines. But Time heals all sorrows, and they had still to rejoice in the restoration to life of Alec, whose sufferings seemed to endear him doubly to them.

They longed to have him at home again at Urleigh, but it was considered better for him to remain at Paignton for a time, until his health had become more completely restored.

And so, in that lovely village of Devonshire, there was a quiet wedding early one morning, and afterwards a quiet honeymoon spent in the sunny bay of Babbacombe; for Alec refused to be separated any more from his sweetheart, saying that he had gone through too many partings to be able to endure another one.

They lived calmly and uneventfully enough for nearly a year with their kind friends at Paignton, and then, Alexander's health being so much improved, it was thought possible for him to return to his native land.

And so, accompanied by his wife and by a very small mortal, whose existence was principally made up of long white gowns and tears, he set foot once more upon the green shores of the little island with true thanksgiving in his heart and on his lips.

The fate of Hector Annesley was a mystery, for he

"'AFTER THE STORM COMES THE SUNLIGHT'" (*p.* 454).

left no trace behind him, and all that his father knew was that the remittances that every month he lodged with his banker for his son's use were duly claimed.

As Mr. Annesley had never been very devoted to his son, he did not break his heart over his disappearance, but merely became deeper immersed in his ledgers, comforting himself with the assurance that Hector would turn up again some day.

Many months after Rosemary had been made a happy wife, and when her first baby lay in her arms, nestling close to her heart, she received a mysterious package, with an illegible postmark upon it.

It contained a slip of paper, bearing these words :—

"A penitent man sends you this souvenir, praying that to you and your children may descend those graces that he so sorely lacked."

The souvenir was a cross studded with diamonds, and on the back of it was engraved—

"May those tears that you once shed be changed to brilliant diamonds in your heavenly crown!"

And by this alone did Rosemary know that Hector Annesley lived, and was penitent for the evil he had wrought in her life.

But in the midst of bonfires blazing on the hills from Cronk Urleigh to Castletown, we must leave our happy pair, confident that although our story is told, the romance of their lives did not end with the chime of their wedding bells, but accompanied them all down the long valley of time.

THE END.

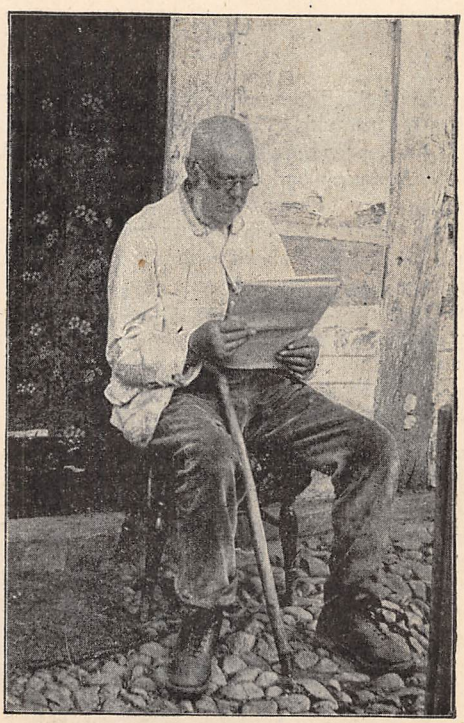
OUR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAIT COMPETITION.

THE PRIZE PHOTOGRAPHS.

FIRST PRIZE.
(W. Smedley, Derby.)

THIRD PRIZE.
(Henry Kilburn, Bishop Auckland.)

SECOND PRIZE.
(Marian Porter, Sandown.)



HONOURABLY MENTIONED.
(Wallace Heath, Shrewsbury.)

OUR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAIT COMPETITION.

SELECTED PHOTOGRAPHS.

(Commended.)

Edward Dry, Tottenham.

F. H. Roberts, Middlesborough.

Dora Davies, Sinclair Road, W.

A. M. Morrison, Glasgow.

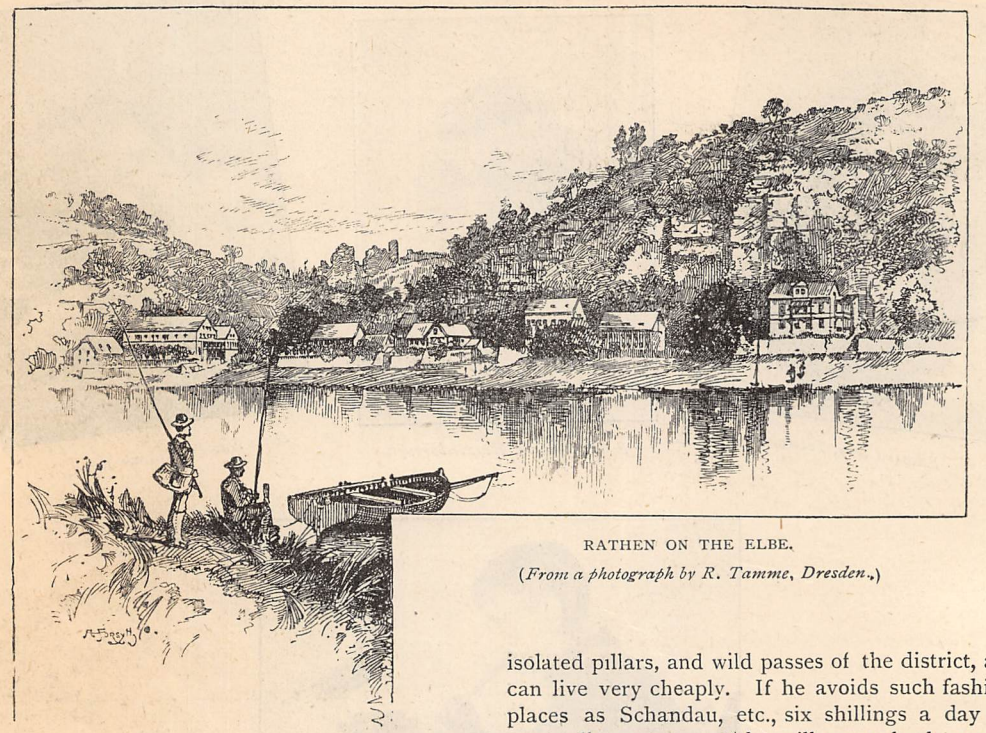
Fred L. Spicer, Leamington Spa.

W. C. H. Anson, Forest Hill, S.E.

A. J. Champ, Walthamstow.

A WALK IN SAXON SWITZERLAND.

BY JAMES BAKER, F.R.G.S.



RATHEN ON THE ELBE.

(*From a photograph by R. Tamme, Dresden.*)

HOW many people have heard of Saxon Switzerland, but how very few, comparatively speaking, know that it is so easily reached, and that it contains such strange, weird, and romantic scenery.

A very common error is to suppose that it is near or in Switzerland, but it is upon the upper reaches of that wonderful river the Elbe; and a fortnight's holiday could not be more healthily spent than by taking the steamer from Harwich to Hamburg, a remarkably pleasant sea trip of about twenty-four hours, passing by our late little possession Heligoland, and ending up with an interesting run up the lower Elbe; then taking the train to Riesa on that river, passing through Berlin; and from Riesa the river steamboats can be taken up the Elbe through Dresden, and on up to Wehlen, where the lover of mountain scenery and wild rock passes should take to his feet as his means of locomotion.

Of course such a journey suggests halts; but if the traveller wishes to get direct to Saxon Switzerland, he can be in Wehlen, taking the train from Hamburg direct, in, say, two days; but for the traveller with time at his disposal there is plenty to occupy him pleasantly for many a day; and as to cost, a five-pound note will cover his return ticket from Harwich to Riesa if he is of an economical mind, whilst another sovereign will secure him more luxurious quarters whilst *en route*. Once in amidst the gigantic rock-walls, and strange isolated pillars, and wild passes of the district, and he can live very cheaply. If he avoids such fashionable places as Schandau, etc., six shillings a day should cover all expenses, and he will come back amazed at the strange beauty of Saxon Switzerland, that, like its name-giver Switzerland, hides within a very narrow district an infinitude of beauties. One may walk through a glorious defile or look down from a height upon a strange and charming view, and yet see naught of some peculiar beauty that is distant but an hour's walk; nay, that may be within rifle-shot of the very height from which one looks out from, in confidence that we are grasping the whole scenery of the district.

Those who in Saxon Switzerland visit the Bastei, and Kuhstall, Prebischthor, Winterberg, Lillienstein, and Konigstein, skirt close to a walk that is full of strange charm and dramatic surprises, but one that gives just a little stiff climbing.

The starting-point for this walk is the little village of Rathen, where a genuine country inn, yet unspoilt by hotel ideas, gives hospitable and very reasonable accommodation, and from the windows of which, on a moonlight night, one can look out upon the piled-up heights of Konigstein and Lillienstein, and down upon the silent broad stream of the silver-lit Elbe, in calm quietude, and be prepared at early morning to start out for this mountain climb.

The mountain clubs of Germany have a saying, "*Ein Zauberstab ist der Wanderstab*" ("A magic staff is the wanderer's staff"); and when one takes it to be a friend on such a walk, the grasping it seems to give health, and interest, and vigour.

We soon get a scene of peculiar beauty, almost ere

the houses of the little village are lost to view ; for on the right are the mighty piers of strange rock columns, whilst nearer a brook winds through a low meadow, beyond which are peeps of these rock-towers above the trees, and soon one is between the gigantic castles, with bartizans and look-out towers on each side : the grey rocks, and tall pines, and deep blue sky forming a lovely view.

The little stream is clear as crystal, and full of "the spotted darlings" ; one can watch them dart, and float, or swiftly swim against the stream, suggesting tickling them on to the bank in dozens. But we leave the trout with the thought that they are somewhat small, and wind on up into the mountain solitudes, past a sign-post that directs to the Schwedenlichen Bastei, where a little beyond a waterfall comes down, still with an ice cascade or two, and a double stream makes pretty music, whilst above, a heavier sound and rush of water soon tells of a greater fall.

This district is a pet district for geologists to sketch and use as an object lesson upon the power of water ; but no diagrams or sketches can convey the sense of the enormous powers that have slowly fabricated this strange scenery. Lying in the brook bed beneath us are gigantic blocks of rock, now all moss and lichen-clothed, blocking up the watercourse that seems to have so little influence upon them ; but as we advance higher up, the rock-towers close in, almost overhanging the pathway, and the brook is lost below masses of flat rock on which pine seeds have rested, started in growth, made year by year sufficient mould for the next year's growth, until tall pines sixty to eighty feet high are seen growing upon the flat rock, throwing out their roots like an octopus all round it, and clinging to it literally for life.

Some steps are soon reached, and then ere long a little picturesque hut is seen crouched under the black rock by the side of the Amselfalle.

In the sunlight as we draw near, the enormous rock-towers on the right glitter with the sulphur lichen, even as though in part rocks of pure gold, and contrast with the black inky cliffs in the deep shade, where the thin stream of water comes down from the fall.

A rustic bridge is just below the fall, and from here the rushing water can be seen issuing from a dark cavern, white and foaming ; and over a higher black rock at the mouth of this dark cave the water is glittering and sparkling in the sunlight, then falling on to where a moss-clad stone diverts the stream. All around and above is very lovely, but one is tempted to clamber up to another little bridge above the fall, where there is a deep clear little pool, into which a white fall leaps, and from whence one can see the rocks of immense size thrown about in terrific disorder.

In summer or autumn these mountain passes are more alive with tourists, mostly German, but in early spring very few passers are met, to break the silent solitudes ; but as we stood looking around at the strange spot, two lads came leaping down the mountain path, and from them we learnt that to gain the Bastei we must retrace our steps a little, and then strike across the rock-covered brook and ascend the heights to the right.

After resting for a while, we descended the path we had ascended, and soon saw on our right a sign to the Schwedenlöcher. This route we were on is not very well indicated. For the uninitiated in the signs of the various mountain unions that in Germany and Austria do so much to map out picturesque districts, it may be mentioned, that on most of the paths one should notice the first sign, and also note if there are one, two, or three strokes under the name ; then the task is to follow that number of strokes, which will be found blazed on the trees at every doubtful turn, until the aim of the walk is reached. The signs are not always strokes, but sometimes triangles or squares of different colours ; but start by getting the sign, and then the walk is simple enough without guides.

We crossed the brook as indicated, and commenced our climb up a very upright hill ; log steps were placed here and there, but they were broken and sometimes swept away by avalanches. The path twisted by the side of a deep ravine, and in one spot a great pine had gone down, and had fallen across to the opposite hill, forming a bridge ; sometimes the log steps were covered

THE FELSENTHOR.

(From a photograph by R. Tamme, Dresden.)

THE AMSELFALLE.
(*From a photograph by R. Tamme, Dresden.*)

with a shifting sand that made the climb more difficult But it was not a long one, and we were shortly at the top, with two curious peaks of rock on each side of us between which we passed, and then descended into a sort of open grotto, where a snow-clad brook trickled slowly downwards. A flight of some very bad steps led us down into a deep slit, and the path then went under a great rock, tunnel-like, where snow and ice lay thick around us.

It was now indeed a strange scene, shut in on all hands by the towering rock, brilliant with the gold-like sulphur; pines and grand specimens of silver-barked birches partly veiled these rocks, and above all a soft blue sky, and the sun lighting up the topmost piers of the stupendous rocks.

The path twisted between these piers, they having split or been water-worn, with just sufficient space for one to pass through; and very awe-inspiring was the effect of this narrow path between these rock masses. The flooring was now thick ice, and at the sides, where the water had oozed through the rocks, the ice glittered in the borrowed light from above; past this slit, and beneath, and blocking the path, was the *débris* of pines and other trees, brought down by the winter floods and spring showers.

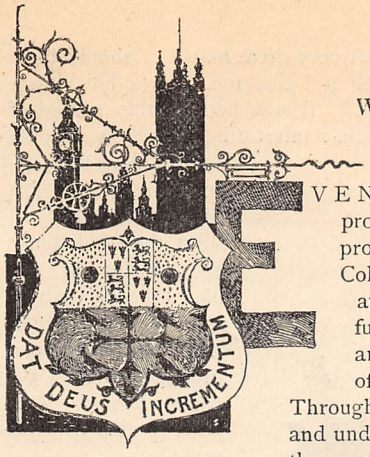
But again the scene changes, and the path leads up over ice and pine log steps, between a passage some three or four feet wide, with high rock-walls some hundred feet high on either side, all moss-covered now with dark green moss, and with pines topping their summits, until again the path widens, and passes between lines of regular buttresses, built as to some immense castle, some ten or a dozen on either hand; and just above this the route changes from its roughness to a fair path, and a rustic seat is placed, where we can sit and look around at this romantic spot of strange beauty.

We were now at the end of our rougher work, and nearing the Bastei, where the roads are wide and well-marked, and where tourists flock in crowds. Even in early spring groups of travellers are quickly met, and we saw a young couple coming towards us with a guide going before them; and we were amused at the care of the gentleman, who pointed out with tender assiduity the fact that three steps awaited the dainty feet of his lady companion. Whether she succumbed at the sight of the hundreds of log, ice, and *débris*-covered steps she would have to descend if they continued on the route, we never learnt.

A sign-post not far above the rustic seat told of two branching paths, leading to the Great and Little Goose; and to the Little Goose we made our way, out to an open plateau, and along a narrow ledge on to a broad flat-topped column of rock. And how strange was the transition from our climbing far down amid the rock piers, to the rock summit from whence we now looked down into a mighty arena, with giant pillar rocks all around as spectators; figure succeeded figure in ponderous tiers, all intersected with pines, and looking down hundreds of feet into the pine-covered depths of the amphitheatre. The rocks, so varied in tone, were touched and painted with the wonderful sulphur hues, that outvied in brilliancy the sulphur butterflies we saw here and there braving the cold air and floating in the sunlight.

Far away the view stretched, embracing the flat mountains of Konigstein and Lillienstein, and away beyond to the snowy heights of the Erzgebirge, mostly hid by the Bastei itself, which was but on the other side of this profound arena. But the rocks that encircled this ever allured our gaze, and drew our eyes from the distant view, for strange and magnificent is their form and grouping. One just beneath the flat-topped precipice upon which we lay was worn into a tiny natural arch; others assumed figures and shapes of human beings, and we were tempted for a long time to lie in the hot sun, revelling in the strange scene around us. But we had to pass around this arena, and gain the Bastei, and then descend through the Uttewalder Grund, taking a peep once more at the Felsenthor and Devil's Kitchen ere reaching Wehlen.

Sixteen years had elapsed since the writer in "Days Afoot" described this route from the Bastei to Wehlen in ascending; but we found it unchanged but in one thing. The small restaurant at the Bastei has grown into a big hotel, with annexe, and stables, and other buildings, and shop stalls, that have destroyed the charm of the solitude, but it is impossible to destroy the wondrous views; and one can soon be out of sight of hotel and its tourist crowd, and be in deepest forest solitudes.

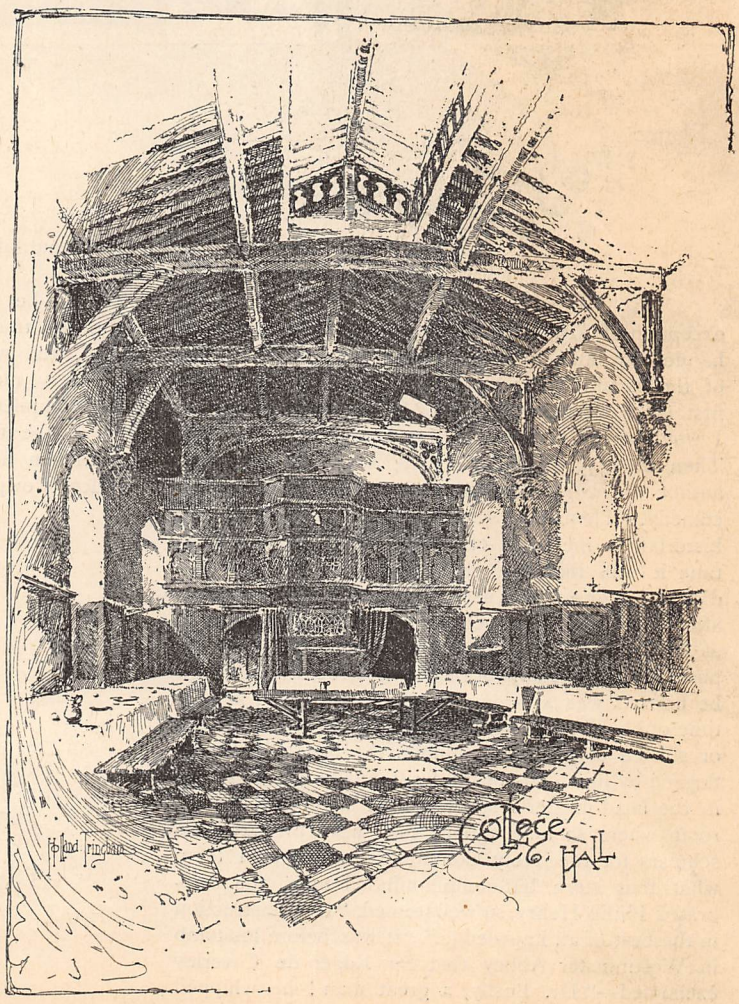


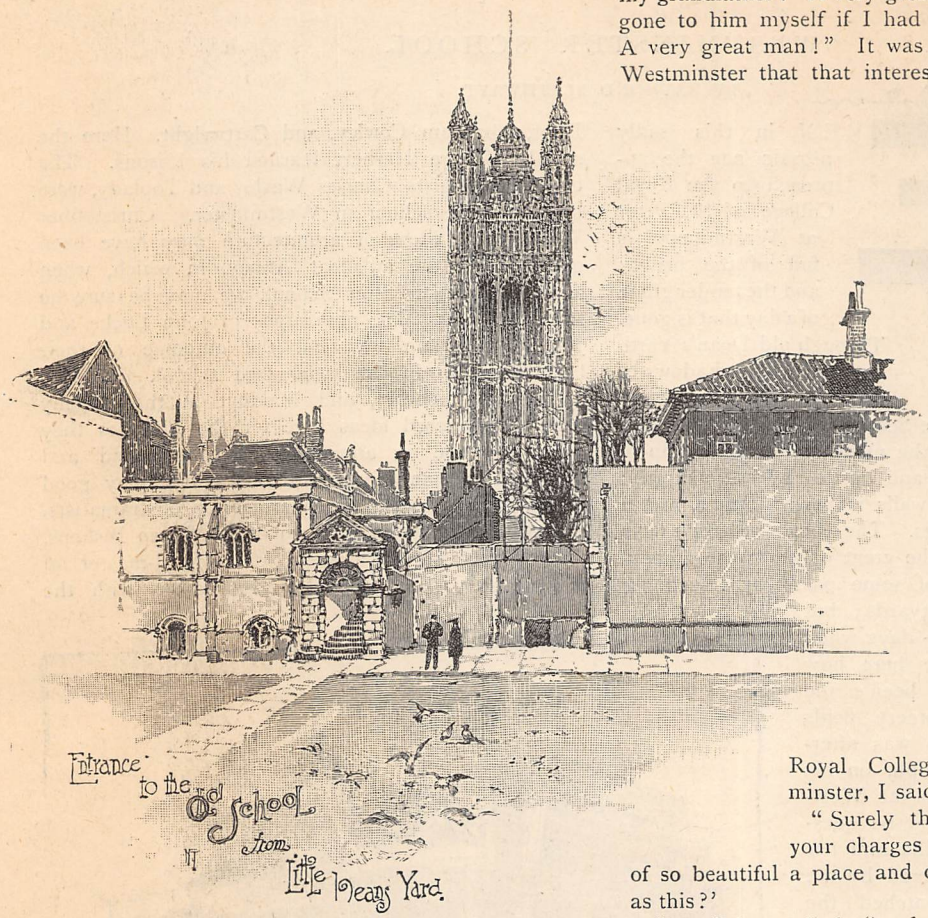
WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

BY RAYMOND BLATHWAYT.

EVEN in this sadly prosaic age the approach to the Royal College of St. Peter at Westminster is full of the beauty and the tender grace of a day that is gone. Through old Dean's Yard, and under the shadows of the great Benedictine Abbey, he who seeks the School must pass. Hard by is the madding crowd, the noisy street, the tramp of the wayfarers, the roar and bustle and strife of life; but here, within these walls is perfect peace, and a stillness is over all things. The shouts of happy boys at play, the pealing of the great organ in the Abbey-church, the footstep of some passer-by re-echoing through the old courtyards; but this is all. And in the days when first the monks came here how lovely it must have been: the gleaming river, the breezy fields wherein the boy, who was afterwards the Abbot Ingulph, on his return from the school at Westminster, would meet and be questioned by Queen Edgitha and her maidens as they wandered by the beautiful river and watched the gradual nearing to heaven of the Abbey of St. Peter.

To the wayfarer who would chance to pass the old Abbey in the days of Edward the Confessor there would be presented a charming spectacle. In the North Cloister, close by the entrance of the church where the monks usually walked, sat the Prior. In the Western Cloister sat the Master of the Novices with his disciples: this was the first beginning of Westminster School. A picturesque and suggestive spectacle this, and one that seems to bring before our eyes the sweet old England we seem now for ever to have lost. One hundred and fifty years later the School was formally annexed by Papal decree to the Abbey. But the School, as it now exists, was really founded by Queen Elizabeth. Few schools have such distinguished names upon its roll as the School of Westminster. Here were educated the poets Ben Jonson, John Dryden, Cowper, Matthew Prior, Abraham Cowley, and Cartwright. Here the saintly George Herbert learned his lessons. The two hymnologists, Charles Wesley and Toplady, were both boys at school in Westminster. Christopher Wren's first ideas of architecture may have been gained from the adjacent Abbey, in which, when a boy at Westminster School, we may be sure he loved to roam. The philosophy of John Locke and Jeremy Bentham was but the outcome of their boyish studies in this celebrated school. Gibbon, in the last century, and Hakluyt in the dreamy past, all gathered ideas here for the histories they were to write in after-years. Cumberland and the two Colmans found in the yearly play good preparation for their chosen profession of dramatists. Trelawney and Atterbury, two of the Seven Bishops, were pupils of Dr. Busby, once head-master of Westminster, and the only head-master, with the





Entrance to the Old School from Little Deans Yard.

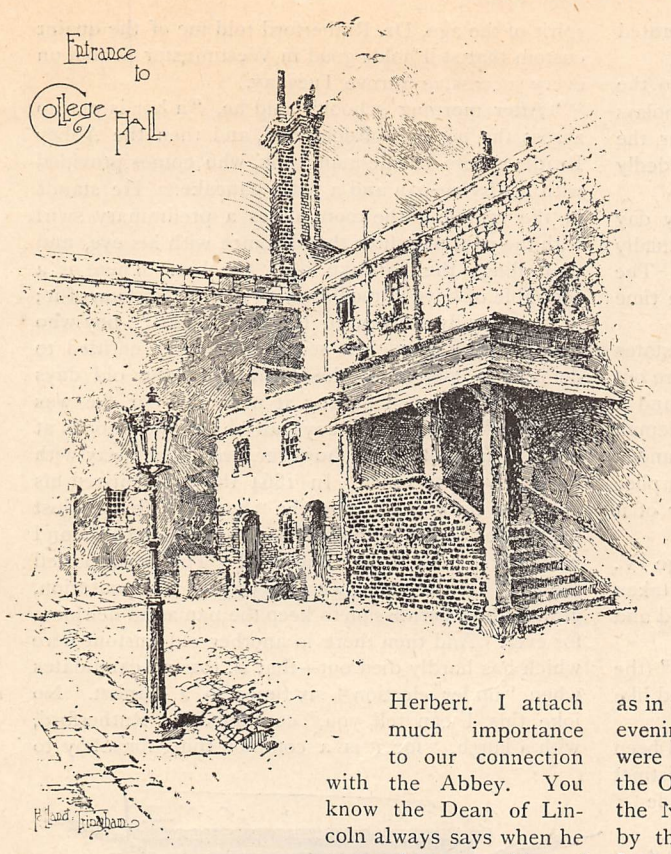
exception of Arnold of Rugby, whose name has been handed by fame to be cherished by posterity. And of the head-masters of this School—of whom the first recorded name is that of John Adams in 1540—I would mention Howell, who wrote the Catechism. Then in 1555 Nicholas Udall, who was also the author of *Ralph Royster Doister*, the first English comedy. Then there was Camden, the antiquary and historian in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, in whose time it was that the great dormitory of the Benedictine Abbey was first used for school purposes. Years after came Busby himself—Busby who reigned there as head-master for fifty-seven years, who kept his place even in the days of the Commonwealth, although he himself was a strong Royalist, and who, at one time of his life, was actually able to boast that fifteen or sixteen of the bishops upon the bench had been flogged by him. His bust now stands in a little alcove in the head-master's study, gazing upon the ancient room where so long ago he may have prepared his scholars for the Holy Communion and given them what that stern but simple-minded man, the celebrated Philip Henry, so well termed, "their instruction in the best of all knowledge." It was before his tomb in Westminster Abbey that Sir Roger de Coverley exclaimed—"Dr. Busby, a great man! he whipped my grandfather! A very great man! I should have gone to him myself if I had not been a blockhead. A very great man!" It was here in this school of Westminster that that interesting figure in English history, Warren Hastings, received his early education. In short, the whole place is redolent of the past; the very air is filled with the memories of the long dead great ones of the earth who once were boys in this dear old school.

A few weeks ago it was my good fortune to spend an afternoon going through the beautiful old buildings in the pleasant company of Dr. Gunion Rutherford, the present head-master. As I looked about me and noted the stately dignity that is inseparable from the Royal College of St. Peter, Westminster, I said to Dr. Rutherford—

"Surely the most thoughtless of your charges must feel the influence of so beautiful a place and one so full of traditions as this?'

"Yes," he replied, "and I like to keep up the old poetic traditions. The Abbey, you know, is our chapel, and we go there for our own private service every morning. Here is our special Prayer-book, compiled by Dr. William Bill, who was Dean here in the time of Elizabeth. The hymns in it are written almost entirely by Old Westminsters—Dryden, Cowper, the Wesleys, Toplady, and George

The Old Cain chair used by Dr Busby



Herbert. I attach much importance to our connection with the Abbey. You know the Dean of Lincoln always says when he comes here, speaking of his old days at the College—'The river taught me endurance, the play confidence, the Abbey history. I learnt nothing else.'"

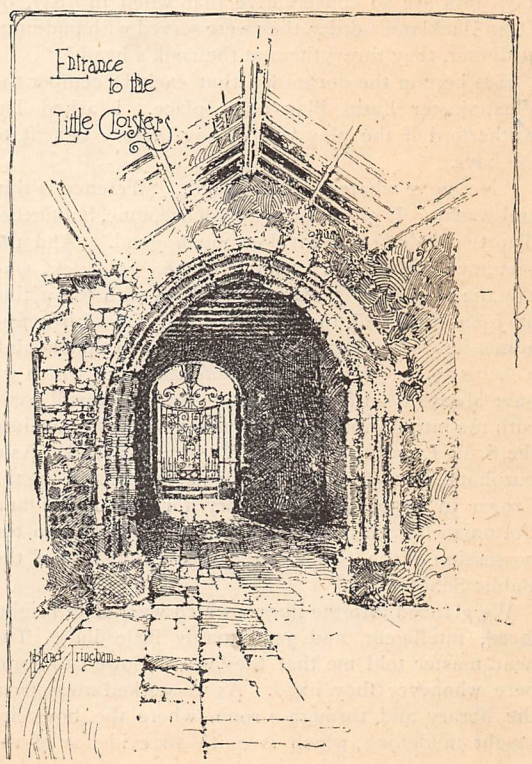
"Shall you imitate Charterhouse, and go into the country?" said I.

"No," replied Dr. Rutherford; "I think it is too late to do so now. A perverse loyalty to the *genius loci*, to old traditions, has kept us here. And so, as parents won't send boys from the country to school in London, we have an increasing day element, in which, however, I endeavour to preserve all the best features of a resident public school, especially with regard to games. We have ten acres of playground in Tothill Fields, where the boys play cricket and Association football."

"Can you give me something of an idea of a boy's day here?" I asked the head-master.

"Well," he replied, "it's much as in other schools. The boys assemble for prayers at nine o'clock in the Abbey. Then there's forenoon school till 12.45. All the boys dine here at one o'clock. They play games from two o'clock till afternoon school at 3.30. At five o'clock the boarders have what is called "occupation," during which they go to the library or to the gymnasium, or they have drawing and music. Then comes supper, and preparation for an hour and a-half."

The evening was drawing on fast. High up in the vaulted roof of the magnificent school-room there lingered one last ray of sunshine; but all around us as we stood, Dr. Rutherford and I, upon the raised daïs beneath the great window, the gloom was gathering fast. Old historic names—the names of scholars who themselves have long since crumbled into the dust—glimmered here and there upon the walls around us. Dryden, Hakluyt and Cowper, Christopher Wren and Warren Hastings, Locke, and Cowley, and Gibbon—by so great a cloud of witnesses were we surrounded. At one side stood a little worn bench upon which, in small, ill-deciphered characters, John Dryden had carved his name—the name that, though he knew it not then, he was afterwards to make so famous. And in front of us was the old "Rod-drawer," relic of a past and a crueller day. And as we stood and talked of that past, of which the storied walls above us spoke so silently and yet so eloquently, a little gowned figure passed rapidly through the room, and just as Dr. Rutherford said to me, "There is a curious relic of the Old Era, the old monastic days: that boy is still called the 'monos,' we heard a cry—now loud and clear, now falling into a whisper—in the long corridors, "Quinta Hora!" The hour of prayer sounded forth, as in the East at sunset men are summoned to their evening devotions, and in a moment more the boys were flooding into the room. Almost unconsciously the Old Era was blent and lost in the vividness of the New. There was a moment's stillness, broken by the single word, "Oremus," and then the old Latin prayers—much as they must have done in the



bygone days of the Benedictine monks—reverberated through the splendid hall.

After prayers Dr. Rutherford took me up into the quaint old dormitory where the Queen's scholars sleep and in which, according to a certain writer, the accommodation up to recent years was decidedly limited :—

"In one long room the forty boys lived by day and slept at night. The windows were continually broken, and never repaired but in the holidays. The beds were far from luxurious, and the rats at one time almost disputed the right of occupation."

The writer from whom I am now quoting also states that "Leather braces had to be hung up somewhere out of reach, or there was only a mangled remnant and a buckle or so to be found in the morning. A nobleman awoke one night with a rat hanging to his ear; and a future Archbishop of Canterbury, missing his surplice just before early prayers, found one small corner of it sticking out of a rat-hole."

So uncomfortable did all this appear to George IV. when, as Prince Regent, he was one day being taken through the College, that he turned to a friend and said—

"You don't mean to tell me that Henry Paget" (the then Marquis of Anglesey) "ever slept in a bed like *that?*"

But when I saw the dormitory all that had been changed; for in 1860 it was divided into forty distinct sleeping places or "houses," ranged on each side of a central passage.

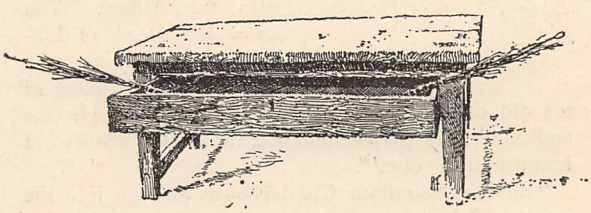
"But do you know," said Dr. Rutherford, "that the rough life has always been very much prized here? The boys are so conservative that when in 1847, by Dean Buckland's order, they were served with puddings at dinner, they threw them at the cook's head."

It is here in the dormitory that each December the Westminster Latin Play takes place. I asked Dr. Rutherford if the play was of any literary benefit to the boys.

"No, none whatever," he replied. "Terence is thin and washy. It gives them confidence, tone, but further than that I don't think it does much good. And the costumes are always a trouble to me. Garrick, who saw the play in 1765, was so delighted with the acting of John Echersall, that he presented him with a free admission to his theatre. I must say also that I think it helps to keep up the *esprit de corps* for which we have always been famous. And now, if you will come with me into Ashburnham House, I will take you into the Scott Library, of which we are very proud. Ashburnham House, you know, was purchased by the Crown in 1730 as a repository for the Royal and Cottonian libraries. A few years ago it came into the possession of the School under the provisions of the Public Schools Act."

We glanced into the library which was full of bright-faced, intelligent, and gentlemanly little lads. The head-master told me that they were allowed to come here whenever they liked. As we walked away from the library and through a room where the boys are taught modelling, which is quite an evidence of the spirit of the age, Dr. Rutherford told me of the quaint custom that still holds good in Westminster School on every successive Shrove Tuesday.

"After morning school," said he, "a bar is put up across the big schoolroom roof, and then the Abbey Beadle ushers in the man cook, who comes provided with his frying-pan and a putty pancake. He stands in the middle of the room, takes a preliminary swirl with the pan, measures the distance with his eye, and then flings the pancake over the bar. There is a scramble of boys immediately to gain possession of it; it is generally broken in the *mêlée*, but the boy who may be lucky enough to secure it whole is entitled to demand a guinea of the Dean. In the old days if the cook missed getting it over the bar, he was "booked"—that is, the boys all threw their books at him. That custom has, however, been done away with for nearly thirty years. In 1864 the cook missed his aim, and he was so severely "booked" that he lost his temper, and he threw the pan amongst the boys and wounded a monitor on the head. The boy reported the cook to the Dean, who, by way of compensation, granted him permission to keep the pan as an heirloom for ever. And then there is another old custom here which has hardly died out—that is, tossing candidates when "under election" six times in a blanket. No joke this, I can tell you," continued Dr. Rutherford, with a laugh, "for it is a common thing for a boy to



The Rod Drawer

be thrown up twenty feet in the air, whilst the boys who throw him chant the fourth line of the first book of Martial, 'Ibis ab excusso, missus ad astra sago.'"

Dr. Rutherford then took me into the dining-room, round which are hung the portraits of the head-masters of Westminster for at least three hundred years. The sight of Dr. Busby's stern features suggested to me the remark that flogging was very much on the decline at Westminster, as elsewhere.

Dr. Gunion Rutherford smiled as he replied :—

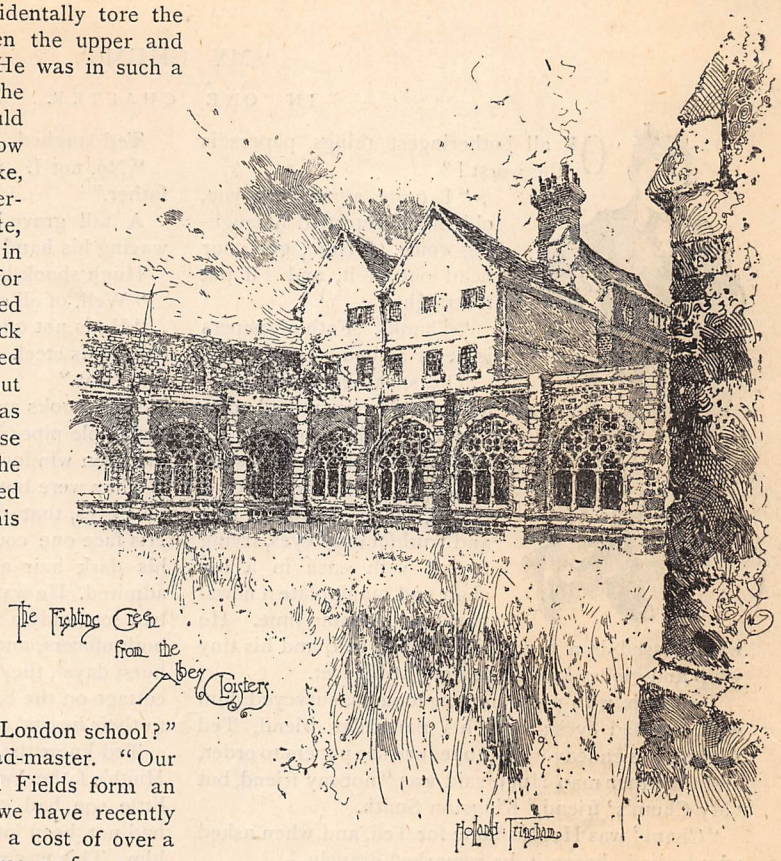
"I don't believe in flogging boys myself, and it was carried to a great extreme at Westminster in the old days. The poet Southey was expelled from this very school because he wrote an article in the school magazine against flogging. Time has avenged him. I have only once flogged a boy here. He is now an M.P. The effect of flogging on both boys and masters in the old days was hideous. Old Lord Albemarle, who died a year or two ago, told me himself that he was flogged one month at Westminster and fought at Waterloo the next. Dr. Busby, for all his saintliness, was dreadfully severe. There is a pretty

story told of a boy who once accidentally tore the curtain that used to hang between the upper and under school in the Great Hall. He was in such a terrible fright at the prospect of the punishment he knew Dr. Busby would inflict upon him, that a schoolfellow offered to take, and actually did take, the flogging for him. Years afterwards, in the time of the Protectorate, the brave boy, having taken part in Penruddock's rebellion, appeared for trial at Exeter. The judge who tried him was the very person whose back he had once saved. He recognised his old companion in the dock, but said nothing at the time. As soon as the Court rose, he saddled his horse and rode day and night till he reached London, where he obtained pardon from Oliver Cromwell for his brave but erring companion.

"No," said Dr. Rutherford, "the old cruel days of flogging have passed away, I hope, for ever."

"Are your athletics in good condition?" I asked. "Is there not a tendency to neglect them in a London school?"

"Not in the least," replied the head-master. "Our ten acres of playground in Tothill Fields form an excellent cricket ground, in which we have recently erected a handsome new pavilion at a cost of over a thousand pounds. Although for three or four years at the beginning of this century we used to play on 'Old Lords' ground—where Dorset Square now stands—nowadays we never play any public school except Charterhouse; that match is now an annual fixture, and it is played alternately at Godalming and on our own ground here in London. Our football is good; we play the Association game, both in 'Green' and 'upfields.' They used to play it in the Cloisters," went on Dr. Rutherford with a smile. "Don't you remember that Addison complained that his meditations were disturbed by the King's scholars, who *would* play football while he was walking up and down the Cloisters? We have got two or three good fives courts, and both 'wooden' and 'wire' racquets are popular with our boys. We have a good 'gym.,' too, which was fitted up by Dr. Scott when he was head-master here, and who was himself very fond of practising on the cross-bars. We also used to be great at rowing on the river. As I told you just now, the present Dean of Lincoln always says that 'The river taught him endurance.' But, of course, nowadays the traffic on the 'silent highway' is too great, and we have had to give up 'water,' as it used to be known."



The Fighting Cock from the Abbey Cloisters.

"Have you a special school slang?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," replied the head-master. "The sailors' phrase, 'Douse the glim,' was originally a Westminster saying for 'Put out the light.' A bootjack is always called 'Edom,' having special reference to the 108th Psalm. 'Mill,' which is now the universal term for a fight, had its origin here. 'Skee' means jolly. It is supposed that it is derived from the French word *exquis*, which the boys must have heard their sisters use in holiday time. 'Greaze' means a crush, a crowd; and there are, of course, many other words."

"I suppose you know," said Dr. Rutherford as we bade each other "Good-bye," "that the Queen's scholars still retain their ancient privilege of attending the Parliamentary debates. And you must not forget to mention that we are specially proud of the massive tables which stand in the Hall, and which are said to be relics of the Spanish Armada."

"MY CHUM."

IN ONE CHAPTER.

"OF all botheringest things, papers is the worst!"

"I quite agree with you, old man," returned a laughing voice. "Here, get your head out of it, and I'll put it straight."

"Thanks. Father's papers is never as bad as mine."

The speaker sighed as if all the newspapers had combined to do him injury. He was only a little boy, but such a sturdy little chap, with a bright, honest, sunburnt face and truthful grey eyes, trying to loll with ease in a big chair and manipulate a newspaper at the same time. He was dressed in a pretty little riding suit, and his tiny whip and gloves lay on the floor at his feet.

Two men, with pipes in their mouths, surveyed him with amused eyes; one, his particular friend, Ted Alured, was endeavouring to reduce the papers to order, and the other man Hugh said was "not my friend, but 'My Chum's' friend," Kingston Smith.

"Chum" was Hugh's name for Ted, and when asked why he had chosen it, he remarked gravely—

"A chum is stronger than you, and is good to you, and treats you like a man."

Hugh was his father's only son, and he was a widower, so this dear little man of six was his constant companion, and imitated him in things great and small, even to scanning the newspapers, of which he could not read a word. But he stared at them gravely, puckered his forehead, and shook his head at intervals.

"Here's your paper, but don't bother about it to-day. There's no news; and aren't you coming on the river?"

"No; I am very sorry, but I can't. I've promised father to go with him to Smith's Farm. We want to see the new reaping machine."

Kingston laughed, but Ted moved not a muscle. "I'm sorry too, old boy, but you must come this afternoon."

"Oh, nonsense! Ted," broke in Kingston Smith. "You are going with me to the garden party at the Quarry."

"I am not," returned his friend shortly, in such a tone that Hugh looked up in surprise.

"My Chum" spoke crossly, and his face wore a look his faithful little friend had never seen before.

"I'll come, Chum;" then suddenly, "have you had blue letters?"

"Blue letters, Hugh. What are they?"

"Father said once blue letters was not nice; but then he doesn't like white ones sometimes."

Ted laughed.

"No, not I. Are you going? Ah, yes, there's your father."

A tall grave-looking man rode up and whistled, waving his hand to the two men.

Hugh shook hands gravely and departed.

"Well, of all queer little beggars!" began Kingston.

"He is not queer; he is a perfect little fellow, and as true as steel. Come on, though, and let us get into that boat."

With books and papers under their arms, and the inevitable pipes in their mouths, they sauntered out of the open window, over the lawn, to the river.

They were both tall men. Ted was fair, with sleepy blue eyes, that could flash fire if their owner chose. His face one could trust. His friend was handsome, his dark hair and clear-cut features were generally admired. He was not, as his friends described him, "a bad sort, only a little too fond of No. 1." They were both officers, and they had not met since their Sandhurst days; they had taken up their quarters in a pretty cottage on the banks of the Thames, and were boating to their hearts' content.

Ted knew the neighbourhood well. Edgar Branson, Hugh's father, was an old chum; but last summer the little son had christened him "*my* chum," and Ted had not been loth to accept the favour conferred upon him. This was one reason why they had chosen S—— for their headquarters. There had been a stronger inducement still.

One picture was constantly before him. Even as he stepped into the boat he saw a crowded room full of the beauty and fashion of a London season, but he thought of only one face, heard only one voice: the sweet face of a girl, with deep brown eyes and red gold hair, and the voice was as winning as the smile.

"Ah, you are fond of boating, so of course you like S——. I am to be there nearly all the summer, with my aunt at the Quarry; perhaps we shall meet. I hope so."

They had met, and each time she had been so cold and distant, had treated him with chilling reserve; why he knew not, but he determined to keep out of her way, and he was madly in love with her.

After she had left town, someone informed him she was an heiress. This was a distinct nuisance in Ted's eyes; his pay and his own four or five hundred a year was all he wanted, for money was a bother, and Captain Alured hated bother in any shape or form.

The only reason he could find for Elsie Urquhart's treatment of him was that she looked upon him as the usual fortune-hunter, and had determined to shun him. Hence his announcement that he intended to withdraw the light of his countenance from the garden party at the Quarry. He was too unselfish a fellow to let his private worries make others uncomfortable, so

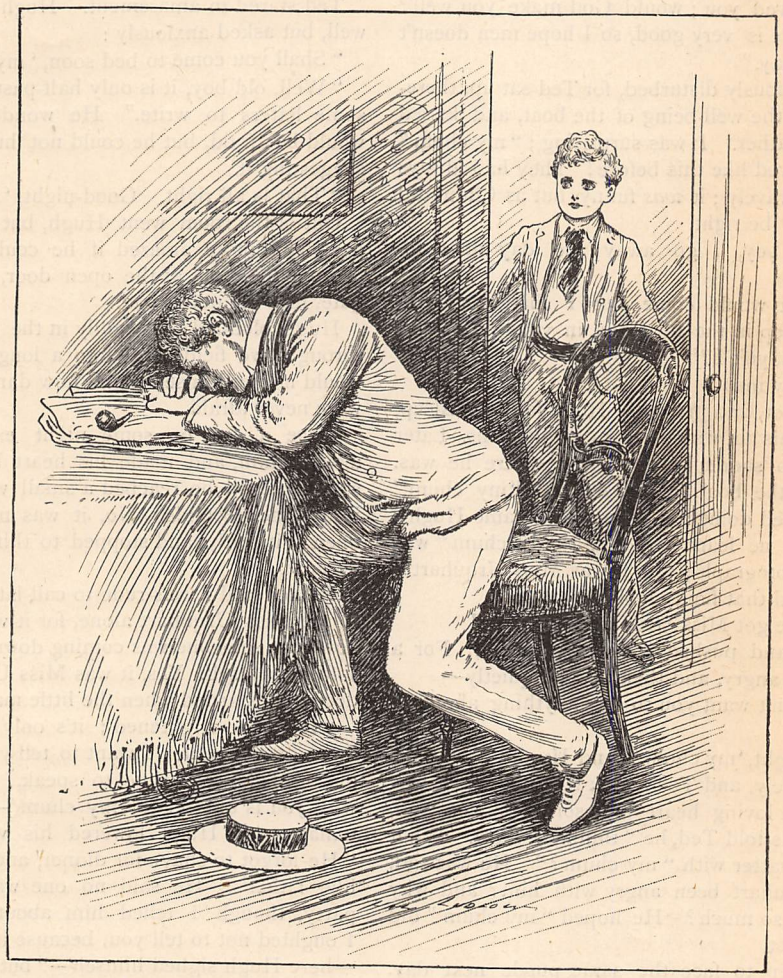
they passed a pleasant morning. He was not exactly sorry when Kingston Smith departed in correct costume, to indulge in social amenities and ices.

Hugh, in his white flannels, was ready for the boating. "My chum" was teaching him to row. There was no one like "my chum." Did he not talk to him as if he were big? and did he not tell him lovely stories about

"Well, father's does bother him; it is longer than yours. They are not nice for kissing," he continued meditatively; "and father kisses me hard sometimes, when he talks about mother."

"Whom do you want to kiss?"

"Men don't kiss, 'my chum.' Girls does, and Miss Urquhart kisses me; but she is nice. Why didn't



"FOUND HIM WITH HIS ARMS ON THE TABLE" (*p.* 468).

fighting? Had they not fought and won many a glorious battle with his tin soldiers. "My chum" was perfect.

It was a very hot afternoon, and Hugh found the dipping of the oar into the water with Ted's assistance as much exertion as he could manage, so he did not talk until they reached some shady trees, and prepared to rest.

Ted flung himself down full length in the stern, with his head resting on the seat, and Hugh sat beside him, surveying him solemnly for a few moments.

"Chum, is it very hard to grow a moustache?"

"Very, old chap. Don't be bothered with one."

you go to her party? She has very nice strawberries."

"Because no one wanted me, Hugh."

Such a sad look overspread Chum's face, that Hugh looked at him anxiously.

"Don't let your face do that. It is like father in church, when he looks at mother's name on the window."

Hugh meditated quietly a few minutes, and then remarked suddenly.

"Why didn't you go to church on Sunday, 'my chum'?"

Ted felt uncomfortable. He had spent Sunday on

the river, and Hugh was carefully brought up, and he prized the child's good opinion above all things. He hesitated, and Hugh went on—

"Men don't get too big to pray, do they? because I think it is very nice. Do you know, last year, when you was so ill, I went into the big church all alone. It did look so funny. The pulpit had on a white dress, and it was rather dark. But I went to our pew, and I knelt on father's big hassock, and I said you was 'my chum,' and I loved you; would God make you well? and He did. He is very good, so I hope men doesn't get too big to pray."

Hugh was seriously disturbed, for Ted sat up, thereby endangering the well-being of the boat, and kissed him *hard*, like father. It was surprising; "my chum" had never behaved like this before! They had always shaken hands gravely; it *was* funny, but as Chum did it, it must surely be right.

"Hugh, old boy, I go away the day after to-morrow."

"I knowed it would come, but I shall come to-morrow, and sleep in the little bed in your room, and sit up till ten, mayn't I?"

"All right, my man."

It was very hot, and presently Hugh fell fast asleep, leaving Ted to his not very pleasant meditations. Later on, he woke up suddenly, wondering where he was. Ah, he was in the boat, of course, with "my chum," but what was Ted doing? Curiosity overcame Hugh's good manners; he leant forward. "My chum" was looking at a photograph; yes, it was Miss Urquhart's, and his face had that funny look again.

"Why, you've got Miss Urquhart's picture."

Ted started and pushed it away carefully. For a moment he felt angry, and then he said quietly—

"Hugh, I don't want you to say anything about it. Promise."

"Honour bright, 'my chum,'" and Hugh held out his little hand gravely, and Ted shook it. His secret was safe, but a little loving heart was sorely puzzled, and, as he afterwards told Ted, he "thinked" hard. What could be the matter with "my chum?" He was sad. Had Miss Urquhart been angry with him? and why *did* he like her so much? He hoped "my chum" did not love her best.

He fell asleep, to face the same puzzle next day. After they had seen Kingston Smith off, Ted and Hugh prepared for a last day on the river, and then this lucky boy was to have late dinner at the cottage, and sleep in Chum's room.

It was lovely! Father was away in London, so Hugh felt he could bestow all his time on Ted. How happy he was! But "my chum" looked tired, and his stories were not quite so good.

In fact, in the one that Hugh loved best he forgot to make the drummer-boy beat the tattoo in the right place.

This was dreadful: something must be the matter; and Hugh, with his loving childish heart, was determined that "my chum" should not remain unhappy.

That evening, just before dinner, he went to Ted's room to survey the highly exciting shaving operations, and found him with his arms on the table and his face buried in them. Hugh, like the gentleman he was, crept softly out again.

Ted laughed and talked at dinner, and cut him a beautiful mouse out of an apple, and a candle out of a Brazil nut. After dinner they sat in the dark, and twice Hugh heard "my chum" sigh "such big sighs!" He sat quite still and thought. At last he said:

"'My chum,' I think I shall not sit up to-night."

Ted stared in amazement. Hugh said he was quite well, but asked anxiously:

"Shall you come to bed soon, 'my chum?'"

"Well, old boy, it is only half-past eight, and I have some letters to write." He wondered if the child would be afraid, but he could not hurt his feelings by suggesting it.

"That is all right. Good-night, 'my chum.'"

Out of the room went Hugh, but Ted would have been still more amazed if he could have seen him creep quietly out at the open door, and through the gate, into the quiet road.

Hugh plodded on steadily in the growing darkness, through two fields and into a long dusky lane. He would not let himself think how dark it was, for men were never afraid.

Once a cat, on some night expedition, brushed against him, and made his heart beat quickly. On steadily, until he reached a small white gate leading into some grounds. No, it was not locked. Hugh opened it softly, and stopped to think what he should do next.

Father said it was rude to call late, and he wanted to see Miss Urquhart alone, for it was a secret. *Ah!* how nice someone was coming down the path, singing softly to herself. Yes, it was Miss Urquhart! She was decidedly startled when the little man ran up to her.

"Don't be frightened; it's only Hugh. Please sit down on this seat. I want to tell you a secret." He did not leave her time to speak. "I want to know why you is unkind to 'my chum'—he is so dreadful unhappy!" Hugh lowered his voice mysteriously. "He forgot to shave for dinner, and his sighs are bad, like father's. He said no one wanted him at your party, though I telled him about the strawberries. I oughted not to tell you, because it breaks my word"—here Hugh sighed himself—"but he is so unhappy. He had your picture in the boat when he thinked I was asleep, looking at it like father looks when he kisses me hard. He is going away to-morrow. Please be kind to 'my chum.'"

Faithful little heart! Elsie understands now, knows that she loves him too. She had believed the unkind gossip of a worldly aunt, who was determined to get her to marry a rich old nobleman of advanced years and doubtful reputation. She had always discouraged Ted, had suggested to Elsie unpleasant rumours about him, and last of all had triumphantly declared Ted had openly asserted he only wanted a girl with money. So she steeled her heart against him, but, far-seeing young woman as she thought herself, she ought to have understood that his willingness to efface himself proved the falsity of the report of "fortune-hunting."

What could she do? She longed to embrace Hugh, to give him a real hug, but the little figure looked so dignified, she only held his hand tight.

"Hugh, you are a darling!"

"Yes, but it is 'my chum.' I am afraid he loves you more than me. Shall I tell him you isn't angry?"

"No, tell him—nothing—but—bring him to the river fields to-morrow morning."

"Very well. Now I must go."

"Shall I come with you, Hugh?

He surveyed her reproachfully.

"Girls don't walk about alone. Father says so."

Elsie felt a wild desire to laugh or cry; she never dreamt that all this happiness could come. She watched the sturdy figure disappear, and longed for the morrow.

The cottage was safely reached, the front door was still confidingly open, so Hugh bundled into bed, not waking up when "my chum" came upstairs.

Ted settled his bed-clothes comfortably with a touch as tender as a woman's, and—what would Hugh have said?—kissed him softly.

In the middle of the night Hugh sat straight up in bed, and called out: "'My chum,' is it very bad to break my word?"

"Don't bother your head, old boy; you couldn't."

Poor little Hugh! he had. Suppose "my chum" was angry!

Next morning he could hardly suppress his excitement, but he managed to say quietly at breakfast; "'My chum,' I want to go where the big rushes grow this morning."

"Dear old boy, I must catch the eleven train."

"Oh, please don't."

Goodness! here was Hugh, who regarded crying as the deadliest sin, with tears in his eyes.

Ted said hastily, "All right; I'll wait for the one train."

They started, and Hugh walked gravely, until they reached the second field; yes, there was a white dress by the big tree! Verily, Hugh was a born diplomatist. "'My chum,' you go by this path, and I'll go by the top one, and see who gets to the rushes first. Walking, not running, mind," he said severely.

Hugh departed and Ted walked on unconsciously. Needless to say, "Chum" did not get there first, and Hugh sat by the rushes for a long time, with his back steadily turned to the fields.

Suddenly he felt a hand on his shoulder. He jumped up, and there were "my chum" and Miss Urquhart. They were laughing, but Hugh saw, to his disgust, that she had been crying. Well, it was just like a girl; but "my chum" hadn't.

"Was it bad to break my word?"

"No, old boy. Elsie is part of myself, you know, and you are the best 'chum' any fellow ever had."

MARY F. HUTCHINSON.

TO-DAY—TO-MORROW.

FROM THE SPANISH.

"*Estraño humor tiene Juana.*"

THE strangest girl is young Juana,
Changeful as an April day—
Her moods so fickle that no man a
Moment knows her will or way.
If I say "To-day?" and sigh,
"To-morrow" is her gay reply.

If she sees that I am cheerful,
She at once is dark and sad;
And she sings when I am tearful,
Till her humour drives me mad.
If I say "To-day?" and sigh,
"To-morrow" is her gay reply.

If I tell her that I love her,
Straight she says she hates my sight,
Whims each instant I discover
That will be my death outright.
If I say "To-day," and sigh,
"To-morrow" is her gay reply.

Up I look, my love revealing,
Down she looks upon the floor—
Then turns her eyes up to the ceiling
When she knows I gaze no more.
If I say "To-day?" and sigh,
"To-morrow" is her gay reply,

"You're an angel," once I told her—
"You're a demon," she replied.
I took heart and dared to scold her;
She subdued me, for she cried!
Then I asked "To-day?" and sighed,
"To-morrow" gaily she replied.

She's so cruel and so wayward,
If she thought I wished to die,
She would flout me with a gay wor
Laughing as she heard me sigh:
"Cruel girl, I'll die to-day,"
"To-morrow" she would archly say.

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

WHAT TO WEAR: CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.

BY OUR LADY CORRESPONDENT.

(With Illustrations photographed from life by Walery, Regent Street, W.)

THE old-fashioned Mays must have been vastly different from those of the *fin-de-siècle*, judging from what one reads of the doings of our grandmothers. How gay they were, with their outdoor parties! How entirely they abjured fires, and what thin gowns they put on when the pleasant May season set in, and everything was lucky except marrying! But though we may not be able to don our most summer-like attire or quite forego our winter garments, yet, now as then, the young women's thoughts turn towards new bonnets. To assist their choice I have selected a bonnet, and also a hat, from Madame Argentine, 54, Brook Street, to show what the fashions really are.

Both have been photographed from the veritable articles. The hat is composed of brown rock straw, has a bow of maroon velvet with painted eagles' quills and bouquets of yellow velvet flowers. The bonnet is of black Venetian guipure, edged with jet, and has a bouquet of yellow narcissus. The bow of yellow satin ribbon is of that peculiar square shape which Dame Fashion has declared to be the right one, and it has this advantage—that it is quite different from anything we have had for years. There are an osprey aigrette and satin strings.

BONNET OF BLACK VENETIAN GUIPURE.
(By Madame Argentine.)

HAT OF BROWN ROCK STRAW.
(By Madame Argentine.)

Millinery.

In Paris lace and ribbon are only slightly supplemented by feathers and flowers, and some of the great novelties there are the lace hats made on the very slightest foundation of wire, or sometimes jet. One that I specially admired had battlements formed of jet, with the black lace brought over it so that it fell in points beyond the brim, and over this at the back was a full curtain of écru lace, which is another decided novelty. The brim in this case stood upright in front, and was trimmed with triple roses and a green velvet bow.

Plateaux are well worn, for they can be twisted into any shape that is needed, and some of the wire frames covered with black lace are simply trimmed with a rouleau of cerise velvet, a colour which is much in favour, and a couple of ostrich plumes with rams' horn tips standing erect in front. This bonnet had strings, which is curious, seeing that French women are showing an inclination to give them up.

In bonnets there is, indeed, almost a revolution. Some of the new straws are used in the basket-work plait, and I have seen one bonnet made entirely of cork, but

whatever material is used, there is either a bow or feathers, made broad enough across the face to resemble a bird in its flight. The particular bonnet I am describing had a bow of brown ribbon, secured by a couple of pins, made pear-shaped, of what seemed to be an amethyst. This model displayed another novelty —a wreath of roses carried across the back and falling down the sides as ears. On a Tuscan bonnet the large bow in front was made of accordion-pleated straw, and had a fulling of lace which came well beyond the brim, with a bunch of shot hyacinths at the back. In the cork bonnet to which I have alluded the bow was made of cork. Many of the coarse-plaited straws have a tinsel thread run through them, and a shape which fitted the head closely was trimmed with green wings, each one fastened with an emerald ornament. The lace trimming used to drape over the brim was covered with shaded sequins.

Children's Fashions.

The young people are to be congratulated on very pretty fashions. They have taken kindly to the Empire mode, or their elders have taken to it for them, and it suits their slight frames to perfection. The majority of little frocks start from a yoke bordered by a ruche, and fall very full to the feet. The shot and fancy grenadines are particularly well adapted to this style of dress, and are often made up over shot silks, the yokes and the sleeves being made of either checked or brocaded silk, in pink, green, or some bright colours. For more dressy occasions lace is gathered round the yoke and falls full over the shoulders. The favourite shape of sleeves is still puffed to the elbow and the close-fitting gauntlet at the wrist. String-coloured crépons, as well as violet and green tones, are greatly in favour with children's dressmakers, and apple-green is considered an admirable contrast to the tan shades. When the sleeves are made with double puffs these are frequently divided by bands of lace, and the upper portion of the bodice is often trimmed with broad pleatings on the shoulders. A pretty little frock for a girl up to thirteen was made of shot poplin, with three crossway flounces at the hem, an Eton jacket and cape, lined with shot silk, and a full silk vest, with the fulness below the bust drawn in with a couple of straps, having a large button at each end. The sleeves were joined inside the arms in such a fashion that they appeared to open over another sleeve of the same silk as the vest. There was an accompanying cape lined with the same silk, and the skirt was made perfectly plain, but wide.

No one who studies the subject of dress must for a moment ignore the importance of accordion pleating, for it finds its way even to velvet and straw, and most of the little frocks for very young children have the entire skirt thus treated. Many of the blouses have plain yokes, and all the rest of the dress, sleeves included, are accordion pleated. I saw that a frock for a girl of fifteen was made with an accordion-pleated skirt, having a full bodice opening over silk, and one for a child of nine, in pink and white, was accordion pleated also, and had a cape treated in the same way, rosettes of black merveilleux developing the colours.

Young people are wearing capes for out-of-doors made in pink serge, with double capes on the shoulders, edged with brown velvet and trimmed with shot silk, and occasionally out-door garments of woollen materials have a couple of velvet capes. The jackets also are made with capes, and fawn and petunia are a favourite mixture; tiny little children are wearing accordion-pleated coats and small plain coats with shoulder capes.

Children's hats can hardly be too large. They are made in open straw, Leghorn and Tuscan, as well as chip, and have an extravagant number of feathers. Sometimes they are bordered with ruches of lace, and

NEW DRESS.
(*By Messrs. Redmayne.*)

the shaded feathers are remarkable in the way of colour. Soft velvet and satin crowns accompany many of the straw brims, and a very pretty pink hat with shaded roses had a large pink satin bow the same colour as the straw, and a ruche of roses inside the brim; while a blue-and-fawn straw had a blue velvet crown.

Blouses.

Blouses are made in rich materials and in pretty colourings. Those that come from Paris frequently display yoke pieces of distinct tones, formed of the minutest perpendicular stripes, the rest of the material crossing back and front. A novel model, intended for evening wear, to replace the ordinary tea-jacket, is made as a close-fitting bodice of some bright colour, such as Eminence, with a sash band round the waist, while from the bust falls a full-gathered flounce of black lace *à l'Empire*. Others are made of silk, with cloth or embroidered Zouaves, and the colours are remarkably vivid in their blending, such as gold and mauve. Shot silks are found to be particularly suited to this kind of bodice. Flannel shirts and others of washing material never go out of date; they are so useful they are sure to be in demand. Some are in either cambric or crépon, are gathered fully on the shoulders, and have Swiss belts made of velvet, while the silk ones are frequently made with a collar band, and yet left open in a V-shape on the throat.

Gloves.

The novelties here are few, but I notice that a buttercup tint is often used in the evening instead of white or tan. Most of the Suède gloves have small stitchings down the back, and for good, hard wear there is nothing like the reindeer, though they are costly at first. Chevrettes are now made with gauntlets, and both white and grey are sewn with black. It is possible to procure gloves in most of the art shades, but I would say to those who contemplate doing so that they had better follow Mr. Punch's advice to those about to marry—"Don't."

Parasols.

There does not appear to be any radical change in parasols this season as to shape or size, but they are liberally trimmed with ribbon carried across the cover in devices with rosettes at each point. Black lace trims many shot silk parasols, and others are ornamented with lines of ribbon, radiating from the centre. Goffered ribbons frequently trim the edges of the new sunshades, and I can cordially recommend a new imvention—namely, a "tip cap" for holding in the points when the sunshade is closed. It consists, like the familiar umbrella cap, of a rim of metal fastened to the handle, and a movable ring, which slips up and down. "Moire or not moire" is a question which has not as yet been settled, and I see the material is still used for sunshades.

There is a revolution in handles, one of the newest being modelled like a frog; others are formed of celluloid in dark tones, and many of the balls are handsomely enamelled. Tea-wood has been employed for the first time; and some of the handles open, holding bon-bons or smelling-bottle. The tea-wood has the advantage of a pretty green tint, and tassels are shaped like mulberries of Brobdingnagian proportions. They are generally made in either soft silk or chenille. As the season advances, however, there will be more novelties under this head.

Mantles.

Mantles, I think, resolve themselves into capes—at all events, the majority, which are of a champagne tint, when made of a fine cloth, which is a fashionable material in our chilly climate, even in the summer. This is a colour which accords well with green, and also with a black guipure insertion frequently introduced upon capes. They generally have high pleated collars, and while some end at the shoulders, the majority finish at the waist, and some are continued to the knees. Nearly all consist of three capes; the long ones of four, with three on the shoulders. Soft corded silk is suitable for elderly women, and there is a well-worn shape with sleeves that come in one puff to the elbow with lace ruffles falling below. This consists principally of a handsome yoke, and then a fall of lace to the knee, with festoons of jet over it, and it is a shape which is repeated in velvet and jet. A shawl pattern, pointed at the back, made of velvet, embroidered in silk, is new, and generally boasts of a tinsel thread running through the embroidery. Our grandmothers wore such a one, but it is brought up to date now with the inevitable shoulder cape, visibly lined with shot silk. Velvet is fashionable, and with the small capes, which are so easily movable, there is no fear of their being cumbersome.

Silks.

"How pretty!" is the involuntary exclamation when we take up a bundle of silk patterns in 1893. The

SHOULDERS OF MANTLE.
(*By Messrs. Redmayne.*)

brocades have nearly all satin grounds, and the patterns are either large and much scattered or infinitesimal, but the smaller designs do not, as a rule, appertain to the more costly fabrics. Coarse corded silks are generally of plain colours produced by aniline dyes, which found favour in 1870, three-and-twenty years ago—vivid greens and pinky reds that owed their names of "Magenta" and "Solferino" to the all-important struggles that were going on in Europe at that period. Every woman will not care for these, nor are all purses equal to the brocade, but I think most women will need some of the charming serge-woven silks, which are silky and soft, and have the most delightful little patterns thrown upon their shot surface. The coarse-ribbed silks are known as "cotelé," and a beautiful specimen in white has just been despatched to her Majesty. Plain velvets are used for dresses and mantles, but there is a great deal of fancy velvet brought out for trimmings, many of them being checked. A long range of shot velvets, in iridescent Impian tones, with small sunk diamonds at intervals, are employed for the same purpose. The manufacturers pride themselves on the beauty of many of these colours, producing effects which have never before been attempted. A costly class of velvets, plain and shot, has large scrolls stamped upon them, and these have been brought out principally for capes in charming mauve tones, bird's-eye blue and fawn. Entire dresses are also being made of frisé velvet patterns thrown on satin grounds. But without doubt it is a season when shot effects are paramount, and these divide the public favour with mirroir and ombré effects. Velvet capes and mantles need lining, and no lining could nowadays be anything but shot; and how pretty it is! Celadon blended with mauve, Eminence with black, black with green, green with petunia, and hundreds of other combinations in puré glacé silk, are used for petticoats. Many evening dresses are made of onduleuse, which has a waved cord, and every art shade and every other charming colour now in vogue are to be found in this make of silk. Every want has been met, and as the wide width of silk with the present fashions is eminently economical, both satin and silks are sold wide enough for the width to make the depth of the skirt.

When we choose our dresses, and have once decided on the class of material we mean to have, our minds must of necessity be still exercised as to colour. There are many new ones—Bouffon, for example, a little darker than Eau de Nil; Cleopatra, the new name for Magenta; Neptune, which is blue-green, one of the innumerable shades visible in the watery kingdom over which the deity presides; Vestate, bright pink; Samson, grass-green, and Glacière, a tender blue-green; peach, and Parma violet.

Young girls at this season are sure to be anxious to know what to buy, and for them there is a long range of shot surahs and serge de Lyons with small patterns, in either white or shot grounds, or sometimes in colours, or in black varied with spots and in handsome printed designs, the price very moderate. For bridesmaids

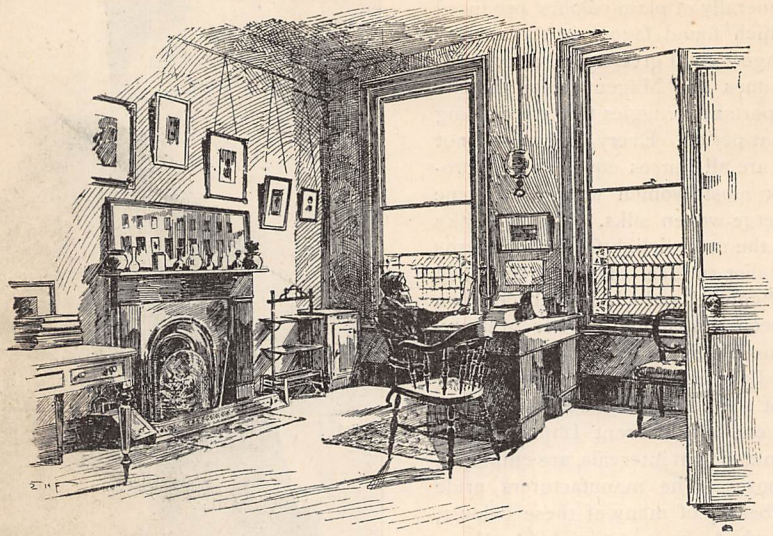
NEW MANTLE.
(By Messrs. Redmayne.)

there is a delightful bright-faced serge satin, with pin-spots and the narrowest stripes, at intervals having infinitesimal brocaded flowers, just the sort of pattern we should associate with Marie Antoinette at the Trianon. Satin is the leading material of the year, and the colours are perfect, both in plain and shot. It is likely to be a great silk season, and we shall have no difficulty in reconciling ourselves to this fact, for the mixtures of colour are perfectly charming, and there is a long range of pretty shot foulards, which are used for vests and waistcoats, and for blouses, giving great brightness to the dress. Some of the foulards are shot and tinted so charmingly that they are really equal to painting.

The gown photographed at Messrs. Redmayne, of 19, New Bond Street, has a pretty cape, trimmed with jet, and can be made of almost any kind of silk or woollen material. Its style needs no description.

The mantle from the same establishment is made of a black and red shot ottoman silk, the yoke of black velvet edged with jet, slashed with silk puffings of black lace over crimson satin. The mantle is bordered with new ruchings and bows of baby ribbon.

A GOSSIP FROM BOOKLAND.



"I HAVE spoken ill of none." So Miss Chennells concludes the preface to her most interesting "Recollections of an Egyptian Princess" to whom she was governess nearly twenty years ago. Her recollections extend through two handsome volumes issued by Messrs. Blackwood. The author's task in describing life under conditions which are not only strange to English ladies, but absolutely distasteful, is not an easy one. Much has happened since 1876, when Miss Chennells left Egypt, that makes for the emancipation of the ladies of the East, but there must still be much to be done in the way of education. That, after all, is the one direction in which we must look for reform. Poor little Princess Zeyneb, who was Miss Chennell's especial charge, has long been dead; but to the example of her relatives, the progress of enlightenment among the people of the land of the Pharaohs owes not a little of such success as has hitherto been achieved. As an illustration of the popularity of the family, we may quote from Miss Chennells the story that at the Princess's funeral both Moslem sheikhs and Christian priests took part in the procession. When the latter "asked permission of the Khedive (Ismail Pasha) to follow the Princess's funeral, his Highness replied, 'All serve the same God, and I desire the prayers of *all* in behalf of my daughter.'" Such a tolerance should surely be the dawn of better things for the women of the East. We cannot follow Miss Chennells in the details of her five years' residence at the Egyptian Court, which are brightly told in her very readable volumes.

What is it that gives to the short stories of the American writers their peculiar piquancy in most cases, and in many their subtle pathos? Something is probably due to the great heart-stirring of the terrible civil war, and in the Southern States to the peculiar conditions called out by the transition from slave to servant. "Marse Chan: a Tale of Old Virginia," by Thomas Nelson Page, is not a new story. It is some two or three years since we met it in the pages of a transatlantic magazine. But here is a new edition of this most touching of characteristically American tales, published by itself in a pretty volume by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston & Co., with illustrations by W. T. Smedley. To all the vividness of a story of the war, this tale unites a pathos as deep and as striking as that which underlies some of Mr. Bret Harte's earlier stories. Just at first, the negro dialect in which the tale is told is puzzling to an English reader, but when once this difficulty is surmounted, the manner in which it is presented really adds to the force of the story.

"The Etiquette of Party-Giving" is the title of a handy little volume by Mrs. Heaton Armstrong, published by Messrs. Ward, Lock, Bowden & Co. Except on the score of euphony, the author might well have added "The Etiquette of *Attendance* at Parties" to her title, for it is most liberally included in the contents of her book. All sorts and conditions of parties are explained, and hints are given as to the arrangement of the rooms and furniture for them, the disposition and employment of the guests, their dress and their hours. Hard-and-fast rules on such points are rapidly going out of date, but there are plenty of hostesses, and even more guests, who will be thankful for the experienced guidance of our author. —"Amateur Entertainments" is almost as comprehensive a subject as the giving of parties, and if the latter is entitled to a cloth-bound volume, no one will deny to the former the more modestly bound little work by Mr. Robert Ganthony, published by Mr. Upcott Gill. Some of his hints on the successful organisation and working of amateur entertainments strike us as being peculiarly practical.

What Winchester once was to the south of England, York was to the north—the centre of its life, civil as well as ecclesiastical. Undoubtedly, then, it has a right to be included in the "Historic Towns" dealt with in Messrs. Longmans' useful series. And surely the topic could hardly have fallen into more loving and faithful hands than those of Canon Raine, the chancellor of the grey old minster which is the city's chief ornament and pride. He divides his subject into three parts :—(1) the general history of the city ; (2) church history, education, and charities ; and (3) the municipality and city. Of course, the first part occupies the major portion of the volume, but the importance of the topic handled in the second part in the history of York cannot be over-estimated. To all lovers of the quaint old city on the Ouse and its time-worn cathedral we commend this volume, which gives in small compass a wonderfully interesting picture of the history of the northern capital ; and that, too, in a manner which does not appeal simply to the antiquarian, but is within the grasp of every reader, however unlearned in archæological lore.

The Jubilee edition of "Cassell's History of England" has long passed the period of old-world interest, for the sixth volume, just published, carries us on from the death of Sir Robert Peel to the illness of the Prince of Wales, a little more than twenty years ago. As in the case of former volumes, we must say a word as to the high value of the illustrations, and especially of the views, which are so notable a feature of this work. There is, of course, abundant scope for illustration in the period covered by this present volume, which opens with the Great Exhibition, and includes the Crimean War, the Indian Mutiny, and the Abyssinian Expedition. As a work of reference, whether for the general reader or the teacher, this new edition is unequalled.

We have not before had occasion to mention Ibsen in these pages, but he has become to so large an extent a literary as well as a dramatic factor, that we must refer to the publication of his last play, *The Master Builder* (W. Heinemann). If one only had the key to the mystery, it would, no doubt, prove well worth using ; but we frankly confess that we have not yet found the key, and that consequently for us the aim and purport of the drama are still wrapped in impenetrable gloom. The literary world, if one may judge from the correspondence columns of the daily press, has spent as much time and pains, or more, on the "hidden meaning" of Mrs. Solness's dolls as did the Pickwick Club on the monumental work of Mr. William Stumps, and apparently to as good purpose. Possibly the "true inwardness" of that and of other phases of the work will be expounded for the unenlightened reader as time goes on, but it is to be hoped that when that time comes we shall also have an explanation of some passages in the work which will remove from them the stigma which *seems* to hold good against them at present. We are told that when the play was performed in certain Scandinavian cities it was hissed from the boards, and we should not be at all surprised to hear that the report was a true one.

It is a pleasant relief to turn from the eccentricities of the Scandinavian drama to a record of Continental work which is at once interesting and inspiriting. It is a book on "People's Banks," written by Mr. Henry W. Wolff and published by Messrs. Longmans. On former occasions we have had the pleasure of referring to some of Mr. Wolff's works of Continental travel. In this volume we have proof that he is an observant student, as well as a busy traveller and reliable guide. The different forms which the great co-operative movement assumes in various Continental lands, and the progress made under them in the direction of thrift and self-reliance, are recorded and explained. We are not among those who think that they manage *all* things better in other lands than we can manage them in our own, but we have certainly some lessons to learn from our friends and neighbours. To practical economists of every school Mr. Wolff has a message which should not be lost.

What a service would be rendered to English philology if every county could have its dialect dealt with as thoroughly as is "Broad Norfolk" in the little *brochure* under that title published by the *Norfolk News* Company ! There is all the material for a dictionary of the county tongue, on a moderate scale, in this little work, which is to be commended to the attention of all East Anglians.

Mr. Fisher Unwin has opened a new edition of his "Novel Series" with a reprint of Mr. T. Wemyss Reid's powerful story "Gladys Fane," in a form which may circulate in all European countries and British colonies.

THE GATHERER:

AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF INVENTION, DISCOVERY, AND SCIENCE.

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.

The Hippometer.

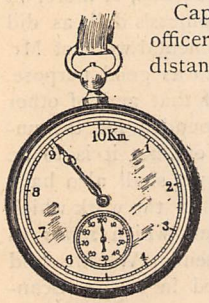
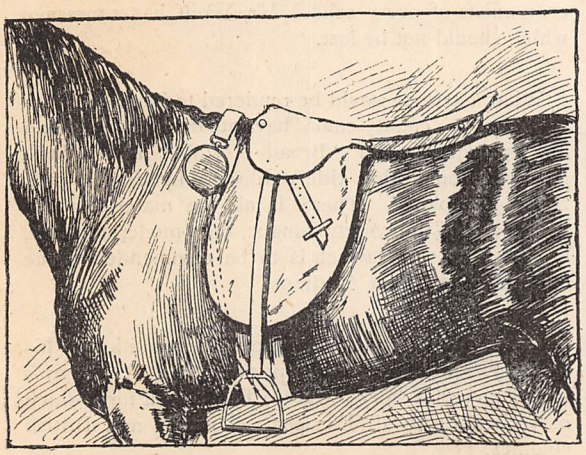


FIG. 1.

Captain Buisson, a French cavalry officer, has invented a pedometer, or distance-measurer, for horses, which he calls the hippometer. It resembles a watch, as will be seen from Fig. 1, and is like the pedometer, which indicates the distance a person walks. The mechanism is actuated by the shock of the footfalls. The instrument is carried in a leather case, and strapped to the horse after the manner shown in Fig. 2. Its error is stated not to surpass four per cent. of the distance travelled.

A Cure for Lockjaw.

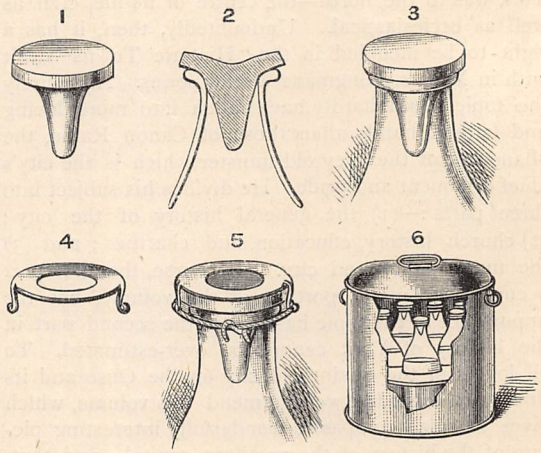
It has been ascertained by M. Kitasato that the terrible disease known to science as tetanus and to people in general as lockjaw, is caused by a bacillus, and applying the method of the illustrious Pasteur he has succeeded in preventing and curing it by subcutaneous injections. His experiments were conducted on guinea-pigs and mice which were infected with the disease by inserting small splinters of wood containing the bacillus under the skin. All who were subsequently inoculated with the protective lymph he has prepared recovered, and all who were left alone perished of lockjaw. The sooner the inoculation was performed after the infection had been communicated the speedier the cure, and when both occurred simultaneously no symptoms of the disease appeared. The protective and curative lymph was prepared from the serum of a horse which had been artificially rendered proof against tetanus. The importance of this discovery is all the greater inasmuch as the bacillus of tetanus retains its vitality for many years.



THE HIPPOMETER.—FIG. 2.

A Germ-Tight Stopper.

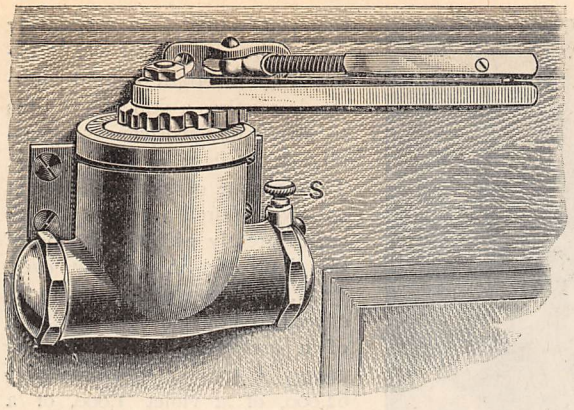
Milk sterilised by heating is now so much recommended for invalids and babies that a French inventor has introduced a hermetical cork or stopper, which we illustrate. It is simply a disc of red caoutchouc, with



a conical projection on its underside which goes into the neck of the flask or bottle, as shown at 1 in the figure. The milk is sterilised by immersing the bottle in boiling water, and then cooled by withdrawing it, when the partial vacuum in the bottle sucks the cork tight, as shown at 2. A cap (3) is then placed over the rubber, and a washer (4) over that, having lugs by which the whole is tied to the neck of the bottle, as shown at 5. The pitcher (6) is designed to sterilise a number of bottles at the same time.

An Adjustable Door Spring.

The small and compact door spring and check which is shown in the illustration has no unsightly external rods and cylinders, and is quite noiseless in its action. Moreover, by means of a regulating thumb-screw, S, the door can be adjusted to close



AN ADJUSTABLE DOOR SPRING.

at any speed, and slamming prevented. The check is made in four sizes, to suit the description of door.

The Growth of Children.

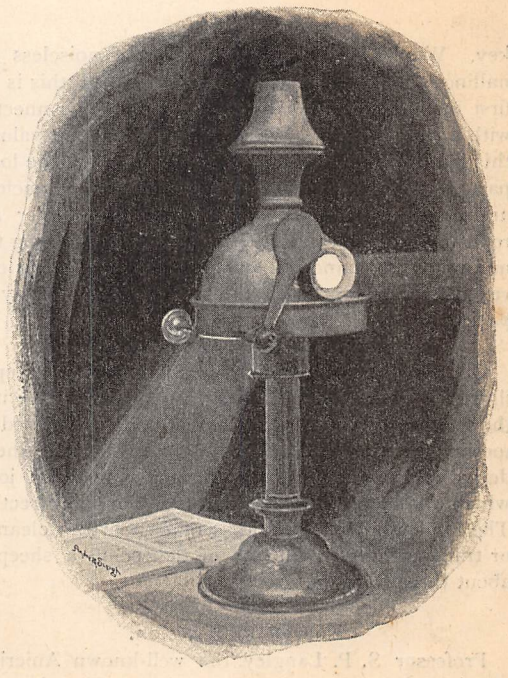
Observations made at Worcester School, New England, have shown, as a rule, boys' heads are longer than girls', although the average difference varies, it being three millimetres at the age of eleven to thirteen, and six or seven millimetres afterwards. A girl's head ceases to grow at eighteen, and a boy's at twenty-one. The head grows and ceases to grow in breadth by turns. Girls' heads are narrower than boys' till their eleventh year, then about the same width till their fourteenth year, when the boys' heads again become wider than the girls'. At seventeen a girl's head ceases to grow in breadth, and a boy's at twenty-one. It is much the same with breadth of face. As for stature, boys at five are taller than girls, but the latter overtake them at the seventh year, and the boys only recover the lead at the ninth year. At the twelfth year the girls shoot up taller than the boys until the fifteenth year, when the boys finally distance them. Girls cease to grow at seventeen, and boys keep on for a few years longer. Comparing the length of head with the stature, girls' heads are shorter in proportion to their height than boys' until the fifteenth year, when the girls take the lead, and so women have proportionally longer heads than men. The same is true of width of head and also of the breadth of face.

A Giant Cypress.

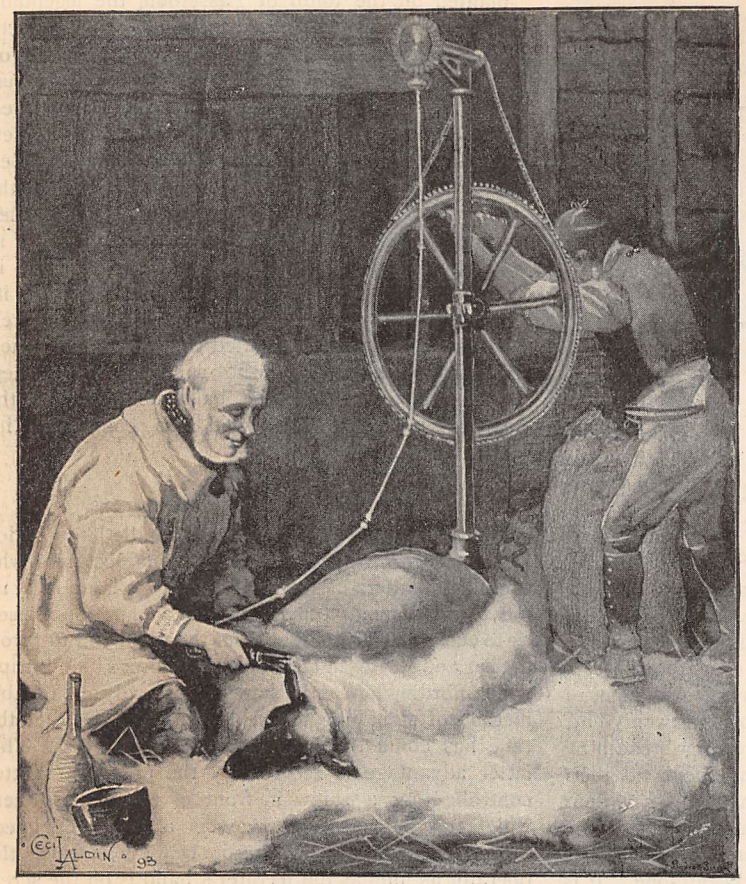
At Saint Remy de Provence, in the province of Bouches-du-Rhône, France, there is a pyramidal cypress of Crete which exceeds in magnitude all with which we are acquainted, not excepting those of Broussa or the Cemetery of Eyoub. It is over nineteen metres high, and its girth a metre from the ground is over five metres. The foliage covers a space of thirty-three metres in diameter, and is capable of sheltering two waggon-loads of hay. Its age is estimated as six hundred to seven hundred years. In his "*Dernier roi d'Arles*" ("Last King of Arles"), the Provençal poet, Amédée Pichot, asserts that it was planted on the tomb of Passeroun, the legendary horse of Dragonet de Montdragon. "Dragonet," he writes, "assisted the peasant to transplant on the grave of Passeroun a young cypress, and surrounded it by a hedge of woven reeds. This tree, whose trunk resembles an enormous cable of serpents, attests to-day the renown of the fairy courser. As sacred as the elms of Bavieca, this tree is the wonder of the land. Its vigorous age has defied the centuries. In vain the lightning has struck it, for it has covered its scars under new verdure; in vain the hostile axe has mutilated some of its branches, for it has only pushed forth more." The cypress was a celebrated tree in ancient times. Doctors sent those who suffered from chest affections to breathe the balsamic odour of the Cretan cypress. The wood was considered incorruptible.

A Candle Lamp for Lecturers.

Our illustration pictures a new candle lamp which has just been introduced for the use of lecturers who use magic-lanterns. As will be seen, the lamp is by no means unornamental in appearance, and it is so devised as to cut off all white light from the room and to throw a clear and steady light upon the lecturer's manuscript, while affording him at the same time a ready and reliable method of signalling to the lantern operator that the time has come for the slides to be changed. This latter advantage is secured by the use of a shutter controlled by a screw in front of the lamp screen, which, on being raised, uncovers a red signal glass, through which a clear crimson beam is shown to the operator as long as the lecturer's hand is on the screw



A CANDLE LAMP FOR LECTURERS.



A NEW SHEEP-SHEARER.

key. We believe that this method of noiseless signalling is not new in lecturers' lamps, but this is the first instance in which we have met it in connection with a candle lamp. We should add that the value of this lamp is much enhanced by the fact that the lower part of the stand, shown in our illustration, uncloses and reverses to make a cap for the burner and reflector while in transit, thus effectually reducing to a minimum the chance of any grease or dirt being conveyed by the lamp to anything with which it may be packed.

A New Sheep-Shearer.

One of the latest machines for shearing sheep is illustrated herewith. The principal novelty in it is the flexible driving-shaft of steel rods connected by toothed gearing. The cutting teeth of the shears derive their motion from it through a universal joint, which allows the shears to be turned in any direction. The implement can be readily taken apart for cleaning or transport, and is capable of defleecing a sheep in about three minutes.

Energy and Vision.

Professor S. P. Langley, the well-known American physicist, has by a series of experiments found among other things that about half a second is required for the eye to perceive an excessively faint light. When the eye is exposed to a bright light it afterwards requires a still longer time to recover its sensitiveness, especially if the light is a violet one. The amount of luminous radiant energy required to make us *see* varies greatly with the colour of the light, and in different eyes. Thus, if we represent the luminous effect of a crimson light as 1, that of a green light of the same energy is 100,000, that of a blue 62,000, of a violet 1,600, of a yellow 14,000, and of a red 1,200.

A Long Distance Water-Level Indicator.

An ingenious apparatus has been installed at the Wigan Waterworks to indicate the level of water in a reservoir half a mile distant. It is illustrated in the accompanying figures, and consists of a cast-iron box, B, Fig. 1, about six inches in diameter, having a spindle, S, which passes through it and carries a toothed wheel, W, over which runs a chain having its lower end fastened to a float in the water, and its upper end attached to a compensating weight, so that the rise and fall of the water causes the wheel to turn to the right or left as the case may be. Inside the box an electric contact-maker or commutator is fixed to the spindle and revolves with it. From this commutator an insulated conductor, C, runs to the distant station, where they

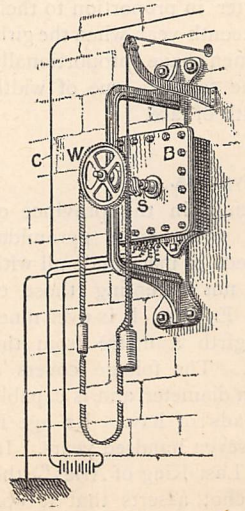


FIG. 1.

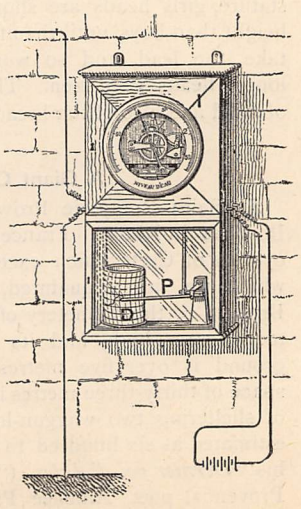


FIG. 2.

are connected in circuit with a battery and the receiving part of the apparatus, Fig. 2. This consists of a dial indicator, I, seen above, and a recording pen, P, seen below. A series of electro-magnets receive the current from the transmitter at the waterside and work the needle of the dial indicator and the pen of the recorder in one direction or the other as the water rises and falls, thus producing a permanent curve of the water-level on the revolving drum of paper, D. The earth is used as a return wire for the circuit, and the apparatus is quite automatic.

Telephoning with Gas-Pipes.

M. G. Mareschal, having observed that by connecting the gas and water mains near his house through a galvanometer he obtained a current of electricity, was led to try whether these pipes would not serve as telephone lines. Accordingly, he fitted a telephone at his own and a friend's house, the connecting wire being replaced by the pipes. He was not only able to converse with his friend quite well, but he was able to hear music in several other houses *en route*. Moreover, he was able to overhear the Morse signals on a neighbouring telegraph wire. "Tapping the wire" is an offence in America, where it is sometimes done for fraudulent purposes; but if the gas and water pipes of a house lend themselves so easily to the practice it will be difficult to find the culprits.

Electricity from the Coal-Fields.

The success of the Frankfort to Lauten experiment on the transmission of power by electricity a distance of 110 miles has emboldened two English electricians, Messrs. Thwaite and Swinburne, to propose a scheme for generating electric power at coal-fields and distributing it to various parts of the country. The coal-fields of Yorkshire might in this way supply London with electricity, and also the intermediate towns along the line. The project is undoubtedly feasible, and it is probably only a question of time ere it be put in practice.

Things Great and Small.

Professor J. I. D. Hinds, of Lebanon, Tennessee, has drawn attention to the extremes of the plant world: the "big trees" of California on one hand and the microscopic bacteria on the other. Some of the trees are nearly four hundred feet high and ninety feet in girth. Some bacteria, on the other hand, probably escape the highest powers of the microscope. Thousands of them could swim side by side through the eye of a needle, and one could hold billions of them in the hollow of his hand. A big tree is therefore thousands of millions of millions of millions of times larger than a bacterium. There is about the same ratio between them as that of the earth to a football. This, be it remembered, is just the proportion between a drop of water and the atoms composing it, as estimated by Lord Kelvin. The average life of many bacteria is about an hour; that of a big tree is probably three thousand years. Hence the tree has outlived twenty-six millions of generations of its invisible kindred in the stream hard by. "As many bacteria," says Professor Hinds, "could be laid side by side on a linear inch as earths upon the diameter of its orbit around the sun. Compared with the tree, the bacterium is almost infinitesimal; by the side of the earth the tree is insignificant; in the solar system the earth is but a small factor; and if the solar system were annihilated it would be millions of years before its loss would be felt on distant stars. Magnitudes are therefore relative, and things are great according to the standpoint from which we view them."

A Violoncello-Piano.

Professor Vlamminck has invented a combination of the piano and the violin or violoncello which can be played by one person using a hand to each. The neck of the violoncello goes into an aperture below the piano, thus bringing both instruments within range of the player. For rendering such pieces as Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words," or the melodies of Schubert arranged for violin and piano, the new instrument is very well adapted, and it is much smaller than the ordinary piano. Very ingenious, no doubt.

Feather Tapestry.

Mrs. Zelia Nuttall, a well-known American archæologist, especially in Mexican antiquities, has not only discovered the secret of the ancient Mexican calendar so long a puzzle, but has good hopes of recovering the lost Mexican art of making pictures or tapestry work in bird feathers. In the Royal Armoury at Madrid she has found a shield of Philip II. of Spain which is covered with representations of scenes from Spanish history in the fine mosaic of this feather-work, and by a critical study of it she expects to reveal the *modus operandi* of the lost art.

A Knee-Cradle.

A knee-cradle, for the use of housemaids and other servants who are engaged in the cleaning of floors and steps, has just been patented. Its construction is very simple. Into a block of wood, some fourteen inches long, are let two pieces of cork which are hollowed to fit the knees. The whole is mounted upon two slightly curved rockers, which, with the cork cushions, goes far towards making cramp a thing of the past, and also towards guarding against damp.

PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

OPEN TO ALL READERS OF "CASSELL'S MAGAZINE."

FIVE competitions of the present series are still outstanding. First is the FOUR-PART SERIAL STORY competition, announced in our December number, all MSS. for which must reach the Editor on or before May 1st. Then on June 1st both the BALLAD COMPETITION and the MUSICAL COMPETITION, announced in January, will close. In the PHOTOGRAPHIC LANDSCAPE COMPETITION FOR AMATEURS, announced in March, June 20th is the latest date for receiving entries. And the latest competition in the series is the SHORT STORY COMPETITION, in which July 3rd is the last date for receiving MSS., in accordance with the regulations published in our January number.

* * * * *

A new series of prize competitions will be announced in our June number.

THE SHORT-SIGHTED NEGRO.

NO. 1.

"Golly!—Dis am normous big snake asleep on massa's rockery"

NO. 2.

"An' he wont wake up no more neider"

NO. 3.

"Now I'se jes take um's head in an show massa what I'se done."

NO. 4.

"Wha-a-a-t !!! Massa's waterin' hose ?!!! Dere'll be trouble 'bout dis"

H.R.H. PRINCESS MAY OF TECK.

(From a photograph by Messrs. Russell & Son, Baker Street, W.)

DAVENANT.

By S. SOUTHALL BONE, Author of "The Manager of Manston Mills."

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

OPENS IN GLOOM.

MISERABLE, drizzly afternoon in December—gloomy enough outside in the muddy streets, where the London traffic ceaselessly ebbs and flows, wet or dry, rain or shine. Gloomier still is it in the Old Bailey Sessions House, hard by the grim prison of Newgate, where a great trial has been proceeding for the last three days, and is now on the point of concluding. In the court the darkness has been gathering for the last half-hour, and candles are brought in and placed on the judge's desk, the counsel's table, and by the dock, which is empty.

The bench, too, is vacant; but the court is full. The audience has been passing the time as best it could during the interval which has elapsed since the jury left their box to consult upon a verdict. The faces of the people who crowd every corner of the court are not those of an audience worn out by *ennui*. Some few there are who have come here as they would come to see any other sight, who look intolerably weary, and who will welcome the return of the jury, whatever the verdict may be.

The majority, however, are intensely interested. The trial has been a most singular one. The prisoner is a young man, a gentleman, a Cambridge undergraduate, who, succeeding on the death of his father to the headship of an old and honourable merchant's business in the City, has in little more than a year come to bankruptcy—and worse. The investigations caused by his failure have revealed a series of forgeries conducted in a most ingenious and elaborate manner. The trial has been long and patient; but all through it, the evidence has been accumulating and tending to one fatal conclusion, until even the most sympathetic have lost hope that the miserable young man will escape.

A murmur of confused talk is going on all over the court. The witnesses, now in unrestrained association, are in free converse, with the exception of one who has given his evidence with great reluctance—a reluctance which, if genuine, might be accounted for by the fact that his testimony formed the key-stone of the whole case. He makes no attempt to join in any of the conversations going on around, but seems rather to evade observation, as if in deprecation of the evidence he has given. But a close observer might note in the small glittering eyes sunk under the bushy eyebrows, in the high, narrow forehead, and the aquiline contour of the features, indications of a character neither generous nor truthful: might see, too, strong reason for doubting the truth of the statement made in his evidence that day, to the effect that he had been a complete tool in the hands of the prisoner; and, if one might judge by appearances only, it would be that the cases ought to be reversed. Certainly, no one at first sight would be inclined to believe that the prisoner was capable of outwitting the witness. But such was the statement: and, corroborated as it was by a mass of evidence, the general opinion was that in this case appearances were wrong.

Sitting in the well of the court were two ladies in deep mourning—evidently mother and daughter. Their veils were down; and it was difficult, at a distance, to distinguish their features; but, close at hand, it was possible to see traces of illness and suffering in their faces. They sat where they could see the prisoner when he was in the dock, and now and then communicate with his solicitor at the table.

"Oh, mother!" said the younger lady, "this dreadful suspense! Surely there must be some hope for Edward; the jury are so long in coming back."

"I fear not," said her mother; "we must prepare ourselves for the worst. We know he is innocent; but the evidence is terribly strong, and the judge's summing-up was cruelly against him. How strange it is," she added bitterly, "that the wicked should be allowed to triumph!"

"I am sure that this has been planned by that man," replied the younger lady. "I cannot understand why dear father should have made him his partner. It is he who has worked all this ruin."

"He dares not look our way. But how the evidence has established all he has said——"

"Oh, look, mother!" said the girl, quivering with the agony of the impending stroke; "they are coming back!" And she hid her face in her hands.

It was true: the decisive moment had come. The jury filed solemnly into their box, the judge returned to the bench, and the prisoner was brought back into the dock. He was a well-made young fellow of middle height, and in ordinary circumstances would have been considered good-looking. But the anguish and misery visible on his face as he stood waiting his doom banished all comparison of that kind. As the jury came in, he looked intently into their faces, to read the decision which was only too evident in their demeanour. His glance apparently convinced him of this; for he turned from them to look at the two ladies in black, and it was easy to see by the convulsive movement of his features how greatly their unconcealed distress agitated him.

The clerk deliberately called over the names of

the jury, and followed this by asking if they were all agreed upon their verdict. In deep silence, the foreman answered—

"We are."

"Do you find Edward Davenant, the prisoner at the bar, guilty or not guilty?"

In a still deeper silence came the answer—

"Guilty!"

There was a suppressed scream, and a stir in the court; and then the senseless form of the poor girl in black was carried out by the ushers, followed by her weeping mother and a doctor in the audience who had volunteered his services. It was but a momentary glance that the prisoner could obtain, but it was enough to show a stream of bright blood trickling from her mouth. His look of grief changed in a moment to one of indignation and rage. But the doors closed behind the inanimate girl, and the voice of the clerk recalled him to himself.

"You find the prisoner guilty of felony; and that is the verdict of you all?"

"It is."

Then the prisoner was asked in the usual terms if he had anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced upon him. He stood up, his dejected air having changed to one of defiance since he had seen his sister carried past. "I say now," he began in a loud clear voice, "as I said at first, that I am not guilty. And, though the evidence seems against me, it is not true as regards me; and there is one witness in court who knows that what I am saying is true, though he has sworn to the contrary."

Then the judge stopped him. "I cannot allow you to question the evidence," he said: "that was for the jury, and they have given their verdict. If you have anything to urge why sentence should not be passed upon you, I am willing to hear it."

"I have nothing to say, except to repeat that I am not guilty; and there is at least one present here who knows that I am not."

The man with the glittering eyes, who had been intently listening, moved uneasily in his seat as the prisoner thus challenged him, and looked anywhere but at him. But with the judge's answer a gleam of malignant satisfaction shot across his face, and he turned so that he could better hear the sentence.

"Prisoner at the bar," the judge began, "after a long and patient investigation the jury have found you guilty of the crime laid to your charge. Had you refrained at this moment from impeaching the veracity of those who have given evidence, I should have added nothing to the sentence which I am about to pronounce. I would not willingly add to the punishment which that sentence will bring upon you, but it is only just to the witnesses, and especially to him who has been the chief sufferer by your crimes, to say that no one who has heard that evidence would for one moment believe your statement that you were innocent, and your assertion that the principal witness had committed perjury. No charge in my mind was ever more clearly sustained or more consistent in all its parts than this which has been proved against you. The decision on that evidence did not rest with me, but with the jury, and I am bound to say that their verdict has my emphatic approval. It now only remains for me to pronounce the sentence: which is, that you be sent to penal servitude for fifteen years."

Davenant, struck dumb with horror and amazement at its severity, was hurried by the gaolers down the steps, and the clanging of the door behind him sounded as the knell of all hope. In one sense it was a comfort that his mother and sister were not present to hear his terrible sentence. But his fears for what had happened to his sister were intensified into torture by the knowledge that he was now as one dead to them and to the world. What might happen to them before he would be permitted to see or hear of them he could not bear to think of.

Mrs. Davenant and her daughter had been taken into the counsel's robing-room, where the doctor administered restoratives, and after a time succeeded in stopping the bleeding. A cab was in waiting, and he said—"I think you may venture now. But I will go with you, in case the bleeding should return." And with the help of the ushers he carried the half-fainting girl to the cab. As they passed out, Mrs. Davenant following, the ex-partner came up, and bowing effusively, said—

"I am so sorry to hear of Miss Davenant's illness. I hope she is recovering. I need not say how grieved I am that I have had to appear in this matter. If Mr. Edward had but taken my advice it would never have happened."

"Will you let me pass, sir?" answered Mrs. Davenant, with indignant tears. "You have sent my son to a living tomb, and you have killed my daughter!"

"On my honour, Mrs. Davenant, you do me an injustice, and I——"

"Let me pass, sir! You are a perjurer; and I want neither sympathy nor help from you. Go home, and pray to be forgiven for the misery and disgrace you have brought upon the innocent."

Before he could reply, a rough grasp was laid upon his collar, and he was ignominiously thrust out of the way.

"How dare you annoy a lady at such a time as this?" And, shaking him off with a fling which sent him staggering against the wall, the doctor led Mrs. Davenant to the cab.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

A RAY OF LIGHT THROUGH THE GLOOM.

ON a sweltering midsummer day, some eighteen months after the trial just recorded, a gang of convicts was working on the fortifications of the Verne Citadel at Portland. On the southern or landward side, a natural valley was being widened and deepened into a huge fosse. In this they were disposed in line along a pathway of planks reaching diagonally from the bottom of the fosse to the top of the slope, wheeling, each in his own beat, a succession of loaded barrows, and passing back empty ones in the opposite or downward direction. Warders, with loaded rifles, were dotted about at every hundred yards or so, besides others

placed on vantage-spots which commanded the whole valley.

In the gang was one convict whose post was almost at the top of the slope. The slightest comparison between him and his fellow-prisoners showed that, though among them, he was not of them. The criminal type of face which, whether cunning or brutal, is so easily recognised, was absent in him, while his slender limbs and evident unfitness for hard labour showed that, whatever the cause that had brought him there, it had been a fall from a higher sphere.

His post had been fixed by a stern but kind-hearted warder at the top of the slope, so that he should have the benefit of what air was stirring; for the huge fosse, its sides white with the rubble spread over it, was like a reverberating furnace. In truth, he needed all the consideration that could be shown him, for his exhaustion was only too evident; and it needed no second glance to see that his punishment was many times heavier to him than to the brawny ruffians around him. As he wheeled his barrow to the top of the ridge, and paused a moment to draw a heavy breath before he turned out the rubble on the ground, a gentleman in undress uniform, accompanied by two ladies, passed down from the fort, and stopped for a moment to look.

"Awfully hot work, this, for these fellows," he said. "This place is a complete oven."

The elder of the two ladies, a woman with handsome, kindly features, replied—"Is it right that these poor men should work in this fearful heat? This one, nearest to us, looks half-dead with fatigue."

The younger lady, a fair-haired girl of three-and-twenty summers, looked at the convict with pitying eyes. He hung his head with shame as his gaze met hers, and a look of pain came into his face, dark and work-stained. Was it fancy; or was it one of those strange illusions that at times possess us—when we are sensible that all that is happening at the present has occurred before, and we even seem to know by intuition what will come next—that filled her mind with a strange sense of recognition? Surely she had seen that unhappy convict's face before. But when, and where? Memory was blank as to these.

He dropped his eyes, and overturned his barrow just at their feet. As he turned away, as if drawn by a power he could not resist he raised his eyes again to look at them, and again his sad face recalled some vague memory in the young lady's mind. More than that: his eyes, too, seemed to glow with a mutual recognition, as though he could, if he dared, have revealed himself. But, if it were so, it seemed to aggravate his sorrow, for the agony of shame and despair on his face was more than the ladies could bear; the elder looked terribly shocked, and the eyes of the younger filled with tears.

"Let us go on," she said. "It is too painful to look at him. I am sure he has been a gentleman. I have seen his face somewhere, but I cannot call it to mind."

"One often meets with resemblances of that kind. But it may be nothing more than a likeness to some one whom you may have forgotten. I should not attach any importance to it."

"But, do you know, aunt, I think he recognised

"'HOW DARE YOU ANNOY A LADY AT SUCH A TIME?'" (*p.* 484).

"'HAVE YOU, REALLY?' SAID BOTH LADIES AT ONCE" (*p.* 487).

us, too. He looked as though he would have spoken, had he dared. Did you see how he flushed when we looked at him? I am afraid we are adding to his punishment by standing here."

But they had only moved a few paces when the convict was back again with his barrow. In spite of her words, the younger lady could not help a sympathising glance as the man's weary eyes met hers. Such an expression of surprise and gratitude came over his sunburnt face that the tears, only just repressed, stood again in her eyes, and she turned hastily away.

"I wonder whether he is innocent?" said the elder lady. "I should not be surprised if he were."

"Don't jump to conclusions," said her husband. "He is evidently suffering; but that, in itself, is no proof of innocence."

"No; but he is not one of the common herd of prisoners."

"That, again, is no proof of innocence. All ranks of life have representatives amongst these men."

"Could you not do something for him? Could you not speak to the doctor, and get him put to some lighter work?"

"I might do that, certainly. But, remember, if he is a gentleman, as Madge fancies, hard manual labour is the best remedy for the mental distress."

"At least, it might tide him over this hot weather. That would be something."

"I am sure he is not altogether bad," interposed the younger lady. "He looked so gratefully at us just now. I was afraid to look again, for fear I should cry."

"Nonsense, my dear girl!" said her uncle. "Don't waste your sweetness on the desert air of Portland. Your convict is very interesting, I admit; but he is probably a great scoundrel, or he would not be here."

"But, uncle, there have been cases of innocent men being sentenced, and some even executed."

"You must remember he did not come here without trial. Portland Convict Prison is not a romantic place, like the Tower of London. There are no Beauchamp, and Byward, and Devereux Towers here, nor any noble prisoners wearing their hearts out in the cells."

"I am very much mistaken if that poor fellow is not wearing his heart out," said Madge.

"Well, I will talk to Jackson, and see what can be done for the man."

As he spoke, the young lady turned to look back at the fosse. The convicts were formed up to march back to the prison. As the gang moved off, she caught a glimpse of a face in the ranks wistfully turned towards them, and the hoarse sound of the command, "Eyes front!" was borne back on the breeze.

The party walked away down the fosse, and through the gate leading to the town clinging to the steep western slope and bearing the quaint name of Fortune's Well. Through this they passed, and through the lower part of the town, called Chesilton, where they parted, the ladies going by steamer to do some shopping in Weymouth, and the gentleman to

make an official medical inspection of some men stationed at the old fort on the shore.

The younger of the two ladies, Margaret Drayton, was the orphan daughter of an officer who had died while she was quite a young girl, followed soon after by his wife. The child was taken to the home of her mother's brother, who was an army doctor, at present doing duty with the garrison at Portland. Prosperity, which had not been the lot of the parents, came to the orphan child by the death of a relative; Dr. Hurst also receiving a share. He and his wife had not been blessed with children, but Margaret—or, as she was usually called, Madge—Drayton was dear as a daughter could be. She had attained her majority, and was now mistress of her own property, which, perhaps, accounted for a certain wilfulness that somehow became her, and certainly was never used in an unworthy manner.

The doctor, who had been her guardian, and was still trustee of a portion of her property, was the person who was mostly exercised by this peculiarity. But with all her wilfulness, Madge was practical; and though he called her Quixotic, yet he generally got the worst of it if she chose to argue out matters with him, so that he commonly evaded that sort of contest by affecting a cynicism which, as often as not, he did not feel.

At dinner he roused their interest by suddenly saying—

"By the way, I have found out all about your interesting Jeremy Diddler."

"Have you, really?" said both ladies at once. "Do tell us. What is his name? Is he a gentleman? What has he done? Has he got a long sentence?"

"Let me take breath," said the doctor. "In the first place, he is known as Number 315. Next, the 'young gentleman,' as Madge prefers to call him, was convicted of forgery, and sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude."

"What an awful time!" said Madge. "But did you not find out his name?"

"Davenant, I believe."

Madge was silent. The name gave no clue. "I don't know that name," she said slowly.

"No. Why should you?" asked the doctor smartly.

"His face seemed familiar—or rather, it seemed as if I had known him ages ago."

"Probably you did—some ages ago, I should think."

"Now, don't laugh—it is no laughing matter to him, poor fellow! But I am sure I have seen him at some time or other."

"No laughing matter to have seen you? Well, for once in a way, I agree with you, Madge."

Madge darted an angry look at her uncle as she retorted, "You *are* obtuse! I wonder whether he will outlive his sentence?" she continued, addressing Mrs. Hurst.

The doctor laughed grimly. "He is more likely to live than die up there. Pure air—plain food—regular hours—no anxiety about paying the rent or the butcher and the baker. No: he will most likely come out a strong, healthy, middle-aged villain."

"But what was it that he forged?" asked Madge.

"Bills, I believe," returned the doctor. "He was a merchant, got into difficulties, and chose this way, of all others, of getting out of them."

"Well?" questioned Madge, "was there anything else?"

"You know the 'else,'" said the doctor. "Fifteen years' penal servitude."

"I did not mean that. What was the defence?"

"There was no question as to the forgery. His defence was that he was not the forger."

"Ah! I thought as much," said Madge, drawing a long breath.

"The jury did not," returned the doctor, drily, "for they convicted him. He made no attempt to prove that another person did it; experts swore that the forged bills were in his handwriting, other evidence corroborated; and the jury—I think rightly—found him guilty."

"I stick to my belief," said Madge. "I should like to read the reports of the trial. I am sure there was a screw loose somewhere."

"I quite agree with you, Madge," the doctor replied. "But your interesting friend was the loose screw in this case."

———

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

AMONGST THE PHILISTINES.

MARGARET DRAYTON proved to have more skill in diagnosing the convict's bodily health than the doctor. Since that day on which she had first seen him, she had, in company with Mrs. Hurst, passed several times along the ridge of the fosse. At first, 315 was at work in his usual place, and Madge could not refrain from blessing the poor fellow with a kind and sympathising glance as she passed him; and it was a pleasure to her to note how eagerly, if necessarily furtively, his eyes sought to meet hers. For a while she thought of nothing but the pleasure she was giving to a man who, by the sentence of the law, was cut off from all pleasure. Then one day the woman's nature in her suddenly awoke, and she recognised that the poor slave loved her; that gratitude had speedily ripened into affection; and that it was needful for all that there should be no more passing glances.

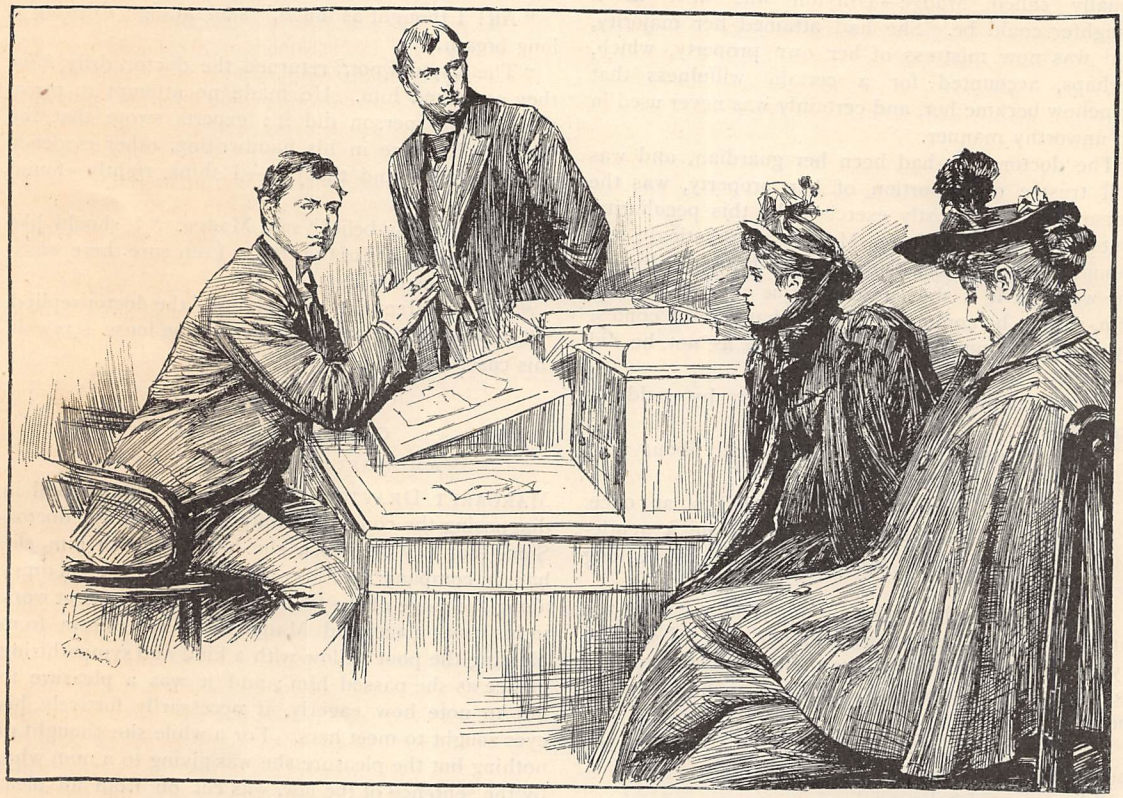
And yet it seemed hard that the poor wretch should be deprived of this small comfort in his miserable lot. But while she was debating this, the question was settled by the convict's disappearance from his usual place; and it was not for some time afterwards that she found that he had, as she had predicted, been struck down by the intense heat, and was now in the prison infirmary, where he was giving the doctor some anxiety. That gentleman, accustomed as he was to malingering patients, was confounded by the eagerness which Davenant showed to get back to work, and was sorely puzzled when the convict expressed himself as quite able to go out, whereas he, with his experience, knew he was not.

At last, despairing of curing him in the infirmary, he pronounced him fit, and Davenant returned to his work. But he was not rewarded by the sight for which he had jeopardised his health. Others passed and re-passed along the ridge of the fosse, but never more came the two ladies whose faces he knew so well. Then the roused spirit began to droop again, and the old despair and sense of degradation fell upon him. Three or four days of this soon took the heart out of him, returning, as he had done, before he was fit for work. Still, he would not give in. As long as he was posted in the old spot, so long would he hold out, in the hope of seeing again the face that was so dear to him.

But Nature revenged herself; and one hot afternoon a warder, surprised at Davenant's inattention to an order, repeated it with the same result, and turned just in time to see him drop heavily to the ground. There was no mistake: he was insensible, and with hardly a sign of life, and the warders were fain to send for help to carry him back to the prison, where he was speedily again under the surgeon's care.

Amongst his fellow-prisoners he had never been popular. Naturally, he had never fraternised with them in the short weekly hour allowed for intercourse; and they, as naturally, despised him because he was not "in the swim," not free of the society, and unversed in the thieves' *argot* in which they spoke of their exploits. At first, when they knew he was "in" for a long sentence for forgery, they felt inclined to respect him. But as he held aloof, this soon wore off, and by general consent he was reckoned a muff.

Latterly, however, this opinion had somewhat changed. Their sharp eyes had seen the party watching Davenant as they passed along the ridge, and had also noted the sympathetic looks of the ladies, and Davenant's responsive glances. And then, too, he had gone into hospital, and was having a tolerably long stay there.



"'THERE WAS DOUBT IN THE CASE, CERTAINLY,' REPLIED MR. BAX" (*p.* 489).

"That there cove worn't sich a fool as he looked," said one desperado to another, in the peculiar undertone used by convicts. "He twigged them ladies beautifully. I never thought he was so fly."

"And now he's in 'orspital, too, blarm him!" growled the other: "been in a week. If you and me, Bill, was to get in, they'd have us out sharp, I know."

"I tried him once," replied the first, "to see if he'd go shares with me to break out. Them blokes' friends has mostly got brass. If I'd got a friend outside with a wig and a suit of togs, I'd soon be off. 'Tain't much to get out of this 'ere jug; it's the blarmed island what fogs me!"

"Wouldn't he jine?"

"Not he. Said he'd got no friends and no money. 'What,' I says, 'no money? and you in for forgery! Whatever was you a-thinkin' of?'"

"What did he say to that?"

"He says 'No,' says he, 'I ain't; I'm hinnercent. I didn't do the forgeries.' 'Then who did?' says I, 'if you didn't?' and I tipped him the wink. 'You didn't find the jury take that in?' says I. 'No,' says he, looking very glum. 'No more do I, mate,' says I. Then I says to him, 'Look here, mate: if you've got friends as will bring two suits of togs and a couple of tenners, we'll get out.' 'No,' says he; 'I told you before I've no money and no friends; and if I had I wouldn't ask 'em.' 'More fool you,' says I. But now, I don't think he is such a fool, after all. He knows his own lay."

So public opinion, high and low, was tolerably unanimous in the question of Davenant's guilt, though the almost solitary exception was Margaret Drayton, who had received and attentively read the files of newspapers containing the report of the trial. The doctor's idea was confirmed by the account.

"Well, are you satisfied now that your friend had a fair trial?" he asked. "Could the jury have given any other verdict upon such evidence?"

"I don't say that they could. But, for all that, I am not satisfied. There seems to be something wanting."

"There always is," returned the doctor, "when one is on the wrong side. Besides, if anything were kept back, it was the duty of those who defended him to bring it out in cross-examination."

"Then, why was it not done? The idea of sending a man to penal servitude on such evidence!"

"The jury were satisfied, anyhow. But what do you propose to do, Madge?" asked the doctor, with a little malicious accent on the "you."

"I shall write to the solicitors, to know if anything can be done for him."

In spite of the doctor's chaff, this was done, and in a few days Madge received a courteous but business-like answer, to the effect that in the firm's opinion the case was by no means free from doubt, but that in the absence of instructions from Mr. Davenant's friends they had not felt justified in moving in what would be a complicated and costly matter. If, however, Miss Drayton would like an interview, they would be happy to make an appointment, and that they were her obedient servants, Bax and Matterface.

"There are some of my opinion, after all," said Madge, when this letter was read.

"They are of your opinion if they are paid for it, is the meaning of that letter," said the doctor.

"Never mind; I will see them, as they suggest," returned Madge.

"You cannot go alone on a business of this kind," the doctor replied.

"I can take care of myself," said Madge.

"Can you, indeed, young lady? You will feel rather funny when they question you as to your relationship and motives for befriending this convict. For it will cost you something."

"What business of theirs would my motives be?" asked Madge indignantly.

"If you did not give one, one would probably be assumed."

But in spite of her bravery, she was not sorry to have Mrs. Hurst with her when she arrived at the solicitors' offices. They received her courteously, but the first question made her wince, and silently admit that the doctor was not, after all, a bad prophet—"What fresh facts had come to her knowledge on which to found any future action?"—and she had to confess that she had nothing but her firm conviction that Mr. Davenant was innocent. Both partners looked grave at this, and Mr. Bax observed that relatives and friends of prisoners of Mr. Davenant's position generally had strong convictions of that kind, but that it was of no use urging them upon the authorities, unless accompanied by evidence which would confirm them.

"I have none at present," she answered.

"Then, what do you wish us to do?"

"Have you not stated that the case was open to doubt?"

"There was doubt in the case, certainly," replied Mr. Bax; "but the question was whether the doubt was serious enough to justify the attempt to procure a pardon."

"May I ask," said the other partner, suddenly, "whether you are any relation of Mr. Davenant's?"

"None whatever," answered Mrs. Hurst, to save Madge, in whose face the colour had mounted to the temples.

"No?" said that gentleman, in a tone that seemed to imply that he could, if he would, have pushed that question further. But he contented himself with asking if anything special had induced her to take up the convict's cause. "You must pardon my asking," he said, "but the knowledge of a motive is often a great guide in cases of doubt; because you admit that you have no evidence, and you ask us to enter upon the business, having no case to go upon."

Madge's secret thought was that the doctor was a much better judge than she had given him credit for. She saw clearly that these hard-headed men of the world would not believe that pure pity was her only motive for what she was doing. But she replied, with some dignity—

"I can only say what I said at first, that I firmly believe Mr. Davenant to be innocent, and that I desire to do what I can to prove it. I thought, as his solicitors, you would be best able to help me."

"Then, I take it," said Mr. Bax, "we are to act in the matter on your instruction?"

"Exactly," said Madge. And so the hunt was started; but she left the office with that strange sense of sudden responsibility which comes when once embarked on some strange enterprise, or once committed, perhaps without sufficient thought, to a course of which we cannot see the end, or of which the clear vision comes too late. Only a week or two ago she would have laughed at the bare idea of befriending a convict; now she was actually committed

to such a thing—committed to action which she could not help seeing would be construed equivocally. But she had decided; and the remembrance of the convict's weary pleading eyes, and, above all, the vague perplexing memory of his face, supplied her at once with a motive and a justification.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

IS DEVOTED TO BUSINESS.

THERE was a good deal of shopping and other feminine business which fitted in with the two ladies' philanthropic errand, and also some other for which they were not nearly so competent, but which, by virtue of a recent Act of Parliament, they were entitled to transact without the control or guidance of any male relative.

"Want my advice as to this investment?" said a shrewd-looking man, with a circular in his hand, to these two innocent ladies. "The doctor could have told you as well as I."

"We thought the investment seemed a good one," said Mrs. Hurst apologetically.

"Did you?" answered the broker, drily. "Now that the law makes women their own masters in money matters, it seems to me they want more guidance than ever. However, let me look into it."

The ladies watched him in silence as he glanced through it. "H'm—Ha—H'm—Yes—Exactly—" came from his lips in jets as he read. "Does the doctor know of this?" he asked suddenly.

"He told me to ask you," replied Mrs. Hurst.

"He might have saved himself the trouble. He must have known as well as I do. But, there! I suppose he thought that as the law gives the reins into ladies' hands, it was as well to let them try the experiment of driving their own cart. However, as you have come for information, I must tell you that the thing is a swindle—neither more nor less."

"But," said Mrs. Hurst timidly, "it seems very straightforward. Did you notice where it speaks of the large deductions they have made before reckoning the profit?"

"If they had deducted so much that it left no profit at all, it would have been nearer the mark. But throw your money away, if you like; only, if you do, you must get someone else to act for you. Our firm would have no dealings in shares of that sort, either as buyers or sellers. It would prejudice us on the market, and give that scoundrel the very lift he wants. Our dealing in these shares would put a couple of thousand pounds in his pocket."

"It is the same name as Mr. Davenant's partner," said Madge in a low voice to Mrs. Hurst. "Can he be the same man?"

"What?" answered the broker, who overheard the words; "are you in for another of his ventures? I hope not, indeed."

"No," said Mrs. Hurst; "but there is a man of the same name about whom we want some information."

"If your man is a double-dyed scoundrel, the most likely thing in the world is that they are the same. But tell me what you wish to know; perhaps I can help you, or direct you to those who can."

"Is he the same man who in 18— was in partnership with Edward Davenant, who was convicted of forgery, and is now at Portland?"

"The very same; but——' The broker stopped short and looked hard at them. "Do you mean to say that you charge him with that crime?"

"I have very little doubt, myself," said Madge.

But here Mrs. Hurst interposed. "We have no right to say as much as that; but we strongly suspect that Mr. Davenant was not the real criminal, and we are trying to find out who is."

"And a very suitable object you have at hand, I must allow. He is scamp enough to be the man; whether he is or not is more than I can say. But go to Chatsworth and Sons; they may be able to tell you something."

"Who are they? We have already been to his solicitors."

"You have? Then I will not interfere."

"But tell us who they are," said Madge. "We are doing what we can independently of them."

"You!" said the broker, with a peculiar emphasis on the word which made the colour mount in Madge's face. "The convict must thank his stars for such a fair advocate."

"He knows nothing about it," she retorted decisively. "Tell me who those people are, and I may be able to do something."

"They are accountants, and had the firm's affairs in hand at the time of the bankruptcy."

"They are the people, of all others," said Madge excitedly. "We shall find the clue there, I know."

"Perhaps," said the broker. "I have no doubt they know more than most people about the affair. What they will tell you is another matter. What I know of him is this—that he is a promoter of companies, and he, with a confederate or two, are the only people who make any money out of them. We should never touch anything in which he was engaged."

Other clients were announced, and the broker bowed the two ladies out of the office.

"This is one step gained: and where we least expected it," said Madge.

"I am doubtful as to the wisdom of going to these people without first telling the solicitors. They may resent it and throw up the case. Legal etiquette is as precise as military routine."

"We will be careful, certainly," replied Madge, "but see those people I will."

"Don't do it in a hurry. It will never do for Bax and Matterface to throw you over. They could defeat you altogether if you offended them."

The wiser counsel prevailed; and in the course of a day or two Madge was rewarded by a note from Chatsworth and Sons, asking her to call on them. With Mrs. Hurst, she obeyed the request. She found them in a large and handsome suite of offices, far more imposing than the dusty, dingy dens in which Bax and

"'OUR MR. MATSON'" (*p.* 492).

Matterface had an equally large and influential practice.

In answer to the senior Mr. Chatsworth's question, Madge replied—

"We want to ascertain the circumstances under which Mr. Davenant's bankruptcy took place; and, in fact, all that we can learn about it."

"May I ask," replied Mr. Chatsworth, in a polite but hard tone of voice, "what is the nature of your interest in the case?"

The question brought a blush into Madge's face, but without heeding it, he went on—

"Because I am afraid, if you are relatives of the bankrupt, and have any expectation that anything was saved out of the wreck, you will be much disappointed."

Madge's blush deepened into scarlet as Mrs. Hurst replied: "It is not that—we are no relatives—but we live at Portland, where Mr. Davenant is imprisoned; and, knowing something of his case, we have a strong impression that he is innocent."

Mr. Chatsworth looked severely grave as he replied: "Of course you are in possession of some evidence on which you base that opinion?"

"On the contrary," said Madge, driven to bay, "the evidence, whatever it is, we believe is amongst your papers; and we have come to you to help us, if you will."

"If I understand you rightly," replied Mr. Chatsworth, still in the same grave tone, "you have nothing but your own opinion to justify your interference in this matter?"

"I do not admit that it is nothing," said Madge. "Our opinion, such as it is, is based upon common sense. Who was the person most likely to forge those bills—the man who knew nothing of the business, or the man who knew everything?"

"That, also, is a matter of opinion. The jury, with the evidence before them, came to the conclusion that Davenant did forge them."

Madge winced as her antagonist repeated the doctor's opinion in almost the same words. She would not give in, however, but returned to the charge. "Whatever the verdict of the jury was, there must have been some evidence kept back. Common sense pointed to the real culprit, who was not Mr. Davenant, but his partner."

"You must allow me to remind you again that yours is an opinion which is not sustained by any evidence. You inculpate another man in a manner which might have serious consequences for you; but you must be able to do more than this if you expect any attention from the authorities."

"Are not the forged bills in your possession, with other papers in the case?" said Madge. "Have you not also some writing of his partner's to compare with them?"

"Good heavens!" said he; "what are you thinking of? Do you suppose that that was overlooked at the trial? If there had been any chance of escape in that direction, Davenant's counsel would have used it. I am afraid, madam, if that is your contention, I cannot do much for you. If you had had any evidence on which to found a case, I should have been glad to help you; but theory, without an atom of evidence to support it, is altogether another thing."

Madge was staggered, but not defeated.

"If you would look through your papers," she said, "I am sure the clue would be gained. I am certain that the partner forged those bills, and that the proof is amongst your papers."

"My time is too valuable to waste on speculations," replied Mr. Chatsworth coldly; "but if our Mr. Matson, who had the conduct of Davenant's bankruptcy, can give you any help, I have no objection. I will ask him, if you wish it."

Taking up a speaking-tube on his desk, he asked that Mr. Matson might be sent in. That individual, a tall, resolute-looking young man, entered the room, with an inquiring glance at the two ladies.

"These ladies, Matson, are desirous of making some inquiries in Davenant's case, and I have told them they are welcome to such assistance as you can give them."

"Certainly; I shall be most happy," answered the young fellow, bowing to Mrs. Hurst, but looking at Madge.

"You are familiar with the matter," continued his principal, "and can give what help is required; of course retaining all papers in your own keeping."

"I shall be very pleased to give all the help in my power," replied Matson, addressing both ladies, but hardly able to keep his eyes from Madge's face. He led the way into his own room, where Mrs. Hurst briefly explained the object of their visit, and an appointment was made for an interview, previous to which he would search through the papers, and bring with him anything that appeared to bear on the matter. Then, with courteous adieux, they parted.

As they left the office, Mrs. Hurst said—

"You are very fortunate, Madge. I began to think Mr. Chatsworth would be too much for you. He certainly shows you in what light the world will look at your enterprise."

"Never mind, if I succeed. But the clerk will make amends for the master."

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

THE SPIDER'S PARLOUR.

IN a room at the back of a dingy office in Cornhill sat a man with a huge pile of letters before him, which he was rapidly opening and sorting into two smaller heaps, while others, after a hasty glance, were flung into the waste-paper basket at his side.

There was nothing, either in the outward or the inward aspect of the office, to warrant the notion that an extensive business, such as the correspondence would imply, was transacted there. But a glance at the occupant of the room showed that, if business was not there, it was not from want of brains or ability on his part. The more just conclusion would be that the nature and amount of business in this case could not be judged by appearances. No one who saw Jonas Hawkey for the first time could fail to be struck with the indications of character as revealed in the lines of his face. A somewhat Spanish type of head, high, narrow, dark-haired; olive complexion, coal-black piercing eyes, and an aquiline nose which somehow reminded one of a bird of prey. When, however, one heard him speak, the comparison seemed to vanish for that of a serpent. Until you heard him speak, you wondered how anyone could place confidence in a man possessing that rapacious nose and those cruel glittering eyes; but when you did hear him, you could well imagine how hard it would be to break through the wiles of that seductive tongue, especially if you happened to be a victim drawn by some pinching necessity to seek some post in his power to bestow, or with some cash to invest in his flattering companies.

On this occasion he was busily engaged in reading and sorting answers to a certain advertisement which had appeared in the papers for two days previously. That advertisement read thus—

"SECRETARY.—WANTED, for a Limited Liability Company, paying large dividends, a gentleman to fill the above post. Must be active and energetic, and able to invest capital in the Company. Salary, £400 per annum, together with 10 per cent. on the sum invested. Apply to Secretary, care of J. H., Elderberry Court, Cornhill."

The replies to this had been pouring in by every post since noon on the previous day, but, to judge by the heap of rejected epistles in his waste-paper basket, none were of a satisfactory nature. One, however, seemed at length to meet his approval. It ran thus—

"DEAR SIR,—I am most anxious to put my son, who is a most excellent and well-disposed young man, into a gentlemanly position in the City, and your Company seems, from the description, to be just the very occupation for him. What is the lowest sum that would be accepted by the Directors for the appointment of Secretary? An early answer will oblige

"Yours truly,

"MARTHA BAGGS."

"You will do," he muttered to himself; and, selecting paper headed with the Company's name, he wrote a brief note, informing Mrs. Baggs that her letter would be laid at once before the directors, and a reply forwarded, with their decision.

Just now he was at a pinch in his affairs. One of his Companies had run dry in its funds rather earlier than he expected; its secretary, who was a man of his own stamp, foreseeing a speedy smash, and knowing also into whose hands most of the wreckage would float, anticipated him by absconding, with all the cash he could lay his hands on. As this had happened just as a call on the shares was being paid (which, indeed, was the exciting cause), there was naturally great exasperation. This, however, would

not have troubled Hawkey much; but the proceeds of the call, which would have kept him in funds for a considerable time, being not in evidence, he was in great want of money, and much hampered in launching a new scheme; for it was a maxim with him always to have a Company on the stocks, and often more than one; so that there was an immediate and pressing necessity to replenish his means.

But his luck this day was not yet exhausted. The clerk announced a visitor on business. He was a gentlemanly man, of about five-and-forty, whose features indicated high principles combined with nervous indecision. He came in, hat in hand, bowing timidly as Hawkey pompously motioned him to a chair, and condescendingly inquired the nature of his business. He answered that he wished for further particulars as to the secretaryship just advertised. "What was the nature of the business which the Company was doing, and what would be the duties of the secretary?"

Instead of replying, Hawkey asked what his previous experience had been, whether he could influence capital, and what amount he could invest himself. To these queries he replied that he had friends who would invest if they were satisfied that the Company was a sound one, but that he had not thought of investing any himself.

"Indeed," said Hawkey, with a sneer. "I don't know that you would have much chance with the directors. I may tell you that they have already applications from several gentlemen who are prepared to invest in the Company, one to the extent of a thousand pounds."

Watching for a moment or so, to see if this shot had told, Hawkey continued, looking at his victim with a benevolent smile, his head inclined a little over one shoulder, and the joined tips of his fingers delicately pointed toward his visitor—

"You could hardly expect your application to have much chance against those; now, would you?'

With a lamb-like expression of face, the victim admitted that fact.

"With your knowledge of City life," continued Hawkey, still with the same benevolent smile, "you must know that these appointments, like everything else, are looked upon as matters of business, and dealt with accordingly. It is nothing but right that those who aspire to fill these influential and lucrative positions should take their share of the responsibility and expense attending the formation of these Companies, and prove the genuineness of their interest by the extent of their investments."

Hawkey sat opposite his victim, keenly watching the effect of his words. Would the fish bite? Mortification and irresolution were marked on the visitor's face. He rose to go, but turned on his heel as he did so, saying, "I am afraid I cannot——" Then he paused again. "What is the lowest amount the directors would be likely to accept?"

"It would depend on the influence a man could bring to bear on the matter. One man with five hundred might be worth more than another with a thousand— if he had more means of influencing outside capital."

"Could you not give some idea of what would be needed?"

"I could not say off-hand, of course. It rests with the directors; but any offer you made should be submitted to them."

"Would four hundred be accepted?" dubiously asked the victim.

"I can hardly say; it is very small. As I said just now, it rests with the directors. I can say this," he added, in a tone of encouragement: "I will take care that your application is put before them. After all, it is a matter of business: the more you can give for a thing, the better article you can get for your money."

The victim paused irresolutely.

"Do you think five hundred would do?" he asked.

"Five hundred sounds better than four hundred. I think the directors would be more influenced by it."

"I think I might manage that," said the victim, still irresolute.

"Suppose you fill up the application, and say five hundred," rejoined Hawkey, in a cheerful tone. "No harm would be done, even if nothing came of it. And if it is accepted, you will have your four hundred a year and ten per cent. on your investment, besides a first-class position in the City. Why, your patronage alone will be worth another hundred and fifty a year to you."

"You don't say so?" said the victim, illogically. "I had no idea of that. It is worth thinking of, certainly."

"Well managed, the position ought to be a good six hundred a year for you, at the lowest figure," returned Hawkey.

"Would the directors wait till I could sell out, do you think?" asked the victim, now as nervously eager as before he was shy.

"As I said at first," replied Hawkey, "we have one applicant for the post who has offered to invest a thousand pounds. But, between ourselves, his business abilities are not of the best, and I think in all probability the directors would prefer your knowledge of the world to his inexperience; though he has the advantage of you in point of means."

"Well, I will sign the application," said the other, tickled, instead of warned, by this delicate flattery.

Hawkey produced the printed form of application; and the victim was trapped, wincing, however, as he found the application was a double-barrelled one; being not only a proposal for the vacant post, but a contract to take up shares, which binds very tight indeed when duly impressed with a stamp at Somerset House.

"A mere formality," said Hawkey. "One would be useless without the other. The directors would not look at one minus the other."

END OF CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

Words by ROBERT BURNS. *Music by* R. ERNEST BRYSON.

Andante con moto.

PIANO.

Ped. * Ped. *

f

Sing on, sweet thrush, up-on the leaf - less bough;

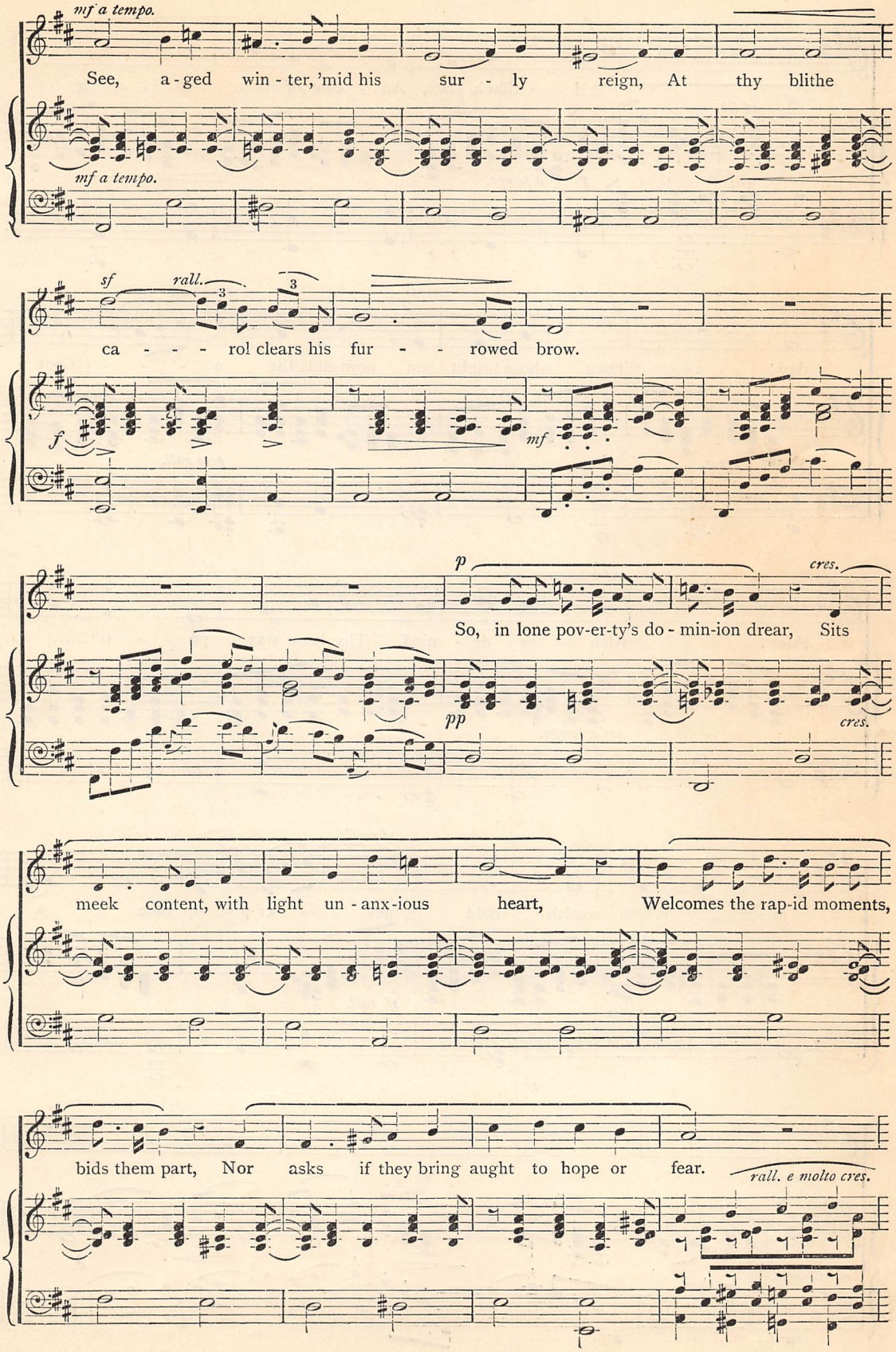
mf

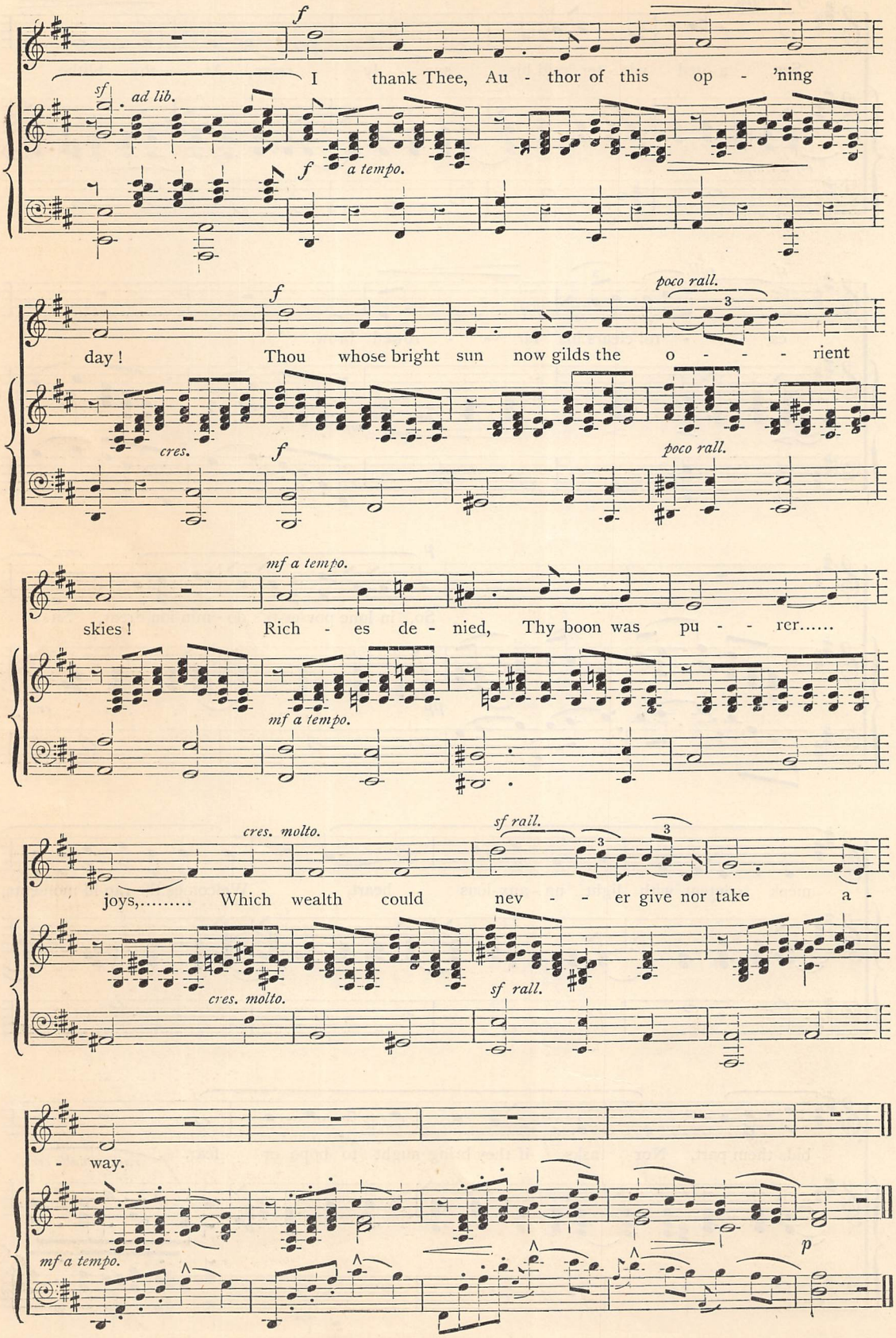
f

poco rall. 3

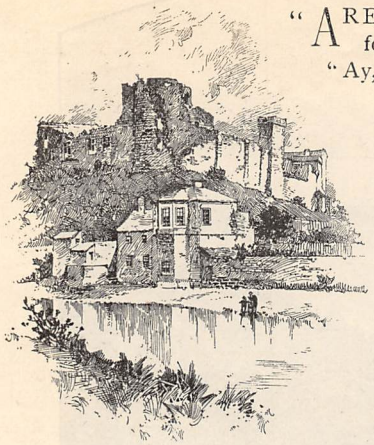
Sing on, sing on, sweet bird, I list - en to thy strain:

poco rall.


mf a tempo.
See, a - ged win - ter, 'mid his sur - ly reign, At thy blithe
mf a tempo.
sf
rall.
3
3
ca - - - rol clears his fur - - rowed brow.
f
mf
p
cres.
So, in lone pov-er-ty's do - min-ion drear, Sits
pp
cres.
meek content, with light un - anx-ious heart, Welcomes the rap-id moments,
bids them part, Nor asks if they bring aught to hope or fear.
rall. e molto cres.


f
I thank Thee, Au - thor of this op - 'ning
sf
ad lib.
f
a tempo.
f
poco rall.
3
day! Thou whose bright sun now gilds the o - - - - rient
cres.
f
poco rall.
mf a tempo.
skies! Rich - es de - nied, Thy boon was pu - - rer.....
mf a tempo.
cres. molto.
sf rall.
3
3
joys,..... Which wealth could nev - - er give nor take a -
cres. molto.
sf rall.
- way.
mf a tempo.
p

A LAKELAND VOYAGE.



COCKERMOUTH CASTLE.
(From a photograph by Messrs. Poulton & Son, Lee.)

"ARE you ready for'rard?"

"Ay, ay!"

"Give way, then."

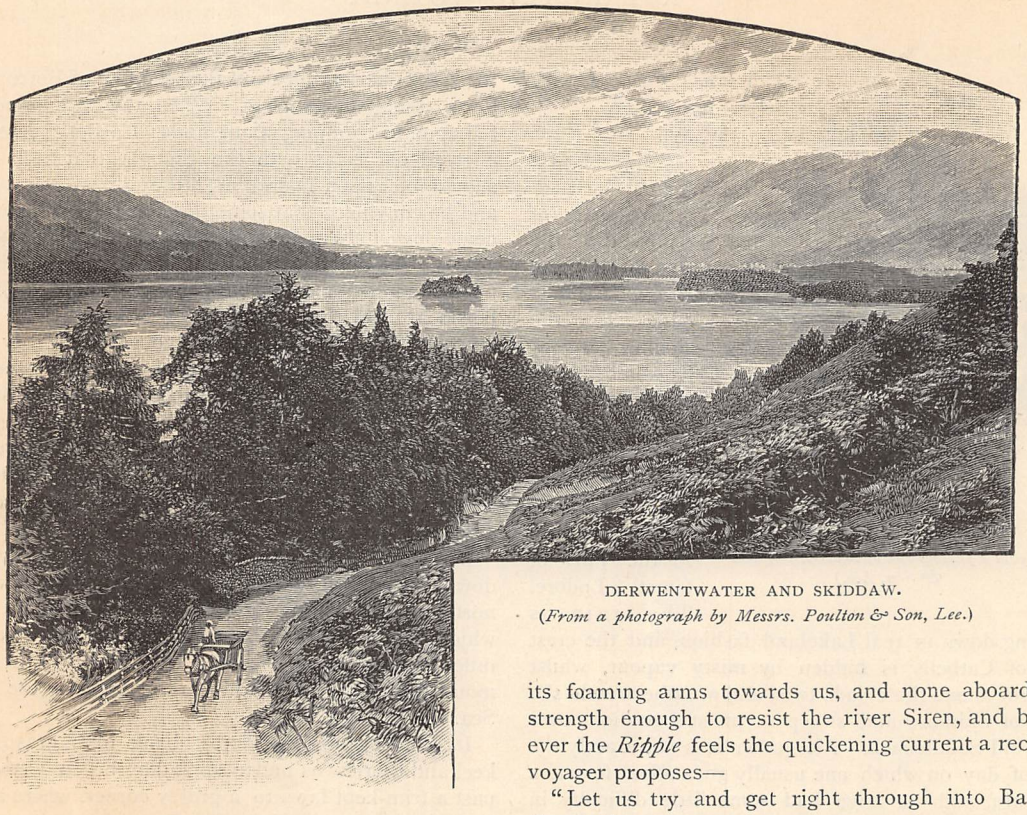
Two pairs of sculls dip the water, and the *Ripple* shoots out into the shallow streamlet which, after a merry race down Borrowdale, rolls lazily into that gem of English lakes, Derwentwater, close to the falls of famed Lodore. The rain is coming down in real Lakeland fashion, and the crest line of Catbells is hidden by misty vapour, whilst straight ahead the clouds twist and wreathe around the front of Skiddaw and sweep in moist battalions over grim old Saddleback. Altogether it is not exactly the sort of day on which one usually goes afloat for mere pleasure, and we have had some little difficulty in making the boat-keeper understand we really wished to charter one of his fleet.

We were a jovial party (eight all told—"walking" the Lake district) imprisoned, at the foot of Borrowdale by a resolute downpour. When the first raindrops fell upon us tramping along under Castlerigg, we had cheered our souls with the thought that at last we should look upon Lodore in all the glories of a cataract, and be convinced that sometimes at least "the waters come down" there in a manner worthy of Southey's verses; but when next morning showed the clouds low upon the mountains and the rain descending still, we began to feel the monotony of it, and by the time luncheon was over were ready to entertain any idea that promised variety. A line of rain-filled wherries drawn up on the shore opposite the hotel suggested a pull upon the lake to a brace of aquatic minds and so we had baled and launched the *Ripple*, and put off with two fayre passengers aboard who chose rather to brave the elements than to endure the *ennui* of an afternoon indoors.

So here we be after an hour's leisurely voyaging down the rain-pitted bosom of Derwentwater at its northern end, drifting into the mouth of the little river which runs out to join Bassenthwaite Lake some four miles off, and thence escaping to flow on past Cockermouth's ancient castle to Workington and the Irish Sea.

Its current, swollen almost bank high, grasps our keel and carries us under spreading beech trees and past a trim-kept lawn to a grassy corner, where at the foot of a long water-slide the Greta pours its yellow torrent into the ocean-bound Derwent. The sight of those tossing, foaming rapids rouses at once the

BORROWDALE, FROM HONISTER PASS.
(From a photograph by Messrs. Poulton & Son, Lee.)



DERWENTWATER AND SKIDDAW.
(From a photograph by Messrs. Poulton & Son, Lee.)

canoeing instinct in the breasts of both our crew. What a splendid chance! But the passengers! The risk of capsizing the light craft, or at any rate half-filling her, our experience tells us is great, and for a moment we resist the longing nobly, and hold up against the stream, till the tempter suddenly gets the upper hand, and Stroke cries hastily—

"Shall we shoot these rapids?"

Two pairs of bright eyes in the stern-sheets flash a gleeful assent. Bow is all too willing, and with a couple of short strokes gets the *Ripple* headed straight for the rush.

"Sit steady and keep cool."

With a lurch and one long roll the boat buries her nose into the swirling whirl, then lifting herself bravely, dashes down the madly tearing stream which leaps at her and flings spitefully its wavelets inboard. The banks slide past at railway speed, and even the racing river cannot keep pace with us as we dash onward, and with a last leap shoot out into the smoother reach below the rapid. Now comes the tug of war, for the *Ripple* must be got up stream again; but how to do it with no tow-line aboard is a puzzling problem which we discuss until a bend shows us Portinscale Bridge spanning our watery way, and the passengers beg us to "just row through it" before we turn; and so perforce we dive under its one arch and emerge into the soaking rain again. And here the die is cast, for just below another long dancing rapid stretches seductively its foaming arms towards us, and none aboard has strength enough to resist the river Siren, and before ever the *Ripple* feels the quickening current a reckless voyager proposes—

"Let us try and get right through into Bassenthwaite."

The other three receive the proposal with enthusiasm, and so, throwing prudence to the winds, we resolve to try to make the passage. Onward we sweep past sedges which are trailing their lithe lengths in the flood and willows, whose branches whip and thrash the swirling water; plenty of "fresh" below, and a clear course ahead, makes our task an easy one, our only care being to keep in mid-stream and not drive under the bending trees. But a mile below the bridge the river has lost its guileless look, and begins to lash and foam round sharp corners and dash amongst half-hidden boulders, and thrice in as many minutes do we run stem on into the banks, spun round on treacherous back-washes.

"Easy, Bow: we had better let her drive down stern first."

That stalwart oarsman rather inclines to mutiny at such a precaution, but Stroke is firm, for snags and rocks are becoming too plentiful to be trifled with, and he has no mind to upset in mid-stream, or see our frail craft rip a plank from end to end. So round the boat is swung, the passengers are moved amidships, and the crew stand up, one forward and one aft, dipping each a scull paddlewise when the course is clear, and plunging it butt first to fend off from the foam-marked boulders. And well is it we are voyaging thus, for as we shoot a sharp bend, two rocks rise suddenly before us, half blocking the channel and leaving only a narrow passage between them down which the river leaps

with a tearing hiss. It is too late to check our way; there is nothing for it but one bold dash for the very middle, and if we miss it, good-bye to reaching Bassenthwaite; the upturned *Ripple* may, but her shipwrecked crew assuredly will not.

"Look out to starboard, there," cries Stroke, as he lunges at the left-hand boulder with his scull, and with one fateful thrust lifts the boat's stern into the narrow gap, and even as he shouts she swings athwart the rushing current. But Bow has not canoed the rapid Wharfe and rock-strewn Nidd for nothing, and before the stem catches the crag his scull is planted, and all his weight is thrown to hold the *Ripple* up. But the weight of the water behind is too great, the scull bends like a whip and snaps off short, and only the promptness with which he plunges his arms shoulder-deep into the flood and by main force shoves the stern out from the rock saves us from a capsize. This is the last effort of the Derwent to stop us, though, and a few more twists and one long curve carry us triumphantly out into Bassenthwaite.

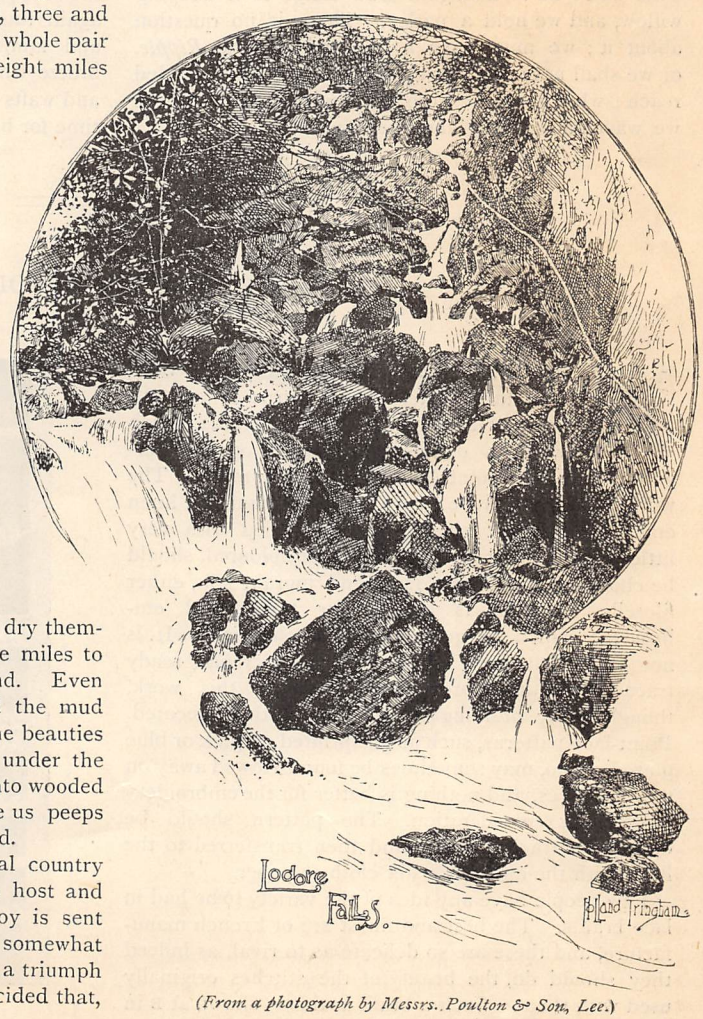
We have certainly done the deed, and feel proud enough of it; but what now? The outlook is not a very cheery one. A strong headwind is blowing down the lake: the only inn is at the further end, three and a half good miles away: we have only one whole pair of sculls: it is already 6 p.m.: Lodore is eight miles behind us, and if we do not turn up before dark, there will be anxiety and unrest there: we are all four drenched, and still the rain comes down.

A council of war is held, and we decide to land and make for a farmhouse whose chimneys show above a belt of trees three fields from the lake; so driving the *Ripple* ashore on a pebbly beach, we trudge through the meadow grass, and invade the rickyard. A buxom woman opens the door, and in a few moments we are steaming before her kitchen fire and she is bustling about to brew some tea for the chilled quartet. Her husband is away at Keswick, with their only horse, so she cannot get us to Lodore, and she knows no nearer place where we can get a steed than "T'Pheasant." Thither, then, we men set out, leaving our fellow-voyagers to dry themselves before the blaze, whilst we plash three miles to get some conveyance, if the Fates be kind. Even with the rain stealing down our necks and the mud thick beneath our feet, we can yet admire the beauties of this road which skirts the lake, winding under the shelter of Barf Fell and Lords Seat, diving into wooded hollows, and climbing little hills which give us peeps of the forefront of Skiddaw still cloud-capped.

Ah! here is "The Pheasant," a very ideal country inn with roses trailing up its walls, whose host and hostess lend a ready hand to help us. A boy is sent to "fetch up Bess," and by the time that somewhat leggy animal is put into a dogcart, which is a triumph of local skill and workmanship, we have decided that, having seen our fellow-voyagers safely off Lodorewards, in charge of the said boy who we are assured is a careful and competent driver, we will relaunch the *Ripple*, voyage hither, and take quarters for the night; then next morning we will rise betimes and force a passage up the river back to Derwentwater. Mine host furnishes us with a pair of sculls, and his wife insists upon our taking two of her best cloaks for the comfort of the fayre passengers, and so we drive off in state, and half an hour later are launching our ship, having seen the trusty Jehu start with his convoy, who are charged to tell all whom it may concern that we "shall be back in time for breakfast."

With full complement of sculls and no weight aboard, we make the *Ripple* walk in spite of the stiff breeze ahead, and as the light is dying out of the cloud-dulled heavens we moor her in a tiny landlocked creek, and crossing through a strip of plantation, reach the inn.

Bless us, what is that row? Only mine host hammering at the door and calling out that coffee is ready; and lo! when we stumble into the parlour there is a



(From a photograph by Messrs. Poulton & Son, Lee.)

dish of trout fried by himself, and as dainty a breakfast laid as ever you saw, albeit that the old grandfather clock in the corner by the chimney wants a few minutes to a quarter after four.

The breeze is still fresh from the nor'rard, dead aft; so rigging up a macintosh upon a scull and boathook, we run gaily before it, chasing and chased by the tiny waves which flash and glitter in the morning sun. Here is the mouth of the Derwent, so down sail and out sculls, for it will be a stiff pull against the stream which it is rolling down, and we shall have to put our backs into it to make way at all.

"Easy all; we are not rowing a race."

Bow throws his sculls inboard and catches a pollard and holds manfully on to it whilst the water tears and races past.

"Get ready. Let go!" Again we buckle-to, and pull amain. But the stream is beginning now to twist and turn, and with no steersman we are into bushes and both banks every few strokes, so the rudder is shipped, and a hand goes to the helm. But, alas! one oarsman can make no headway against the "fresh," pull as he may; we have lost twenty yards. This won't do! So again Bow clings to a weeping willow, and we hold a parley. There is no question about it; we must have a line and tow the *Ripple*, or we shall never get her up that long boulder-studded reach; what geese we were not to think of it before we waved adieu to "The Pheasant!"

A little further and Stroke is just going to spring from the gunwale on to the bank when he catches sight of a stolid-looking youth gazing at us from the further shore, so promptly puts into practice his pet principle of "never take any bother if you can get someone else to." Yes, Bucolicus will get a cartrope from his father's farm; which he hands over to us in all its frayedness, a good three-quarters of an hour later. However, its strands are strong, so Bow and our new friend get it over their shoulders, Stroke shoves off into mid-stream, and the voyage is resumed.

Oh, the pleasures of towing from banks where no towpath is, but trees and bushes every yard or two necessitate a sort of skipping-rope performance, and intersecting hedges and ditches add to the slowness of progression. Nor is it only the men at the rope who have gymnastic feats to perform, for the helmsman jumps continuously forward to fend off the *Ripple's* stem from rough rocks ahead, and as quickly aft again to seize the yoke and put over the rudder before she can dart into the bank. However, we stick to it, and somehow get along, up rapid after rapid, wading, poling, hauling, shoving as the sun swings through the sky, past high noon, and at last we float out once again into Derwentwater, muddy, tired, wet, thirsty, and famished, yet triumphant. The same kindly breeze which blew us down Bassenthwaite still holds, and wafts us back to Lodore, where we arrive, not in time for breakfast, but for afternoon-tea.

LACE BRAID EMBROIDERY.

A PRETTY style of embroidery has been introduced lately which turns to account some of the best of the lace braids, which were in danger of being altogether forgotten now that point lace is no longer made. The work has a rich appearance not often found in linen embroideries, and may be greatly varied with very little trouble. Linen, either white or coloured, should be chosen for a background, and ingrain silk, either filoselle or twist, is needed for the actual embroidery, which is quite simple in character. It is not often that linen articles are to be found ready traced with an appropriate pattern for this work, though many braiding designs can be thus executed. Point-lace patterns, such as are printed on pink or blue glazed calico, may sometimes be found stowed away on upper shelves, and nothing is better for the embroidery now under consideration. The pattern should be copied on tracing paper, and then transferred to the linen with the aid of transfer cloth or paper.

Few people have any idea of the variety to be had in lace braids. The best and finest are of French manufacture, and these are so delicate as to rival, as indeed they should do, the beauty of the stitches originally used with them. Such a braid as this is shown at B in

FIG. 1.—SOME OF THE BRAIDS.

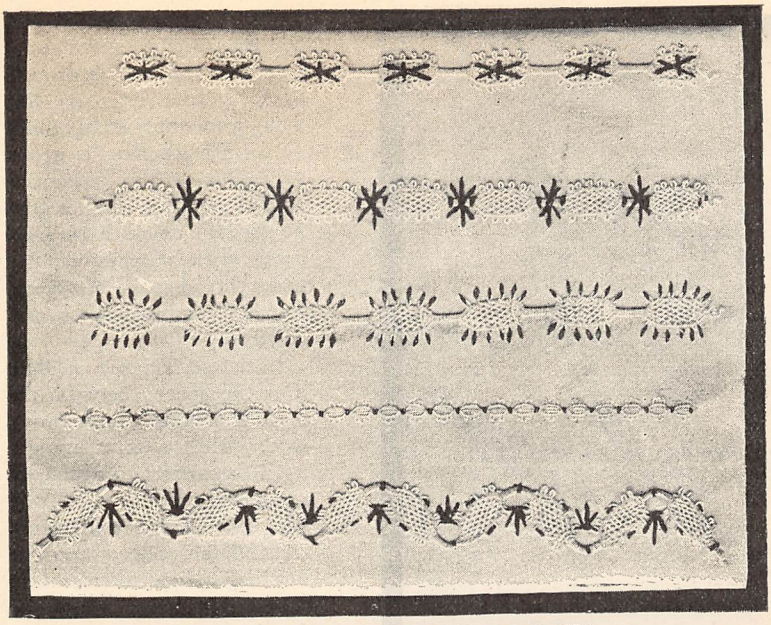


FIG. 2.—A FEW WAYS OF USING THE BRAIDS.

Fig. 1, and a much coarser make of the same type of braid will be found at A. Both are useful in their way, but they should not be used on the same piece of work, as the coarse one will spoil the effect of the finer make and this will cause the thicker braid to appear clumsy. The braid given at C is quite different from the first two, and indeed it resembles that type of braid known technically as "galon," which is largely used in combination with crochet. It is employed principally for large, bold patterns in which there is a large proportion of straight lines, as, being rather thick, it does not lend itself well to the tracing out of curves. In sewing it down, the stitches should be taken through the holes at the edges, and may be so disposed as to form arrow-heads, crosses, or stars. A great deal depends upon the way in which such a galon as this is caught down to the linen, or nothing better than an effect of commonplace braiding will be obtained.

A far lighter make of braid is that in D, but, being rather broad, it is rarely used except for the straight boundary lines that are often run round the edges of a fully worked border, or down the sides of a linen slip of which the principal decoration is placed at the ends. Besides the stars, arrow-heads, or any other ornamental stitch that is used entirely at the edges of this braid, a line of darning in coloured silk should be carried down the middle. Sometimes small stars or rosettes can be worked at intervals along the braid, or, if something still more elaborate be needed, it is a good plan to decorate it with raised rings of buttonhole stitch. These are extremely effective, and by no means difficult to manage. The cotton or silk is twisted round a pencil, or a slender stick of some kind, until the ring is of the desired thickness. It is then slipped off the stick and covered flatly and evenly with buttonholing, when it is ready to be caught down to the braid from the wrong side. Such rings may be made either with white or coloured threads.

The braid shown at E is very valuable in this kind of embroidery, the double picot edge rendering it rich-looking when caught down with coloured silks. Further details of the method of employing it will be given later on. The braid F is that known in France as cotton "soutache." It is very narrow and fine, and quite soft. The best makes are, it is perhaps needless to say, only to be had at the first-class shops; but as they cost but a few pence a yard, few workers are likely to find fault with them on account of expense. Uncommon and durable embroidery is now often

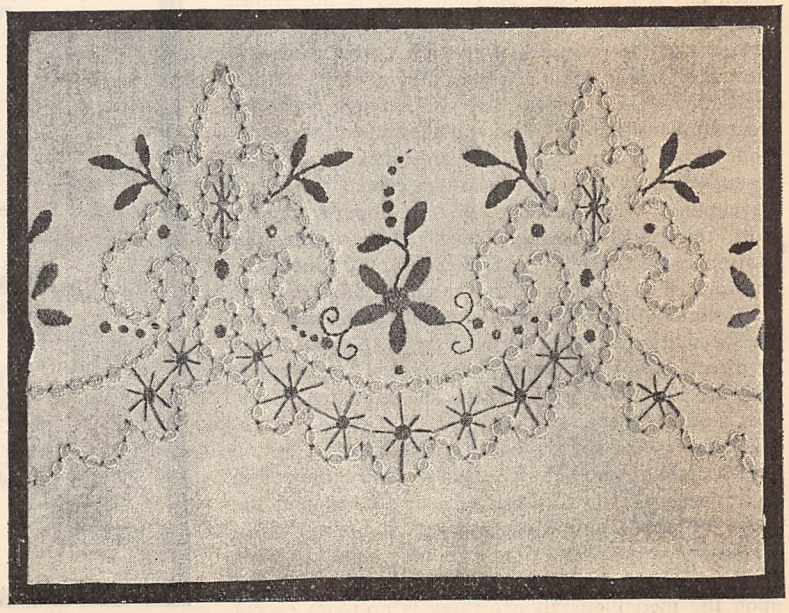


FIG. 3.—BORDER IN LACE BRAID EMBROIDERY.

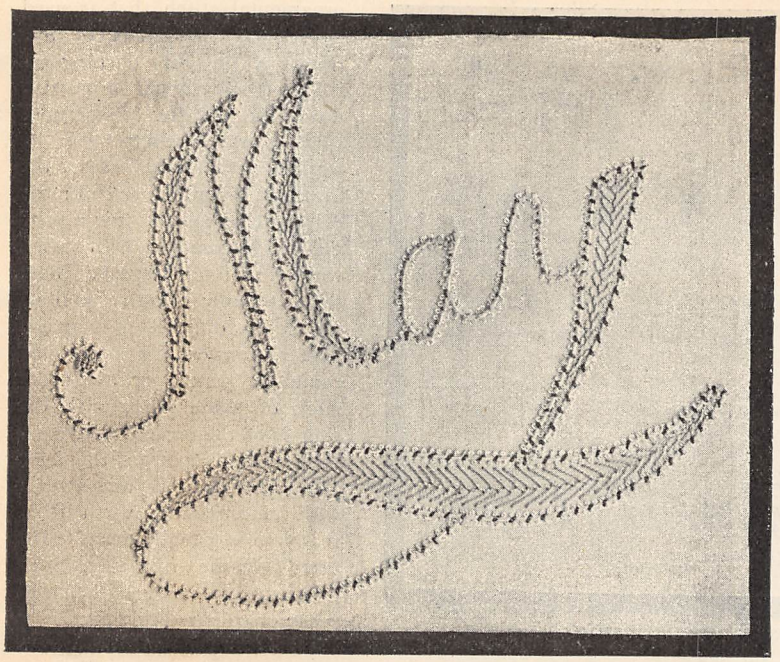


FIG. 4.—NAME OUTLINED WITH LACE BRAID.

executed with coloured varieties of this braid, and, as will be seen hereafter, they lend themselves to several different kinds of work.

The last braid illustrated (G) is the ordinary purl edging familiar to all lace workers. Having the picots along only one side, it is used in embroidery principally as an edging, and is often carried round the outside lines of scallops or vandykes, which are themselves outlined with a straight-edged braid. The ordinary lace braid, which has a plain edge on each side, is not shown here, because it is less uncommon, but it can be used for most of the purposes for which those illustrated are suited. The price of these braids varies slightly according to their quality, but the average cost of a piece containing three dozen yards is one-and-sixpence. That shown in A and B is the dearest make of all, three dozen yards of the best quality costing two-and-elevenpence. The soutache in F is about a penny a yard, the coloured makes being rather dearer. La Maison Helbronner, in Oxford Street, introduced the embroidery originally, and all the materials are to be had there. The coloured soutache may be had from the Decorative Needlework Society, 17, Sloane Street, or direct from the Comptoir Alsacien, 15, Rue de l'Opéra, Paris. A single skein will come by sample post quite inexpensively.

A few ways of sewing down the braids are given in Fig. 2; the method chosen must of course depend in great measure upon the style of the pattern and the space at the disposal of the worker. The "anti-macassar" braid, as it is sometimes called, lends itself particularly well to the use of embroidery stitches upon the medallions, though there is no room except for the simplest. In the top line of braid three stitches —two slanting ones crossed by an upright stitch — are placed in the middle of each oval. If the braid is laid along a tolerably straight line, no further stitching is necessary; but if the pattern is curved the braid will not keep in position unless it be sewn down with stitches of fine white thread made before the coloured embroidery is executed.

In the second row of braid it is the spaces between the medallions that are embroidered. Here a short upright stitch is carried over the cord close to the end of each oval. The space between these upright stitches is decorated with one long upright stitch crossed by two slanting ones, thus forming another sort of star and a particularly effective pattern.

The third style of securing the braid is to be recommended for articles that are likely to have rather hard wear and to be often in the wash-tub. A straight—or nearly straight—stitch is to be taken here through each of the picots at the edge of the braid, the length

FIG. 5.—EMBROIDERY WITH COLOURED LACE BRAID.

of the stitches varying according to the space at command. Also, if variety is desired, they may be made longer and sloped so that they suggest the beards of an ear of barley. This resemblance may be increased when occasion offers by using one medallion only of the braid for each ear, and working a stalk and the beards upon it. This use of the braid opens too wide a range to enable me to follow it up just now. Suffice it to say that in Germany net curtains are often ornamented with sprays of flowers and leaves made of lace braids, and arranged to set in high relief, very much in the style of the raised *appliqué* executed many years ago.

FIG. 6.—MUSLIN CLOTH FOR SMALL TEA-TRAY.

The fine braid shown at B in Fig. 1 does not admit of so much embroidery as does the coarser kind. It is often used as in the fourth line in Fig. 2, the securing stitches being carried over the tiny space of cord left between each oval. This is generally sufficient; but occasionally a wee stitch is taken through each of the edge picots, in the manner shown in the preceding row. Also these tiny ovals lend themselves especially well to the working of a wee cross-stitch in the middle.

The last row shows how the braid may be curved into vandykes, thus forming a very rich decoration along the sides of a tea-cloth. Any worker with a tolerably correct eye should be able to manage this without a traced outline. The securing stitches are placed across the cord at the tip of each vandyke, and a straight stitch is taken through the second and third picots of each medallion. An arrow-head arrangement of three stitches, with a straight one at the base of it, is then worked between every pair of ovals. This is a little pattern that would lend itself well to the use of silk of several colours, the arrow-heads being of a different tint from the rest of the stitches.

In Fig. 3 will be found a very good example of a border worked in lace braid embroidery upon ordinary white linen. The design was adapted from an old-fashioned point-lace pattern, and is particularly well suited for this purpose, as there are sundry small flowers and leaves here and there which take off from the formality of the rest of the work. It will be seen that all the principal lines are followed with the braid shown at B in Fig. 1. This is caught down with overcast stitches between each medallion of pale blue filoselle, three strands having been employed. The

effect of lace wheels within the scallops is gained by working a satin-stitch dot, from which radiate the eight stitches serving as the spokes. Various little dots and finely-worked scrolls render this pattern a cross between embroidery and lace. The work is by no means to be despised when it is carried out with white flax threads alone. If carefully done, it has almost exactly the effect of a rich piece of lace *appliqué* to the foundation material.

The example given in Fig. 4 should be acceptable to all who scarcely like to own it, but who are really not very skilful with their needles where elaborate embroideries are concerned. As may be judged by the illustration, an excellent effect may be gained very easily. It is much the custom just now to embroider huge monograms, or initials, or even the name itself upon such things as tea-cloths, sham sheets, bed-spreads, perambulator covers, and the like. When these are done in satin-stitch, considerable labour and much time are involved; but few people could feel anything but satisfied with the result obtained by lace braid. The braid shown in E (Fig. 1) is the most suitable for this purpose, owing to its lace edge. All that is required is to outline the letters with this, sewing down the braid with stitches of coloured silk taken over the cord between the picots. In the case of large letters these stitches need be placed only between every two picots, but if they are very small it is advisable to work them between every little loop. This is quite easy to do, and will be found no trial to the eyesight. Coloured silk should be used, but it should be genuinely ingrain, or the dye will run into the braid the first time it is washed or cleaned.

Wherever the pattern widens out at all, as in the tail of the Y and the upstrokes of the M in the illustration, the spaces enclosed by the braid should be filled in with some fancy stitch, such as fish-bone, coral or feather-stitch worked with silk. In the same way, wherever any part of the letter becomes converted into a circle, as at the beginning of the word figured here, the ring should be closely filled in with French knots also made with coloured silk. By adding other ornamental stitches the name may be made very rich and effective, but the embroidery may possibly lose its attractions for the ordinary worker if too elaborate. Now that gold thread will bear washing and is fine enough to pass through the eye of a large needle, it can be used upon linen materials, and is charming when placed with these lace braids. It can be employed to form stars and other stitches, such as are shown in Fig. 1, or it can be used to fill up scrolls and thick strokes of letters, exactly in the same way as are the silk stitches in Fig. 4.

The method of using the coloured lace braids is shown in Fig 5. Here there is a dainty little spray, quite different in style from any of the other specimens. The braid is so fine that it will pass readily through the eye of a crewel needle. Large stitches are then made with the soutache wherever the design requires them. For instance, even the longest strokes of the leaves in Fig. 5 are made with only one stitch. Care is necessary, however, to keep the braid quite flat upon the surface of the material, and each stitch is held in place with one of coloured cotton carried down the middle of the braid for about half its length. The little flowers and all the single leaves, as well as the more complicated leaves in the illustration, are worked thus, the stems and stamens being put in in the ordinary way with small crewel stitches. The general idea of this work was no doubt borrowed from the China ribbon embroidery fashionable nearly a hundred years ago. As linen can now be had in so many artistic and beautiful shades of colour, it is open to the average worker to make all kinds of tasteful sachets, towels, for covering those in actual use, and toilet cloths, to say nothing of bedspreads, for which this soutache embroidery is very well adapted. It is used also not infrequently for marking pocket-handkerchiefs and larger articles, the braid being employed much in the same way as that in the name illustrated. On handkerchiefs the ornamental stitches used with the braid, which must itself be the finest make obtainable, must be of the most delicate description, and white is preferable to colours.

The last of my examples (Fig. 6) is a cloth for a small tea-tray made of a good quality of white book-muslin. About two inches from each edge are run five rows of soutache, a space equal to the width of the braid being left between each line. At the corners, where the five rows meet, they are carefully darned over and under each other, thus forming a network of tiny squares. Small French knots, worked with lace thread, are placed in these squares, and they are sprinkled also at equal distances along the muslin between the rows of braid. Beyond the braiding at the edge of the muslin will be found on each side one oblong space and two square spaces, the latter being at the corners. These have to be filled in with simple star, or floral, designs worked quite easily with white lace thread. The stitches used in the original were principally buttonhole and chain-stitch: French knots, as usual, formed the centres of the formal flowers. The design, it must be remembered, cannot be traced on this muslin, which soils very readily. It must therefore be drawn with pen and ink upon a scrap of glazed calico and tacked at the back of the muslin. Of course the embroidery stitches must on no account be taken through the calico. After the work is finished, the muslin should be edged with fine lace, and the effect will be greatly improved if it be lined with soft silk of some pretty colour. The making of such dainty mats and doyleys is very pleasant work, and that it is by no means trying or even expensive is proved by the fact that those from which the idea of the one illustrated was borrowed were executed by an old lady of over eighty years of age, and who was at that time a member of a well-known work society, through which she added slightly to her scanty income.

ELLEN T. MASTERS.

A RULER OF PRINCES.

WHEN Robert Franklyn received his appointment as Resident in Jalpoor, the younger and rasher half of his acquaintance thought him a very lucky fellow.

The more prudent and experienced men in the service, however, looked upon his promotion as a doubtful advantage.

Jalpoor, they said, was one of those places where a man might do splendid work, yet never be known except to two or three officials, who would keep their knowledge to themselves ; and, on the other hand, the State was placed in one of those ticklish positions where an error of judgment on the part of the Resident might produce a catastrophe which would trouble the Empire.

But when Franklyn, on the strength of his appointment, married pretty Miss Garway, the most charming of General Garway's charming daughters, it was the old fellows who congratulated him on his luck in having such a sweet little wife to pet and make much of.

The younger men, while doing full justice to Miss Garway's charms, and admitting that you could not have a jollier girl for a party or a picnic, wondered a little to each other that a clever fellow like Franklyn should care to tie himself for life to a mere doll.

Franklyn took the happy view of both his new conditions. He was a happy-tempered man ; and when he and his young wife set out for Jalpoor, he had no more pressing anxieties than a fear lest the climate might disagree with Eva's health, or that she might be disappointed at there being no European eyes to appreciate the tasteful and voluminous trousseau, which required a bullock-cart to itself on their journey.

The event justified his confidence. Mrs. Franklyn was honestly in love with her husband, and was happy in displaying her pretty gowns solely for his admiration. Her only grievance in life was that her husband declared she looked charming in everything she put on, and could not be educated into appreciating the superiority of "best" over "second best."

But before Eva had had time to tire of the task of teaching him, her interest in her gowns faded in the greater interest of certain smaller garments ; and if Franklyn had thought his young wife perfection as a bride, as the mother of his child she was simply adorable.

"HE TOOK REFUGE IN A DISTANT AND STATELY SALAAM" (*p.* 506).

He seemed likely to be as happy in his work as in his home.

The Rajah of Jalpoor, who had proved a stumbling-block to many of Franklyn's predecessors, died within a few months of the new Resident's appointment.

Then came one of those ticklish moments which the elders of the service had forecast. The new Rajah was a minor; and the old Ranee, the late Rajah's mother, was intriguing on behalf of a worthless and incapable son of her own, while the two neighbouring chiefs of Mandwar and Kalora were eagerly watching for any signs of weakness in Jalpoor, which they perchance might turn to their own profit.

Franklyn managed affairs at this crisis with judgment and foresight.

He threw the whole of his influence on the side of the young chief, who was also supported by the Minister of the late Rajah, a man called Chunder Mul. He was one of those able and patriotic men who are sometimes to be found in the native Indian States, and a real friendship sprang up between the Englishman and the native gentleman, in spite of the social gulf which yawned between them.

Franklyn was aware that Chunder Mul never left his presence, after shaking hands with him, without going instantly to wash away the pollution which the touch of the unclean Englishman had occasioned; while, as for Eva, he could not bring himself to touch her at all, and, on the rare occasions when they met, he took refuge in a distant and stately salaam. Eva thought it was from a sense of his inferiority to an Englishwoman—and Franklyn let her think so.

Yet, in spite of all, the manhood of the two men triumphed over the deep separation of race and training, and each knew the other to be a brave and upright gentleman.

Franklyn forgave Chunder Mul his fanaticism, and Chunder Mul almost forgave him his uncleanness.

For three years they worked heartily together; the State of Jalpoor prospered greatly, and the two dependent territories of Mandwar and Kalora—over which Franklyn had to exercise such supervision as he could—were kept sullenly quiet.

Meanwhile Mán Déo, the young Rajah, was nearing his majority. His education had been the object of anxious solicitude to his two mentors, and, so far, their efforts had been crowned with success.

They had managed to save the boy from the corruption which too often ruins an Indian prince in mind and body before he even reaches the threshold of manhood. The virtues of his proud and warlike ancestors revived in Mán Déo, just enough touched by civilisation to soften their fiercer qualities, and he bore no resemblance to the demoralised *roi fainéant*, who is but too often the outcome of a "protected" State.

Everything gave promise of a happy future, when the sky was suddenly overcast. It was a strange destiny which connected the fortunes of those little half-civilised native States with questions of European politics, and the ins and outs of Downing Street. Yet a change of Government at home, which resulted in a spirited foreign policy in India, was the real cause of the disturbance of the equilibrium in Jalpoor.

When the news slowly trickled through Mandwar, Kalora, and Jalpoor, of the check which the English had received on a far-distant frontier, the stifled aspirations, and curbed ambitions, which Franklyn had steadily repressed, awoke once more to life and activity.

The stealthy influence of the old Ranee made itself felt again. She thought that here was again a chance to push the interests of her unworthy favourite, Hamira Déo, and she bribed Ram Singh, the Rajah of Mandwar, to take his part.

Ram Singh, a young, dissolute, but ambitious man, took the Ranee's money, while intending to play his own game. There was a debatable territory, which had been a bone of contention between the three States, and, though the paramount power had long ago decided the dispute in favour of Jalpoor, Mandwar and Kalora, with true Hindoo tenacity, had never acquiesced in the award.

With the growing prosperity of Jalpoor, and the promising disposition of its young Rajah, the chiefs of Mandwar and Kalora saw that all chance of reversing the decision, and getting what they thought their rights, was vanishing away for ever. Might it not be well to make one bold stroke for their recovery, now that the ever-watchful eye of the British Government was fixed with anxious intensity upon that other frontier?

Chunder Mul was too astute and too watchful not to have an idea of what was on foot, but he found it difficult to arouse Franklyn to a sense of danger, till his forebodings were realised in a melancholy fashion, by his own sudden and mysterious death.

It was given out that Chunder Mul had succumbed to an attack of cholera; but public rumour ascribed his death to poison, and pointed to the Ranee as the instigator of the crime.

There was no evidence, however, to prove that Chunder Mul had not died a natural death; the native physicians might have been bribed or intimidated, and the English doctor, who was attached to the Residency, had no power to interfere with anything outside. The affair remained a secret which was never revealed; and to this day it is uncertain whether Chunder Mul were poisoned or not.

Franklyn, however, had little doubt about the matter, and was only undecided as to whether the Ranee was solely responsible or whether she had merely been an instrument in the hands of Ram Singh.

A fresh incident, hardly less alarming than Chunder Mul's death, served to increase Franklyn's perplexities. Mandwar and Kalora patched up a long-standing feud, a great durbar was held at which they were formally reconciled, and a joint application respecting their alleged claims was sent for Franklyn to forward to Government.

Franklyn despatched the petition of the two chiefs, but accompanied it with a communication of his own.

He held that the claim of the Rajahs of Mandwar and Kalora was quite unfounded, and could not be granted without inflicting flagrant injustice upon

"HOLDING HER LITTLE CHILD BY THE HAND."

Jalpoor. At the same time he intimated that, if it were refused, there would probably be lively times in the territory over which he presided, and it would be wise to send up a small detachment of troops to support Jalpoor in case of need; for, though Jalpoor had a slight advantage in size over its two neighbours, it was no match for the combined strength of Kalora and Mandwar.

A good regiment of native infantry, however, would make things quite safe for Jalpoor, and the show of force would be enough to overawe the other States and ensure a peaceable compliance with the decision of the Government; so Franklyn, having taken his precautions, calmly awaited his answer.

His dismay was all the greater for his previous confidence when he received the expected reply. He was directed to do justice to Jalpoor, but without irritating the susceptibilities of Kalora and Mandwar; and he must rely entirely upon moral force, as it would embarrass the Government to have to send him any material force at this juncture.

The truth was, that every man available at the moment was urgently needed on that other frontier, whereon the eyes of England were fixed in no indulgent mood, and where the Government of India could not afford to make mistakes.

So Franklyn was told that a due display of firmness, on his part, would be enough to hold Kalora and Mandwar in check, and he might threaten them with the vengeance of the Government, if they ventured to raise any disturbance.

"And much good that will do to poor little Mán Déo if he gets murdered meanwhile," said Franklyn bitterly to himself, while he cursed party government at home, and spirited policies abroad, and all other hindrances to what he deemed honest rule in India.

"What is the matter? You look as solemn as a funeral."

It was Eva's merry voice which broke in upon his reflections. She was standing in the verandah outside his room, holding her little child by the hand; they had come round to see what was keeping him so long from breakfast.

Franklyn started as he suddenly realised that others besides Man Déo might be in danger.

For a second's space he stared wildly at his young wife; but she had turned towards the child, and did not catch his glance. Little Eve, however, noticed something, and, in her baby speech, she told him not to be afraid.

"She thinks I shall scold you for keeping us waiting," said Eva, laughing. "She's such a wise little thing—wiser than I am already," and, as she spoke, she pressed her own bright face against the grave face of little Eve, whose solemn eyes were fixed on her father with the preternaturally wise expression one only sees in infants.

"I am afraid Eve thinks too much," replied Franklyn, recovering his composure after that brief moment of self-betrayal. "She looks quite pale this morning. I'm sure she ought to have a change. Don't you think it might be a good plan to take her to your mother's, now she is at Jumlah?"

"Why, how nervous you are! There isn't really anything the matter with her, and I believe Jalpoor is quite as healthy as Jumlah."

"I don't feel comfortable about her," persisted Franklyn. "I think I'll speak to Eliot about her."

Eva stared at her husband in undisguised wonder.

"Why, Eve has always been pale!" she exclaimed; "but if you are anxious, I don't mind asking Dr. Eliot to see her, just to quiet your mind."

"Thank you," replied Franklyn. "I shall see Eliot this morning, and I'll ask him to step up, and if there's any danger——"

"Danger! What do you mean? Eve is really quite well; how can there be any danger?"

"Oh, teething perhaps. I don't understand these things, but I don't feel satisfied about the child; and you know, dearest, if it should turn out I am right, and we had not taken every precaution——"

Eva burst into tears at the idea, and when Dr. Eliot came in, after an interview with her husband, he found her prepared to carry out anything he might suggest.

It is true she felt much puzzled as to what could be amiss with Eve, and wondered how she could have been blind in a matter of such importance. It only showed the extraordinary cleverness of her husband that he should have detected a hidden danger which had escaped her own devoted care.

Dr. Eliot further bewildered her by the length and profusion of the words he used. At the end of his visit, she only understood that it was necessary for Eve to leave Jalpoor as soon as possible, or there was no knowing what might not happen.

"But Jalpoor is such a healthy place," protested poor Eva.

"So it is, as a rule; but I assure you it won't suit little Eve. Take her to Jumlah till those troublesome teeth are through. Mr. Franklyn tells me he may have business there in two or three months, and then he can bring you both back again, and Eve will be quite safe by that time."

"Two or three months! Oh!" cried poor Eva; but the two men would not let her have time to think about it. She was soon immersed in her packing, and the next day she left Jalpoor with Eve and her ayah, and a devoted servant of Franklyn's who had been with him during most of his Indian career.

Dr. Eliot accompanied the little party till they came to British territory, and only a few easy stages lay between Eva and her friends; then he turned back again, to share whatever might be in store for Franklyn.

A few brief words had been exchanged upon this subject between the two men. Franklyn had suggested to the doctor that it might be as well if he took a holiday himself.

"I should be really glad," he added, "to know you were near Eva and the child."

"Is the danger as great as that?" exclaimed Eliot.

"You had better go," urged Franklyn.

"I am always glad to be of use to Mrs. Franklyn and the little one, but my real business is to take care of you."

Franklyn breathed freely again when he knew his wife and child to be in safety. The paralysing fear which had seized upon him at the thought of their possible danger had been a revelation to him.

He realised that in a sudden emergency which involved their safety, he might possibly lose his nerve and make some awful mistake.

As he watched the last of the little procession winding round the mountain path, he drew a long breath of relief, his heart filled with a deep sense of thankfulness, and he turned back to his lonely house to give his whole mind to the welfare of Jalpoor.

The position of the place was strong, and it had once been well fortified. Franklyn took counsel with Jey Singh, who had the command of Jalpoor's forces, and came to the conclusion that it would be possible to defend the city and secure the person of the young Rajah should he fail in soothing "the susceptibilities" of the chiefs of Kalora and Mandwar.

Those two chieftains knew immediately, through the spies of Mandwar, that Franklyn had heard from his Government and sent away his wife and child.

The conclusion to be drawn was inevitable. They pressed the Resident for an answer to their demand, while the air all round was thick with the rumours of a coming disturbance.

Franklyn put them off, and tried to gain time; partly trusting to the chapter of accidents, partly hoping that a second appeal which he had sent to his Government might persuade them that prevention was better than punishment.

"The outbreak in the hill States, which a British force has been sent out to chastise——"

"DR. ELIOT FURTHER BEWILDERED HER BY THE LENGTH AND PROFUSION OF THE WORDS HE USED."

The words look so harmless in a "Reuter's" telegram. To Franklyn they meant the undoing of the patient work of civilisation, the unchaining of savage passions, misery inflicted on the helpless, and, very likely, punishment falling upon the innocent.

The man loved his work; and, if he did not love the people for whom he laboured, his passionate sense of responsibility on their behalf was hardly to be distinguished from a more intimate affection.

It is possible that a touch of emotion may have found its way into his despatch, and irritated the gentleman in whose hands lay the ultimate decision of the matter.

He returned an emphatic "No" for his answer, from which no appeal was possible. Franklyn must rely upon his own resources, and do the best he could in the circumstances.

Pursuing his policy of procrastination, he fixed the furthest possible date for giving his answer to Kalora and Mandwar; but delay has its dangers as well as action, and a time came when the Rajahs' patience would bear no further strain. Franklyn appointed a day for the two chiefs to come to Jalpoor for an interview; and six weeks after he had watched Eva's little party along the mountain road, he was again glancing down the same path, where he could just distinguish a distant cloud of dust, which indicated the approach of the chief of Kalora and his escort.

The territory of Kaim Singh, Rajah of Kalora, lay on one side, while that of Ram Singh lay on the other side of Jalpoor.

But the mutual jealousy of the two chiefs brought them almost at the same moment to the English Residency, and Kaim Singh was admitted to the presence of the Resident. The wily Ram Singh had arranged that his companion should meet the Englishman alone, and lay their ultimatum before him, hoping to leave a loophole for himself, should he wish, later on, to escape from the consequences of their action.

The time had now come when Franklyn had to maintain justice in Jalpoor, and tell the old chieftain of Kalora that his claim could not be allowed.

Yet, in spite of the unreasonable nature of his demand, Franklyn felt a touch of pity for the old man. He knew that Kaim Singh firmly believed in the justice of his own claim, and would feel an adverse decision more deeply as a wound to his honour than as an injury to his material interests.

Unlike Ram Singh, he was not a bad man according to his lights, and had a rough regard for his own people—"clan," perhaps, would be the more correct term to use.

His position and feelings were not unlike those of the old Highland chieftains of Scotland. He possessed their pride, their courage, and their ferocity, combined with a feeling on the point of honour as keen and as fantastic as that of a French nobleman of the seventeenth century.

Kaim Singh was a very old man, and he could remember a day when the strong arm was the only arbiter of such claims as his.

Even now he could hardly realise those days were gone for ever, and as Franklyn noted the wild light in his old wolf's eyes, he understood how the best man would be the most dangerous antagonist; and that Kaim Singh might easily be led into some desperate act of revenge, which the astute and cruel Ram Singh would secretly encourage, to profit by it or disclaim it, as suited best his own advantage.

It was with the forbearance born of his understanding of the man that Franklyn listened patiently to the statement of his case, looking out anxiously for any possible points of agreement, or any way by which he might convince Kaim Singh there was another side to the question besides his own.

His composure was even unruffled when the proud and fierce old man wound up with a threat of vengeance if his demands were not complied with. Franklyn, satisfied with the good faith of Jey Singh, and of his devotion to Mán Déo, secure also in the strong position of Jalpoor, felt he could await events unmoved, and did not deign to notice the terrible threats which Kaim Singh breathed out against every Englishman who should fall into his hands if Franklyn failed to comply with his demands.

He had allowed the old man to pour out his wrath unchecked, and was about to give him his answer, when he was interrupted by the arrival of the post and the sight of a large, official-looking letter, which gave him fresh hopes of a peaceable settlement of affairs.

His application had doubtless been reconsidered at headquarters, and the letter must contain a promise of the needed reinforcements. If he could not convince Kaim Singh that it was right to submit, he should now be able to show him that it was useless to resist. He hastily unfolded the large blue paper, and read—

"My Own Dear Darling,—I cannot stay away from you any longer, and am setting out to join you at once. Eve is quite well. Two lovely big double teeth have come right through, so we needn't stop any longer at Jumlah. I want to see you so much; I can't wait till you come and fetch me. We shall be with you two or three days after you get this letter.

"Isn't this a nice surprise? Mind, you are to tell me you never had such a nice one in your life before. I stole a bit of papa's office paper, so that you mightn't know what was coming till the very last.

"Don't you think I deserve a great many kisses for being so clever?

"Your loving little

"Eva."

Franklyn did not groan aloud when he read this letter; even in his mortal anguish the habit of self-control was too strong to let a voluntary sigh escape him; but Kaim Singh watched the deadly pallor that overspread his face as he realised that, if he let the Rajah go from him in his wrath, the first English person to cross his path would be the poor little wife who was coming to meet her husband with such thoughtless gaiety.

Meanwhile Kaim Singh, having said his say, had relapsed into Eastern impassiveness. He sat calmly waiting for a reply, though his watchful eyes never left his antagonist's face, and he gloated over the sign of distress which the Englishman could not conceal.

The emergency which Franklyn had apprehended and tried to guard against was upon him; for a while

his mind reeled under a sense of Eva's danger. The shock had unhinged him.

He tried to think, but all sorts of absurd and irrelevant ideas crowded into his mind, like the fantastic notions which sometimes flit across the brain in the midst of great bodily anguish.

Then he would become sufficiently conscious, to be enraged with himself for his own helplessness, and make a desperate effort to find the thread of his ideas; but when he tried to think, Kaim Singh's terrible eyes seemed to bore themselves like red-hot irons into his brain ; consecutive thought became again impossible, and he fell back into a crowd of aimless ideas and of suggestions which he could not carry out.

Old stories returned to his memory, and dreadful visions flitted across his imagination. He remembered the bloody deeds of former days ; how once in this very State of Kalora the fierce clansmen, driven to bay, had slaughtered their women with their own hands rather than let them fall into the power of an enemy.

He recalled the strange tale of that beautiful princess whose charms moved two princely suitors to fight each other for her hand till their States were reduced to the extreme point of exhaustion, when they finally ended their rivalry by agreeing to poison the princess.

What might not happen to a woman who fell into the hands of a chief of this race at a moment when his angry passions had thrown him back to the level of his forefathers ?

Every avenue seemed barred to the unhappy Englishman. He thought of detaining Kaim Singh till Eva had reached the fort of Jalpoor, when at least she might take her chance with the rest; but even if such a course were practicable, it would only serve to stir up the suspicious clansmen, always on their guard against treachery to their chief.

A false promise, it was true, would send Kaim Singh home in peace for the moment ; but no one could foresee the evils it might bring in its train.

The Englishman exists in India by the uprightness of his intentions ; and Franklyn could not be false without belying the past and endangering the future—a double treachery.

In the midst of his bewilderment, two convictions possessed him. Beneath the surface trouble of his mind he knew he should not deal doubly, and yet he felt that he could not endanger Eva; but how to reconcile these two conflicting duties was a problem without a solution.

A feeling that was like physical sickness came over him ; he saw Eva quite plainly before his eyes.

She stood where Kaim Singh had been standing, and now it was her eyes which were boring into his brain—her eyes, desperate and appealing, and her hands stretched out in mute supplication towards him. Great Heavens ! that was her shriek which sounded in his ear !

Beads of perspiration broke out on Franklyn's brow as he started at the sound and turned his eyes wildly round. There was nothing to be seen. Eva was gone, and Kaim Singh was still sullenly glowering at him.

The clock was striking the hour, and he was startled to perceive the time which had elapsed since his reading of Eva's letter.

He felt he should go mad if this lasted much longer; at least, he would rid himself of Kaim Singh's fiery eyes. Perhaps if they were removed he should be able to think consecutively again.

He stood up with an effort, and turned to the old man.

"Go," he said, "the interview is ended."

Kaim Singh rose and faced him, while his fingers sought the dagger at his side.

But fifty daggers would not have daunted Franklyn in his present mood.

"Go," he repeated once more, fixing upon Kaim Singh a glance which was wilder and sterner than his own.

The old chief was puzzled, and grew bewildered in his turn. Slowly and unwillingly the armed warrior yielded to the compelling gaze of the defenceless Englishman.

He salaamed mechanically, and left the room.

The silent conflict had restored Franklyn to himself ; his panic was over, and he sat calmly down again to think out the situation in full possession of his faculties.

Eva must be met and warned, and taken back to Jumlah. It might be possible to reach her before she entered the territory of Kalora, through which she would pass on her way to Jalpoor.

Franklyn's impulse was to start off himself upon the instant, but it was impossible for him to forsake his post.

The best thing he could do would be to entrust the task to Eliot ; and he must tell Eva the real state of affairs in Jalpoor, which Franklyn, in his desire to spare her, had hitherto concealed.

He sent a messenger to find Eliot, and ask him to come immediately to the Residency. He felt it hard to have to send another man upon the errand which properly belonged to himself. The suspense would be intolerable till he heard of Eva's safety, and yet it would have to be borne.

It was some little time before Dr. Eliot answered his summons, but when he entered the room Franklyn was struck at the jubilant air that pervaded his whole person, and amazed at the hearty congratulations which the good doctor poured forth in an abundant stream of words, as if suddenly relieved from some great pressure.

"I hardly understand you," interrupted Franklyn.

Eliot gave a joyous laugh, as if there were something very humorous in the situation.

"I never should have guessed you were such a Macchiavelli ! Did you really keep Kaim Singh here all that time without speaking a word ?"

"I couldn't say anything, so I told him to go."

"Then the old fellow has been telling the truth all the time ; but naturally Ram Singh didn't believe him. He is such an utter scoundrel himself, he can't believe in anybody else. He hurried up to Kaim Singh the moment you dismissed him, and wanted to know what

you had said. Kaim Singh declared that, after glaring at him like a madman for over an hour, you arose and said, 'Go : the interview is ended,' and that was all you told him. Of course, Ram Singh was convinced that Kaim Singh had been making a private arrangement for himself. He turned upon him in a rage, called him 'Liar,' 'Son of a dog,' and other choice epithets. Kaim Singh, as you may suppose, was not slow to respond; in short, they have been pulling one another's beards, their league is broken up, and I believe,

"You must have felt sure of yourself to let her come back. I wonder you had the nerve!"

"I hadn't. I can't tell you about it now, Eliot, the deliverance is too sudden. But it was none of my doing. *Non nobis, Domine,* that is all I can say just now."

Three days later, when Mrs. Franklyn joined her husband, she gave a little scream on seeing him.

"Why, Robert," she cried. "You have grown quite grey!"

Little Eve raised herself upon tiptoe as she stood on

"HE SAT CALMLY WAITING FOR A REPLY" (*p.* 509).

at this moment, Ram Singh is posting back to Mandwar, while Kaim Singh is listening to a wily suggestion from Jey Singh. He proposes that Mán Déo should take to wife a princess of Kalora, and that Kaim Singh should abandon his claim in lieu of giving her a dowry. You are certainly to be congratulated on the results of your diplomacy, though I did not know you had it in you to display such wiliness. At any rate, you have managed to disperse the storm most completely, and now, I suppose, you will be sending me to bring back Mrs. Franklyn and little Eve."

"I have had a letter from my wife," replied Franklyn. "She left Jumlah last week, and will be here in two or three days."

Dr. Eliot stared at him in amazement.

his knee, and rumpled her dimpled hands among his grizzled locks.

"Good, good!" she said in her baby voice.

"Isn't she clever!" exclaimed Eva rapturously. "For really, Robert, I think it's rather becoming to you."

There was quiet henceforward in Jalpoor and its neighbourhood, while Mán Déo married the young daughter of Kalora. He grew up to be a good ruler of his people, and was faithful to the English in their hour of need. But times are changed, and the English power consolidated. The present Rajah of Jalpoor and his neighbours of Mandwar and Kalora affect English ways and keep English grooms—they even play tennis with our daughters on the lawns of Jumlah!

ANIMAL COURTESIES.

BY ALEX. H. JAPP, LL.D., F.R.S.E.

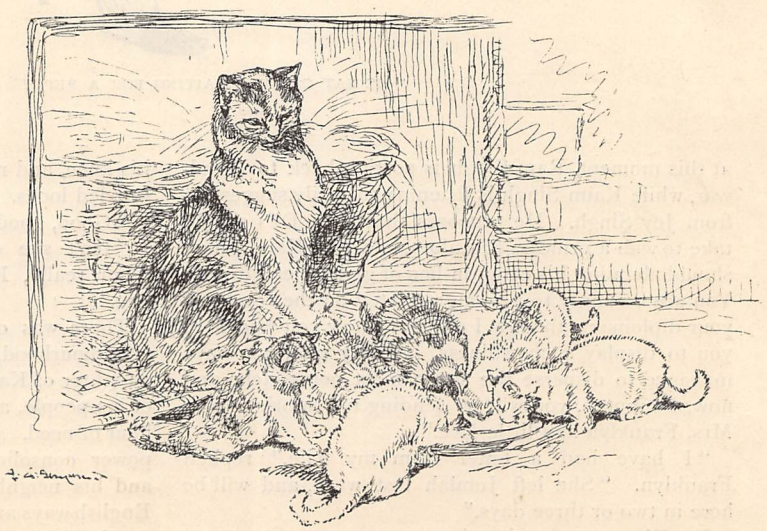
WHAT is courtesy? Voltaire defined it as native kindliness, or the beauty of the heart; and another has called it the sweetness of disposition that controls the wish to make those brought near to us feel perfectly at home in our company. It is the very essence of good manners, and the grace of companionship. Do animals show that they possess this grace? Certainly they do, in far greater measure than would be believed, sometimes seeming even to rise above their generic character in giving expression to it. We may observe at least four degrees of it in those animals which we can observe most closely—the domestic animals :—(1) many pretty self-denials, true courtesies, on the part of one towards another of their own class; (2) remarkable testimonies to it in the case of most oddly-assorted companionships in animals; (3) complete triumph over original dislike, and the establishment of the most affectionate regard between animals by nature inimical to each other, so that native enmity is not only overcome, but the finest feelings are developed and expressed with constant courteous devotion; and (4) courteousness developed into the most constant idea of grateful helpfulness and service towards master and mistress. We will present a few instances of these.

Have you ever noticed a cat with kittens? The cat will not eat till the kittens have been satisfied. I have often looked in wonder at a cat of my acquaintance, which would even retire from the dish if the vessel had been set down and she had commenced to eat in the absence of the kitten. She would retire in favour of the kitten when it came running to assert its claim, and sit quietly by, looking on demurely, till the kitten had had its fill; and then the patience with which she would endure the playful onsets of the kitten on tail and head whilst she was engaged in lapping up the morsels that had been left was truly a fine show of native courtesy. Under annoyance such as few human beings would have in the circumstances borne with equanimity, she would raise her head and give the kitten a loving lick or two.

Perhaps, however, the most remarkable of all instances of feline courtesy that I have witnessed I saw a short time since at a farm-house in Essex, where there are many cats. Three females had had kittens about the same time; and as the rate of increase was too great even for that cat-supporting farm-house, two of the litters were drowned, and the result was that each of the three mothers became mothers in turn to all the three kittens that were left. The one took up the duty from the other in the most loving manner; and the true mother of the cats—a pretty, pure-black, bright-eyed lady—was particularly careful always to give an affectionate mew and a lick at the head of one or other of the two foster-tabbies as they relinquished their charge to her. It was just as though she said, "It is so kind of you to come and help me in this bit of nursing; for you know it is rather confining, and you know I enjoy a scamper after the young rabbits." And in this it would seem to me that the other two cats agreed; for each of the three has been known to bring tiny rabbits, which all the family shared—mutual courtesies of a sort which human beings do not always succeed in imitating.

These instances are quite matched by others which have been noted and recorded by reliable observers. Here is one, verified by the late Rev. J. G. Wood :—

"A cat in a Swiss cottage had taken poison, and came in a pitiful state of pain to seek its mistress's help. The fever and heat were so great that it dipped its own paws into a pan of water—an almost unheard-of proceeding in a water-hating cat. She wrapped it in wet linen, fed it with gruel, nursed it, and doctored



"THE CAT WILL NOT EAT TILL THE KITTENS HAVE BEEN SATISFIED."

it all the day and night after. It revived, and could not find ways enough to show its gratitude. One evening she had gone upstairs to bed, when a mew at the window roused her. She got up and opened it, and found the cat, which had climbed a pear-tree nailed against the house, with a mouse in its mouth: this it laid as an offering at its mistress's feet, and went away.

"For above a year it continued to bring these tributes to her. Even when it had kittens they were not allowed to touch this reserved share; and if they attempted to eat it, the mother gave them a little tap—'That is not for thee.' After a while, however, the mistress accepted the gift, thanked the giver with a pleased look, and restored the mouse, when the cat

"ROUGHY."

permitted her children to take the prey, which had served its purpose in her eyes.

"Here was a refined feeling of grateful courtesy, persevered in for months, quite disinterested, and placed above the natural instincts (always strong in a cat) towards her own offspring."

Mr. Wood caps this with a record of his own cat, "Pret," to this effect:—

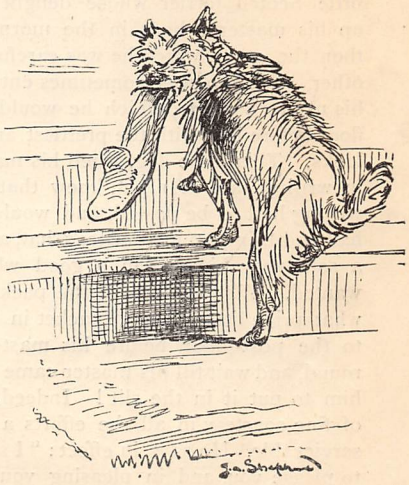
"He used to kill the animal in a most curious manner—*i.e.*, by taking it, while quite unhurt, by the tip of the tail, carrying it to the top of the house, and dropping it down the well of the staircase. After repeating the process a few times, he would bring the mouse to me, and, while I stroked and praised it, would keep rubbing himself against me and purring his content. He then took the mouse again, played with it for a while, and then brought it back to me. If the

"WOULD OF HER OWN ACCORD CARRY TO HIM A SHARE OF HER DAINTIES" (*p.* 514).

study-door were closed, and he could not gain admittance, he always left the mouse on the mat, previously having bitten off the animal's head. He had a strange fancy also for putting the mice into my bed; and once, on leaving my room in the early morning, I found no less than nine mice laid in a row just outside the door. Afterwards, when we moved into the country, and he took to catching rats instead of mice, he acted in precisely the same manner, sometimes bringing me three or four rats in a single day.

"Now, in both these cases, the motive is one that would show credit to humanity. There is nothing that cats like so well as a mouse, and yet, just because they thought mice the most precious object in the world, the cats gave their mice to those whom they loved. Affection, self-denial, generosity, and courtesy of the highest kind were exhibited in these actions."

At one time I had a little Scotch terrier whose name was "Roughy"—so called partly because of his rough coat, and partly because of his rough ways towards the cats, whom he ruthlessly hunted and drove off, bounding on the garden-walls to follow them. And this despite his affection for his own cat, whom sometimes he would even make for, when, instead of running away, she would come forward and rub against him; and it was very funny to see his sudden pull-up when she came close to him thus. He would give her a quick loving dab or kiss, and then the two would come running into the house together abreast,



"FIRST ONE AND THEN THE OTHER" (*p.* 514).

tails in the air. But "Roughy" at length began to get the worst of it in his encounters with the cats; first a fierce tom managed to put his paw on one of "Roughy's" eyes, so tearing it that he lost the sight of it; and then, through lack of sight in one eye, he unfortunately lost his footing on the wall and fell, and hurt his back. Not daunted, he still persevered in his cat-hunts till his back got so bad that we had to get the vet. to him. All was done that could be done for him, because he was affectionate and most devoted to his own people. He lost his sight altogether before long, and got so ill in the back that he could not venture out. I made a little soft-lined coat for him, to shield the tender parts of his back from contact with rough surfaces, tied with string round his neck, and in front of his hind legs. The cat became, if possible, more friendly to "Roughy" than ever—the weaker he grew the more devoted—and would of her own accord carry to him a share of her dainties.

But another and more remarkable trait was shown. There was a patch on which the sunlight lay very warmly in the breakfast-parlour in the early afternoon, and faithfully the cat, on the appearance of this patch, would go and gently take the front string of "Roughy's" coat in her mouth, and lead him thus from the kitchen to the warm patch of sunlight, where the two would lie together, the cat not ceasing her watchful care of the dog. I myself would not believe in the first reports I heard of this performance, being usually away in the City at the time; but often afterwards—especially on Sunday afternoons—I saw what surely I may call this true act of kindly courtesy of our cat towards "Roughy"; and there was no doubt about it whatever, for many of our friends witnessed and wondered at it. Even for a time after "Roughy" had, with regret, to get a little dose of poison to ease his going, and was buried in the back garden, that cat would go mew-mewing between the breakfast-parlour and kitchen, and sniffing at the spot where "Roughy's" mat used to be, with an air of pained inquiry and sense of loss.

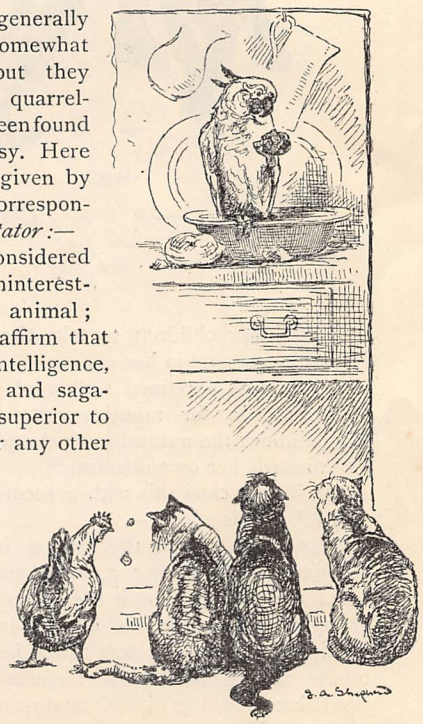
The courtesies of dogs are many. I once had a little Scotch terrier whose delight it was to bring up his master's shoes in the morning, first one and then the other, which he was careful to set near each other, and who was sometimes entrusted to carry up his master's letters, which he would lay down on the floor before him with the prettiest and most courteous looks. This same dog, when his master was engaged in writing late at night, knew that the result of the writing had to be posted, and would go down to the hall and bring up his master's hat, and lay it down on a sofa near him, often a good while before it was wanted. When at length the packet was ready, with what pride little "Dick," packet in mouth, would trot to the post-pillar before his master, and then turn round, and wait till his master came up to take it from him to put it in the slit! Indeed, there is a touch of fine courtesy in all the efforts a dog makes to be serviceable. He says, in effect: "I shall spare no pains to please you, and in pleasing you I gain for myself the highest pleasure in the world. My service to you, if it meets your approbation, is my reward"; and this is of the very essence of courtesy. Men not seldom fail where the dog succeeds (in their calculated civilities), because they make it too plain that they have ulterior ends.

Among birds many instances of courteous behaviour may be found. The Rev. Edward Spooner, some years ago, gave this very fine illustrative instance of generous courtesy on the part of a cockatoo to other animals. He wrote:—

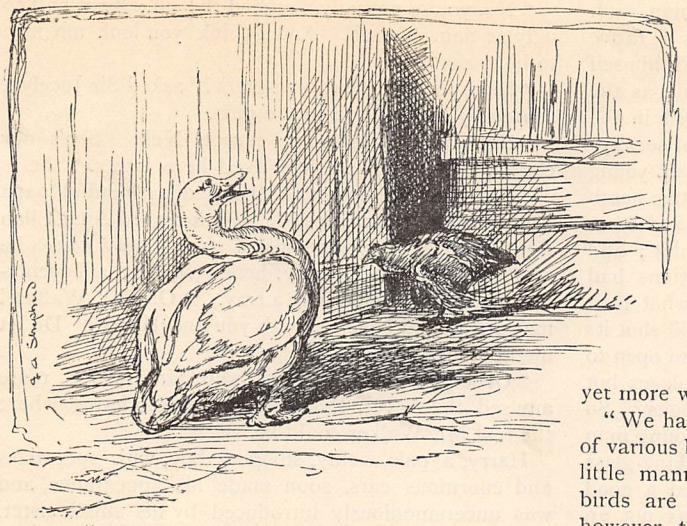
"I have been lately visiting a friend in Staffordshire who owns a large grey cockatoo. 'Poll' is a most communicative bird, and a great friend of the family. On a fine day she generally passes several hours in the back yard, outside her cage; for though unchained, she rarely leaves the house. She is on good terms with all the yard-dogs, the house-cats, and the poultry; but if a strange dog or cat enters the yard, she flies at him at once with a tremendous scream. At night she sleeps in the kitchen, where her usual companions are three cats. One morning the kitchen-maid went downstairs early, and before she entered the kitchen she heard 'Poll' talking loudly. On opening the door, she found 'Poll' seated on the dresser, with a large piece of bread in her claw. Round her, on the floor, were the three cats, and a chicken which had lately taken refuge there. With strict impartiality, the bird was breaking off pieces of bread and dropping them to her pensioners, or favourites, in turn, who received the dole without squabbling and with gratitude, listening all the time to all the words in her vocabulary, which were poured forth in rapid succession."

Ducks are generally held to be somewhat stupid birds; but they certainly are not quarrelsome, and have been found capable of courtesy. Here is one instance, given by Mr. Hawkes, a correspondent of the *Spectator*:—

"The duck is considered a particularly uninteresting and prosaic animal; yet I venture to affirm that in point of intelligence, social kindness, and sagacity he is vastly superior to the barn-door or any other cock and hen. I have kept and closely watched hundreds of ducks: I never saw them fight with each other, nor ever knew a duck the aggressor in a dispute with some other kind of fowl.



"WITH STRICT IMPARTIALITY, THE BIRD WAS BREAKING OFF PIECES OF BREAD."



"SHE PROCEEDED TO THE FOWL-HOUSE."

But I have witnessed striking instances of charity and kindness in ducks. Let one such case suffice. Among some fifty or sixty head of ducks and fowls, I once had a solitary little old bantam hen. She became blind, or nearly so, and, like other birds in that condition, 'sulked,' as it is called—*i.e.*, kept by herself in a dark, retired corner of the fowl-house, knowing instinctively that her cruel and cowardly brethren and sisters would persecute her to death if she appeared amongst them. Here she might, perhaps, have starved, but for the constant and sympathetic attentions of a duck. Twice daily, every day as long as the poor bantam lived—some three weeks—this good Samaritan in the form of a duck was observed to fill her capacious beak with from twenty to thirty grains of barley, with which she proceeded to the fowl-house, and there deposited her store immediately in front of the bantam. Several members of my family, as well as myself, were frequent witnesses of this beautiful incident."

Those who have kept birds in aviaries, where they have a chance of displaying character in relation to others, have many pretty incidents to report in the way of delicate attentions and courtesies to each other. Here is one from the pen of Bishop Walsham How, which appeared in the *Spectator* of April 19, 1884, and which surely deserves to be yet more widely circulated:—

"We have a large cage in which there are a number of various birds, among them a cock goldfinch and two little mannikins. These latter little sober-coloured birds are considered very uninteresting. Wishing, however, to provide a mate for the goldfinch, I one evening bought a hen canary, and the next morning turned it into the cage with the others. None of the other birds took the least notice of the new arrival; but the two little mannikins placed themselves side by side by the seed-vessel, and the canary being on a perch above, they fed her in turn with seed, lifting up their little black heads one after the other, and letting her take the seed out of their stumpy white beaks. This appeared to be pure courtesy towards the lady stranger. We have seen no repetition of the act; but one of the mannikins having got wet one day, we watched the canary returning the courtesy by trying to dry its feathers by passing them through her beak."

Surely, after these instances, our readers will admit that we did not claim too much for animals when we said they were, in many instances, capable of the finest courtesy.

THE TUTOR'S ENGAGEMENT.

"HOW did you get to know these people, Wyndham? They don't seem much in your line."

"I only know the boy. I met him at the Aylmers', and he asked me to stay with him for a few days. It will be a new experience, and that is worth something."

"Come on to us if you are bored," continued his friend; "and we can go back to town together."

"Thanks; but don't be surprised if I turn up at the Towers to-night. The fact is, I lost young Sutton's invitation, and an awful fear has seized me that it was for next Tuesday instead of to-day. But I shall know when I get out at Coalfield, because he said that he would send to meet the 3.40; so if there is no carriage there, I shall come on to you by the next train."

"Awfully glad to see you, old boy; and I hope your luggage will turn up all right."

"I wired after it; but if it doesn't, I shall have to borrow Sutton's dress clothes. What beastly ugly country this is! Good gracious! I believe it is Coalfield. Ta-ta," as the train stopped, and a few busy-looking men, with top hats and black bags, alighted quickly, while Sir Jocelyn Wyndham called a porter to carry his rug and dressing-bag, and strolled leisurely after him in search of the Suttons' carriage. It was there

all right, to meet one gentleman, the coachman said, so Sir Jocelyn's fears were set at rest ; and as he drove along the black tram-lined road, he amused himself by conjecturing what staying with such people as the Suttons would be like ; and he felt interested in the idea of exploring this perfectly new stratum of society.

For Sir Jocelyn Wyndham was a very smart young man, well-known about town, and on his native heath in club-land ; a young baronet who has a handsomer face than fortune is still apt to be popular ; and though the present absurd craze for examinations had unavoidably prevented his taking a degree, what is it but a shame and a scandal that Oxford should shut its venerable gates on gentlemen, and throw them open to any upstart who has no claim upon its privileges but the ridiculous one that he knows his books? So Society received with open arms this choice young man that Oxford could not appreciate, and his looking-glass bristled with invitation cards, and he learned a good deal about the modern world, though he was not an authority on the ancient one. When young Sutton's invitation came, he accepted it, partly from a good-natured wish to please, and partly from a curiosity to see "What those people—don't you know? do at home."

A neat and rather elderly parlour-maid opened the door of Coalfield House, and said sharply—

"Missus is out, but I was to show you straight to the school-room."

"Odder even than I expected!" thought Sir Jocelyn; but as he was following her upstairs he asked whether Mr. Sutton were not at home.

"Never in from the Works till after five," snapped the female.

"Young Mr. Sutton, I mean," explained Sir Jocelyn.

"He is away from home, he is. That is the school-room, and the door opposite is your bed-room. Master 'Arry will be in directly." She vanished down a passage before Sir Jocelyn, in his amazement, could find words to answer her.

"How very extraordinary everything seems!" he thought, as he gazed round the dingy school-room; "and Sutton away from home, too. There must be some mistake ; and I have come the wrong day, after all. But they seem to be expecting someone. How very amusing! As good as a play! And what a tale to tell at the club!" and he laughed out loud.

Just then the door opened, and a very thin, sharp-featured little girl came in. She stood staring for a minute, and then she said, in a shrill voice, "Don't tell Ma I came, 'cause she says now you've come as Harry's tutor we girls mustn't keep running in and out of the school-room. But I wanted to see what you were like, and whether you looked cross. Sam said you were ugly enough for anything, 'cause Ma said that it was no good having a tutor that wasn't ugly: it would bring nothing but misery."

"Do you think I'm ugly enough?" said Sir Jocelyn, laughing again, as he saw now that he was evidently mistaken for the new tutor, and entering keenly into the joke. "I will keep it up for a little," he thought ; "it will be such a splendid tale next season."

"No, you're not ugly," replied the elf: "not half so ugly as Sam himself. And I think you look too nice to be cross."

"Have you any grown-up sisters?" asked Sir Jocelyn, roused by her allusion to the girls.

"Not really grown-up, except Nell. She's our cousin, you know, and has lived here lately. She is awful rich, nurse says, and she had a dreadful papa before he was dead ; but Ma says it served Aunt Ellen right for marrying a penniless scamp only 'cause he was a lord's brother. I say: here's tea!" as a slovenly-looking maid entered with a tray. "Oh, Mr. Walker! may I stay and have tea with you and Harry? Do let me this once!"

"Of course, if you like," said Sir Jocelyn, more amused than ever, though secretly wondering where the real Mr. Walker could be.

Harry, a pale, sickly, stooping boy, with spectacles and enormous ears, soon made his appearance, and was unceremoniously introduced by his small sister, who chattered throughout the whole meal.

"Do you know, Mr. Walker," she observed thickly—her mouth being full of bread and butter—"that next week Sam has got such a grand friend coming to stay here? He's a—what is he, Harry?"

"Baronite!" mumbled Harry through a mouthful of cake.

"Yes, that's it ; and Sam says we must be awfully particular, and Ma and Nell must wear their best frocks every night, and Pa must never be seen in his slippers, and we must pretend that we always do things like that, and never seem surprised when there's more than just meat and pudding for dinner, or when Sam puts on a white tie for at home, or anything like that."

"You're a rum fellow!" suddenly remarked Harry ; "seem laughing to yourself all the time!"

Sir Jocelyn was just wondering whether this observation called for a reply, when the elderly parlour-maid popped her head in at the door, and said, "Missus will see you in the droring-room as soon as you've done your tea."

"I'll come now," answered Sir Jocelyn, jumping up.

"You've never said grace," called out the small girl. "Ma said that, being a clergyman, you'd be awfully fussy about graces."

"A clergyman!" exclaimed Sir Jocelyn. "Oh, of course! You had better say it for yourself when I'm gone ;" with which lame remark he went downstairs.

It was indeed a gorgeous drawing-room. The chandelier made one blink, so dazzling was its glory, and the polished wooden table beneath it reflected its brilliance as a lake looking up at the sun. An odour of newness pervaded the atmosphere, and the unlived-in appearance of the room showed that it was rarely used. "But," as Mrs. Sutton had said that morning, "we will sit in the drawing-room to-night, just to show the new tutor what the house really is. It will make him more respectful-like."

"And it will air it a little before Sir Jocelyn Wyndham comes to stay," quoth her niece, "and help to take away the dank smell."

So it was in the drawing-room that Sir Jocelyn was introduced to the Sutton family, having been viciously announced by Mary Ann as "Mr. Walker, the tutor, mum!"

Sir Jocelyn shook hands with a very thin lady and a very fat gentleman; he was then led up to an arm-chair, on which sat a most fierce old lady, who was addressed as "Aunt Sarah-Lucy"; and there was a bright-looking girl who spoke to him.

"You've seen Harry?" began Mrs. Sutton, and then it was that Sir Jocelyn broke down altogether: his position was too comical. He burst out laughing, though he hastened to explain that he had been so much amused by Mrs. Sutton's little daughter's quaint remarks upstairs.

"A little amuses you, young man," said the old aunt severely.

"She is extremely funny sometimes," broke in the girl, whom he supposed was Nell. "I often laugh when I think of her sayings." For which Sir Jocelyn was grateful.

"We dine at half-past six," said Mrs. Sutton, after a painful pause, "and shall expect you to join us."

"Oh, I say, I'm awfully sorry!" exclaimed Sir Jocelyn; "but I've lost my luggage, so I shall have to borrow a dress-suit. Your son's will fit me all right if you wouldn't mind telling the man."

"What man?" asked Mrs. Sutton.

"Yes; what man?" echoed Aunt Sarah-Lucy.

"Oh, the—the man; don't you know?" stammered Sir Jocelyn. "Or shall I go to his room?"

"A dress-suit is quite unnecessary when we are alone," broke in Mr. Sutton. "We never dress except for company, so you will be all right as you are. Our evening dress at Coalfield House consists in my putting on my slippers, and mamma's changing her brooch, eh, my dear?" and he chuckled into his newspaper.

"Your dress, young man, is not what I expected," remarked Aunt Sarah-Lucy.

"Good gracious! what did you expect?" exclaimed Sir Jocelyn, who knew that his Bond Street tailor was above criticism.

"I expected the black cloth of the Church," said the old lady solemnly.

"Oh, nowadays the clergy often wear grey clothes on week-days," giggled the baronet.

"Your white tie redeems you from my entire disapproval," she went on.

"How lucky I put on a white stock!" thought he.

"Though it is not the shape I am accustomed to see among divines," with severity.

"It is the new-fashioned shape," he said, smiling pleasantly at the girl.

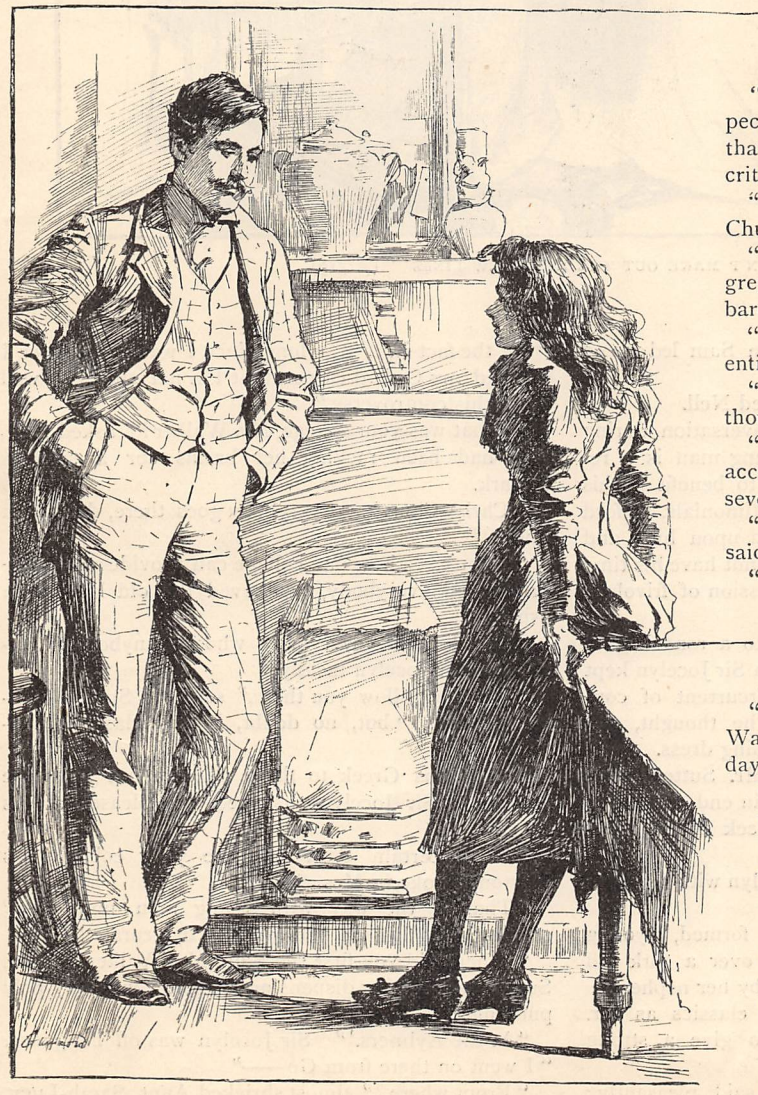
"We forwarded the letter that came from you to Sam this morning unopened," said Mrs. Sutton, with an emphasis upon the last word as if it were a rare occurrence.

"That must have been from the real Walker, saying he could not come to-day," thought Sir Jocelyn; but aloud he said: "I think I will go to my room now, as you are dining so early; and if you really will excuse my wearing these things—but I shall feel such a bear!"

"You misunderstand me," explained Mrs. Sutton. "We are dining late, not early. We only dine early on Saturdays and Sundays."

But the door had already closed.

"A decidedly forward young man!" exclaimed Aunt Sarah-Lucy; "and most unbecomingly dressed!"



"'I WANTED TO SEE WHAT YOU WERE LIKE'" (p. 516).

"'I CAN'T MAKE OUT THE NEXT FEW LINES'" (*p.* 519).

"Not at all the sort of young man Sam led me to expect," remarked Mrs. Sutton.

"But very good-looking," murmured Nell.

"We must be careful of our conversation during dinner," said Mr. Sutton. "This young man is a renowned scholar, and I wish us all to benefit by his presence here. According to his testimonials, Oxford honours have been simply showered upon him, and as I pay him very handsomely, I cannot have his time and my money wasted in the discussion of frivolous matters."

At half-past six they sat down to a roast leg of mutton with great solemnity, though Sir Jocelyn kept trying to draw Nell into an undercurrent of conversation. She was a pretty girl, he thought, and looked nice and fresh in a white washing dress.

"And now, Mr. Walker," began Mr. Sutton, after the carving duties were brought to an end, "what is your opinion about compulsory Greek at the Universities?"

"I'm dead against it," said Sir Jocelyn with fervour; wherein he spoke truly.

"Your opinions are strongly formed, young man!" snapped Aunt Sarah-Lucy over a fork full of cabbage. But she was reproved by her nephew.

"A man who has studied the classics as Mr. Walker has done is competent to give a strong opinion."

"Oh, not at all!" Sir Jocelyn said pleasantly; "but the fact is, it is so long since I was sent—since I finished my Oxford career, that I'm not specially well up in this controversy."

"What was your college, Mr. Walker?" asked Nell, who had been racking her brains for a suitable remark.

"Christ Church. Everybody goes there, don't you know?"

"I don't see how one college can provide accommodation for everybody," observed the old lady, with asperity.

"Oh, I mean everybody who is anybody!" exclaimed Sir Jocelyn lucidly.

"I cannot follow you there," said Mr. Sutton, looking puzzled; "but, no doubt, it is a classical construction?"

"Yes, it is Greek to those who do not know the language," Sir Jocelyn answered, well-pleased at his own wit.

"I felt certain Sam told me your college was Merton," broke in Mrs. Sutton.

"That is the way with young men nowadays," grumbled his father; "they are so inaccurate!"

"Where did you first see Sam, Mr. Walker?" Mrs. Sutton asked, after dispensing a right royal roly-poly pudding.

"At the Aylmers.'" Sir Jocelyn was off his guard. "I went on there from Go——"

"From where?" almost shrieked Aunt Sarah-Lucy,

while the varied looks of horror depicted on the Sutton countenances recalled Sir Jocelyn to his senses.

"There is a—a mission there," he stammered.

Three heavy sighs of relief hailed this announcement, but that wretched old lady was not easily silenced.

"What kind of a mission?" she inquired.

"The—the usual kind—don't you know?" said Sir Jocelyn, congratulating himself on his presence of mind.

"It is very strange Sam never mentioned he knew you when you answered the advertisement," said Mr. Sutton, in an aggrieved tone; "but the fact is, his silly young head was so turned by a little notice from that Sir Jocelyn Wyndham—who, from what I hear, is nothing but an idle vagabond with a handle to his name which he never deserved—that he remembered nothing else. Have anything more?" he added, so severely that everyone declined, and the whole party retired into the drawing-room.

"I'm afraid you will find it very dull here," said Nell in a low voice to Sir Jocelyn, when the three elders of the party were comfortably asleep and snoring.

"Did you think so before I came?" he asked, looking somewhat amused.

"No," she said candidly, but going rather red.

"Why not?"

"I thought you would be so different, somehow. It is no good your staying here, really, Mr. Walker. Uncle and aunt are very kind and nice—in their way—but it is a different way from yours—and—and it makes me so hot!"

"Which is an advantage in the winter," laughed Sir Jocelyn.

"Oh, I hoped you would understand!" she said, rather pitifully.

"I do understand, Miss Grey," he answered gently; "but I don't think I shall be dull, all the same."

He had decided at dinner that life would be unbearable for another day even at this place, but after Mr. Sutton had told him that one of his duties would be to read with Miss Grey, Sir Jocelyn had changed his mind, and resolved to keep up the joke for a little while longer: "just for the fun of the thing, don't you know? and she seems rather a nice girl!" He thought her nicer still before the evening was over.

"Good-night, Walker," said Mr. Sutton. "We must all set to work to-morrow."

"I thought of giving Harry a whole holiday to-morrow, being Wednesday—and a saint's day," Sir Jocelyn answered boldly, inventing his saint in obedience to a happy inspiration. "I have not been accustomed to work on saints' days," added that reckless young man; "and as they are always observed at the crack schools, I thought I would treat Harry in a similar way. So, subject to your approval, I will read with Miss Grey to-morrow, and Harry shall only do his preparation work."

"You know best. I leave it all to you," rather dubiously. "But I always thought half-day on Wednesdays was the rule?"

"Certainly. Next week, of course, will be different," said Sir Jocelyn; so the arrangement was made.

The next morning Harry asked his tutor what work he was to prepare for the following day.

"What on earth shall I say?" thought Sir Jocelyn. But a brilliant idea struck him. "Write out what you know."

"About what?" asked the boy.

"Everything!" said Sir Jocelyn, with triumph. "And if that doesn't keep the little beggar quiet for a day," he added mentally, "nothing ever will!"

"Call this a holiday?" grumbled Harry to his father.

But Mr. Sutton rejoiced, which is the way of fathers when their sons are made to work.

"What would you like me to read, Mr. Walker?" asked Nell, as she came into the schoolroom, looking very bright and pretty.

"Anything you please," replied Sir Jocelyn, smiling down at her.

"Well, would you mind doing some of the second book of the Æneid with me?"

"Good gracious! Latin," thought Sir Jocelyn. "I never dreamed of that!"

But aloud he agreed; and in a low and rather hesitating voice she began to translate.

"Is it all right?" she asked, after about thirty lines.

"Ripping!" was the very untutorial observation. "I couldn't do it better myself."

And he certainly could not.

"I can't make out the next few lines," she said presently.

No more could Sir Jocelyn.

"I think it will be better just to pass over that stanza," he answered gravely; and poor Nell flushed up to the roots of her hair, and wished the earth would open and swallow her up.

After the reading came a walk; and Nell had to show Mr. Walker the various sights of the neighbourhood. Then a long evening over the photographs, while Mr. and Mrs. Sutton and Aunt Sarah-Lucy snored in gentle discord.

So several days went by, and Sir Jocelyn kept deferring the explanation of his mistaken identity until Sam or the real tutor should turn up; for he found the time pass very pleasantly with Nell in the schoolroom, and the two were drawn very much together by the strong social bond between them as well as by great personal attraction.

For Nell had been dreadfully home-sick in her uncle's house and her aunt's "set." She was a brave, bright girl, and had made the best of her life at Coalfield, but no one knew how she longed for her own people. Her mother, Mr. Sutton's sister, had died when she was a baby; and she had been brought up by her well-bred, ne'er-do-weel father, who lived upon his daughter's fortune until his death, and then, as none of her grand relations offered Nell a home, she accepted her almost unknown uncle's kind invitation to live for a while at Coalfield, and there she had

"'DO, NELL,' HE ADDED" (*p.* 521).

tried to be happy until the tutor came, when she succeeded. Harry's neglected lessons put him truly in love with the tutorial system, so things went on smoothly till the following Monday, and then the bubble burst.

"Your aunt tells me," began Mr. Sutton severely, having summoned Nell to the study, "that you are flirting with Mr. Walker. Is this true?"

"No, it is not!" said Nell, with a toss of her head.

"Can you swear, then, that you and this tutor fellow have never made love to each other?"

"I'm not in the habit of swearing."

"Nonsense!" said her uncle irritably. "You know well enough what I mean!"

"It does not imply that I am bound to answer you if I do," she answered, flushing crimson at the imputation.

"He is a penniless nobody, and I forbid you to marry him!" he almost shouted.

"When he has asked me to marry him it will be quite time enough for your prohibitions," she said quietly. "But I wish you to understand, Uncle Samuel, that though I very much appreciate your kindness, I shall please myself as to whom I marry. And if he is penniless, I can afford that luxury, you know; and if he is a nobody, I am the judge as to whether that is an insurmountable objection. I say this, though I very much dislike doing so, to save us from any unpleasantness in the future."

"What a spirit the girl has got!" said Mr. Sutton to himself as she closed the door. "But that means that she and the tutor are at it already. I wish to goodness I had listened to Aunt Sarah-Lucy and sent Harry to the grammar-school; but it will never do to own it now. Why, that must be Sam!" as the door-bell rang.

"I never got your letter till yesterday, mother," said Samuel Sutton, junior, as they sat talking round the fire, "so I could not send you word about Walker. How surprised you must have been when he never turned up!"

"He came last Tuesday. What do you mean?"

"Did he? How odd! I had a letter from him to say that he could not come till to-morrow. I ought to have got it last week, but I left London on Tuesday, and forgot to leave my address."

Just then the door opened, and Nell and Sir Jocelyn walked in.

Young Sutton started as if he had been shot.

"Wyndham!" he exclaimed, "whatever brings you here? This is a surprise! I didn't expect you till to-morrow. Why didn't you tell me," he said, appealing to his relatives, "that Sir Jocelyn Wyndham was here?"

"Sir Jocelyn Wyndham!" shrieked the Sutton family in unison.

"I say, I'm awfully sorry, don't you know?" began Sir Jocelyn; "but I made a mistake about the day, and then you mistook me for Walker; and then I kept it up for the joke, and then—and then——" with a look at Nell, "I got to like it rather, don't you know?"

Nell began to laugh—to laugh so infectiously that Sam and Sir Jocelyn joined in at once, and even Mr. Sutton's startled countenance relaxed into a smile.

"Abominable, I call it!" ejaculated Aunt Sarah-Lucy, but that seemed only to make them laugh all the more.

"How could you behave so badly?" gasped Nell at length.

"You must have done it uncommonly well, though," added Sam.

"I beg everybody's pardon," said Sir Jocelyn, wiping tears of laughter from his eyes; and he was promptly pardoned.

A touch of humour goes a long way towards making the whole world kin, and as they sat down to dinner that night a wondrous friendly feeling ran through them all, Mr. Sutton entering as keenly as anyone into the joke, and Mrs. Sutton wondering whether it was Sir Jocelyn Wyndham or only the tutor who had been making love to her pretty niece.

"You promised, you know," he said to Nell as they strolled into the conservatory that evening together, "even when you believed me to be a penniless nobody! So you won't retract now, will you, dear?"

"But I believed you to be an honest, upright young man then," she answered, with a smile behind her gravity; "and now—oh, now, Sir Jocelyn, you are a base deceiver!"

"I'm awfully sorry, and I will never do it again if only you'll forgive me this once. Do, Nell," he added, looking down on her with a twinkling expression of penitence, "and then I will be good!"

So she did. EDITH HENRIETTA FOWLER.

DINING-ROOM DIFFICULTIES.

WHEN I had received and returned all my calls, and had been to a dinner-party or two, and enjoyed a good deal of my neighbours' hospitality, I determined to give some slight return in the shape of a simple "At Home."

So I sent out some neat white cards, with a gilt edge, to about thirty of my new friends.

"*Dr. & Mrs. Humphrey Deane,*
AT HOME,
From 4—6. *Tuesday.* *Music.*"

To begin with, I had completed the furnishing of my dining-room, and my husband deigned to say that he liked it even better than the drawing-room.

So when I surveyed it on the day of my "At Home," the whole *coup d'œil* filled my heart with joy.

One of the great difficulties of the room had been the look-out, which was, unfortunately, into a very dreary street.

I was so tired of rush blinds and stained glass panes, that I had devised a new plan for disguising the view.

To the upper wooden frame of the window pane I fixed a thin brass rod, and also to the centre one. On these I hung thin "sparrow egg blue" muslin short curtains—two at the top, and two in the centre; and at night they were drawn completely across the window, which did away with the necessity of having a blind. And in the daytime the lower ones were drawn and the upper ones left open, so that the light was not interfered with.

As the carpet had been rather threadbare in some places, and curled up at the edges, I had cut a great deal of it off, and made it into a square, staining the boards all round the room about

"'I CAN'T PLAY ANYTHING WITHOUT MY NOTES'" (*p.* 523).

two feet in depth. The chimney-piece I had stripped of its shabby hangings, and finding that it was indifferent marble underneath, preferred indifferent marble to dust-producing hangings, and left it as it was. Only over the top I laid a handsome length of damask, which hung down a few inches, and which I could take off and shake every morning. I filled the grate with two large Indian birds, which some old uncle of Humphrey's had brought home and had set up as screens.

Another pretty way of doing it, which I adopted occasionally when I was able to get out into the country, was this :—

I had found an old fire-screen which had been for years in the lumber-room, and had had it re-filled with looking-glass instead of ordinary glass. And when this was placed in the grate, reflecting back big bowls of fox-gloves and waving fern, the effect was very good.

Another unpleasant difficulty I had had to contend with—which is common to small houses—was, that the dining-room had always been pervaded with the smell of cookery, when anything savoury had been preparing in the kitchen.

We could not afford to put up a partition green baize door, which would have been an effectual bar to the odours. So, as we did not care for our visitors to know our daily menus, I placed over the outside of the kitchen door a thick dark serge curtain, which I every day sprinkled with Eucalyptus.

This made the passage delightfully fragrant, and was, besides, rather an adornment than otherwise.

I put very little furniture altogether in the dining-room, knowing that it is a great mistake to crowd up a room that is for use, and not for show.

In the window I placed a writing-table, with a brass set that had been given me when we married, and which I kept quite bright with gentle rubbing with a chamois leather.

A nice shut-up book-shelf was in one corner, and a small sofa and a few good solid chairs completed the room, save for the minor details of coal-box, waste-paper basket, and paper-rack.

The chairs were old-fashioned ones which had been seated in horsehair, and I covered them with pieces of dull-coloured red serge, nailed all round with gimp to match.

The centre tablecloth was also of the red serge, but from luncheon to dinner time I insisted on the white cloth being left on, as it creases it far less; and I was very particular about the appearance of my dinner table.

We had had some pretty white Worcester china given us, and the table was never decorated with anything but these white vases, which I determined should be filled with flowers and grasses all the year round.

Although Humphrey and I were teetotalers, yet we always had the requisite number of wine-glasses placed on the table, so that Clara might be trained to become a good parlour-maid. There is nothing more demoralising to a servant than a master and mistress who are willing to eat their meals anyhow—who do not care whether their glass is spotless or their silver straight—and rather prefer that the butter should come in in a shapeless mass.

I kept a clean leather in the plate basket and a soft linen duster, and Clara, as she set down each piece of silver and each glass, gave it a little rub for fear of a mark being upon it. Our sideboard was a good mahogany one, and I kept there only a few brass things, such as an Indian tray and two candlesticks.

I put aside a narrow white linen cloth, to be slipped

"THE DAYS SO LONG AGO."

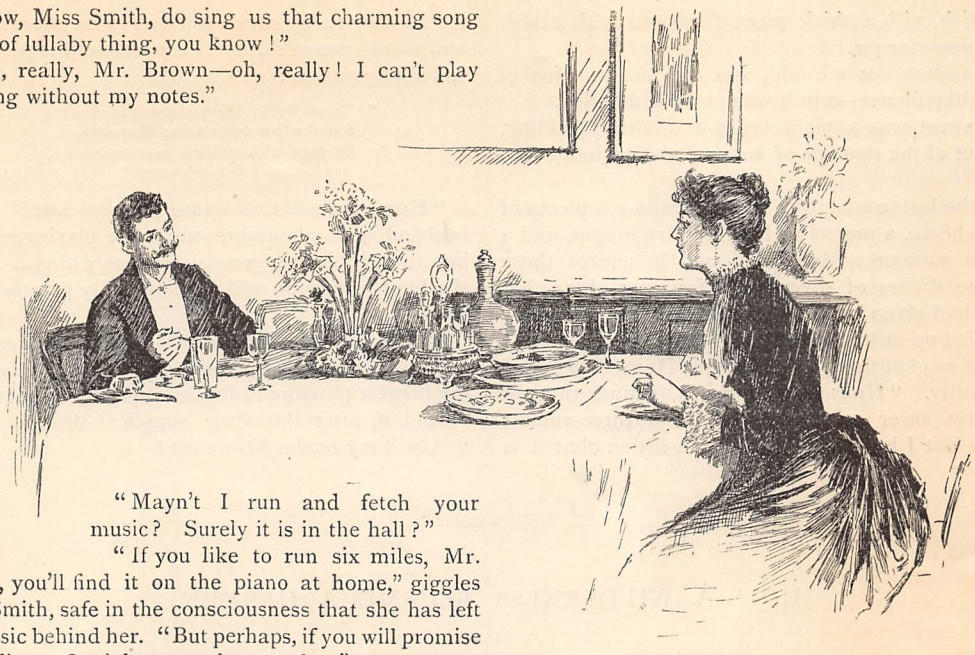
on at meal-times, but as all the hot dishes were put on the butler's tray, there was no fear of anything staining the polished surface.

But having digressed as to my furniture, I must return to my "At Home," and tell you how we prepared to receive thirty guests in a small house, which, until my advent, had been supposed incapable of holding even ten people.

There was a little alcove on the stairs, which I decorated with ferns and curtains for the occasion, and filled with a few chairs. Then, as my stair carpets were nice and new, I intended the younger members of the party to sit out on them, and listen to the good violin and piano-playing that I had provided for them in the drawing-room. I had also asked a few of my friends who were gifted that way to bring their songs with them, and had arranged where and when they were to sing, so that this sort of thing that one hears at every "At Home" might be avoided.

"Now, Miss Smith, do sing us that charming song—sort of lullaby thing, you know!"

"Oh, really, Mr. Brown—oh, really! I can't play anything without my notes."



"WE SAT ALONE AT OUR DINNER-TABLE."

"Mayn't I run and fetch your music? Surely it is in the hall?"

"If you like to run six miles, Mr. Brown, you'll find it on the piano at home," giggles Miss Smith, safe in the consciousness that she has left her music behind her. "But perhaps, if you will promise not to listen, I might try and remember," etc. etc.

And she "remembers," with very indifferent success, "the days so long ago, when her heart was wildly beating as it never beat before!"

Having arranged for the amusement of my guests, the next thing was to plan their food.

I have learnt by even my short experience of life that unless people are provided with a dainty well-thought-out tea, the party will fall flat.

And, again, I must repeat that it is not the amount that is spread upon the table, but the way it is spread, that has an influence upon people's enjoyable faculties. If you cut your bread-and-butter thick, and lump it all together on a china plate, you will find that no one touches it. But if you cut the same bread-and-butter in wafers and roll it, and then lay it on a dainty damask napkin in a brass or silver dish, your guests will enjoy it as well as though it were wedding-cake, and will announce the fact to all their friends and neighbours that you are a marvellous housekeeper, and quite worth knowing.

I determined to superintend everything personally, and myself laid the clean cloth on the dining-room table, and dotted our white vases at intervals irregularly along it, first filling them with scarlet geraniums, all stuck in wet sand.

I placed both tea and coffee equipages at one end of the table, and put Clara in charge of them, in a clean white cap and apron, a white gauntlet collar and cuffs. And she really looked so well that a glimpse in the glass amazed her!

There were plates of brown and white bread-and-butter, and thin tiny sandwiches of fresh water-cress, tomato, and cucumber. The bread part of the sandwiches I spread with salt butter, knowing that it is at the same time cheaper, and imparts a better flavour to the savoury trifles.

Two or three hot cakes, two loaf cakes, and a few pretty jam cakes, completed the solid part of the feast. But in the very centre of the table I placed what is called a *compôte* of fruit, and which I knew to be very excellent, as I had made it myself.

To begin with, the more expensive kinds of fruit need not be used, as it does not matter whether they are a little damaged in packing or not.

At the bottom of a large glass bowl I put a layer of red currants, which I covered with white sugar, then a layer of white currants and sugar, then raspberries and sugar, strawberries and sugar, and lastly, a layer of tinned pine-apple.

Finally, I added several lumps of ice, and I can assure you it looked most tempting when it was finished.

It was made six hours before it was required, and left in a very cool place, so that the ice might not melt. And when I brought my guests down to tea, I had the satisfaction of seeing delighted surprise written on the faces of all those who had known my new dining-room under its former mistress.

"You are a clever little thing," Humphrey said when all our guests had departed, and we sat alone at our dinner-table. "Lady Grace looked absolutely overwhelmed with the beauty of everything this afternoon; and now here we are, dining late, and yet our weekly bills come to no more than they did before we married! How is it?"

I looked round the table.

True, we were in a sense dining late; but the meal was all *réchauffé*.

The fish was the remains of some cod we had had the night before, curried, with some beautifully done Patna rice and a chili or two.

The meat was hashed mutton, served in a silver

entrée dish, with a thick sauce flavoured with a dash of tarragon vinegar.

The mutton, let me add, was the last remains of our Sunday dinner—and it was now Wednesday.

The sweet was a plain bread-and-butter pudding, made out of the remains of some of the plainer cakes at tea.

And the last course was a few daintily-cut pieces of Dutch cheese, a morsel of butter, a dry biscuit, and a scrap of watercress, handed round in one of those charming dishes of silver and Worcester china that we had had given us as a wedding present.

I smiled up at him in reply.

"I am so glad that you are happy, Humphrey dear," I said softly. "Housekeeping needs as much thought and brain-power as the writing of a three-volume novel! But I have come to the conclusion that it is just as easy to be comfortable as to be uncomfortable, and that a woman's duty to her husband is, as the poet so happily puts it:

> "'To soothe his sickness, watch his health,
> Partake, but never waste his wealth,
> Or stand with smiles, unmurmuring, by,
> And lighten half his poverty.'"

"How long will this frame of mind last?" said my husband, with a mischievous smile playing round his lips, though his eyes were suspiciously bright. "When shall my portion be cold mutton, chilly potatoes, and a frown?"

"*Last*, you dreadful boy! Why, for ever and a day, to be sure! It is nonsense to talk about duty when my biggest pleasure in life is to make you happy!"

And if, after this little speech, I draw a discreet veil, will my reader blame me?

HOW A WILDERNESS BECAME A GARDEN.

THE "HARRY WILLIAMS" AMARYLLIS.
(Photographed from life by permission of the growers, Messrs. B. S. Williams & Sons, Upper Holloway, N.)

A TALK IN THE GREENHOUSE.

"WELL, John," said Charles Robinson one brilliant June evening as he entered his neighbour's garden, "here I am again, you see, for I've had a hard day of it, and I feel strongly inclined to try the experiment of quieting my nerves by a garden talk. What a little paradise of a garden you are getting, John, and all in a single year; for remember it is but a year this midsummer that we both took up our abode at Highland Villas."

"Yes, old fellow, we are pretty gay now already, but not so gay, perhaps, as we shall be in another month, when our bedding-out plants are all in full bloom; for this is only the first of June, and some of our stock has not been out more than about ten days, for last month we had a few bitter east winds and one or two May frosts that frightened me, so I stopped short in the middle of bedding for a few days."

"Just so," said Charles; "and now it seems to me that as for some months our little greenhouses will have plenty of rooms to let now that the geranium supplies are turned out of doors, we ought to contrive to get a few brilliant flowers to stand in the greenhouse itself. Come and see my idea of *one*, at any rate," and, suiting the action to the word, he was "over the garden wall" the next minute, and giving his friend John Smith, who had followed him, a lecture in his own greenhouse.

"What a noble Amaryllis," said John;

"what name does it go by? It is surely early to be in bloom now?"

"*Amaryllis crispiflora*, an old-fashioned scarlet bloom," said Charles, "and June is its blooming month; but I can tell you now, if you like, about the whole tribe. To my mind, they are simply beautiful.

"All of them," continued Charles, now warming into his subject, "are bulbous rooted, and there are, of course, hardy, half-hardy, and a still more tender species. And sometimes it is a little difficult to say what are actually hardy and what are not. Three well-known specimens are *nearly* hardy. They are: *Amaryllis aulica*, which generally blooms in July, a green and scarlet flower that came to us from Brazil about 1810; then there is *A. belladonna*, the old Belladonna lily, a fine red that also blooms in July, and the *A. belladonna pallida*, which gives us a flesh-coloured bloom in August.

"And belonging to the same *natural order* of the Amaryllidaceæ is the well-known *hippeastrum*, and I must name some varieties of this presently. Then again there is a little old-fashioned autumn-blooming flower known as the *Amaryllis lutea*; it is exceedingly useful, as it has the good-nature to commence blooming at a time when most flowers are thinking of bidding us farewell for the summer season; but before naming a few other specimens of the Amaryllis and the Hippeastrum I had better talk a little over the general culture of the greenhouse varieties, as it was of these more particularly that we began speaking at the outset.

THE "MASTERPIECE" AMARYLLIS.

(Photographed from life by permission of the growers, Messrs. B. S. Williams & Sons, Upper Holloway, N.)

"And first, then, as to the soil. The compost best suited for the Amaryllis when potted should be made up of peat, loam and leaf mould in equal parts. The soil, in fact, ought to be sufficiently light to allow of water running easily through it. If, then, you find your compost somewhat too stiff, use a little silver sand such as we generally employ in nearly all our potting operations. Now, when planting your bulbs in this soil, let the *lower* half *only* of the large part of your bulb stand *in* the soil. It does not matter that the upper half is somewhat exposed. This will be in the spring of the year. Place your potted bulbs first of all in any dark part of your greenhouse—even under a shelf would not at all matter for the first few weeks. Nor must you be troubled at going without bloom the first year, but merely give light, sun and water during the period of growth, taking care, however, as the early autumn months come on, to give much less water, when, the pots being placed on any dry shelf in your house, the foliage will of itself gradually die down. And, of course, as they are finally laid aside for the winter, water will be wholly withheld. Some gardeners prefer taking the bulbs out of their pots at the time when they are laid aside—or more strictly, *on their sides*—for the foliage to die down; but there is no real need for this; the bulbs can remain in the pots and the pots can stand as usual or on their side. But at all events the following spring stand them upright, and very soon you will notice the swelling of the throat of the bulb, which tells you that growth for the new season has again set in. Then examine the roots, which you may very likely find pot-bound, and this will, of course, necessitate a shift into the next-sized pot, using, of course, a similar compost and giving a good watering, using water that is of the same temperature as your house. If you have no tank in your house, a fair supply of water should always stand there in some vessel ready for use. And from this time a regular watering will be necessary. Reverting once again to their period of dying down, you may notice possibly during the winter period, or at least when the foliage is quite decayed, that some offsets have made their appearance. These should be removed at once and planted in a pot. Then, further, the Amaryllis can, of course, be raised from seed. Ascertain if you can with certainty when the seed was gathered, and if in good order sow in early spring in any shallow pan in soil already

described, giving heed as always to drainage, moisture, and other matter so often named. Cover over with a bell glass in addition to the greenhouse protection. To better insure success, sow four seeds *singly*, an inch apart in the first instance, and they will naturally grow all the better by not being disturbed in the pricking out process which otherwise must take place if you have sown hurriedly and too thickly. And again, and as before, when the foliage has died down they must have no water, and when the soil your seedlings are in is quite dry, take up the young bulbs and plant them in fresh compost for another season. This treatment must go on until the bulbs have attained their normal size.

"Now the Amaryllis is a flower easy to force, but let the process of forcing be a gradual one. Indeed, an ordinary hot bed is all that is necessary for bringing on the *A. formosissima*, for example; but indeed it will be nearly impossible to enumerate all the stove varieties of the Amaryllis. Some specimens, of course, can be named that flower much earlier than June, as, for example, the *A. crocata*, that flowers in April, or the *A. fulgida vittata* and the *A. vittifera*, which blow in the same month.

"The Hippeastrum, already named, includes many plants often known as the Amaryllis. It can readily be propagated by mere removal of the offsets and in a compost we have recommended. Here, for example, we may name a beautiful stove bulb, the *Hippeastrum ambiguum*, which flowers in March, a variety of which, known as the *longiflora*, bears white flowers streaked with red and green.

"Then, again, the florescence of the *H. equestre* in July is of a bright orange, while the *H. regium*, or Mexican lily, is a superb flower, a rich scarlet with a green star."

Coming outside once again among the open beds Charles called the attention of his friend to many tall-growing subjects that required some support by means of stakes. Should there be at all a rainy June, much attention is called for among the newly bedded out plants, as warmth, moisture and vigorous growth would soon produce a small forest rather than a flower bed. It was noticed also that many annuals sown on the borders needed thinning, the tendency here to overcrowding being very frequent. And then our friends had to attend to a very necessary operation. Many bulbs were found still left in the ground and these in most cases had to be taken up, though it was decided that such collections as crocuses and snowdrops might in many out-of-the-way corners be safely allowed to remain.

"Everything," said Charles, "comes upon us in a rush with the month of June. By the way, John," continued Charles, "you were asking me just now about the average prices of some of the flowers we have been talking of. Much of course will depend upon the locality in which our purchase is made, and upon the state of advancement in which our flower is when we buy it. Let us say then, generally, that an amaryllis (or indeed any flower) bought just as it is opening for bloom is of course more expensive than when bought merely as a bulb.

"Cheapest of all, perhaps is the *Amaryllis formosissima*, which can be had for some 2s. a dozen; those again of the *belladonna* tribe will perhaps be 1s. each, the *A. aulica* as much for fine specimens as 3s. 6d. each, while 5s. might be asked for *A. vittata* or for good selections of the *Hippeastrum equestre* and *H. regium*.

"On such a matter it will be at once seen that there can be no actual uniformity of price."

VARIETIES OF AMARYLLIS BLOOMS.
"MASTERPIECE" (*left hand*); "DR. MASTERS" (*top*); "HARLEQUIN" (*right hand*).
(*Photographed from life by permission of the growers, Messrs. B. S. Williams & Sons, Upper Holloway, N.*)

RUHA.

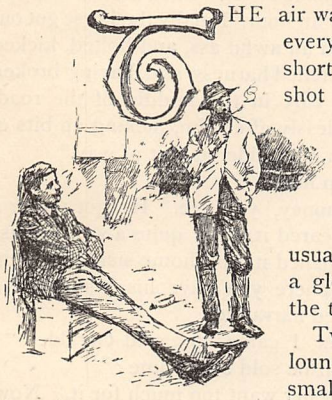
A TALE OF ADVENTURE IN THE MAORI WAR.

By L. FROST RATTRAY, Author of "Such a Suitable Match."

Part the First.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

THE BEGINNING OF THE MAORI WAR.



THE air was intensely still, with every promise of a storm shortly. The sinking sun shot orange-tinted rays athwart a mass of heavy clouds. The dark New Zealand bush looked even more sombre than usual, catching, as it were, a gloomy reflection from the threatening sky.

Two young men were lounging in front of a small raupo hut. For a time silence had prevailed between them, their spirits seeming to be affected by the quietness which presaged the coming storm.

The older man at length rose, stretched himself, and, without removing his pipe from his mouth, remarked—

"Rather a bad outlook all round."

His companion also rose. Being the host, perhaps, he felt it his duty, seeing his guest showed signs of leaving, and was his senior, besides being only a recent acquaintance. Gerald Trender was still a "new chum," and rather amused his bush companions by an occasional display of little courtesies to which they had long been strangers.

"Life is too short, and work too exhausting, to leave one time or strength for any unnecessary interchange of civilities," his new friend, James Pitt, had impressed upon Gerald.

"Where is your pretty little Maori girl?" Pitt asked, as he knocked the ashes from his black pipe, his constant companion.

"Ruha? I haven't seen her to-day," Gerald answered. "But I don't call her pretty. She has far too much Maori colour about her for my taste."

"Probably you have not forgotten some London beauty, with golden hair and pink-and-white complexion—all art, my dear Trender—and are consequently unable to appreciate the charms of our dusky maidens. Some of the half-castes are really very good-looking. And they make excellent wives," he added mischievously.

There was a far-away look in Gerald's eyes. Probably his thoughts had flown back to his English home, to the pretty country parsonage where his parents lived, and where he had been born. The dark bush faded from his view. Instead, he saw a sunny well-kept lawn, bordered on one side by a row of ancient elms, wherein a colony of venerable and quite ecclesiastical-looking rooks recited their morning and evening orisons, under cover, as it were, of the grey stone church, whose weather-worn structure rose close behind them.

His thoughts were leading him into the house, where he loved to let them linger, but he was unceremoniously compelled to bring them back to the Antipodes and his rough raupo hut by a ringing laugh from his companion.

"Ah! I've hit it, evidently. Well, I hope you may live to fetch out your bride. You are in good condition, you must remember, and would make an excellent meal for some of our cannibal friends."

Gerald laughed too.

"I am not afraid of the Maoris," he said. "I have always treated them well, and have invariably met with civility in return."

"Probably with the Ngatiruas you would have no difficulty in keeping up some sort of friendly intercourse. You see, the head of the tribe married a white woman. Didn't you know that? Why, Ruha is her daughter!"

"That accounts for her soft hair and thin lips," said Gerald. "But how did a white woman get up here?"

"I don't know exactly how it happened. But the Ngatiruas had a row with a neighbouring tribe. This tribe lived near the coast, and had captured some white colonists. They massacred the men, but carried off the women, who willingly, it is said, agreed to become the wives of some distinguished Maoris. But at this juncture your friends interfered, and Ruha's mother was taken off in triumph to their pah. She seems to have been a sensible sort of woman—rather phlegmatic, I should say—and to have calmly resigned herself to her fate. She had only one child: the little girl you seem to have taken a fancy to. Now you know all I can tell you."

"Ruha's father, Tai Haruru, seems anxious that his child should learn something of her mother's country, ways, and tongue," said Gerald thoughtfully.

"If I were you," returned his companion, "I should do everything I could to retain the friendship of Tai Haruru. In the present disturbed state of the country his protection might be invaluable to you."

"You don't really apprehend danger from the Maoris?"

"Perhaps hardly danger. It is quite impossible to say how matters will turn out. That, however, is a question for future consideration. In the meantime, I have to consider the pressing necessity of getting home as safely and as speedily as possible."

Both men looked at the rapidly-darkening sky. There is never much twilight in the North Island, and to-night, owing to the thick clouds, there would be less than ever. In the circumstances, the lonely ride to his rough shanty, through partly cleared ti-tree and fern, over a steep bush-covered hill, along a narrow little-used track, was not a particularly inviting prospect for James Pitt. Nevertheless, he stoutly refused his host's invitation to stay the night, and share his primitive couch. He had some young cattle, he declared, about whose safety he was anxious; and though his partner, Bill Rouse, was a very decent sort of fellow when sober, he was by no means to be trusted if by any chance he could obtain spirits.

In vain Gerald assured the settler that Bill would be perfectly capable of looking after the cattle on this occasion, seeing that he would probably be sober—because he was not likely to have any temptation to become anything else. James was decided, and declared his intention of starting home at once. He saddled his horse, and as he adjusted his stirrups he said—

"By the bye, did I ever tell you about that young fellow, Norton, who came up here some three years ago?"

"I have heard you mention him," answered Gerald. "But what made you think of him just now?"

"It was just fixing up this saddle recalled his first arrival. He was the very softest and stupidest chap I ever set eyes on. What I was thinking of happened in Wanganui. Norton was amazed to find he had to do every hand-stroke of work for himself. Amongst other pleasant surprises, he found, after he had hired a cart to take some of his household goods—he brought out heaps of things—along to his 'diggings,' that he had to harness the horse. He knew no more than Adam how to set about doing it, and simply convulsed all the loafers near with laughter when he carefully arranged the collar upside down. Then the buckles and straps puzzled him for an hour. Finally the horse got out of patience with such an awful ass, and bolted, kicked off his improperly fastened harness, and, having broken the shafts, left the cart in the middle of the road. Norton walked helplessly after him, picking up bits of broken wood, etc., in a bewildered sort of way."

"Then he came up here?"

"Yes; he had money, you see. He got rather a nice piece of land, cleared it, built quite a swell house of three rooms, furnished it, got home-sick, and went back to England. There you have his history in a delightfully condensed narrative."

"He left just after I came up," said Gerald. "I suppose his place will be sold some time?"

"Oh yes, if he doesn't want too much for it. Now, I'm really off."

"JAMES PUT SPURS TO HIS HORSE AND VANISHED" (*p.* 529).

James put spurs to his horse, and soon vanished in the darkness. His thoughts were by no means cheerful as he struck into the half-cleared scrub. He did not wish to needlessly alarm Gerald, for whom he had conceived a warm attachment, but he did not attempt to hide from himself that unless the Maori difficulty were speedily arranged some of the white settlers would find they had to pay dearly for the improvements they had made in the waste land they had purchased at a comparatively low price from the natives.

The Maoris were willing enough to sell land which they considered worthless. They either could not, or more usually would not, cultivate the ground themselves, for they are essentially lazy. They could not hunt, for no animals existed—the rat excepted. The only birds which were good for food were pigeons and parrots. But when they saw how the hitherto profitless land smiled on the efforts of the Pakehas, the covetous Maori nature impelled them to say that the gun or blanket which had been considered ample payment for miles of land in the early days of the colony was not really sufficient.

The Government compelled the pioneers as far as possible to pay a fair price for the land thus acquired. The more the cunning natives obtained, the more they wanted, getting the better of the Government in all kinds of ways. Finally, they declined to sell more land, formed a sort of league amongst themselves, and said they had a king of their own.

Governor Gore Browne, who had twice purchased the Waitara block from the treacherous natives, decided to occupy it, which justifiable decision led to the Maori war in Taranaki.

In common with most of the settlers, when Pitt heard that the Maoris were making themselves very disagreeable, he only smiled grimly, remarking that "we would soon teach them better manners." How little he then thought how very difficult we should find it to teach the natives that we were not to be trifled with, and through what terrible experiences some of the settlers passed before the lesson was impressed on their minds by powder and shot.

Rumours of fights and skirmishes with the Maoris, and occasionally detailed accounts, reached Pitt and Trender, though the latter took very little notice of what he believed would never concern him. But lately the news had been more disquieting, though there was as yet no fighting or alarm in the Auckland province, where these two settlers had taken up land. Pitt had begun to indulge in gloomy forebodings, and had dropped in as he passed his friend's house to communicate them to Gerald. But the latter seemed so contented and unconcerned that he only let fall vague hints, though he allowed himself to become a prey to the most gloomy apprehensions during the dismal ride home. It was too dark to find the way himself, so he wisely trusted to his horse's instinct. But so immersed was he in his unpleasant anticipations, that when his horse put his foot in a hole, he was jerked out of the saddle, losing the reins in his surprise. He picked himself up, using strong language to his horse for his unavoidable accident, and to himself for his unbushmanlike carelessness.

He fruitlessly felt for the reins in the darkness, then struck a match, which the now fast-falling rain at once extinguished. The horse, suddenly comprehending that he could go home faster without than with so indifferent a rider, quietly walked off. James hastened after the retreating hoof-beats, lavishing bitter reproaches on his vanished steed.

Fortunately, they were not far from Pittsburg, as the settler had called his few cleared acres, and his at present unproductive fern, bush, and swamp territory.

The house was soon reached, the waiting horse unsaddled and turned out, whilst James raked together the smouldering ashes of his wood fire, put on the billy, and presently solaced himself with a glass of something to prevent evil effects from the wetting he had received, and a whiff of his black pipe to compose his nerves before turning in. And in these cheerful circumstances, the Maori trouble once more seemed to him to be one that could be very easily settled.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

RUHA.

"WELL, child: punctual as usual."

Gerald was sitting outside his shanty—as he usually styled the raupo hut—reclining in a peculiarly-constructed chair of his own invention. He called it easy; but his friend, James Pitt, would have nothing to do with it whenever he dropped in to see Gerald.

"Too rough altogether. Tore my best store clothes the first and only time I ever tried to sit in it. You don't catch me risking that chair again. Needles and cotton are too expensive items up here to be spend-thriftly called into use."

But when Ruha produced a soft flax mat of her own manufacture, and offered it to Gerald as a cushion for his chair, the young man gratefully accepted it. He had found the Maori girl very good company as he rested after his hard day's work, and had begun to teach her to read. She was an apt scholar, and was very grateful also for his efforts to instruct her in English as spoken by the "Pakehas." Best of all for a weary man, whose limbs ached with work for which his easy English life had little fitted him, Ruha did not require him to see her home after the lesson was over. She would scud away like a rabbit when Gerald said, usually with a prodigious yawn, which he did not think called for concealment or apology—

"Well, child, that's about all to-night. *Tenakoe*" (good-bye).

The large dark eyes would be fixed earnestly upon his, and, at first with a quaint pronunciation that lent attraction to the commonplace expression, the girl would say in her musical voice—

"Good-night."

There was always a suspicion of a rebuke in the words, for Ruha disliked the idea that he bade her adieu in Maori because he fancied she understood him better than if he used his native tongue.

"GAZED AT HER OWN REFLECTION" (*p.* 531).

There was a terrible scarcity of literature in the locality, and Gerald was teaching Ruha to read out of a novel. She could soon spell all the easy words; the longer ones he read to her, sometimes endeavouring to explain their meaning, though some of the standard dictionaries might have ventured to differ from his definition in a good many cases.

Ruha lost no opportunity of airing her English, though she had a great objection to her teacher's merriment over some of her droll mistakes. Therefore Gerald endeavoured to keep his smiles until after his pupil's departure. He was a kind-hearted young fellow, and did not like to hurt her feelings if he could possibly help it.

But to-night, in the course of the evening, Ruha came upon an expression which took her fancy. She convulsed Gerald as she rose to go by saying in a pleased, half-shy way, as a child uses some new words of which it is rather proud—

"Good-night, old fellow."

Then she fled into the darkness, hurt at his uncontrolled laughter.

The reading-lessons always took place outside the hut, Gerald sitting in his chair, Ruha squatted, Maori fashion, on the ground at his side. It was a lovely school-room, the carpet slightly variegated in pattern, being composed of well-trodden earth, tufts of tussock-grass, and pipi shells. The roof was of ciel-blue, relieved by curtains of grey and white, often bordered or tinged with gold and crimson. The walls were, on one side, almost limitless, the others were composed of the raupo hut, ti-tree, scrub, and a rude post and rail fence. On wet days Gerald had told Ruha not to come.

After the girl's departure Gerald grew remorseful over his conduct.

"It was mean of me to laugh," he mused. "She was really vexed, I'm sure; and she's getting on so fast, I don't want to lose my pupil just yet. Ah, well! she'll get over it."

And the young fellow, after a careful look round his small dominion, entered his house, and was soon fast asleep.

The following afternoon, as he was returning to his hut, he was glad to notice smoke ascending from the sod chimney.

"So Ruha has forgiven me, and is preparing my tea in token thereof," he soliloquised. "By Jove! though, there are two horses hitched up to the paling. Who can my visitors be? By all that's wonderful, one of the horses carries a side-saddle!"

He quickened his steps. Visitors of any sort almost were welcome to the lonely man, but the idea of a lady was rather startling than pleasing. He came quickly round to the front of the shanty, and discovered his unexpected guests. The lady was young, apparently about three-and-twenty, with the then unmistakable air of an English girl pervading her dress and manner. The gentleman was evidently her father, a middle-aged, pleasant-looking man—just the type of a country squire.

Gerald recognised them at once, and uttered an exclamation of pleasure.

"Miss Matherley! How did you come here? And Mr. Matherley. I am so delighted to see you both!"

The Matherleys inhabited the manor-house close to Mr. Trender's pretty parsonage in Surrey.

"Are you not astonished?" cried the girl, coming towards Gerald with outstretched hand. "Did you ever expect to see us, of all people, in this savage land?"

"I cannot understand it at all," Gerald replied. Then turning to the gentleman, he said courteously, "How is Mrs. Matherley? Have you left her at home?"

"No, indeed; we have brought her out with us. In fact, it was chiefly on her account that we undertook this tremendous journey."

"Brought Mrs. Matherley out here!" Gerald's tone denoted his extreme amazement. "How very plucky of her to come!"

"Was it not?" said Miss Matherley. "But we had no trouble at all. And I really think the voyage did her good. At all events, she stood it very well, papa, didn't she?"

"Wonderfully well, indeed."

"And the others?" queried Gerald. "Where are all your brothers and sisters, Miss Matherley?"

The young lady laughed. She had a merry, musical laugh, which seemed to do everyone good. Gerald felt it was brightening up his place wonderfully.

"They have also come out with us. To tell the truth, Mr. Trender, we have all come out. The entire family, including Prince—you remember the old dog, don't you?—and an immense assortment of luggage, has now taken up its abode in the colony of New Zealand. Any further information will be furnished, if desired."

"How you rattle on, Nellie! Mr. Trender will see that whatever else has been left behind, you have at least not forgotten your tongue."

Nellie blushed and laughed, whilst Gerald suddenly bethought himself that his visitors must need refreshment.

"I cannot think where you have come from, but I am sure it must be from a place sufficiently distant to make a cup of tea acceptable. Excuse me a moment, and I will see about it."

After one or two calls for Ruha, the girl made her appearance, and Gerald asked her if she would prepare tea for his guests. Then he asked Mr. Matherley if he would like to look round the clearing.

Ruha watched them go with new and bitter feelings rising in her heart. Gerald was only showing an unavoidable hospitality to the strangers; but it grieved her terribly that her own Pakeha should have seemed so delighted to see his English friends that he had no thought for her, except to bid her get tea for them. She, a chief's daughter, to wait upon chance visitors as if she were a common Maori girl, and of no account! She liked doing little things for "Gera," as she always called him, finding the "l" in his name too troublesome to master easily when she first began her English lessons, though now she could pronounce it pretty well.

She had sometimes come over early in the afternoon and cooked a meal for her teacher and friend, but that was only to please herself. Let the white woman prepare her own food.

So when, half-an-hour later, Gerald brought his guests back to the shanty, he found the half-caste had disappeared, and food for one only prepared. He was too much annoyed to be amused, and resolved to lecture Ruha soundly on her rude treatment of his visitors.

However, the billy was boiling, and tea for three was soon forthcoming, Miss Matherley having the only uncracked one of the two cups, Gerald taking his tea in a tin pannikin. It was a merry little meal, though rather a hurried one, as Mr. Matherley was anxious to return to Norton's Clearing before dark.

He had bought the place, and now, with his eldest daughter, was endeavouring to make it habitable for Mrs. Matherley, who was resting at the seaport town after her voyage.

Gerald said he would ride part of the way, at least, with them, and went out to catch his horse. Ruha, securely screened behind the thick ti-tree, watched his movements anxiously. Her dark eyes gleamed with anger as she noted how carefully he placed Miss Matherley in the saddle, chaffing her as he did so about the various rents in her pretty habit and gossamer veil, due to the unwelcome attentions of the bush-lawyer and other thorny plants which she had encountered during the rough ride through the scrub.

The little party set off at last, and Ruha emerged from her hiding-place, with a very disturbed expression on her usually cheerful face.

She peeped into the hut and scowled at the remains of the meal. She even went so far as to turn Miss Matherley's seat upside down. Then she went down to the creek, whose limpid stream bore no traces of the mud it had carried down during the storm, and gazed at her own reflection in a mirror of Nature's own providing. It was as though seeing Miss Matherley had produced the same effect on her as the eating of the forbidden fruit on Eve. Her eyes were opened. Into her Paradise a serpent had crept. She was sure Gerald would be very angry with her, and all for that hateful white woman!

Ruha sat by the creek and sighed. Her once smart print frock, very faded, though clean, and her untidy old straw hat—both presents from Gerald, purchased when on a visit to the nearest township in search of necessary provisions—looked even to her untutored eyes mean and shabby beside the well-fitting blue cloth habit of the young lady, and her dainty hat with its bright blue gossamer veil. Then her collar, her brooch, gloves: all so new to Ruha.

A bell-bird in a neighbouring rata began its peculiar but pretty notes, and Ruha fancied it was laughing at her trouble. And then a sudden idea came to her. She would get this strange young lady *tapu'd*, so that no one could touch her.

The *tapu* can be put on anything, and until it is removed, the person, or place, or article is under a ban, as it were. Gerald had met with an instance of the

power of *tapu* when he first arrived in the colony. He saw what he thought was a particularly beautiful piece of carving on one of the whares in a pah belonging to the Ngatirua tribe. He wished to examine it closely, and stretched out his hand for the purpose, but was seized by the natives, and narrowly escaped being tomahawked. The whare was *tapu*.

But whilst Ruha brooded over her plans to remove Miss Matherley from Gerald's path, and leave her Pakeha to herself, the twilight deepened into night, and, fearing her father's anger if she stayed out late contrary to his orders, she crushed her hat firmly down on her dark hair, and set off with a quick run for the distant pah.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

JAMES PITT'S PRESENTIMENTS.

IN his pleasure at seeing his friends, and hearing news of his own family from those who had so lately seen them, Gerald forgot the hints James Pitt had dropped concerning the native troubles. Nor did he again recall or think of them for some weeks. He passed much of his time with the Matherleys, who were working very hard on their new property.

Norton's Clearing, as it was still called, stood on the brow of a hill, the house being situated about a couple of miles from the rough road leading to the nearest township. The father was very glad of the young man's assistance in putting up a "lean-to," which would serve as a temporary bed-room for the five boys, whom Mr. Matherley wished to establish as young settlers. Two of them, Percy and Ted, who came next in age to Nellie, the eldest girl, were with their father, and proved themselves quite adepts in the art of building. A kitchen was also added, and then Mr. Matherley and Percy went down to Auckland to bring Mrs. Matherley and the children up to the homestead.

The journey was very fatiguing, and for some days Mr. Matherley greatly regretted that his anxiety to procure suitable land to employ the energies of all his sons had led him to leave the chief centres of population and begin colonial life in such a lonely spot, so cut off at that time from civilisation. There was also a great want of the little luxuries to which, as an invalid, Mrs. Matherley was accustomed. But she was cheerful and uncomplaining, with an encouraging smile or word for the entire household.

They had brought an old servant from England with them, but after a month at the homestead, she declared it was not the style of life which at all suited her, and requested to be sent to Auckland. Nellie and her younger sister, Maud, in vain reasoned and pleaded with her, but Mrs. Matherley said it only made her uncomfortable keeping anyone so strongly against her will. So, as soon as an opportunity occurred, she was returned to Auckland, whence she might make her way to England if she pleased.

Nellie and Maud had therefore a great deal to do, and at first they found it very hard work. But they were brave girls, and did not grumble at the sudden change from the comforts of an English home to the scant accommodation and unceasing toil of a pioneer settler's life.

Gerald rode over about two months after the Matherleys' arrival to ask his friend, James Pitt, to go with him to call at Norton's Clearing. He found James busy with a needle and thread, executing some necessary repairs in his slender wardrobe, and, as Gerald frankly told him, not before they were really needed.

It was a good opportunity to propose a call on the ladies, Gerald thought, and further suggested that the mending should be handed over to them, adding that if James felt it would place him under any oppressive obligations to ask the young ladies' assistance in a truly feminine task, he could easily repay them by making a batch of his excellent scones.

"What a tease you are, Trender! I will certainly go with you to pay my respects to your friends; but let them distinctly understand, it is no *call*. That sort of formality, as you ought to know, will not do out here in the bush—at all events, not at present, thank goodness! And I may as well tell you straight, I never intend it to make its appearance in my part of the world. Good gracious, man! I should require a card and a coat! This article which I am so carefully repairing is my best Sunday-go-to-meeting garment, and in it I shall be most happy to drop in on the Matherleys. But I say, Trender, what an unfortunate thing it is for them that they should have happened to come out here just now."

"Why?" said Gerald, playing with a reel of stout black cotton, which James regarded as a most cherished possession.

"Don't waste an inch of that, I implore you, Trender. If war really breaks out, and my cartridges get exhausted, I may require that to twist into a rope for my neck; for I will never fall alive into the hands of savages. Do you know, I have been thinking that I would light a fire, and hang myself over that, so as to prevent any tomahawking of my innocent frame after death? I am quite sure that the sight of such a desecration would materially affect my happiness in another world!"

"What an awful idea! The fact is, Pitt, I have left you too much to yourself lately. I have been thoroughly selfish, I am afraid, and you have grown melancholy. I am really sorry."

"Bill Rouse is away on a spree, and I *have* been a little more lonely than usual," admitted James, with a shadowy smile. "But don't blame yourself. The attraction was, no doubt, quite irresistible. I should have done the same in your place."

"There has been no particular attraction," said Gerald hastily. "I have been rendering Mr. Matherley—who is the squire of my father's parish and an old friend of my own—a little assistance in adding to that cottage on Norton's Clearing. Upon my word, I felt it was almost an insult to Mrs. Matherley to take her to such a place."

James raised his eyebrows slightly, which produced

an incredulous look on his face. His voice, moreover, was slightly sarcastic as he said—

"Is Mrs. Matherley differently constituted from other refined ladies? Many highly educated women have come out here, and have not imagined that any insult was intended them when their husbands offered them the best they had."

"You don't understand, Pitt," began Gerald.

Then, seeing his friend was only teasing him, he turned his back on him, and gazed at the range of bush-covered hills in the distance.

"You don't see them coming yet, do you?" asked James quietly.

"Who? the Matherleys? Why should they come? Besides, that is not their direction."

His companion gave a laugh which much annoyed Gerald.

"I was not thinking of the Matherleys, old chap."

"What do you mean, Pitt?"

"The Maoris will come over that hill yonder."

"And then?"

"Well, then, we shall either be shot or disposed of in some savage fashion."

"How morbid you are! The Maoris round here are on very good terms with us. It is only in the Taranaki province that there is any danger from them. And it is perfectly ridiculous to imagine that a few undisciplined savages can do anything more than cause a temporary annoyance to settlers, against whom they fancy they have a grudge."

"Do you believe in presentiments, Trender?"

The young man laughed.

"Not much," he said tersely.

James looked at the stalwart figure, healthy Anglo-Saxon face, and dauntless mien of his visitor, and confessed that he was certainly not at all the kind of man to have any sympathy whatever with visions, presentiments, or vague fears of any kind.

Both were silent for a few minutes. James had ceased mending, and was gazing at the hill, which for him held such terrible forebodings, with an intentness that made Gerald ask at length, in a softer tone—

"What do you see?"

Pitt turned his absorbed glance for a moment on his companion. Apparently satisfied that Gerald's mood, if not actually sympathetic, was, at all events, not decidedly antagonistic, he answered dreamily—

"I hear shouts! Ah! the yells! They are dancing the war-dance. See, now they sway back and forth!"

He was silent again, and Gerald, half-inclined to fancy him insane, grasped his supple jack-stick firmly, determined to sell his life as dearly as possible if the man's madness should take a homicidal turn.

But Pitt's eyes had left the bush, the far-away look in them gave place to his usual slightly cynical one, and he laughed quietly as Gerald's hand relaxed, and a somewhat confused expression stole over his face.

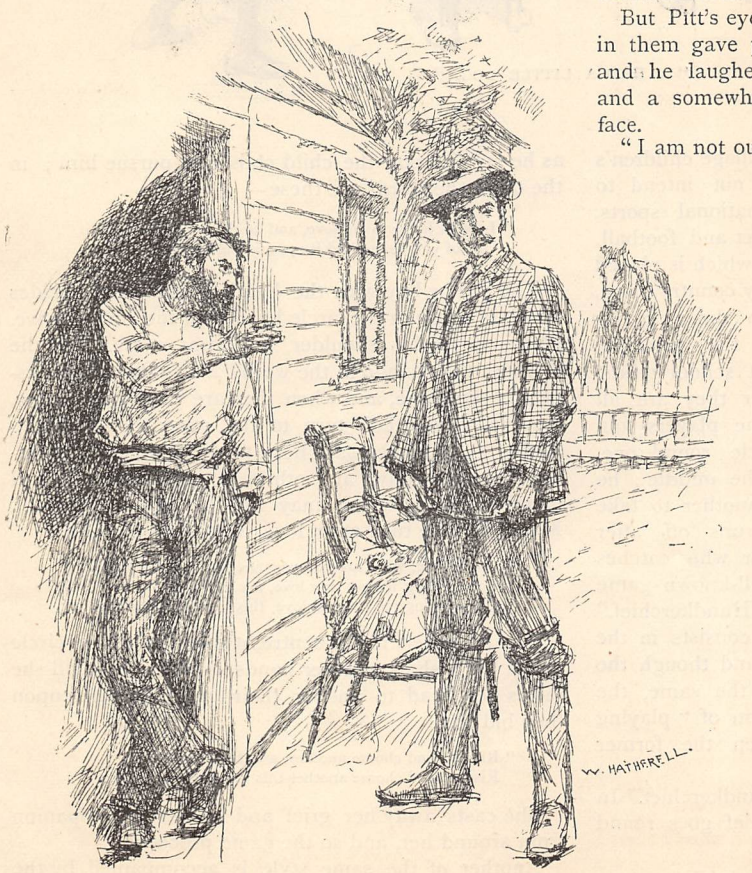
"I am not out of my senses," Pitt remarked, in a soothing tone.

Gerald muttered something that might or might not have been an apology.

"I will tell you all about it some day," Pitt continued. "In our family there is the gift of second sight, and I know—how, I cannot explain—that the Maoris will be down upon us here. You do not seem to know that there is really a Maori war going on. How and where it will end, who dare attempt to foretell? They have an immense advantage over us: they are at home in the country, they know the bush thoroughly. Then they have no compunction, no mercy. They enjoy killing the white people; we do not, I trust, like killing them. They are treacherous; we fight openly."

At last Gerald believed in his friend's words. A stern, resolute look was on his face as he said—

"If they come here, Pitt, we must fight for our friends and for our homes."



"'THE MAORIS WILL COME OVER THAT HILL YONDER.'"

Pitt had quite recovered himself.

"And for our sweethearts," he said lightly. Then, with a momentary relapse into his graver demeanour he added, "But mark my words, Trender, there are stirring adventures in store for some of us."

And he was right.

END OF CHAPTER THE THIRD.

VILLAGE CHILDREN'S GAMES.

"'I HAD A LITTLE DOG.'"

THE UMPIRE.

IN speaking of village children's games, I do not intend to refer to the national sports, such as cricket and football, the former of which is played in nearly every country place, but rather to those games which form the principal entertainment at school treats. To an onlooker they are all very similar; the players join hands and circle round one, who stands in the middle; he either chooses another to take his place, or runs off after touching another who catches him, as in the well-known game of "Drop the Handkerchief." But the variety consists in the words chanted, and though the actions remain the same, the difference in them constitutes the charm of "playing something else," from what has been the former amusement. To give an instance—

There are two forms of "Drop the Handkerchief." In one the individual with the handkerchief goes round outside the group, singing—

"I had a little dog, and he won't bite you, and he won't bite you, etc.; but he will bite you,"

as he lays it upon the child chosen to pursue him; in the other the words are these—

"I sent a letter to my love, and on the way I dropped it,
One of you has picked it up, and put in his pocket."

The girl or boy with the handkerchief then decides which of those in the circle has found the lost missive, places it on his shoulder, and runs away. To the children the change in the words alters the whole aspect of the game, and when they are tired of the one, they will contentedly turn to the other as something fresh. It is unnecessary here to dwell upon "Gathering Nuts and May," and others as well-known. I will mention some which may not be equally general. Many of these turn upon love, as, for instance, in—

"Sweet love, what are you weeping for, you weeping for?"
"I'm weeping for my true love, my true love, my true love,
I'm weeping for my true love, this bright summer's day."

A child kneels in the centre, whilst the others circle round her; she keeps her hands over her face till she raises her head to answer their question, whereupon they bid her

"Rise up and choose another, another, another,
Rise up and choose another this bright summer's day."

She casts away her grief and selects a companion from around her, and so the game proceeds.

Another of the same style is accompanied by the following:—

Rose, apple, lily, pear, a crown of roses she shall wear,
Take her by her lily-white hand, lead her over the water,
Give her kisses one, two, three, I know then whose bride she'll be."

At the close of which the player in the centre chooses a partner, and they kiss and retire hand-in-hand to join the group which surrounds them.

In another game, called "Isabella," which is a great favourite, the whole ceremony of courtship and marriage is represented, commencing with the lovers' first kiss, and ending with the putting on of the ring in church.

There are many others similar to these, but it would only weary the reader to detail them all, though the words which are sung to each have in some cases a very quaint sound.

"Cat and Mouse," in which the cat outside the group tries hard to break in upon the terrified mouse inside, "Puss in the Corner," and "Black Man," as games common to all children, need not be mentioned here.

But there are several others, namely, "Milk-Cans," "In and Out the Window," "Threading the Needle," which it may be interesting to notice.

Of these, the first is simply a series of questions and answers, chanted by those forming the circle and the speaker in the middle respectively, but the words are curious, and one wonders of what the milk-can was made which could necessitate the selling of a feather-bed for its purchase. Perhaps of gold or something more costly?

Children (joining hands in a circle).—"Please, mother, buy me a milk-can, a milk can," etc.
Mother (in their midst).—"Where shall I get money to buy it with, to buy it with?"
C.—"Sell father's feather-bed, please, mother, do, sell father's feather-bed," etc.
M.—"Where will the father sleep? the father sleep? the father sleep?"
C.—"Sleep in the servants' room, the servants' room, sleep in the servants' room," etc.
M.—"Where will the servants sleep? the servants sleep? the servants sleep?" etc.
C.—"Sleep in the pigsty, the pigsty, the pigsty, sleep in the pigsty," etc.
M.—"Where will the pigs sleep, the pigs sleep, the pigs sleep? where," etc.
C.—"Sleep in the wash-tub, the wash-tub, the wash-tub, sleep in the wash-tub," etc.
M.—"What shall I wash in? wash in? wash in?"
C.—"Wash in a thimble, a thimble, a thimble. Wash in a thimble, please, mother, do."

At this suggestion the distracted mother makes a rush at the children, who scatter in all directions; she gives chase, till she has captured one, who pays the penalty by acting the parent, when the rest again gather round and the same questions are asked.

The second is more elaborate, though the ceremony of the game is, as usual, centred in a circle.

One player commences by working in and out under the arms of those who stand joining hands, and sings, thus:—

"In and out the window, in and out the window,
In and out the window, as you have done before,"

saying—

"Follow on to London, follow on to London,
Follow on to London, as you have done before."

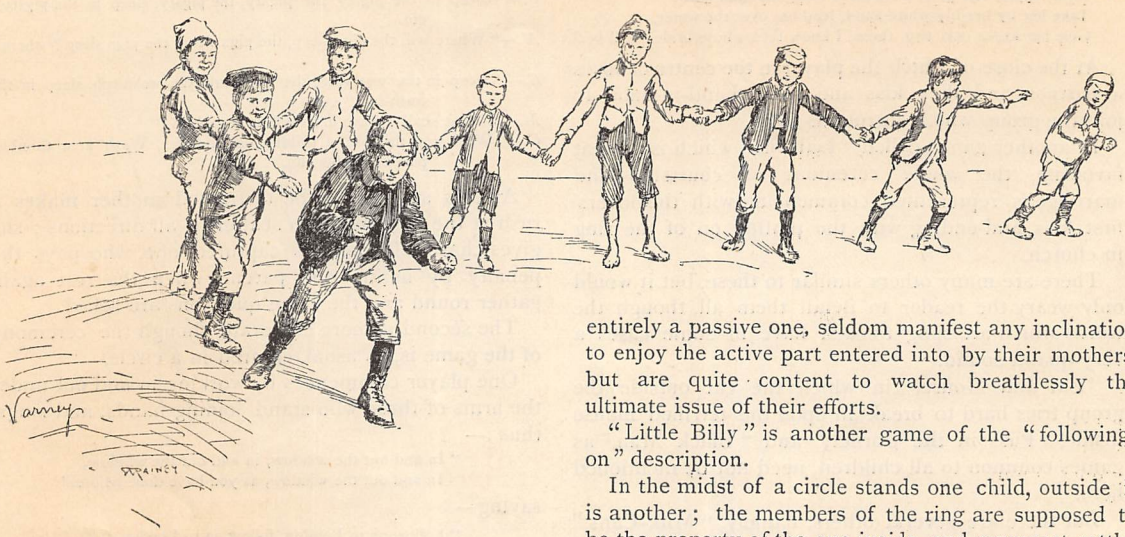
He then touches one of the group, who has to leave his companions and march on behind him, whilst they chant, as both walk round outside the ring—

"Round and round the city, round and round the city,
Round and round the city, as you have done before."

Then both wind in and out among the rest, saying the words as given above, and the leader signs to another to "Follow on to London." Thus the game proceeds, the circle growing ever narrower, whilst the train who push in and out of it increases its numbers, till all the members of the group have been pressed into its service, as one by one each has "followed on to London," and is there lost sight of.

In "Threading the Needle," we have the primitive germ from which doubtless sprang "Tempête," a

Threading the Needle.



species of country dance, much in vogue at one time for children's parties. The players stand in pairs opposite one another, each holding one end of a handkerchief. The couple at the top of the line represent the needle, through which (*i.e.*, under whose arms, as in "Oranges and Lemons,") all the others pass, till they are left at the end of the row. The game comes to an end when every needle has been duly threaded.

It seems strange to hear country children playing such a game as "Please, mother, will you sell your baby?" It would seem less astonishing were it the grim relaxation of the little ones of the London slums, where, according to all accounts, hiring of infants (if not actually buying and selling) is an every day affair. Yet this is, indeed, one of the forms of recreation remarkable in villages. It is a mixture of the well-known "Pat Back" and "York Threes."

The children stand in pairs, one behind the other, in a circle (not joining hands); in other words, each mother has a baby in front of her. Thus the parents form an outer ring, whilst their offspring make an inside one. As usual, one player is "out," he comes up and asks the question—

"Please, mother, will you sell your baby?"

she replies—

"No, not for thousands of pounds."

The mother then runs round the group in one direction, whilst the would-be buyer runs in the other. If the mother reaches her infant first, she keeps it, but if her adversary's legs are the quicker, she has to give it up, and take her place in offering to purchase some other parent's darling. Great excitement is caused over this game, and the little ones show much anxiety to secure the nimblest of the big ones for their mothers, lest in the competition they should be given up to some stranger.

Strangely enough, the babies, to whom this game is entirely a passive one, seldom manifest any inclination to enjoy the active part entered into by their mothers, but are quite content to watch breathlessly the ultimate issue of their efforts.

"Little Billy" is another game of the "following-on" description.

In the midst of a circle stands one child, outside it is another; the members of the ring are supposed to be the property of the one inside, and represent cattle, sheep, pigs, hens, etc.

The player inside fancies he hears a noise, and calls out—

"Who goes there?"

whereupon he receives the answer—

"Only little Billy."

Meanwhile "Little Billy," touches one of the group, who follows him, and thus the game proceeds till the owner in the centre finds he has been robbed of all his farm-stock, and gives chase, with the hope of recovering something that may relieve him from his humiliating position. There are plenty of other games played by English village children, many not less uncommon than "Fox and Geese" is common, but I will only mention one more, called "Varney," or the reader's patience may become exhausted. It is a good pastime with which to finish an afternoon, and send home the little guests laughing and happy, if by chance obstacles in their entertainer's grounds render "Blind Man's Buff" dangerous.

The children are scattered running about in all directions; one is set to catch another; then the two join hands and sally forth to capture another member to form their band. In time it becomes quite formidable to the few who have hitherto escaped, especially as the boy or girl at either end may lay hands on a victim.

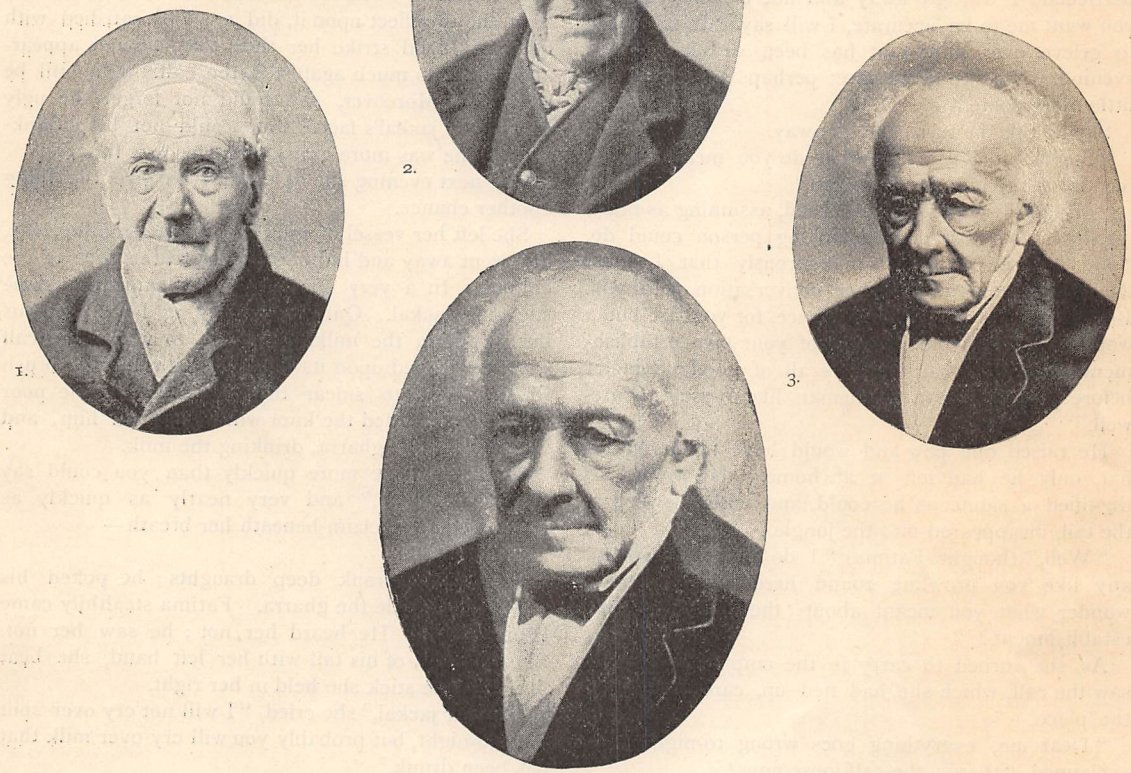
The whole band, however, must keep hands fast joined; it counts as nothing to seize a fugitive if the line is broken anywhere.

The game ends when there remain no longer any independent individuals, when the renowned one of many hairbreadth escapes has at last succumbed to the power of the band, which, large enough finally to cover the limited breadth of the play-ground, has left him no corner where he may evade their clutches, but has pressed him, all unwilling, into their service, hailing him with the honour which is surely his due.

THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN.

ILLUSTRATED FROM MODERN LIFE (IN PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. VERE BRODIE, SUCCESSOR TO MESSRS. BONING & SMALL).

VII. "LAST SCENE OF ALL."



1, 2, AND 3 COMBINED.

FATIMA AND THE CALF

BY ARTHUR MILTON.

"THERE, now, it is too bad; the milk is all gone again."

The speaker was Fatima, the wife of Biloch Khan. She had been busily engaged all day. She had been in the fields gathering cotton; she had spent full two hours grinding flour at the grindstone, she had done various household duties, and, at length, evening had come. She had just left her little baby swinging in its cradle, suspended from the roof of her hut, and then had gone to milk the cow. Just as she had finished the milking, and the earthen vessel, which she called a gharra, was nearly full of milk, the baby set up a doleful wail. She left her gharra, and ran to the child to comfort her. She was not away more than ten minutes, but when she came back the vessel was empty—the milk gone. This was the second time she had lost her milk. For, about four days before this, almost the same thing had happened, except that then, instead of the baby crying, Fatima had been drawn away by a sudden alarm amongst her poultry.

"It is too bad," she repeated to herself, as she gazed despondingly at her empty milk vessel.

"It is no use to cry over spilt milk, we are told," said a voice behind her.

Turning her head, Fatima saw that the speaker was a villainous-looking jackal, with a horrid, leering grin upon his face.

"Who is crying over spilt milk?" asked the woman angrily. "I am not. There is no milk spilt, and I am not crying. Why do you not use words in their proper places, if you speak at all?"

"Well," replied the jackal, "as you are so mighty particular, I will go away and not trouble you. If you want me to be accurate, I will say, 'It is no use to grieve over milk that has been drunk.' Good-evening. Next time we meet perhaps you will be a little more polite."

Saying this, he turned to go away.

"Stay," said Fatima; "what do you mean? Who has drunk my milk? Have you?"

"My good woman," he returned, assuming as much dignity as his disreputable-looking person could do, "you now insult me so monstrously that I must decline to hold any further conversation with you. But I give you one piece of advice, for you are but a woman: look to the inmates of your own establishment. Be sure that they are all of good character before you suspect a gentleman like myself. Farewell."

He raised one paw and would have taken off his hat, only he had left it at home. He waved as dignified a salute as he could, and, with a sweep of the tail, disappeared into the jungle.

"Well," thought Fatima, "I do not want you or any like you prowling round here again. But I wonder what you meant about 'the inmates of my establishment?'"

As she turned to carry in the empty gharra, she saw the calf, which she had tied up, careering about the place.

"Dear me, everything goes wrong to-night," she exclaimed, "there's the calf loose now!"

She was sadly out of temper by this time. Then she took up a stick that was lying near her, and ran after the calf. The little animal was only playful, and it soon stopped and allowed Fatima to come up and catch it. It turned its face up to the woman, with an innocent smile which seemed to say—

"What a jolly game we are having."

As it did so, however, Fatima noticed that its lips were covered with milk, to say nothing of sundry smears about other parts of the face.

"Why, you horrid little beast!" she exclaimed (it was not nice language for a lady, but the historian must be accurate); "you are the thief; you have stolen all the milk, have you? I will pay you out."

Saying this, she raised the stick in her hand, and began to beat the poor calf in such a way as you could not have believed possible from the kind-hearted and usually even-tempered Fatima.

The calf looked sad; the calf shed tears of shame; the calf wailed loud in agony. But yet the calf did not speak. I cannot think why the calf could not speak just as well as the jackal. I came to the conclusion at the time that it was a sense of shame that kept it silent. But I know now that it was too young to speak.

Fatima's arm grew tired, and her anger cooled at the same time. Her strength and the heat of her passion both went out at the end of her stick. But the calf was thoroughly warmed. It was well for the poor little animal that the good housewife had had such a hard day's work, otherwise, perhaps, the consequences would have been worse.

But Fatima, when she had done the deed, and had had time to reflect upon it, did not feel satisfied with herself. It did strike her then that, though appearances were so much against it, the calf might still be innocent. Moreover, she could not forget the ugly leer on the jackal's face. She could not help thinking that he was more guilty than she first thought.

The next evening she determined to give the thing another chance.

She left her vessel of milk in a most tempting way, and went away and hid herself behind the door of the cottage. In a very short time out came the same sneaking jackal. Quick as lightning he dipped his bushy tail in the milk, ran away to where the calf was tied, leaped upon its back, and swung his brush round so as to smear the milk all over the poor thing's face, untied the knot which fastened him, and was back at the gharra, drinking the milk.

This was done more quickly than you could say "Jack Robinson," and very nearly as quickly as Fatima could exclaim beneath her breath—

"Jack Hall!"

The jackal drank deep draughts; he poked his head right inside the gharra. Fatima stealthily came behind him. He heard her not; he saw her not. She laid hold of his tail with her left hand, she beat him with the stick she held in her right.

"So, sir jackal," she cried, "I will not cry over spilt milk to-night, but probably you will cry over milk that has been drunk."

She held him tight. He forgot his dignity. He shrieked, he struggled. But no—Fatima was relentless. The blows fell on the jackal's back like hail pattering on the window panes—only there were no window panes to Fatima's cottage, so she would not have understood this.

At last the jackal gathered all his strength for one fearful effort. He sprang, he bounded, he was free: but, alas! he was free from his tail. True, the blows fell no longer upon him, but his tail, broken short off, remained in Fatima's hand.

"Go," cried the woman, "and be thankful that you have got away with your life. If your miserable tail had been but stronger, you had never had the chance of stealing again."

The jackal sneaked away, under cover of the bushes, to think what he could do. After a few minutes' meditation he peered through the jungle, and seeing that all was safe he came out, picked up his tail from the spot where Fatima had thrown it, and

"THE BLOWS FELL ON THE JACKAL'S BACK LIKE HAIL" (*p.* 538).

set off at a brisk trot on an errand that he had resolved upon.

He came to a blacksmith's forge, and found the blacksmith at home. When the man saw him, he said—

"Good-evening, Mr. Jackal; what is your news? If I judged by your face, I should say you are ashamed of yourself, but little dogs always carry their tails between their legs when they are ashamed of themselves. Is it not etiquette amongst you to do so?"

"I am down in my luck," returned the animal; "but there is nothing to be ashamed of in my tale. I have met with an accident, and hearing of your charitable disposition, I am come to ask your help, oh! nourisher of the poor."

"Well, what is it?" the man inquired.

"You mend things when they are broken," the jackal answered; "will you mend my tail?"

"Oh, is that all?" said the blacksmith. "That is but a trifle. Just you sit down here, if it will not hurt that stump, while I get my irons hot. A little solder will soon put that together."

"Oh!" groaned the jackal, "hot irons! Will it hurt much?"

"Not more than a doctor would hurt when he cauterises a wound; and it will soon be over."

The irons were soon heated to the blacksmith's satisfaction. He applied them to the tail, but before the pieces were joined the jackal took to his heels, shrieking with pain.

"Come back," shouted the man. "I assure you it does not hurt. It is all your imagination. See, I have your tail."

But no, the poor jackal would not listen. He roamed away, far from his friends; for he could not bear the rude remarks that they made when they saw him.

I believe the punishment he received made him a much wiser and, I hope, better jackal, for the last I heard of him was that he was ministering to the wants of the tailless and earless tiger that wanted to eat Biloch Khan. I suppose they consoled one another for the rest of their natural lives.

LUSCIOUS BONBONS.

BY MONA NEALE.

ONE wet afternoon a short time ago I happened to drop in about tea-time at the house of a young lady friend. Among the many dainties which graced her tea-table there was a pretty crystal dish containing the most delicious-looking bonbons, in the shape of walnuts, candied in some marvellous way. I tasted one, and found it so exceedingly nice that I could not help remarking on its excellence, and, as this was not the first time I had tasted in my friend's house sweetmeats of a novel kind, I ventured to ask if they were home-made.

"Oh, yes," answered my friend, whose name, by the way, is Miss Hanson, "I always make my own confectionery. Do you like these? They are caramel walnuts. I generally keep a supply of them on hand. Most people enjoy a 'goodie' in the intervals of tea and talk, and I always like to have something a little different from other people on my afternoon tea-table. These walnuts are particularly popular among all my visitors."

She then very kindly offered to initiate me into some of the mysteries of her confectionery art, if I came some afternoon, and, as I eagerly accepted the offer, we there and then fixed a day for the purpose.

Accordingly, on the afternoon arranged, I presented myself at her house, and was ushered into the kitchen, where everything was prepared for the demonstration. Miss Hanson herself, enveloped in a huge pinafore, was standing before the table, which was set out with an important array of jars, tins, and various essence bottles, a metal mortar and pestle, numerous plates and basins, and bright flat tins.

"Looks like business, doesn't it?" she laughed, as I appeared. "That is the worst of bonbon-making: such an amount of paraphernalia is necessary."

She then handed me a slip of paper, and told me that she had selected the following items as the subjects for her instructions that afternoon. The list was as follows:—

Caramel Walnuts.
Chocolate Almonds.
Chocolate Caramel.
Cocoanut Ice.
American Sweets.

"I had put down Russian toffee, which is one of my specialities, but the preparation is rather troublesome, and I am afraid it would take up too much of our time to undertake it this afternoon; but I will gladly show you how to make it any other day you like—if you like toffee, that is to say; many people do not."

"I am exceedingly fond of toffee," I answered. "In fact, it is the only sweetmeat I have ever tried to make."

"Russian toffee is vastly superior to 'common, or schoolroom, toffee,'" said Miss Hanson, "and I rather pride myself on my manufacture of it. I have always had a mania for confectionery ever since the nursery days, when we used to make toffee-drops by holding a lump of sugar to a lighted taper and letting the melted drops fall on to the page of an old copy-book. Ugh! the taste of those hard, burnt drops, with the bits of inky paper sticking to them—how well I remember it!

"Then in the schoolroom days I aspired to real toffee, and obtained a wide reputation for the wonderful variety and mystery of my flavourings among my brothers and friends. One day I nearly poisoned them all with eye-lotion, which I took for rose, and then my inventive powers received a check, and I studied the cookery-book, and did not make any more experiments on my own account."

Miss Hanson, having provided me with an apron similar to her own, then proposed that we should set to work at once. There was a small handmaiden in attendance, who was bidden to butter some of the tins and plates in readiness for us, which done, in accordance with Miss Hanson's orders, she retired to the back kitchen with a large cocoanut and a grater, and proceeded to grate down the whole of it.

"We will begin with the walnuts," said Miss Hanson. "I have got them cracked and shelled ready for use, as it takes so long to crack them, and our time is precious. You will notice I have been careful to keep them as whole as possible. I have half a pound here, which makes two dozen caramels. The other requisites are two ounces of sweet almonds (and three bitter almonds added give more flavour), a quarter of a pound of icing sugar, one white of egg. This makes the mixture to fill them, which is all we can do to them to-day. They have to be left a whole day to harden before glazing them."

Miss Hanson then dropped the almonds, which were ready blanched, into the mortar, and, adding a few drops of spirit to prevent them oiling, pounded them vigorously until they were quite smooth. Then she turned the paste into a bowl, and added the sugar and white of egg, mixing it well. The mixture, when finished, was barely soft. She next proceeded to take up a piece of the paste and rolled it into a ball between her fingers. Then she stuck half a walnut on each side of the ball. I helped her to do this to all the rest, and when done they were put on a dish and set aside to harden in a cool pantry.

"If you come in for a few minutes to-morrow morning," said Miss Hanson, "I will show you how I boil the syrup to glaze them. Now we will do the chocolates. You see, I have a supply of almonds, which I keep always ready for use. They are blanched and dried for a few minutes in a cool oven."

She measured out from the tin in which they were kept four ounces of almonds, and directed me to split them into halves. Then she went to the oven and took out the mortar, which had been heating while we prepared the walnuts, and threw into it half a pound of Mexican chocolate, broken into small pieces.

When this was pounded to a paste, she mixed with it half a pound of icing sugar, and we rolled each almond in a small piece of the chocolate paste and set them aside to cool.

These sweets were very quickly made, and I found them exceedingly good to eat afterwards.

"Cocoanut ice and chocolate caramel come next on the list. We will make the ice first, if Annie has the cocoanut ready, as it takes longer to harden."

The small maiden here appeared from the inner kitchen bearing a basin full of the grated cocoanut, and handed it to Miss Hanson.

"Now I want the brass pan, Annie," said Miss Hanson, proceeding to weigh out three pounds of loaf sugar in the scales.

When this was brought, the sugar was put into it, with half a pint of cold water, and brought slowly to the boil. Miss Hanson stood over the pan with a spoon and a saucer of cold water in her hand, and from time to time dropped a little of the syrup into the water.

"I keep on trying it," she explained, "like this, until it reaches the stage which the cookery-books call 'candy high'—that is, when it hardens immediately it is dropped into the cold water."

When it was boiled sufficiently, Miss Hanson drew the pan to the cool side of the stove, and stirred in the cocoanut. Into another saucepan, which had been previously heated, she poured half the mixture, and coloured it pink with a few drops of cochineal. The ice was then poured into two buttered soup-plates—first the white mixture and then the pink on the top of it.

It was then set aside to cool and harden, and we directed our attention to the chocolate caramel.

Into an enamelled pan Miss Hanson put four and a half ounces of grated chocolate, six and a half ounces of sugar, two tablespoons of honey, and a teacup of milk. This was put upon the fire, and stirred well until it boiled.

"When it comes to the boil, keep on stirring, and let it boil slowly for half an hour, until it is quite thick," said my friend. "If you don't boil it enough, it will be sticky."

When the boiling process was over, the caramel was poured into one of the buttered tins, and as soon as it was slightly firm Miss Hanson took a sharp knife and marked it into neat squares, explaining that this was much more easily done while the mixture was still soft.

"I will now conclude my demonstration with the recipe for American sweets. I give you the recipe only for what it is worth. I was staying with some American girls last summer, and it was an invention, I believe, of their own. They initiated me into the art of making them. They are too sweet for my taste, but they look pretty, and are very simple to make. Would you mind breaking one of those eggs into a basin and separating the yolk and white?"

I did as Miss Hanson desired, and handed her the white of the egg on a plate.

She took a quantity of icing sugar in one hand and let it sift gradually into the egg, which she stirred all the time with the end of a wooden spoon. When it was mixed quite thick, she put some of the mixture into another plate, and added a few drops of cochineal. One portion she flavoured with vanilla, and the other with lemon.

"Now comes your chance to show your artistic faculty," said Miss Hanson, taking up a small lump of icing in her hand and forming it into the shape of a cone. "The art is to make the sweets into the oddest and queerest shapes you can invent, and the Americans put all sorts of things into the middle of them—bits of nuts, almonds, preserved cherries and ginger, citron, angelica—anything you like. In fact, there is endless scope for an original mind."

I took possession of one of the plates, and set to work to try my skill. The result was a very satisfactory array of quaintly-shaped sweets, pink and white, set out on a baking-sheet, which had been spread with clean white paper.

They were simply hardened in front of a bright fire, and then were ready. They were very like French fondants in taste, and looked very tempting when piled up on a glass ice-plate and put upon the tea-table.

I thanked Miss Hanson very cordially for her instruction, and after a glance into the pantry to see how our confections looked, we took off our aprons and adjourned to the drawing-room, where I enjoyed a cup of unrivalled orange pekoe, and discussed muffins and the coming bazaar, in which latter we were both involved.

The next morning when, according to my friend's invitation, I went back to see the final result of our afternoon's labour, I found the cocoanut cut into neat squares, ready to be packed away in tin boxes, with a sheet of white paper between each layer. The cocoanut ice was delicious. It turned out quite hard, and the pink was a most delicate shade. It was cut into bars, and arranged on a fancy dish. Miss Hanson told me it should not be kept too long, or it would get too hard to eat with comfort. She presented me with a big slab, and all my family voted it far superior to any that can be bought.

The walnuts were quite ready for the glazing process, which Miss Hanson at once proceeded to show me.

She put half a pound of loaf sugar into an enamelled pan, with half a teacup of water and half a teaspoonful of cream of tartar.

This was boiled until quite thick. When it was ready each walnut was dipped into the caramel and then put on a buttered plate.

When they were cold and hard they were beautifully glazed, and on the plate being set for a minute on the stove to heat, slipped off easily.

I have tried all Miss Hanson's recipes since, and always found them very successful and much appreciated by all my friends as a pleasant addition to afternoon tea.

OUR CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

"I WISH TO HAVE 'THE BEST OF HUSBANDS.'"

"HAVE YOU GOT BURTON'S 'ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY'?"

"I SAY, LOOK HERE, I WANT 'TEN THOUSAND A YEAR,' YOU KNOW."

"I WILL TAKE, PLEASE, THE FIRST VOLUME OF 'MARIANA OF THE MOATED GRANGE.'"

OUR CIRCULATING LIBRARY—(*continued*).

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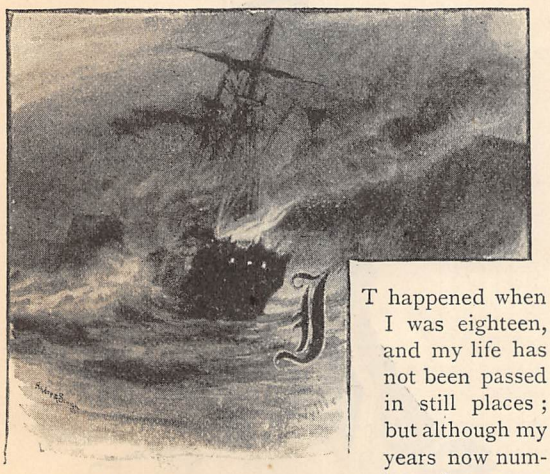
"I SHOULD LIKE 'WON BY A NECK,' IF IT IS IN, PLEASE."

THE MAN IN THE MIZZEN-TOP.

BY C. J. CUTCLIFFE HYNE.

I.



IT happened when I was eighteen, and my life has not been passed in still places; but although my years now number four-score and one, the wreck of that unknown Indiaman is the clearest thing in memory to-day, and the whole scene comes back to me in all vividness whenever I give it the least opportunity.

It was the chief boatman who saw her first. He was patrolling on duty along the cliffs, and a rocket spurting up from the gloom beneath showed him a vessel hard jammed on some of the mid teeth of the Yellow Saw. Being powerless to aid her by himself, he forthwith carried the report to my father, his superior officer; and as ours was a rare coast for smuggling, and night alarms were of constant occurrence, according to standing orders he forewent the ceremony of knocking at the front door, and came in straight, so as to save time and trouble for all parties. I was asleep when he entered, but woke at the sound of the fellow's heavy sea-boots clumping up the stairs, and, thinking it was some tale of a suspected run that he was bringing, or maybe of an actual seizure of kegs and ankers, wondered at anyone being reckless fool enough to try and pass lace or French brandy ashore on such an awful night as that. The contraband trader is not nice in his choice of weather, but to attempt running a cargo on such a coast as ours, in such a gale, was little short of suicidal.

The clumsy footsteps came along the narrow passage, and halted at the door opposite mine, at which their owner knocked noisily.

"Well?" demanded my father promptly.

"Vessel ashore on the Yellow Saw, sir."

"Ah!" returned my father; and then, after a moment's pause, he asked: "Trethewy's lugger?"

"No, sir, a much larger craft; ship or a barque, from what I can make out. But it's so mucky dark one can't be sure of a thing."

"Very well," rejoined my father; "go and knock up the rest of the men and do what you can, and I'll be out and with you in four minutes."

"Ay, sir."

The chief boatman turned and clumped away, and I jumped out of bed and began pulling on my clothes. My father, with his minute's start, was dressed first, but I caught him up as he was going out of the front door, and we passed out into the night together. The time was two hours after midnight. The wind had increased from the half-gale which was blowing at ten o'clock into a hurricane, and driving rain made the air as thick as a sennit mat. We could not see a foot. We had to feel our way along; and as the houses which hedged the village street seemed to funnel the wind, and concentrate it, so to speak, we were more than once put to warping ourselves along by garden palings to make any headway at all.

Picking up his men as he passed the signal station, my father led on along the cliff, we staggering after him as best we might through the stinging shrieking darkness, bearing with us ropes, rockets, hawser, blocks, and what not, but with little hope of their being of any use. The ground was too rough for a cart, and everything had to be carried by hand or shoulder. There were a good many casualties by the way, but these were endured with stoicism, if not with good temper; and gaining ground literally foot by foot, we got at last to the cliff-head from which the chief boatman had espied the wreck.

A port-fire was lit, and the hissing outcome of blaze and brilliant smoke, driven into a horizontal ribbon by the gale, made us look like so many shaggy ghosts. But it did not show us the wreck. Seaward, we could not see a foot. Besides being dense with driving rain, the air was still further thickened with stinging spindrift. But though we could not see, it appeared that we were seen, or rather, that our signal was, for directly afterwards, from out of the seething, howling cauldron below, there glared up a flare, as sailors call it—a handful of tow steeped in turpentine, and streaming with dirty yellow flame.

The tearing breath of the gale consumed it in a moment, but we saw a couple of men making shift to light a larger beacon, and soon a pile of tar-barrels and old junk began to blaze and splutter from the deck of the Indiaman, and lit up all clearly. She was a full-rigged ship of eleven or twelve hundred tons burden, and sorely mauled. Her foremast had gone by the cleat-rack, with all its gear, and this probably accounted for her coming ashore; for as she had taken the rocks stern-on, we judged that they had lost command of her when it fell, and were, owing to the heavy sea, unable to send up jury spars and rigging, and get her under control again. Her mainmast was docked off short below the lower mast-head, but the mizzen-top was standing, and although top-gallant and royal masts were not there, they had probably been struck before the gale commenced. Her bulwarks were almost all gone, and forward, the waves had made havoc with her; but abaft the mainmast she still appeared fairly

solid, though it did not seem that she could long remain so. Her poop and lower rigging were crowded with people, and now and again, one or a small group got washed off and instantly swallowed up. All around was creaming surf and green curling waves, though occasionally the glint of the flames fell on some grim yellow fang of the Saw, and reminded us that others of those venomous rocks were every minute eating deeper and deeper into her sheathing and timbers. It was a weird sight and an awful one.

"She can't last till morning, I'm afeard, sir," shouted the chief boatman.

"Scarcely a chance of it," my father bawled back. "We must try and get in communication with her without further delay. Stand by and rig the rocket trough."

I could see by his face that he knew it was hopeless to attempt shooting a line to the wreck in the teeth of such a hurricane, and I think all the rest of us were equally despondent. But one cannot stand by and see fellow-creatures drown without lifting a hand to help them, even if that hand is obviously impotent; so we busied ourselves with preparations, and fired the heavy rockets whenever we fancied there was a lull. But it was a useless endeavour. The iron-cased missile hissed, and the thin whale-line snaked out; but the pressure of the wind was always too great, and the brilliant comet's tail either curved upwards till the dead stick fell fathoms and fathoms away inland behind us, or else it swooped down and quenched itself in the moiling hell of waters beneath. All our efforts were futile, and when, after a while, the beacon of tar-barrels burnt out and was not replaced, we had nothing to tell us whether any portion of the wreck remained, or whether she had been entirely broken up into her primitive staves.

II.

THE night wore out, and a cold dawn began to filter through the haze. There was no sunrise to brighten the scene. Everything was grey, and cold, and miserable. Our view was circumscribed to less than a quarter of a mile. But the wreck of the Indiaman was visible, framed by a pother of shrieking, tearing waters.

"SLEWED THE BOAT ROUND, AND FILLED HER TO THE THWARTS" (*p.* 546).

She had altered considerably since we saw her last. The after part was still above water and on an even keel, but forward she was under the yeasty surf most of the time, and had a strong list to starboard. Evidently her back was broken, poor thing. Still, in view of the fearful blows she was constantly receiving, the mere fact of her being there at all was a wonderful certificate of her strength of construction. Few vessels' timber would have withstood that awful watery beating and the terrible gnawing of those tawny fangs. Even she could not be expected to survive them much longer.

Her people had evidently come to this last conclusion — those of them who were left, that is — for their number had thinned woefully during those last dreadful hours. The launch was the only boat the sweeping seas had left them, and when the breaking day once more lit up our view they were preparing to get her into the water. There was a steep cleft in the rock a little further westward down the coast. They had seen it, and were evidently, as a desperate hope, going to attempt a landing through it.

We, who knew the place, saw the act with new horror. The cleft was guarded by reefs that no craft could hope to float over, and both back-wash and undertow were strong enough to drown a seal. But we could not tell them this. We could only go round there with our ropes on the forlorn chance that some strong swimmer might be swept in unharmed on the crest of a wave.

And so to the cleft we went, scrambling down its rocky sides till the tall out-shoots of the surf eddied around our legs, and the spray beat upon us like a hail-storm.

But on what followed I cannot bear to dwell, though the few seconds in which that salt drama was played out to the finish seemed to drag themselves out into hours. The heavy boat was got into the water, partly by human effort, partly by aid from the cruel sea itself, and its helpless freight embarked. A great roller swept it away from the wreck. Another huge combing sea, at right angles to the former, smashed off all the port oars like rye straws, slewed the boat round, and filled her to the thwarts. Then she sank into a deep trough out of our sight, and when the next sea swept up, no two planks of her were holding together. She had been literally ground to staves upon the reef.

A few struggling human atoms here and there dotted the boil of waters, but one by one the hungry fingers of the sea drew them quickly down, and not a soul of that launch's crew escaped.

III.

AND now comes the really weird part of my yarn. After gazing helplessly whilst this tragedy was enacted before our eyes, my father decided that we were to return to the village for some much-needed rest. Nothing more could be done. There was no hope of recovering any of the bodies till the sea moderated, and it was natural to suppose that no one was now left alive aboard the wreck. So we clambered up on to the cliff-head again, making for the spot where we had passed the night, all feeling miserable and dejected.

As we wound our way amongst the hummocks it struck me that the weather was moderating, and the others were noticing it too. The chief boatman gave voice to the general thought.

"Pity them poor folks didn't hang on a while longer," he said. "This dirt looks like breaking, and if it only eased up just a little bit we'd ha' been able to shoot 'em a line and——"

But here he was interrupted. One of the other men who had been on ahead came running back.

"They hain't all left her," he cried out excitedly. "There's a man perched in the mizzen-top!"

Helter-skelter we all struck out, striding over the boulders, leaning up against the gale, and in another minute saw this survivor for ourselves. He was there, surely enough, and to all outward appearance in no wise dismayed by his situation. He was sitting in the top, with his legs spread out and his back up against the lower masthead, leisurely eating some bread and meat. On seeing us he stopped for a moment with a morsel in mid-air, waved his hand, and then went unconcernedly on with his meal.

"Well," said one of the men, "that's a cool customer, any way."

"He's got nothing better to do, poor chap!" remarked another; "and I never heard as how a body was the happier for being drownded on an empty belly."

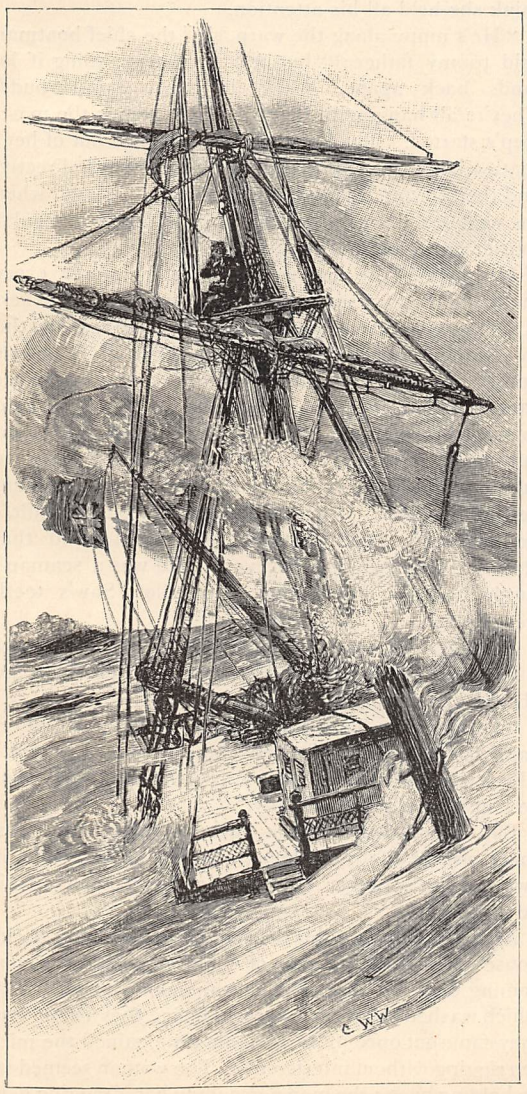
Further comments were stopped for the nonce by my father ordering us to get all ready for firing another rocket. His keen seaman's eye had noted that there was likely to be another lull in the gale directly, and he was determined to make the most of it.

As it happened, the wind eased somewhat sooner than had been expected, but we had all ready, and away swooped the rocket, with a splutter and a hiss, far out over the yeasty field of water. The man in the mizzen-top watched it keenly enough, though he munched on steadily the while. I thought we had done the trick then. The fiery messenger shot directly over the poop of the Indiaman, swooping a dozen fathoms away on the further side; but a sudden squall caught the line by its tail and sent it surging away to leeward, so that it again dropped uselessly in the water. A groan rose up from our little party in chorus. But the man in the top did not appear in any way disheartened. He watched the thin rope sink, and then, taking a flask from his breast-pocket, he slowly screwed off the head, nodded towards us over the nozzle, and took a hearty swig.

"He most certainly is a cool hand," observed my father; "but as he's drunk better luck to our next venture, we must hope to get it. I certainly never saw a toast gone through under queerer circumstances."

There was some delay in getting a second line ranged ready in zigzag, and when all was prepared for firing another heavy squall was powdering down, against which no rocket could have made headway.

So, whilst waiting till it had blown through, we were able to examine the occupant of that mizzen-top more carefully. He had finished his meal and was looking carelessly about him, sometimes at us, sometimes at his surroundings, but without paying any remarkable attention to either. It struck me that his mind was occupied with some matter wholly foreign to his present situation. In person he was broad-shouldered, clean-shaved, square-jawed, and in age seemed about thirty. His hair was yellow and rather long, and when he moved his fingers there was a glitter of jewels. His dress was non-distinctive, except that it did not indicate the professional seaman, and there was something about his whole air which indelibly wrote him "gentleman." I wasn't a bit surprised at his not having gone in the launch. He did not seem the sort of man to follow a herd, or do anything against his own special inclination. In fact, I saw something different in him from what there is in the ordinary run of men; and, in a word, he rather fascinated me, though whether pleasantly or unpleasantly I could not quite decide.



"IN NO WISE DISMAYED BY HIS SITUATION" (*p.* 546).

Presently the squall gave signs of blowing itself out, and in due time the lull came, and away went our rocket. It must needs fly perilously high, and the rope which followed in its wake wavered like a lean grey snake, till I thought that it must again fall to seaward. But at the critical moment a flaw of wind took it in charge, and it fell across the deck of the wreck, close to the main rigging.

In a second the man in the mizzen-top had jumped out on to a topmast backstay and slid down to the channels. Running cleverly along the streaming decks, he laid hold of the line, and in less than half-a-minute was back again in his old perch, hauling it in hand over fist with sturdy good-will. All his nonchalance was gone now. He saw a good chance of being saved, and was making use of it to the full. He did not heave in the rope like a landsman either, and when the strain of the heavy hawser which we had bent on began to make itself felt, his former experience at the task was plainer still. Every ounce of work he did told to the full. The seaman was apparent in each of his movements.

At last he came to the end of the thin line, and making fast the hawser and tail-block which came up to his hand, signalled to us "All ready." We rigged the sheers, set up the warp with our tackle, sent the breeches-buoy hopping merrily out, and soon had the man himself inside it journeying shoreward.

"Hurrah, boys!" cried my father. "We've got him now!"

But scarcely had the words been uttered—so did the ironical fates will it—than the buoy and its burden gave a tremendous swing, and then remained stationary. Heave which way we would on the whips, they refused to budge an inch. A streaming rope's-end had got wedged into the tail-block at the masthead, and jammed it immovably. Here was a pretty to-do!

But the stranger eased us from making any further schemes for his rescue by hauling himself up to the hawser, and laying in along it as nimbly as a monkey or a midshipman could have done; and in a minute more he was on the cliff-head amongst us.

"A providential escape, sir," observed my father.

"Narrow, certainly," returned the stranger.

"Narrow also," said my father. "You alone are saved out of I know not how many who were alive at this time yesterday."

"A hundred and forty-three, all told, what with the crew and ourselves. Yes, they're all gone to Jones except your humble servant, poor beggars!—yes, gone, poor things."

"You don't seem very grateful for your escape, sir," remarked my father a trifle sharply.

The stranger, who had been staring at the wreck, turned to him with a curious smile.

"On my late shipmates' behalf and my own, sir, I

thank you and these good fellows most heartily for what you have done. You did all men could do."

My father bowed his acknowledgments, but persisted—

"I can see you have been a seaman, sir, although you hint you were aboard that unfortunate vessel as a passenger only. But surely, seeing in what desperate plight she is, you cannot be sorry to leave her."

"Perhaps you are right," returned the man. "Dry land has a deuced pleasant feeling about it at times. But there are other things——"

He did not finish the sentence. He had turned away, facing seaward with folded arms, and was evidently wholly forgetful of the expectant group behind him. He stayed so a full minute, no one interrupting; and then turning, spoke again, though it seemed to me that his words were more addressed to himself than to us.

"The old life cut clean adrift! The slate rubbed black and empty! Eh, well, I shall have to start anew. Perhaps it is best so, but I do most grievously regret it."

"You have still your life, sir," said my father gravely; "that's the great thing to be thankful for. Fortune should be of secondary consideration. You are young, strong, and, unless your looks belie you, clever besides. You must continue to work for your livelihood, and I'll warrant you to rake a competency together again before you're grey."

The stranger stared, and then broke into a hard short laugh.

"Oh, I see. No, you don't take my meaning. I had no fortune under hatches in that country-built ship down yonder. I am no nabob returning with loot and perquisites. You have hold of a wrong idea. I am a rich man—one of the richest in England—and bearing one of the best known names if that makes any odds. No, I didn't lose ten guineas of money value in her. It was something else I was grieving after—a comrade—a friend—a—oh, what does it matter? Man!" he added almost fiercely, "if you see one of your fellow-men stirred with any trouble whatever, and are curious to learn its cause and origin, *cherchez la*——"

He did not finish the sentence. He had turned to seaward again, and stood on the extreme brink of the cliff, with hands pressed against the sides of his head, and body crouched and twisted.

"My God!" I heard him say. "See that! There she is alive, and I thought her a battered sea-washed corpse."

My eyes followed his glance down towards the wreck. A door of the deck-house on the poop was in the act of being closed from within, and as it drew to I clearly saw the flutter of a woman's dress. That was the reason of the stranger's agitation. There was someone left behind.

I was strong and active as a wild cat in those days, and burning for a chance to distinguish myself. Here it lay. Acting on the impulse of the moment, I jumped towards the hawser before anyone could forestall me, and singing out, "I'll bring her off, father," grappled the rope.

But before I had moved a yard, I was seized in a steel grip, plucked from my hold, and thrown away as lightly as though I had been a ball of spunyarn. The stranger was the aggressor.

"Nobody interferes here," I heard him saying. "I thought that woman was dead. I believed her to have gone off in the launch. Now that she lives, no one has more right to be at her side than I, and whilst I live no one shall stand between us."

"Are you her husband?" my father was asking, as I gathered myself on to my legs again.

"Oh yes, if you like," replied the man: "or uncle, or father, or anything else that pleases you. Good-bye."

That was the last we heard. He had been working himself rapidly along the rope, and as the gale was blowing as hard as ever again, his voice would not have carried even if he had tried to make it—which I doubt. His face was turned towards the ship, and I think she held all his attention.

"He's nippy along the warp, sir," the chief boatman said to my father; "but it'll be a near thing if he lands back again. Look at them mainshrouds. They're all hanging in bights. That means the mast-step's started. The bottom's bein' flogged out of her: that's what it is. Mainmast'll be overboard directly, and then mizzen'll follow straight away. Watch when the next sea drains away, sir. There, she's a regular lobster-pot forrard, d'ye see, sir?"

Meanwhile, the man was nearing the wreck every moment. I never saw anyone lay along a rope quicker. A rat could not have outstripped him. He reached the top, swung himself on deck by a backstay as before, and strode off towards the deck-house door where the woman had disappeared. He passed inside, and seemed to stay there an age. Was he never going to come out again? Heavens! did not the man know the crazy fabric might dissolve like a sandpit at any moment beneath his feet? The Indiaman was "country built," he had said. Did he think teak could stand that straining and grinding for ever? He was a seaman; surely he must know what the Yellow Saw's teeth were doing.

His delaying made some of us well-nigh crazy, and a dozen voices besought my father to let them go aboard and bear a hand.

"Perhaps the lady had fainted," they said. "Perhaps she had got frightened and was showing fight." "Perhaps the man himself was exhausted with what he had gone through already."

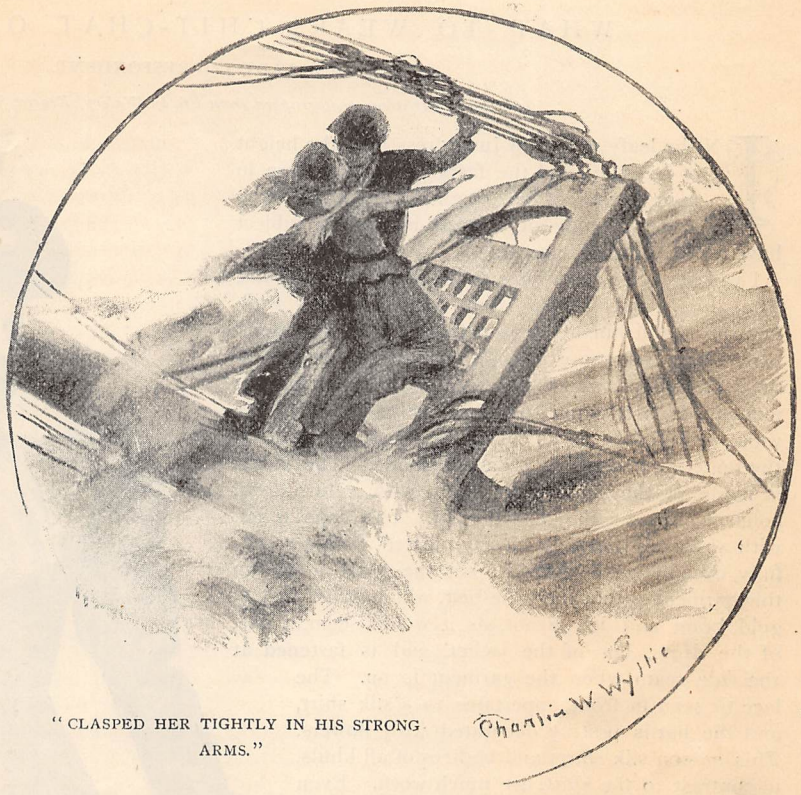
But my father forbade such a thing. It was sheer risk of life, the almost certainty of throwing it away. The stranger could bring the woman off—if he wanted to.

As he was uttering this decision the door of the deck-house opened and the pair of them appeared. A sea coming over the quarter at that moment dealt a buffet which washed them back again whence they came, but they came out once more, and this time gained the mizzen rigging without interference. The woman seemed to be holding back; the man persuading her, dragging her. Against his strength she could do nothing, and ratline

by ratline he carried her up into the top and there set her down, and cleared away the rope's-end which had jammed the tail-block. We on the cliff had re-manned the hauling-lines, and directly it was clear ran the breeches-buoy up to them.

Moments were precious then. The sea was full of planks, boiling and poppling amongst the foam. Every second they were being added to. The mainmast had lurched overboard, ripping a great gap from the deck in its fall. The Indiaman was breaking up fast. Any wave might send the remaining mast after its fellows.

That those on board knew of this we could tell by their gestures; but yet they loitered. He seemed trying to persuade her to do something, which she withheld. We could see him make some proposition and then point to the breeches-buoy, which would convey both of them to safety. But again and again she shook her head.



"CLASPED HER TIGHTLY IN HIS STRONG ARMS."

At last the mast began to totter more ominously. Backstays and shrouds were all in whipping bights. The heel had lost its step in the vessel's keel. Yet even then they might have been saved. We were standing by the whip, ready to heave them shorewards at a moment's notice, and we could see the man point this out. But his companion held to her resolve, and he was evidently determined not to leave her. He waved his hand to us in farewell, shouted something which the gale carried hopelessly away, and then, turning to the woman, kissed her passionately on the lips and then clasped her tightly in his strong arms.

The mizzen-mast swayed over with heavy, sickly slowness, heeled down till the grating of the top was almost perpendicular, and then plunged in the dark green cavern of a combing sea.

When it came up again, its human freight had disappeared.

* * * * *

Not another word can I tell you. The Indiaman's name we never learnt, nor the woman's, nor that of the man whom we first saw in the mizzen-top. What their tale was, whether innocent or guilty; how their fate was ruled, whether by themselves or by others; and why they preferred to drown together, I never learnt. You have all the plain sober facts, and you may guess that they were strong enough to impress themselves accurately upon my memory.

A QUATERNION.

YET there be LIGHT within thy soul
O'er the fair world of things to wander,
And each fine link that binds the whole
Nicely to note, and well to ponder.

Let there be LIBERTY with broad wing,
At plastic Nature's high dictation,
From crude chaotic stuff to bring
The magic of a new creation.

Let there be LOVE, that each free force
May seek, and aptly find another,
To move in sweet, harmonious course,
And work, as brother works with brother.

Let there be LAW to sit supreme
On steadfast throne of sanctioned order,
That each new-hatched untempered scheme
May fear to cross the sacred border.

Hold by these four, by right divine
That wisely guide and sweetly sway us,
Else tossed about in aimless rout
And drifting blindly into chaos.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

WHAT TO WEAR: CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS

BY OUR LADY CORRESPONDENT.

(With Illustrations photographed from life by Walery, Regent Street, W.)

IN the leafy month of June dress is at the height of its glory, and the fashions this year are in many respects so original that those who make a study of this all-important subject have a wide field of interest.

I will begin by describing some of the illustrations. The dress and jacket from Mr. Redfern's well-known establishment in Conduit Street and Bond Street have, as you will see, a skirt slightly of the extinguisher shape, which is a *sine quâ non* of current modes. It is trimmed to within twelve inches of the waist, with folded tucks cut on the cross, and laid on the material, headed by a darker shade. The jacket is made of the same fawn cloth, with a turn-down collar, trimmed with jet and gold. The cape is left with a raw edge, and is closely pleated, falling gracefully over the wide sleeves ; but the great novelty in this garment is that the wide belt, which is formed of gold braid and jet, is not, as it would seem, a part of the dress, but of the jacket, and is fastened at the side seam when the garment is on. The lace tie seen in front appertains to a silk shirt, and the hat is prettily decorated with flowers. This season silk shirts and bodices of all kinds, in contrast to the skirt, are much worn. Even in June we have cold days, and a cloth jacket of this light make is a most essential possession to a woman. The sleeve is calculated to admit of any large dress sleeve beneath it. This pretty outdoor garment rejoices in the name of "The Muriel."

Hats continue to be more in favour than bonnets, except on the smartest occasions, by all whose age admits of their being worn. The flat, all-round brim shades the face and is becoming to almost all women. This particular instance (on page 551) is made in the fine armour straw, which formerly was called "cocoanut," and is of a chestnut tone. The bow is of miroir velvet of a pale fawn tint, which contrasts well with the pale blue ribbon and shaded ostrich plumes. Miroir velvet is often shot. The pile is short, and it has a bright surface, looking as if it had been hot pressed. Kilt-pleated velvet is quite a new treatment in millinery, but albeit most successful. It is introduced alike on hats and bonnets.

Skirts are cut somewhat fuller in the front than we have recently been accustomed to see them ; but often, as in the photograph (on p. 553) of one of Mr. Winter's beautiful gowns, at 56,

THE MURIEL COSTUME.
(By Redfern, Conduit Street, W.)

NEW HAT OF CHESTNUT STRAW.
(*By Heath*, 105, *Oxford Street, W.*)

Brook Street, the skirt is as carefully shaped to the waist as the bodice itself. This particular costume is of beige Curzon cloth. The broad passementerie at the foot is a combination of green and gold, and narrow trimming of the same kind borders the bodice, is carried up the front, and covers the lower portion of the sleeve. A lovely tone of green velvet encircles the throat and forms the cape over the shoulders.

Gauzes.

Shot silks form so admirable a background to thin materials that it is not surprising a great impetus has been given this year to every kind of gossamer material. Lisse, chiffon, and mousseline de soie are made in dark colours. Some are shot, and rainbow effects are introduced on to others, with puckered stripes and bouillonné effects. Many of the grenadines are double wove; that is, they are striped, and the portions intervening between can be drawn apart, the lower being silk, the upper gauze. Chiné patterns, printed on the warp, look lovely in cream and black grounds, and so do the floral stripes. There is an attempt in Paris to continue the use of tartans in mixtures, which they introduce even on these thin fabrics, but I cannot say that I think it meets with the measure of success. Silk grenadine displays extraordinary colours in the ombré effects—black toning to éminence, and heliotrope to gold, and many of the black grounds have Chiné flowers upon them. Canvas gauzes, in double widths of forty-four inches, are much worn, for they are brought out at such moderate prices; nor are the grenadines costly, and the cashmerian printed stripes on mousseline de soie give it substance, as do also the Oriental printings. Crepon, with coloured and plain stripes, is difficult to weave, but the difficulty has been surmounted, and there are also Pekin stripes, which give substance. I have much studied colours this season, but find it difficult to classify them. Petunia and all shades of violet take

HAT.
(*By Heath*, 105, *Oxford Street, W.*)

the lead, and one fashionable tint is called Chicago. In these double-width materials it is safe to reckon that seven yards would be enough for a dress.

Lace.

Those women who happen to have Maltese lace by them may be content to wear it, for several kinds of guipure after that order of pattern have been introduced by leading French houses.

Most of the laces are made in three widths. The twenty-fifth inch is mostly used for mantles, and wider still for dresses. The Bourbon laces, with a sustaining cord, are most durable, and nearly all kinds have an accompanying insertion. It is difficult to meet the demand for straight-edged trimmings. Admirable imitation Duchesse and Bruges laces are procurable, and many effective flounces and trimmings with Bayadere stripes.

Mantles, Jackets, etc.

Velvet trimmed with jet is much worn this season but there is also a great demand for black satin heavily trimmed with lace and jet. It is difficult to describe the newest models, but many of the shapes have large revers in front and are arranged with jet on the shoulders. Nearly every mantle that is not black has some green about it—generally green velvet. Heliotrope looks admirable in cloth with velvet shoulder capes, and every jacket boasts of a cape also. Miroir velvet is used for many of the sleeves to mantles, and the colourings are lovely. Black lace is mingled with velvet, which often forms revers in front, beneath which a frill of lace is introduced; it is gathered all round the back of the neck, and then tapers to a point at the waist, beneath three rosettes, made in any coloured silk desired. There is an endless variety of these useful additions to dress, which are generally blended with pretty rosettes, either of satin or chiffon. Zouave jackets in lace and velvet still serve to make dress becoming, also pretty jabots of lace and coloured chiffon.

Pretty Tea-Gowns.

One of the most beautiful tea-gowns I have seen for some time was made of Chiné silk brocaded with flowerets. It was trimmed with rare old point lace, and cut in such a fashion that it could be made either high or low, for it was filled in at the neck with a chemisette of fine lace. There was a full over-sleeve of lace insertion, and crêpe de Chine mingled on the bodice, and the lace formed scarf ends from the waist. The Empire style is peculiarly well adapted to this class of dress, especially when it is accompanied by a pointed Watteau pleat at the back.

Infants' Clothes, etc.

Children of very tender years soon leave off long robes, and there are such pretty little frocks awaiting them, made after the smock order, with wide frillings falling over the shoulder. Children's dress was never more tempting or pleasing, and the materials appeal as much to our good taste as the make of the little garments.

This, however, is a period in the year when the *make of dresses is all important.* Many gowns brought over from the leading French houses are of huge width in the skirt, and these great dictators in matters appertaining to Fashion seem to have fallen back on many styles which were in vogue 30 and 40 years ago. Double skirts are sewn to the bodice quite full, and there are other not by any means objectionable revivals; but they also have looked further backwards, and resuscitated the universal rouleaux that appeared on dresses fifty years ago.

A convenient novelty is that skirts and bodices may be worn in contrast, and now some of the Parisian gowns have sleeves and skirts in contrast—for example, a black or dark navy-blue skirt and sleeves, and a grass-green of deep tone will be employed for the bodice, sometimes subdued by being overlaid with braid interwoven like the cane seat of a chair. Black satin is the favourite of all trimmings, and bands can be introduced on to almost any fabric.

French dressmakers are arbitrary in their use of colour, and a fawn gown trimmed with black satin would often have a collar band of bright cerise velvet.

Charles the Second sleeves, formed with one deep puff to the elbow, having perpendicular detached straps of material carried downwards and placed close together, accord well with dinner dresses, and many bows are used on sleeves and waist-bands—indeed for all the purposes of dress—and they are wired so that they remain in any form that may be required.

This reminds me that I have discovered a capital means of making last year's dresses appear more *en règle* and stand out at the feet. It is called the Extenda, and is, in fact, a cross-cut band of material made double, with a row of wire at each edge; it is tacked in at the hem. This tends to produce an hour-glass aspect so much in request, and furthermore helps to render walking easy, and to prevent the clothing interfering with freedom of movement.

Flounces.

Flounces have come back to us. We are wearing lace in three slightly-gathered flounces so that they cover the skirt almost entirely. Morning gowns are made with narrow flounces, cut on the cross, laid one above the other all over the dress from the waist to the hem; and, if you can get it, each of these flounces should be edged with a stiff make of exceedingly narrow white lace, for which there has been such a demand that the French store has been almost exhausted, and we have not as yet succeeded in making it in England.

Still another flounce, however, I have to tell you about, and that is perhaps the newest. It comes up to the knee, where it is headed by a ruche, or by a deep heading pinked at the edge; and this flounce is gored like a skirt, therefore it stands out well. Some of the Parisian dressmakers are so skilful that they are able to arrange the flounces without any lining or the introduction of any stiffening in the skirt beneath, and yet the dress stands out quite as well as if distended by crinoline.

The demand for horse-hair cloths can hardly be met, for most of the dresses are lined up with something of the kind either to the knee or well above the hem. The peculiar property of horse-hair which renders it so valuable is that fold it as you will it still has a flat edge, and all other materials made of fibre to replace it fail in this essential; but a new invention is being extensively used now, called "fibraire," which appears to possess many of the requisite qualities, and in appearance it is exactly like the actual horse-hair.

NEW MORNING DRESS.
(*By Winter*, 56, *Brook Street, W.*)

Ribbon.

This has taken a position of more importance than it has hitherto done, and is being used in wide widths, horizontally, to form the swathed bodices; and in perpendicular stripes it is introduced for high bodices, where it certainly makes a most pleasing diversity. I have lately seen a truly beautiful dress with bodice and skirt formed entirely of ribbon intermixed with lace insertion. It was of the wide sash width, and was made up in perpendicular lines alternating with the lace all round. The bodice was arranged in the same way, the lace on it being draped to a centre buckle on the bust. Yes, I speak advisedly, on the bust, and not at the waist. The lace was caught up over this, so that it formed a sort of Zouave bodice, which would seem to be a leading idea in all the bodice trimmings of this season.

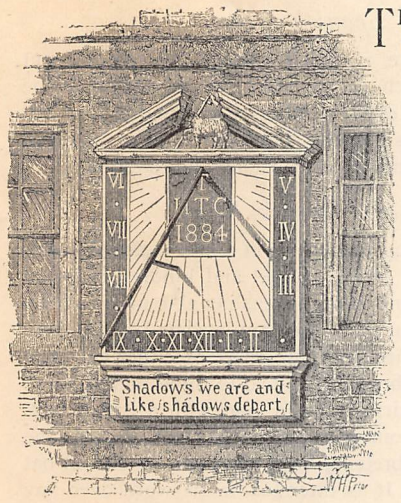
Spanish Jackets.

In these there is much variety. Some are cut square and reach to the waist, some end in a line with the armhole, while others are rounded and fall a full four inches longer. They are made of lace and passementerie, and are often richly embroidered.

Lawn-Tennis Dress.

I am now going to tell you of a new make of lawn-tennis costume. House-flannel and kindred diagonal woollens, plain and shot, are fashionable materials for this class of gown; and they are bordered at the hem with three or four rows of either velvet or broad braid, from two to three inches deep. The skirt is cut in one, with a Swiss belt, and from the centre of this comes the centre bretelle, back and front, to the throat band. It is intended to be worn over any kind of skirt, and has this great advantage: that however much exertion the game may necessitate, the skirt and the bodice cannot come apart, nor can the skirt be very much disarranged. This is certainly one of the great desiderata of a tennis gown. For golf the skirt must be short, and not over full; and we shall soon have to be planning dresses for croquet, a game which every month seems to revive in favour; only now it is not by any means as easy as it used to be, and every difficulty is put in the way of the players, which doubles the interest in the game and concentrates skill.

A GOSSIP FROM BOOKLAND.



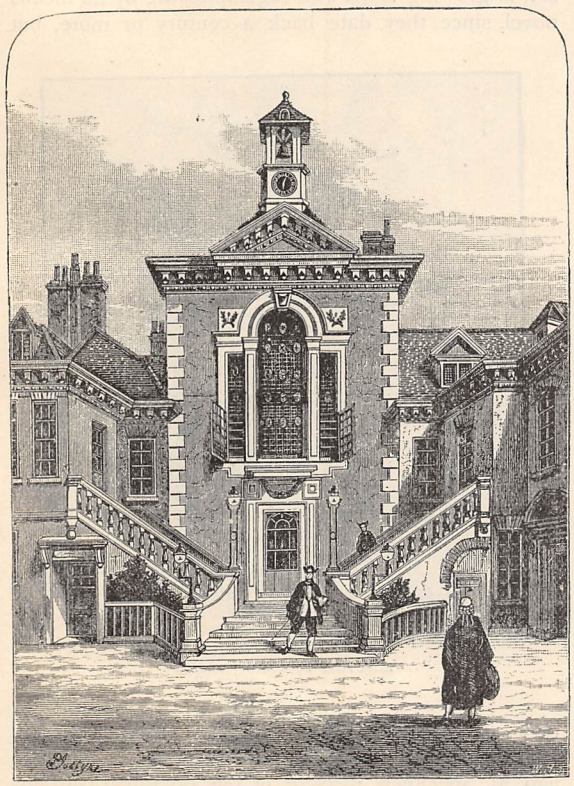
SUNDIAL IN THE TEMPLE.
(*From "The Highway of Letters."*)

THERE is something in the very position of Fleet Street which makes it peculiarly fitted to be the "Highway of Letters" even in modern London. In those far-away days when the Temple was on the very outskirts of the City, although within its walls, and Charing was a rural village, Fleet Street and its purlieus offered unequalled accommodation for men of letters. Now, it stands midway between the commerce of the city, and the fashionable "West-end;" it is flanked on either hand by law and lawyers at one end, and by warehouses and printing presses at the other, its old houses are fast disappearing, its famous old taverns are being remodelled. Soon only the names of the side streets and such of the winding courts as escape the clutch of the "improvements" will remain to remind us of the historic past of this famous old highway. Who is there among the pilgrims of this "highway" who knows and loves it better than Thomas Archer, or who better fitted to tell its changing tale than he? In the handsome volume published by Messrs. Cassell, he clothes again the dead bones with life, gives new meaning to the historic names on the street corners, and puts before us again all the great men who have known and loved the quaint, fast-changing old highway. Mr. Archer modestly speaks of his work as "intended to be a chatty indication of what might be expanded into a more elaborate chronicle." Perhaps so, for the tales that cluster round Fleet Street, past and present, are innumerable; but of this we are sure, that those best worth telling are enshrined for us in these pleasant pages.

Those of our readers who remember "That Little Woman," by Miss Ida Lemon, will be glad to hear of a collection of another volume of stories from her pen. Here is one published by Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co. under the title of "A Pair of Lovers, and other Stories: The Short and Simple Annals of the Poor." The stories are all of low life—we might almost say of the lowest of low life; but they are touched by a pathos and gifted with a strength which gives them a far more than average interest. Another collection of stories from the same publishers, though in quite a different vein, is Mr. Anstey's "The Talking Horse, and Other Tales," all of which have seen the light before, and most of which will well repay a second reading, thanks to the light, bright touch which their author never loses. While we are speaking of stories we would draw attention to the cheap edition, in a single volume, of Mrs. Alexander's "Snare of the Fowler" (Cassell & Co.), which in this handy form ought to bring new readers for the author of "The Wooing o't." Mr.

Fisher Unwin, too, sends us a second volume of the copyright edition of his novel series, which is "Isaac Eller's Money," by Mrs. Andrew Dean, and from the same publisher comes "Paynton Jacks, Gentleman," by Miss Marian Bower—a really good story that we think would have gained by condensation of style. (What, for instance are we to make of this elongated version of a familiar old saw: "When Mahomet saw that the mountain had no intention of disarranging itself for him, Mahomet paid a visit of ceremony to the mountain"?)

"Forest Tithes and Other Studies from Nature" is the title of a volume by "A Son of the Marshes," published by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. We have seen most of these essays in their original form in different publications, but it is a genuine treat to any lover of nature to take up the work of so faithful and observant a student as the writer of this volume. In his own way, his word pictures of English country life are the best we have had since poor Richard Jefferies died, and really his range of subject is wider than was Jefferies'. It would be invidious to pick and choose to any considerable extent among the contents of the volume, but if a preference must be expressed we would give ours for the paper which lends its title to the work as a whole, though a subsequent paper on "Small Deer" has strong claims on the reader's interest.



OLD SERJEANTS' INN.
(*From "The Highway of Letters."*)

Appropriately enough, the next book which we take up is "English Peasant Life," written by Mr. Richard Heath, and published by Mr. Fisher Unwin. The book consists of a series of stories of peasant life and homes all over our country. The author makes some strong statements, and it is a long time since some of the papers which go to form the volume were written, and, possibly, in some details, the work would have been better for revision. But for all that, the work is interesting, and is valuable for the light which it throws upon the circumstances and the capacities of a class about which we hear a great deal just now.

Whatever be the condition, political or social, of the dwellers in country places, there can be no doubt whatever that their sanitary surroundings would often be the better for a little close investigation. Dr. G. V. Poore gives the title "Rural Hygiene" to a volume published by Messrs. Longmans, not so much because its recommendations have exclusive reference to rural localities, but because it is only away from great centres of population that it is possible to try new methods on anything like an adequate scale. The chapters on the home, air, and water are of special value.

We should hardly need to be told that a work which comes before us as a translation from Von Scheffel's "The Trumpeter" (by Jessie Beck and Louise Lorimer) is such. At any rate it has the merit of faithfulness, but we are bound to admit that literary finish has very often been sacrificed to secure the fidelity of the translation, which is published by Messrs. Blackwood & Sons, and the result is a somewhat prosaic translation of a very famous and popular German poem, which really deserves to be better known in this country than it is.

Two quaintly-dressed little volumes of Mr. Fisher Unwin's "Children's Library" lie before us. Both have a foreign origin—the first being "Finnish Legends," and the second a translation of the Neapolitan "Pentamerone." Each has its claim on little readers, and older folk will find, at any rate in the Italian work, a good deal that will charm them.

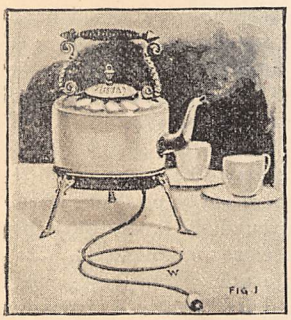
THE GATHERER:

AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF INVENTION, DISCOVERY, AND SCIENCE.

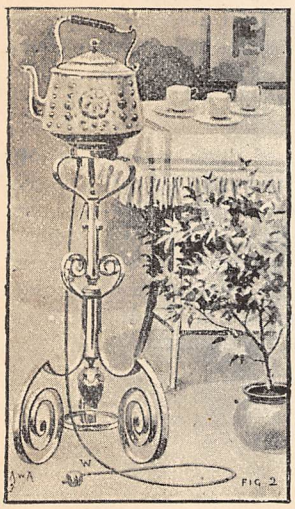
Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.

Electric Cooking.

Heating and cooking by electricity is now making rapid strides in this country, as it has already done in America. Electric frying- and stew-pans, kettles, flat-irons, curling-tongs, and other domestic utensils are now in regular use in homes provided with the electric current for lighting purposes. Figs. 1 and 2 represent a pair of tea-kettles with their stands, and the wires, W, W, which convey the current to the heater. This consists of a platinum-iridium wire embedded in insulating cement, not liable to crack, and enclosed in the base of the kettle between an upper and a lower bottom. When the current traverses the wire it becomes hot and acts on the water like a fire, but without any attendant nuisance of dust, smoke, or carbonic acid gas. Fig. 3 represents an oven or cooking-stove on the same principle, with a row of terminals for applying the current to any desired part by means of the conductor, W. Joints, pies, as well as pots and pans, can all be heated as in the ordinary gas-stove.



ELECTRIC COOKING.—FIG. 1.



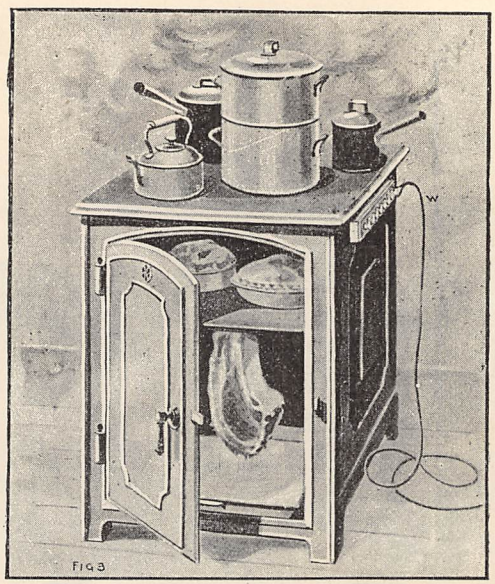
ELECTRIC COOKING.—FIG. 2.

A Scientific Canon of Proportion.

Polycletus, Michael Angelo, Albert Dürer, and other famous artists have given us canons or rules of proportions for the human figure, but all these may be regarded as expressing the individual ideal of their author. Accordingly, M. Paul Richet, the well-known French writer on art, has gone to the actual measurements of Europeans and Americans carried out by Quetelet, Topinard, and other anthropologists, and from them has drawn a scientific canon which is true to nature for the peoples concerned. Of course, such a canon will vary with different peoples, but it cannot fail to be useful to artists, who can no longer afford to ignore the facts of nature in shaping their ideal creations. One feature of the new canon is that the European height is about seven and a half times the length of the head, as in the canon of Polycletus.

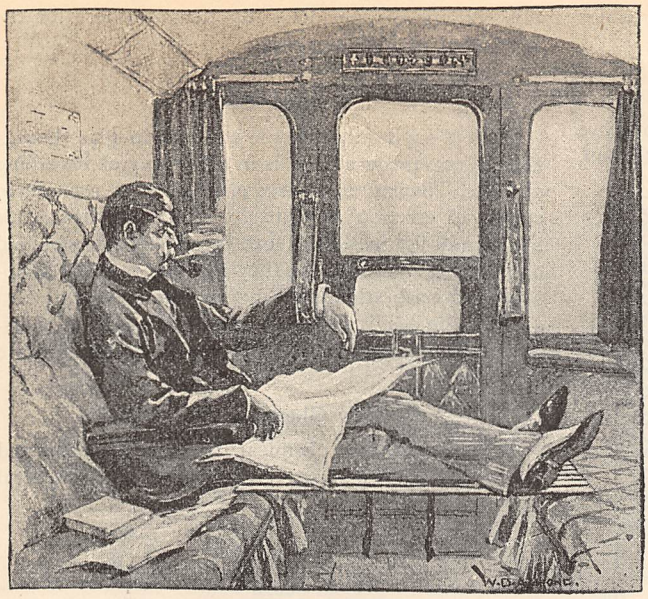
Advances in Potato Culture.

Experiments on the application of electricity to the soil in growing fruits and vegetables are by no means novel, since they date back a century or more, but



ELECTRIC COOKING.—FIG. 3.

they are becoming more practical nowadays, and likely to have important consequences. Some time ago M. Spechnew, director of the Botanical Gardens of Kiew, cultivated potatoes between buried plates of copper and zinc connected above the ground by wires. The plates and the damp soil formed an "earth-battery" like that of Alexander Bain, the famous inventor of the chemical telegraph and the electric clock. The current developed by the plates traversed the soil about the roots of the potatoes and seems to have had a fostering effect on the growth of the plant.



A NEW HOLD-ALL.—FIG. 1.

To test the point still further, M. Lagrange planted a section of a field in this way, another section in the ordinary way, without any plates, and a third in a manner different from either. This consisted in thrusting metal lightning-rods into the ground until their lower ends were on a level with the seed potatoes. The soil and the exposure in each case were the same, but the crops were different. In fact, the ratio of the yields in the three sections were as 78, 80, and 103. The first section had the best show of foliage but the poorest of roots, and the last section had not only the best harvest of roots, but it was obtained fifteen days sooner than the others. The action of the lightning-rods requires further investigation, but it seems to have been due to an electric discharge of the negative electricity of the ground into the positive electricity of the air. The experiments are so interesting that it is to be hoped other horticulturists will take the matter up. Stout iron wires, pointed at the upper end, ought to serve as well as copper ones for such lightning-rods.

A New Hold-All.

Our illustration shows a new hold-all, which is convertible into a leg-rest for the use of railway travellers, as in our first illustration. Dr. Batten, its inventor, also claims for it that it could be used as a luncheon table, or, in case of need, as a splint for a broken leg. But this last suggestion opens up too wide a field to be pursued further with pleasantness. As will be seen, the laths of which the device is constructed are secured by means of stout straps, and they are of just sufficient length to reach safely from seat to seat of an ordinary railway carriage. When the device is in use as a hold-all it packs into very small space, and weighs very little, despite the strength of its wooden laths.

A Simple Photometer.

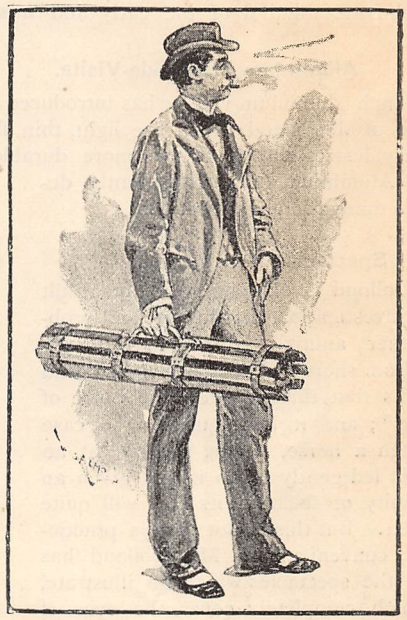
Dr. Simonoff has devised a portable photometer for giving the intensity of illumination at any place, which will be useful in testing the eyesight. It consists of twenty-four pages of different shades of blackness, arranged in a scale, and having words and phrases of different sizes printed on them. The degree of illumination is shown by the observer failing to read characters of a certain size.

The Earliest British Church.

Perhaps the most interesting "find" in the excavations on the site of the Romano-British town of Galleva Attrebatum, near Silchester, is the foundations of a Christian church, or basilica, dating from the fourth century, and believed to be the earliest in the country. It was only forty-two feet long, and the walls were built of brick and flints. It was paved with red bricks or tiles, but a square of white-and-black mosaic marks where the altar stood. Probably other churches will yet be found within the area of the town, as it seems too small to have contained all the Christians living there.

Safety Spectacles.

Workers in foundries, laboratories, and other places where the eyes are in danger from sparks, jets of molten metal, chemical liquids, and strong glares will



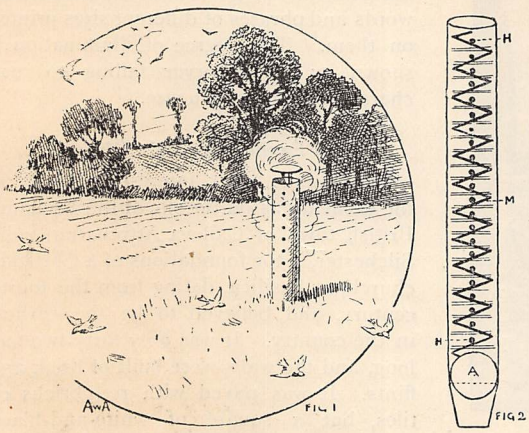
A NEW HOLD-ALL.—FIG. 2.

be grateful to the Association of French Industries for offering a prize to encourage the invention of a good protective spectacle. The prize has been gained by M. Simmel Bauer, whose spectacles consist of strong

rectangular lenses fixed in a kind of shield, which protects the brow and orbits of the eyes.

An Automatic Scarecrow.

A bird and vermin scarer which is likely to prove effective has been devised by a Kentish gentleman,



and will be understood from our illustration. It consists of a hollow post, as shown, having a row of twenty-four holes (H H, Fig. 2) containing cartridges which are fired in turn by a slow-match, M, zig-zagging from one to another. The post is perforated with other holes to allow the sound to escape, and the top is covered with a cowl to keep out the wet. The match can be timed to start the explosions at daybreak, which is, we understand, a hungry time with birds who are mindful of the early and misguided worm.

Aluminium Cartes-de-Visite.

A French aluminium worker has introduced cartes-de-visite of this metal which are light, thin, flexible, of silvery lustre, and of course more durable than paper. Aluminium foil is apparently destined to many useful applications.

Spectacles for Horses.

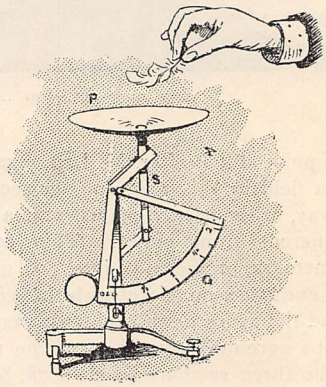
Mr. Dollond is of opinion, as the result of long investigation, that horses, and probably other animals, suffer like human beings from short and defective sight. And he thinks that this is often the cause of "shying"; and it is frequently the case that when a horse, having "shied" at an object, is led gently up to it and given an opportunity of seeing it, its fear will quite disappear. But this is not always practicable or convenient, so Mr. Dollond has devised the spectacles which we illustrate, and which completely cover the eyes of the horse, being held in their places by means of thin straps. If bi-focal lenses are used in the spectacles it is found that the road appears to rise in front of the wearer, and the horse is thus induced to step up. And hence has arisen the use of this variety of spectacles by horse-trainers for the promotion of high-stepping.

A Glass House.

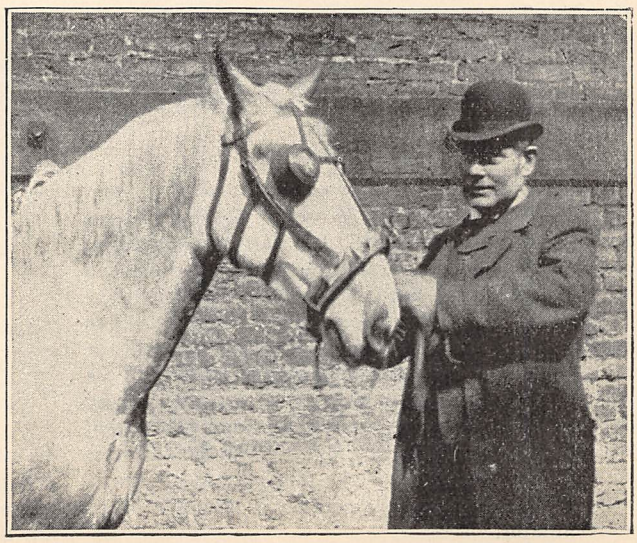
The old saying that people who live in glass houses should not throw stones is in a fair way of becoming obsolete. Seventeen houses of glass brick are now in course of erection at Chicago. They are hollow for the sake of lightness, and can be coloured or moulded on the face. Of course, they are able to resist atmospheric deterioration much better than ordinary brick, and can be easily cleaned. Mr. FitzPatrick of Glasgow is the inventor of the process whereby they are cast.

A New Chemical Balance.

A very sensitive chemical balance is illustrated herewith. The pan, P, is mounted on a vertical

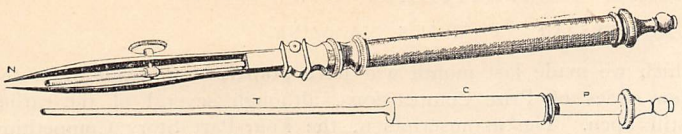


spindle, S, which is connected by means of a link-work to a graduated sector or scale, G, on which the weight is indicated by a pointer. Of course, the pan with its load is balanced by a counterpoise.



SPECTACLES FOR HORSES.

A Reservoir Drawing-Pen.



The reservoir principle has now been applied to the mathematical drawing-pen, of which an example is shown in the above figure. The Indian ink is sucked into the reservoir, C, by drawing out the piston, P, and the tube, T, conducts it to the nibs, N. The supply of ink to the nibs is regulated by the plunger, P, and to lay the pen aside for some time it is only needful to blow the ink out of the nib, as that in the reservoir keeps good for days.

An Omnibus Electric Lamp.

The London General Omnibus Company have adopted the portable electric lamp which we illustrate

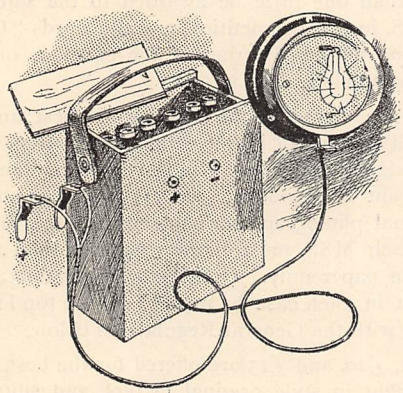


FIG. 1.

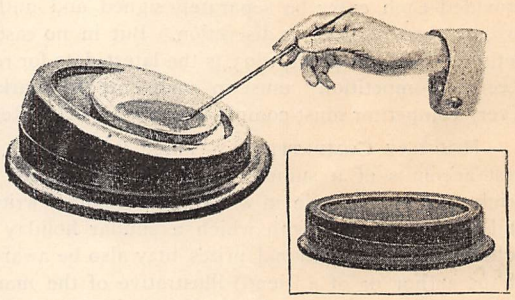
for the lighting of their vehicles on the principal routes of the Metropolis. The current is derived from an accumulator weighing eight pounds and carried in the box (see Fig. 1). The lamp has a white enamelled reflector behind and is fixed on the ceiling of the car, while the box is placed under the seat, as in Fig. 2. A button-hole lamp, fed by a pocket battery, is also supplied to the company's ticket-inspectors

A Collection of Novelties.

This is the season for botanising, and botanising implies a vasculum. We have one before us from a Birmingham firm which is of a good shape, and both light in weight and strong in make. And the fact that it could be turned to more prosaic use than botanising is surely of advantage to our readers.—Who is there that has not lost either keys or pocket-knife at one time or another? A Glasgow firm has introduced a system which, at any rate, promises to add to the chances of restoration. They are making a two-bladed knife with a metal handle and a registered number engraved upon it. This knife may be readily attached to the key-ring, and then, if both are lost, anyone finding and returning them to the Glasgow house will be rewarded.—Our next novelty is for the wash-stand, and consists of a single dish with trays for all the articles generally kept upon a wash-stand, so that the number of articles liable to be knocked off the wash-stand is reduced to a minimum, and everything is well within reach.—And, lastly, we must say a word for a new antiseptic and washable distemper for walls. It rejoices in the name of Pertrulycus. For schoolrooms, as well as for the house, it should prove a godsend, especially as it is applicable to papers as well as to colour-washes.

An Adjustable Saucer-Stand.

Artists and draughtsmen will find the colour saucer which is shown in the woodcut very useful. It rests

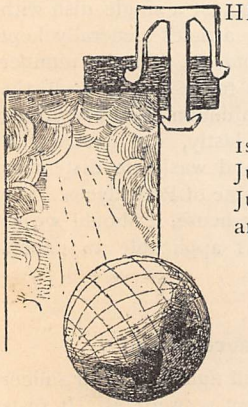


on a stand of hard wood made of two parts, the upper revolving on its centre at an angle to the horizontal, and thus tilting the saucer.

AN OMNIBUS ELECTRIC LAMP.—FIG. 2.

NEW PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

OPEN TO ALL READERS OF "CASSELL'S MAGAZINE."



THE announcement which we made last month will have prepared our readers for the opening of this new series of Prize Competitions, although several of the earlier competitions are still open. The manuscripts in the Four-Part Story Competition are now under consideration, and by the time this number reaches the hands of most of our readers the Ballad and Musical Competitions will be closed (on June 1st). In the Photographic Landscape Competition for Amateurs, announced in March, June 20th is the latest date for receiving entries, and, in the Short Story Competition, July 3rd is the latest date. Following our old traditions, we give the place of honour among the new competitions to one of domestic interest.

COOKERY RECIPE COMPETITION.—Two prizes of One Guinea and Half-a-Guinea respectively are offered for the best and second-best Recipe for an original dish suitable for family use, together with directions for making the dish. Each paper must contain not less than 200 or more than 500 words, and be legibly written on one side of the paper only. In judging this competition regard will be had to the economy with which the dish may be prepared, as well as to its freshness and originality. In this competition an exception to the general rule will be made, and, provided each entry be separately signed and authenticated, every competitor will be allowed to make one, two, or three entries, at discretion. But in no case will more than one prize be awarded to the same competitor. September 1st, 1893, is the latest date for receiving MSS. in this competition, and the words "Cookery Recipe Competition" must in each case be marked on the top left-hand corner of the envelope or cover. Every competitor must comply with the General Regulations, given below.

HOLIDAY COMPETITION.—Three Prizes of £5, £4, and £3 are offered for the best, second best, and third best accounts of a summer holiday, respectively. Regard will be had in judging this competition to the brightness of the style in which the account is written, to the originality displayed in the choice of the scene, and to the economy with which a similar holiday could be spent by any of our readers following the competitor's hints. Additional prizes may also be awarded for original photographs or sketches (whether the work of the author or of a friend) illustrative of the manuscript. Each MSS. must contain not less than 2,000 or more than 3,000 words, and be written legibly on one side of the paper only. October 3rd is the latest date for receiving entries, and the words "Holiday Competition" must in each case be marked on the top left-hand corner of the envelope or cover. Every competitor must comply with the General Regulations below.

THREE-PART STORY COMPETITION.—Three Prizes of £25, £20, and £15 are offered for the best, second best, and third best original story of Love and Adventure, bright in style, original in plot, and suitable for publication in this magazine. Each MS. must be divided into three parts of not less than 7,000 or more than 10,000 words each. Every MS. must be accompanied by (1) a short outline (about 500 words in length) of its plot, and also by (2) a plan showing how that plot is developed in each of the three parts. All manuscripts must be legibly written, on one side of the paper only, and must comply with the General Regulations given below, and be in the Editor's hands not later than November 1st, 1893. The words "Three-Part Story Competition" should be written on the top left-hand corner of the wrapper of each MS.

The following are the GENERAL REGULATIONS under which these Prizes are offered:—

1. Every reader of the Magazine (not being an ordinary contributor to its pages, or the winner of the first prize in a former competition of a similar nature, in connection with this Magazine) is eligible to enter the competition. Except where it is otherwise stated, no competitor is allowed to send in more than one MS. for the same competition.

2. The Editor cannot undertake to answer inquiries having reference to the treatment of manuscripts in detail. *The particulars given under each head are sufficient for the purposes of the competition, and everything else is left to the judgment and discretion of the competitors.*

3. All communications regarding MSS. entered for the above competitions must be sent in the same packets with the MSS. No previous or subsequent communications (except under Rule 7) can receive any consideration. The award of the judges will be published in the Magazine as soon after the close of the competition as possible, and no information respecting the award will be given before this publication.

4. Each MS. or photograph must have inscribed on it, or otherwise securely attached to it, the name and postal address of the author, together with a declaration *that the work is original and entirely the sender's own*, to be signed by the author and countersigned by some other trustworthy person—*i.e.*, a magistrate, minister of religion, or householder—with the postal address in both cases.

5. The copyright of the prize work, or works, will become the property of the proprietors of this Magazine.

6. Should two MSS. be, in the opinion of the judges, of equal merit, any prizes may be divided between their authors at the discretion of the Editor. Any, or all, of the prizes may be withheld in the event of no MSS. being thought by the judges to be worthy of distinction.

7. All packets containing MSS. or photographs should be prepaid. The Editor will not be liable for loss or miscarriage of any work. Unsuccessful competitors may have their work returned to them at their own risk, upon application to the Editor, *after the publication of the award.* Any such application must be made without delay and be accompanied by stamps to defray the cost of carriage. (Competitors should *not* send stamps, or instructions for return, *with their MSS.*, as no notice can be taken of any communications of this nature, made before the award is published.)

8. All MSS. or photographs should be addressed—The Editor of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C. Each packet should bear on the top left-hand corner of the envelope or wrapper in which it is enclosed the name of the Competition for which it is sent.

MY PHYLLIS.

(*From a drawing by* SYDNEY COWELL.)

"'MY COUSIN ELINOR'" (*p.* 564).

"YOU here!"

"You here!"

I do not know which of us got out the words first—my friend John Carr or I.

But there was a joyous note of greeting in his exclamation which made my tone of only half-pleased surprise sound churlish by comparison.

"Well, now that you are here," continued Carr, "of course you are coming home with me. I've caught you at last, and none of your old excuses will do. How lucky that I drove in, instead of riding, this morning! Let me go and fetch your traps at once, and we can drive back to Polcarn in time for lunch."

I shook my head.

"I had no idea you lived so near Treloe, or I should never——"

I stopped abruptly, as I realised what an ungracious answer I was returning to Carr's friendly invitation. But I had come to Treloe for a spell of quiet work, in the fond belief that I did not know a soul within fifty miles of the place.

"Go on," said Carr, with his merry boy's laugh. "Don't be afraid of hurting my feelings. I am perfectly aware that nothing would have tempted you to Treloe if you had known we were settled in the neighbourhood."

"You are not alone, then?" I asked.

"No, you old hermit! Everyone isn't such a misanthrope as yourself. I'm with my aunt, Mrs. Dorrington. She has taken Polcarn for the summer. It's awfully good of her, you know, for she's come to look after me. Those wretched doctors will bother about my lungs, declare I want nursing, and all sorts of humbug. I'm to go on a sea voyage this autumn. That'll be rather decent; and I mean to look out for a sailing-ship, where there'll be no doctor to worry and fuss. It's enough to make any fellow ill to be as coddled and doctored as I've been. I'm sure I must have a wonderful constitution to stand it as I've done!"

Carr looked at me with the half-defiant expression I knew so well.

We had been fellow-students at the Academy schools a twelvemonth ago. I was in my last year when Carr got in—by an awful fluke, as he himself was the first

to own, for he was deficient in technical skill, though his sketches were decidedly clever.

I should have seen little of him in the ordinary course of things; but Carr had been educated at Rugby, and my eldest brother, who was a master there, had asked me to look after the boy a little.

He had left Rugby rather young, that wind-swept tableland playing havoc with his delicate lungs; and his friends were misguided enough to suppose that the atmosphere of the Academy schools would be better for him.

I grew very fond of the boy; it was impossible to help liking him, he was so full of fun and high spirits, and at the same time so simple-minded and kind-hearted. His pranks never had any harm in them, and there was a pretty touch of gallantry in the way he battled with his ill-health.

That was the only subject on which we quarrelled. I never could get him to take reasonable care of himself, so that I was hardly surprised, one afternoon, when I heard that Carr had been suddenly taken ill.

"He's broken a blood-vessel or something—poor little beggar!" said my informant.

I hurried to him at once, and got him home to my rooms as soon as possible, where I looked after him till his friends could be sent for.

There was some little delay, owing to her absence from home, before Mrs. Dorrington got my letter; and, when she appeared upon the scene, Carr was out of danger—at least, for the present.

The good lady was full of self-reproach for her tardiness, and, amid many expressions of gratitude, betrayed a *naïve* astonishment that her nephew should have got better under my care.

Now I thought about it, I could remember that Carr had never been at a loss for money; but it had not occurred to me that he was rich till Mrs. Dorrington enlightened me.

There was something comic in her distress—I cannot say at her nephew's recovery, for she was genuinely fond of him, but at his having passed through a dangerous attack unaided by the privileges of wealth.

Of course she was rejoiced at his getting better; but there was almost an impropriety in his getting better in my barely-furnished rooms, at the top of four flights of stairs, without a baroneted doctor, without a professional nurse, and—worst of all—without her.

These omissions must be remedied at once; and Carr was speedily removed to expensive apartments, where he received the daily visits of Sir Reginald Barker, the ministrations of two admirably trained nurses, and the undivided attention of his aunt; and where, to quote his own phrase to me when I went to see him, he was "bored to extinction."

"And the worst of it is," he continued, "I've no one to grumble to, they're all so awfully good to me; and my aunt, who hates London, is staying here entirely on my account."

The young man, however, was not without resource, and he soon persuaded Mrs. Dorrington that the one thing needful to his recovery was his native Devonshire air.

So, with the first warm spring weather, they went back to Carr's own house at Carrshill Place, and I saw no more of my young friend. He sent me many and most pressing invitations to visit him, which I got out of accepting as well as I could. I don't like staying in other people's houses; besides, I had a conviction I should not get on with Mrs. Dorrington.

Now, at the best time of the year, when we seemed in for a spell of hot, fine weather, and when I had found a place which exactly suited me, it was out of the question that I should waste the precious summer at Polcarn, but I liked Carr well enough to propose a compromise.

"Why don't you come and stay with me?" I asked. "I've got rather nice quarters in that little cottage, stuck upon the ledge of rock over there. You might come sketching with me, if you liked."

"Might I, really? I should like it above everything," exclaimed Carr eagerly, but then his face fell. "I can't do it, though. My aunt has taken Polcarn entirely on my account; and then—there's Nell!"

I had been on the point of yielding to Carr, but his last remark steeled my heart. The young lady he alluded to must be Mrs. Dorrington's daughter, whom he had sometimes discreetly mentioned as "my cousin Elinor." According to Carr, she was extraordinarily gifted, read poetry and sketched beautifully.

The amateur sketcher bores me beyond everything, and I pictured Miss Dorrington as a duplicate of her mother, deprived of that lady's redeeming merit—her want of brains; a clever Mrs. Dorrington would be truly awful.

"I'm sorry we can't manage to be together," I said; "but I never go visiting when I want to work, especially if there are women in the house; they cut up one's time confoundedly."

"But they're sometimes worth it," replied Carr.

"Never!"

He laughed at the energy of my denial, and said—

"Ah well! not *your* time, perhaps."

I was half ashamed to see the boy really meant it. When you have been over-estimating your importance in any direction, nothing makes you feel such a fool as the simple admiration of the hero-worshipper, who takes you seriously.

Perhaps it was this feeling which made me more compliant on the following day.

It was Sunday, and I met Carr coming out of Treloe Church, accompanied by a young girl, to whom he introduced me. I detected a gleam of amusement in his bright eyes as he mentioned her name—"my cousin Elinor."

I may have betrayed a little of the surprise I felt on seeing Mrs. Dorrington's daughter. Instead of possessing that lady's ample proportions, she was half a head shorter than her mother, a little slender thing, wonderfully like Carr, with just his candid grey eyes, delicate features, and pointed chin. Her soft bright hair was rolled back from her broad forehead; but it was

so abundant, it made quite a wide frame to the little face which smiled up at my own.

Carr gave me a message from Mrs. Dorrington, asking me to return and lunch with them at Polcarn; and Miss Dorrington seconded the invitation with an eagerness which showed me how anxious she was to please her cousin.

Our common affection for Carr was the basis of a friendship which sprang up between his cousin and myself.

It is curious how the same feeling will have such different effects on different people, for this very affection had seemed to be a source of antagonism between myself and Mrs. Dorrington; it was as if we each wanted to pull Carr in a different direction.

Miss Dorrington was satisfied to let him take his own way, and yet she had more influence over him than either of us, when it came to stopping the wild plans and mad excursions which Carr's brain was so singularly fertile in projecting, and his frail health so unequal to carrying out.

She had always some improvement to suggest; and, while actively furthering his schemes, would contrive to rob them of their most imprudent features.

For instance, when he wanted to walk to Penallan Tor, at least ten miles distant from Polcarn, she reminded him that the old quarry near by was the very place where he had promised to take Clara Haycraft to hunt for fossils. Then it would be too far for Clara to walk; and when Clara stupidly said it would not, Elinor promptly suggested that she must have a carriage to bring back her stones.

It ended by our all going in the waggonette, with a couple of good horses, who made nothing of the distance; and, in spite of Clara's tendency to dawdle and Carr's disposition to roam, Elinor got us all back into that waggonette in time to be home at Polcarn before the dew began to fall.

I wasted a good deal of my time that summer, but I really could not get out of going on these excursions; not only was I anxious to see something of Carr before he went away, but also it was impossible to resist Elinor's pleading looks.

"Do come with us," she used to say; "it's a weight off my mind when you are there. I know you won't let Jack do anything very foolish; besides, he doesn't want to rush about if he can sit and talk to you, or watch you while you are sketching."

So it ended with my spending most of the long hot afternoons with Carr and his cousin, and, more often than not, Clara Haycraft and her brother were of the party.

Young Haycraft was a pleasant lad, who had just passed for the Indian Civil, and had rather exhausted himself in the process. I liked him better than his sister—a restless sort of girl, who could not leave people alone. She encouraged Carr in all his follies, and would have liked to get up a flirtation between her brother and Miss Dorrington.

It was in vain Elinor assured me of her friend's admirable qualities, her usefulness in the parish, and her devotion to her father, the rector of Treloe. I remained of the opinion that she was an interfering busybody, and I remain of that opinion still.

I was naturally thrown a good deal with Miss Dorrington in our common efforts for Carr's benefit, particularly when the time drew near for him to undertake the voyage from which we all hoped so much.

He still persisted in his plan of picking out the smallest sailing-ship bound for Australia, and wanted to take his passage on a wretched little vessel which carried no doctor, and could afford none of the comforts which were essential if Carr's health were to be improved by the trip.

Miss Dorrington and I strongly disapproved of the plan, but Carr's incurable hopefulness could see nothing against it, and even Mrs. Dorrington did not oppose it.

She had a general idea that all sea-voyages were dangerous and disagreeable, that shipwrecks and sea-sickness were to be expected on big and little ships alike, and that if you had not the sense to stop on shore, it mattered very little how you went to sea.

However, before Carr had found a ship to his mind, I received a letter from my youngest brother, who had been acting as house surgeon at St. Nathaniel's, in which he told me he was rather knocked up with hard work, and asked my advice about accepting an offer to go as doctor, for the voyage, on board a good liner which went from London to Sydney, and started in about a fortnight.

The pay was next to nothing, and it would be a loss from a money point of view; still, a breakdown would be even more expensive. What did I advise him to do?

Perhaps I had better mention here that I belonged to a very impecunious family, and that I and my two brothers had had to shift pretty much for ourselves.

They had managed to get along, chiefly by the help of scholarships and exhibitions; while I had gained my training for nothing in the Academy schools, doing any work I could find, and helped now and then by an occasional prize.

But things had been improving with me of late, and the very post which brought me Dick's letter also brought me my first big cheque—big, that is, by comparison. There was a friendly little note from old Fontoura with the cheque. Picture-dealer as he was, he wasn't half a bad fellow. For my part, I prefer the dealers to the private patron; they are more business-like—you know where you are with them—and they don't ask you to dinner!

"I haven't crossed the cheque," wrote Fontoura, "because I don't know whether you have got a banker. When that is the case, I always send the cheque in a registered letter."

Fontoura's was not an unnecessary precaution. I remember my friend Haldane being reduced to great straits as a young man, with a crossed cheque for a hundred pounds in his possession and no means of cashing it; his landlady laughed at him when he showed it her, and intimated it wasn't genuine!

I was glad to get my two letters together, for now I could help Dick a bit.

I wrote him a line, advising him to go by all means, and I sent him a cheque upon my own banker—for I had a modest account, in spite of Fontoura's suspicion to the contrary—which put my balance there at his disposal.

I had enough money with me for my expenses at Treloe, and there was Fontoura's cheque to keep me till I could earn another.

I had settled this satisfactorily when a new idea came into my head. I would persuade Carr to travel in the *Orion*, and ask Dick to look after him.

Miss Dorrington's gratitude was quite touching when I suggested my plan; and we had little difficulty in persuading Carr to fall in with it.

During Carr's illness, Dick had often given me a helping hand, and the boy was so pleased at the idea of having my brother as a companion, that he quite forgot his resolve about not travelling with a doctor.

Dick, who was the best-hearted fellow in the world, willingly promised to do his utmost for the lad. Carr's passage was taken in the *Orion*, and it was settled that he and I should travel to town together, just before the ship sailed.

The last day of my stay at Treloe arrived, and never before had I felt so unwilling to leave a place. I packed up all my possessions and sent them off by the morning omnibus which ran from Treloe to the railway-station at Boconnoc, having promised to spend the rest of the day at Polcarn. Carr and I were to drive to the station in the evening, and take the night train to town; meanwhile, I hoped for a long quiet day, to be spent in the presence of Elinor Dorrington.

But I had reckoned without counting upon that marplot Clara Haycraft, who, under the plea of "not wasting our last day," had arranged a picnic up the river to a little island, where we were to land and take our lunch, and then come home again.

I found the party assembled at Polcarn, only waiting my arrival to start.

Of course I could make no objection, and was partly reconciled to the plan when we reached the river and I saw the boats.

There was a little outrigged skiff belonging to Carr, and a pair-oar boat owned by the Haycrafts. I promptly took possession of the skiff, and, asking Miss Dorrington to steer me, started up the river, leaving the other three to follow as they pleased.

It was impossible to have a more delightful companion than Miss Dorrington on an expedition of this kind. I never knew another woman with such a love of nature, and such an appreciation of its beauties.

More than once she drew my attention to some particular spot, and once she remarked—

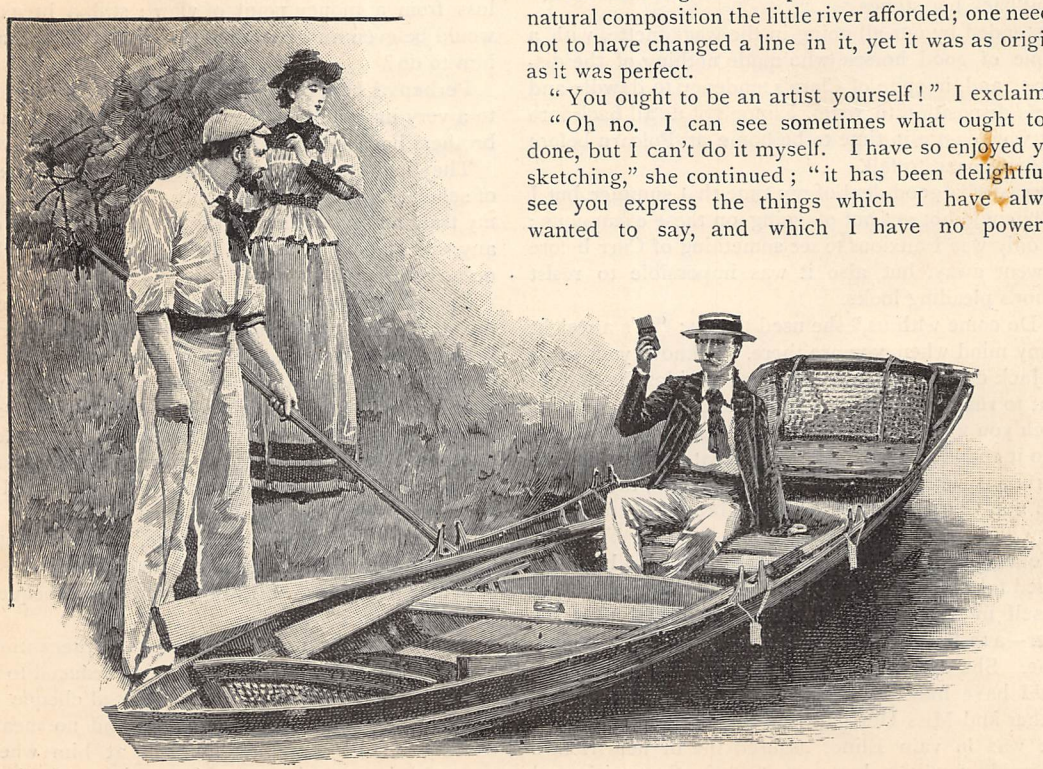
"That would make a good subject for a picture."

As a rule, no remark is so irritating to me. People pester one with suggestions for pictures, impossible or obviously commonplace, according to their dispositions.

Miss Dorrington had pointed out the one bit of natural composition the little river afforded; one needed not to have changed a line in it, yet it was as original as it was perfect.

"You ought to be an artist yourself!" I exclaimed.

"Oh no. I can see sometimes what ought to be done, but I can't do it myself. I have so enjoyed your sketching," she continued; "it has been delightful to see you express the things which I have always wanted to say, and which I have no power of



"'HALLOA! THERE'S SOMEBODY'S PROPERTY IN HERE'" (*p.* 567).

expressing. I have long been wanting to thank you for it."

I stammered out something about being glad, but I dared not trust myself to say what was in my heart; the very confidence with which she spoke to me warned me that it would be too soon.

My prudence was helped by the arrival of the rest of the party; we disembarked, and I had no further opportunity of talking alone with Miss Dorrington.

On our return journey, Clara Haycraft insisted upon going in the skiff with Carr. George would be so disappointed, she said, if he were not allowed to row Elinor at least part of the way. She even insisted upon his rowing stroke, so I had to sit in the bows, with Haycraft's thick body between me and the sweet face I loved to look upon; and even when we got back to Polcarn, it was Haycraft who handed her out of the boat, and walked beside her as they went up to the house.

I waited a moment to accompany Carr, and help him fasten up the boats.

"Halloa! there's somebody's property in here," he exclaimed, picking up a pocket-book from the bottom of the skiff.

"It's mine," I said, and I held out my hand to take it.

Clara Haycraft made a sudden movement, and, for a moment, seemed as though she meant to claim it herself.

Then she checked herself, gave me an angry look, turned away, and walked quickly towards the house.

Carr, busy with the boat, had noticed nothing apparently, and I thought no more about the incident.

The pocket-book was rather an uncommon one: a present from Carr himself.

It was one of his failings that he was much too fond of, giving presents—much fonder than I was of taking them. I don't know how many I had declined when he bought me this one. It was a purse pocket-book, which he had given me on my birthday, with the date inscribed, and "From J. C., with best birthday wishes," in plain gold letters outside.

I did not use it in common, but I kept my more important memoranda in it. Only that morning I had placed Fontoura's cheque inside it, and meant to have packed it away in my portmanteau, but had neglected to do so in a fit of absent-mindedness.

Now I put it safely into an inner pocket, and in the bustle of leaving Polcarn, saying good-bye, and seeing Dick and Carr off from the London dock, I did not look at it again till the day after my return to town.

Then, my balance being reduced to vanishing point, I thought I had better lose no time in paying in Fontoura's cheque. I opened the pocket-book, and was dismayed to find it empty.

Empty, that is, as far as my cheque was concerned; but there were a few shillings in the purse part, which I had never placed there, and sundry little pencil notes in the pocket-book, which were none of my making.

I should have thought I had got hold of another person's pocket-book, but the thing was unmistakably my own, though its whole contents had been transformed. I looked over it to see if I could discover a clue to explain the change.

Besides the money, there was nothing in the purse, and the pencil notes were quite bewildering. In one or two places I recognised the title of a book, then would come one or two little memoranda:

"Tuesday.—Trimming, blue frock, lace.
Friday.—Richard Norton.
Saturday.—Mrs. Lane, baby vaccinated.
Monday.—Mamma. Eau-de-Cologne."

I couldn't understand a word of it. Interspersed with these notes were little reflections or quotations, I didn't know which they were; but more than one of them struck me as being thoughtful or graceful. Several pages at the end were blank, and the last entry in the book, to judge by the freshness of the pencil marks, had been made quite recently; they were lines which ran as follows—

"FROM ME—TO YOU.

"I dreamt of beauty—tried to give
My dreams a form—in vain!
I could not make my fancies live,
They died within my brain.

You came; and 'neath your master's hand
My visions sprang to view;
The glories of the sea and land
Shone forth with radiance new.

I loved my friend, yet vainly sought
To guide his path aright;
My prudent counsels came to nought,
Drowned in his laughter light.

You came, and with your rare, wise skill,
You framed a perfect plan,
And shaped, like wax, the boy's wild will,
Yet made him feel a man.

All that I longed, yet failed, to do,
All that I felt and thought,
I see it all set forth by you,
To perfect beauty wrought.

I am so low, and you so high,
You tower so far above;
But yet, if you will bid me try,
I'll equal you—in love."

A light broke in upon me as I read the lines. I knew that Carr was fond of scribbling, though he generally had the good sense not to show me his effusions. The handwriting was not unlike his, but if you only know a man's writing with the pen, it is difficult to be quite certain about it in pencil. I remembered, too, how Carr had returned me my pocket-book and Clara Haycraft's curious manner. The book had been in their possession while they were alone in the skiff, when there would have been plenty of time to change its contents. Carr must have meant to play off a practical joke upon me, aided by Clara Haycraft. No doubt she had supplied the feminine details, and Carr the literary part of the contents.

It was a stupid joke, and the abstraction of the cheque, simply made payable to bearer, made it a very inconvenient one to me.

I knew Carr had not really meant to annoy me, and

had I taken out the pocket-book before he left, we should have laughed together over the mystification.

Probably he had forgotten all about it in the excitement of leaving, or it was just possible he had left the cheque with one of the others, to be restored to me on application.

I knew Mrs. Dorrington and her daughter were coming to town in a week or two on a visit to some friends, and I thought I might meet them at a private view of the "New Art Club."

I would wait and inquire personally; it would be less awkward than writing.

I was at the New Art Rooms in Bond Street as soon as they opened; but it was not till late in the afternoon, when the place was very crowded, that I saw the face I was seeking. She looked paler than at Treloe; there was something a little worried or nervous in her expression, though she appeared dutifully attentive to the remarks of the old gentleman who accompanied her. Just behind her came Clara Haycraft and an elderly lady, a stranger to me.

The next moment our eyes had met. I lifted my hat and moved towards her, when, to my surprise and dismay, a vivid blush crimsoned her face; she turned hurriedly away from me, and said something to her companion, who immediately made towards the door with her, and led her out of the room.

Clara and the lady followed closely after; but as the former turned round, she fixed her beady black eyes on me with a cold stare, and cut me dead with a sort of hard deliberation.

Certainly, whatever tricks had been played with my pocket-book, I had a right to consider myself the aggrieved party; and I was nettled at having the tables turned upon me in this way, as though I were the person in fault.

I was beginning, too, to run short of money; I had inquired at the bank, and nothing had been heard of my cheque, but it might go floating about for two months or more, and I could not ask Fontoura to write me another one while there was a chance of the first one being cashed.

It was particularly annoying that Carr, who must be at the bottom of the whole business, should be out of the way for so long a time.

There would be no need to stand any nonsense from him, and I could have insisted on an explanation from him at once. But what is one to do with a set of women, who run away from you instead of frankly telling you what they have got against you?

It cut me to the heart that Miss Dorrington should treat me like this, after the friendliness and frank confidence she had shown me at Polcarn. I felt certain that Clara Haycraft had in some way managed to prejudice her against me; but, even then, she should have given me a chance of defending myself, and it seemed so unlike her to condemn anybody unheard.

At first, in my disappointment, I resolved I would never go near any of them again; then I cherished a hope that there was some mistake which I could set right, and I determined to call on Mrs. Dorrington, who was still with her friends in Onslow Square.

I thought myself fortunate in finding her at home and alone, and I would not let myself be daunted by the extreme stiffness of her manner.

I said I was afraid there had been some misunderstanding.

"Oh, don't speak of it," she replied. "I had hoped not to see you again," she continued; "but you will quite understand that it is for the last time."

"I don't understand at all," I blurted out.

"I'm sure I don't, either," she said, in a helpless sort of way; "but we have been so distressed, and John's being away makes it so embarrassing for me."

"Why are you embarrassed? what is it all about?" I asked impatiently.

"I knew you would be angry. It's very hard on me that I should have to tell you; but I must beg you to leave me, and we will say no more about it."

That was all I could get out of this most exasperating woman; she either wouldn't or couldn't explain what was amiss; her one idea seemed to be to get rid of me as soon as possible, and her distress at my presence was so evidently real, that it was impossible for me to force myself upon her any longer.

I left her with a feeling of baffled rage, and went back to my own rooms, vowing I would never speak to a woman again, if I could help myself.

My unsociable disposition was confirmed by my being too hard up for money to care to visit, and for the next few months I devoted myself to work. My pent-up emotion was turned into a fresh channel, and never before had I come so near to expressing what I wanted on my canvas.

Fontoura bought my new picture at an enhanced price before it had been exhibited. I was more prosperous than I had dared to expect, but Miss Dorrington's averted face stood between me and happiness.

I forgot my own trouble, though, for a while when I heard that the *Orion* was expected in, and I went down to welcome Dick and Carr upon their return home.

They both looked wonderfully better for their voyage, and were so full of life and spirits that I was carried away with them for a time.

I did not like to vex Carr with the news of the breach between myself and his relations; and it was not till he inquired about them of me, as though we were on the most intimate terms, that I told him how his foolish joke had apparently been the means of costing me their friendship.

"What joke?" exclaimed Carr, in genuine surprise.

I produced the pocket-book, just as I had received it from him, and asked him to explain what he had done to it.

But his surprise was unmistakable, and he turned the book over and over, as much mystified as I had been.

After a few moments, however, he burst out laughing.

"Why, you've got hold of Nell's pocket-book!" he exclaimed.

"But it's mine—the one you gave me," and I pointed to the inscription outside.

"This is hers. Her birthday is the same day as yours. I bought the two pocket-books together, and had them both lettered alike to save trouble."

"Then I suppose," I said grimly, "Miss Dorrington does me the honour of suspecting me of stealing her pocket-book."

"Have you read its contents?" inquired Carr in a tone full of meaning, which yet I failed to understand. "Never mind," he continued; "it's all right; but I must say that, for blindness, you beat a bat to fits."

With this dark saying Carr took leave of us, to burst in again upon me at eleven o'clock the next morning.

But that was where Carr was mistaken. Even when I had told her everything, even when she had owned that she loved me, I could not persuade her to tell me the reason of her averted face.

Mrs. Dorrington rambled on in her usual aimless manner. She was very sorry, she said; but when she saw Elinor unhappy, and when Clara Haycraft had told her it was all my fault, what could she do but tell me to go away?

"I HAD NEVER PACKED IT UP AT ALL" (*p.* 570).

"Come along!" he exclaimed; "they are undergoing the agonies of remorse. If you've the feeling of a gnat, you won't prolong their sufferings by five minutes more than you can help!"

"I've had to bear mine for months," I replied.

"You are tough enough to stand it," was Carr's unfeeling answer; and he added more gravely, "Nell doesn't look exactly happy, either."

I didn't wait five minutes after that, and presently Carr and I were walking towards the house in Kensington which Mrs. Dorrington had taken for the season.

He was provokingly silent about his cousin, and declined to give me any explanations.

"You had better ask Elinor herself," he replied; "she will tell you all about it."

"I'm sure I don't know," I replied. "But, Elinor," I exclaimed, returning to the old question, "tell me what you suspected me of having done."

Again that painful blush mounted to her face, and she slowly turned her head away.

"Oh," she said, "don't ask me. It wasn't what you had done; it was what I had done myself."

I was bolder now, and I made her look round at me again. There were tears in her eyes, and I said—

"Whatever you did, I am sure it was right; and I will never ask you anything more about the matter."

I was too happy in the present to trouble about the past; and when, as my lost cheque was no longer negotiable, Fontoura had drawn me another in its stead, I thought no more of my lost pocket-book.

We were married early that summer, and in the autumn we went back to spend a week at Treloe.

Mrs. Dorrington had offered to take Polcarn for us if we liked, but Elinor was bent upon going to the cottage on the rock where I had stayed the year before.

It had been untenanted since my last visit, and Elinor begged me to arrange everything as I had had it in my bachelor days.

We unpacked my painting materials, and were putting them away.

"My paint-brushes used to go in that little table drawer," I said.

Elinor opened it with a vigorous pull, and there, at the back of the drawer, lay my old pocket-book, just as I had left it a year ago.

I had never packed it up at all, and I moralised over the trouble my carelessness had caused me.

Elinor laughed merrily ; she had lost her old shyness, and did not mind my approaching the forbidden subject.

"You have been very good about not asking me any questions," she said. "Would you like me to tell you why I was so unhappy at your taking my pocket-book?"

"If you are sure you don't mind," I replied.

"I was so miserable in thinking you had read those lines."

"Why!" I exclaimed in surprise, "I thought they were very pretty."

"Did you never wonder if they were meant for anyone—in particular?"

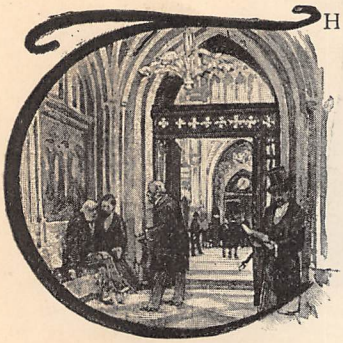
"Never," I replied, but I felt a sudden chill at her words.

"And I thought you had kept them, because you were too much shocked to send them back. How blind men are! Why, you dear old darling—they were meant for you!"

IN PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED.

BY ALFRED F. ROBBINS.

IV.—THE LOBBY AND THE LOBBYISTS.



THE MEMBERS LOBBY, FROM THE CORRIDOR.

THERE is probably no portion of Westminster so much heard of and so little understood as that which is customarily, but not quite definitely, designated "the Lobby." For there are lobbies *and* lobbies ; and when those who are interested in Parliamentary proceedings visit St. Stephen's, and, after waiting weary hours in the outer lobby, pass through a corridor to the inner lobby, and thence to the gallery hypothetically devoted to "distinguished strangers," whence they behold the members stream forth into the division lobbies, they are naturally bewildered. "Where," they ask, "is that lobby in which State secrets are whispered to the confidential ear ; in which intrigues are devised which make and unmake ministries ; in which, if we believe the newspapers, more of real significance is transacted than in the Legislative Chamber itself?" If they put the question to their neighbours, they are likely to receive little in the nature of a satisfactory reply ; if they put it to those who know, they will be told that the mysterious place in which all these awesome things are supposed to be done is the inner, or members', lobby, immediately adjacent to the swinging glass doors by which our representatives gain entrance to the House of Commons.

It is the name that deceives, it being too simple for so striking a spot. An almost Arcadian flavour attaches to the German word for arbour, from which the philologist claims it to have been derived ; but there is a common notion among the English-speaking that a lobby is primarily a place where men hang their hats and coats ; and the peers' lobby, in point of fact, is devoted to that useful but unromantic purpose.

Apart from its name, however, the Lobby—restricting that term henceforth to that mainly sacred to members and journalists—is a noble-looking hall, designed with splendour and decorated with taste. The ordinary citizen before reaching it will have become accustomed to one of the most striking of its forms of ornamentation. Never since the days when the Rev. Mr. Stiggins ineffectually attempted to extract a subscription from Tony Weller for the provision of the infant negroes in the West Indies with moral pocket-handkerchiefs—"those which combine amusement with instruction, my young friend," as the Shepherd explained to Sam—can there have been such a sedulous endeavour to teach folk by means of maxim as has been done on the tessellated pavement leading to the House of Commons. As the stranger enters the outer lobby—which also bears the name of the Central or Octagon Hall—he may solace the period of waiting, stimulate his loyalty, and ruin his eyesight, by deciphering the inscription, eight times repeated in intricate lettering upon the floor, "*Domine Salvam*

THE MEMBERS' LOBBY, HOUSE OF COMMONS.

fac Reginam Nostram Victoriam." The ever-vigilant constables, in the pursuit of their duty of keeping a path clear from Commons to Lords, will of a certainty prevent him from the further ocular strain of attempting to read the circular inscription, twice repeated in the centre, which runs, "*Nisi Dominus edificaverit Domum in vanum laboraverunt qui edificant eam.*" If the visitor wearies with Latin, and, requiring refreshment, wanders to the strangers' bar, he will be told several times over on the floor that "Virtue Prevails," and will be encouraged in the same fashion by the enigmatic utterance, "Faithful Love and Fidelity to our Country." But it is in the Lobby itself that the inscriptionist found full vent for his skill. On the very threshold, as one enters from the Central Hall, he is bidden by a text, altered to suit the circumstances of the time, "Fear God; Honour the Queen." As he advances towards the Chamber he is faced by the legend, "Where no counsel is the people fall," which is flanked by another text, "In the multitude of counsellors is safety." Whether he looks towards the doors leading to the rooms set apart for the Whips, to the Members' Refreshment Bar, to the Post Office, to the Vote Office, or to the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery, he is commanded to "Fear God"; and, if he glances aloft, he finds not only a number of blazons of the arms of certain ancient boroughs—such as Harwich and Lewes, Stamford and Walmer, Wycombe and Colchester—but the legend, inscribed over and over again in stone, "*Domine Salvam fac Reginam Nos'm Victoriam.*" Loyalty and good citizenship, in short, are impressed upon the visitor at every turn; and the only drawback is that he will not have the time, just as no member of the House has ever been known to have the inclination, to decipher all these things for himself.

A stranger in the Lobby, in fact, resembles the traditional fly in amber; and he is apt to mingle with his wonder as to how he managed to get there a sensation of surprise as to what he finds when once he has penetrated the inner court of the politician. He has expected an assembly of grave statesmen conversing with even graver journalists in eager absorption upon the public questions of the day; and he finds a chattering, laughing, flitting crowd, ever shifting, always talking, often bored, and not in the least like the fancy pictures of the Roman Senate which he has seen in youth or imagined in age. No one who knows the Lobby would deny that politics occasionally furnish its most absorbing topic; but although it is, of course, correct to believe that all Parliamentarians are patriots devoted to affairs, there are times when the land is sufficiently content to allow of interest being taken in what the world calls scandal. It may be doubted, indeed, whether the smoking-room at any of our greater clubs more abounds in personal anecdote than the Lobby of the House of Commons.

After all, that is a less blameworthy concession to human weakness than the Lobby pastimes of certain other countries. At Westminster there is none of the

taking of legislators into corners and slipping cheques into their hands in the fashion recently described in Paris; and there is not the same grinding of axes, rolling of logs, and other picturesque performances in which Washington has long been said to rejoice. Just as there are lobbies and lobbies, there is lobbying and lobbying, and the samples of the latter to be seen at St. Stephen's are relatively innocuous. Parliamentary agents are there, but they do not imitate M. Arton and his pleasing ways in Panama. The Remembrancer of the Corporation of the City of London pays a frequent visit, and has even been known to be the dispenser of invitations to civic hospitality within the precincts, but neither he nor anyone else imagines that members are bought with a dinner. Representatives of societies specially interested in the passing of some measure are occasionally visible, but they flourish constituents' remonstrances instead of cheque-books at the heads of recalcitrant members. Influences of many kinds are at work in the Lobby—some that the philosopher would scorn and the critic deem small; but as yet the stern moralist need not trouble to create a society for the personal reform of Members of Parliament.

Political advocates, civic officials, and Parliamentary agents have been given as upon the list which the Sergeant-at-Arms annually compiles of those entitled to admission to the Lobby; but the newspaper reader may be excused if he thinks that these, either collectively or individually, are of less importance than the journalists whose names appear upon that jealously-guarded document. There was a time, and that not many years since, when entrance to the Lobby was so easy that almost any well-known writer for the Press could gain admission, not for himself alone, but for a friend. The dynamite explosions of eight years ago altered all that; and at this day it is exceedingly difficult to get a fresh newspaper placed upon the list, while none but the specified representative of each journal already thereon is permitted to enter.

From the point of view of news-getting this is an improved state of things, for a crowded lobby is ill adapted for the communication of "tips," and when it is the fullest of men it is usually the emptiest of what the journalist considers intelligence. But there is another reason why the increased restrictions of recent years are far from obnoxious to those who are sufficiently fortunate to be upon the Lobby list: as long as the place was open to all and sundry, so long was there no corporate feeling among the lobbyists and no official recognition of them in their separate capacity. Within the past four years, and even within the last three months, there have been evidences of change in that particular. Formerly it was considered that a lobbyist was simply a member of the Reporters'

SOME WELL-KNOWN "LOBBYISTS."
(*From a drawing by* F. CARRUTHERS GOULD.)

THE CENTRAL HALL, HOUSE OF COMMONS.

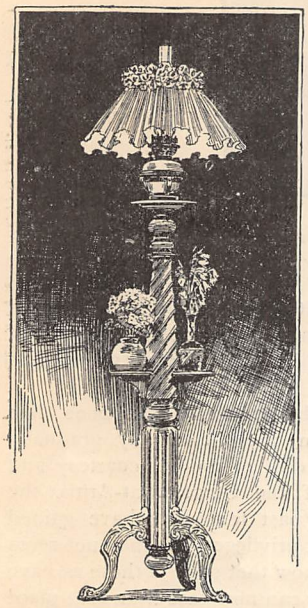
Gallery, who dropped in occasionally to see what was doing; but gradually journalists began to be placed upon the Lobby list who had no direct connection with the Gallery. It then began to be thought that, as there was a Gallery Committee, charged with the protection of the interests of the reporters, there ought to be a Lobby Committee to advance those of the lobbyists. At the opening of the session of 1889, therefore, and largely through the exertions of Mr. W. Ernest Pitt, who then represented the Press Association, and now contributes the "Political Notes" to the *Times*, the Sergeant-at-Arms, Mr. Erskine of Cardross, granted the use of a committee-room for the purpose of a meeting of lobbyists. As was only fitting, Mr. William Jeans, the *doyen* of the Lobby, who is still among his fellows, as representing the *Dundee Advertiser* and the *Bradford Observer*, was called to the chair, not only of that gathering, but of the earliest constituted Lobby Committee; and from that moment the lobbyists, as a body, have gone from strength to strength.

The regulations of the House of Commons, like the British Constitution itself, can only gradually be broadened; but, by dint of mutual courtesy and the friendly attitude of the Sergeant-at-Arms, the lobbyists during these past few years have gained additional and important privileges. It may not seem much to the reader to know that such of these as have admission to the Gallery can now pass from that place to the Lobby by a private staircase, instead of having to go double the distance by way of the Octagon Hall. He may not even be impressed by the fact that it has been allowed that those who have no entrance to the Gallery can dine and smoke in the suite of refreshment

rooms previously sacred to reporters alone. There may be nothing startling in the circumstance that the lobbyists have been given for partial use for writing a room adjacent to the Vote Office. But these privileges, all of which have tended not merely to secure greater comfort but increased efficiency, have been materially enhanced, even within the present session, by the grant of a separate room, adjoining the Central Hall, in order that those upon the Lobby list can the better perform their duties.

The reader may ask, "What do all these lobbyists do, and how do they do it?" A complete answer would be to tell too much, for your true lobbyist never mentions the sources of his information, and he is careful to appear even to his comrades as if he does not possess any in particular. It is this habit of nonchalant caution which causes even journalists who have won their experience elsewhere to occasionally hazard the opinion that there is no news to be obtained in the Lobby; and that is certainly true concerning those who merely look in for a few minutes, and expect to have intelligence drop unsolicited into their ears as they pass the portal. Partly, also, this idea spreads because the ordinary member of Parliament seldom hears anything in the Lobby that the whole political world is not acquainted with. But the skilled lobbyist is one accustomed to the study of men, to the reading of signs, and to the understanding of affairs. He cannot penetrate all the secrets of State—such as assume to do so may at once be set down as impotent boasters; but if he cannot discover twenty-four hours before any other persons outside the Cabinet what line that select body means to take, if he cannot prophesy beforehand what *coup* the Opposition intends to attempt, he is not to be regarded as even approaching the ideal of his calling. In the ever-increasing competition of the daily press, to be twenty-four hours ahead is to do well, for the public memory is so short that, if a journalist happens to be a fortnight in advance with any forthcoming "good thing," those who adopt his information thirteen days later are almost certain to get the credit for it. The delicacy and the difficulty of the task are obvious, and when it is well discharged, the public benefit while the lobbyist is increasingly trusted. The whole system is a phase of our Parliamentary life which is little comprehended by the world of newspaper readers, for whose better information it is devised; but it is one of which every participant in its ardent joys and keen disappointments has reason to be proud.

NEW LAMPS FOR OLD.



THIS title must be taken in a figurative sense, meaning that out of what is "old" or disused, and often thrown away, new and charming articles may often be made: all that is required being time, taste, patience, and the expenditure of a little money, sometimes only very little.

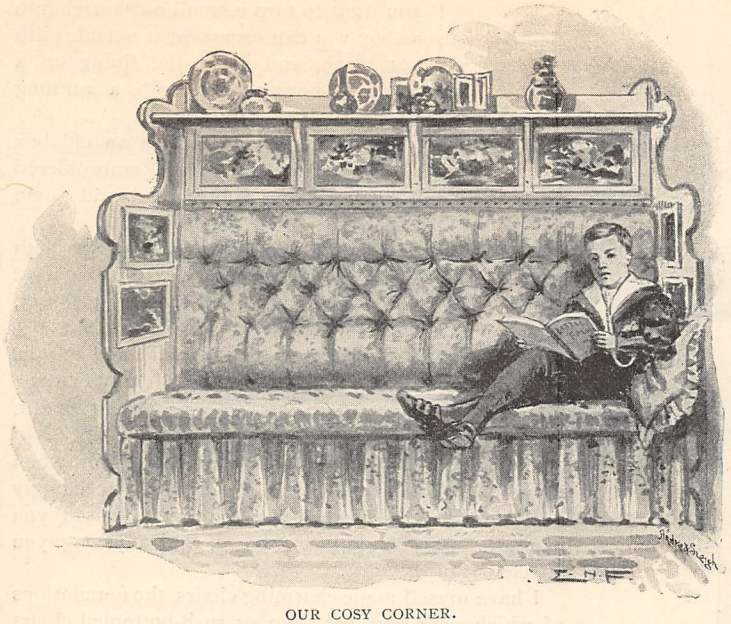
Lately, while on a visit to a friend, I noticed in the drawing-room one of the handsomest standard lamps I had ever seen, and in our first illustration you can see what it looked like. On inquiry, I found that the centre pole was in reality an old bed-post, made of mahogany and carefully polished. A local carpenter had made the feet out of some more wood and fixed the projecting brackets, which were intended to hold flowers or any ornament. The lamp, which is movable is, as you will notice, placed on the top.

Four-post bedsteads are becoming things of the past, and so many people sell those they possess and have the more hygienic iron in their place, that in second-hand shops you may often pick up the posts more or less well-carved, from which such a capital lamp-stand may be made. The feet, by the way, ought to be weighted, and care taken not to have the whole thing top-heavy.

Another use for bed-posts is to place them at each side of a fireplace. For a bedroom, and particularly if the overmantel is of the same wood, the effect is very novel and pretty; and in summer, curtains can hang on a slight rod or string placed under the mantel-board.

The uses of empty packing-cases and old boxes generally are so numerous that one could not hope in the limits of one article to exhaust a list of what may be made from them. The hints here given are merely suggestive, and may be worked out with various modifications, as well as possibly giving the ideas for other ways in which to use what would under ordinary circumstances be thrown away.

A cosy corner is one of the present pretty fashions which bids fair to last. Drawing-rooms and all rooms are very much more comfortable than they used to be, and corners can be fitted up and made very pretty, as well as forming a comfortable seat for a *tête-à-tête*.



OUR COSY CORNER.

The one given in illustration 2 was actually made by a carpenter, the seat, when divested of the upholstered cushion, being made to open, and the box of which it was the lid forming a convenient receptacle for work, papers, and various things which are often needed, and yet which look untidy when lying about a room. This can, however, be made quite as well with any empty box or case which fits the corner, providing that the hinges are so placed that the lid can be opened easily. If you do not want it as a receptacle, you can turn a packing-case upside down, and that answers for a seat capitally, and looks every bit as well as the arrangement before you.

The illustration will show you how to arrange your corner, or at least give you some hints—for an inventive mind scorns anything but hints—and from them originate new and various methods and arrangements.

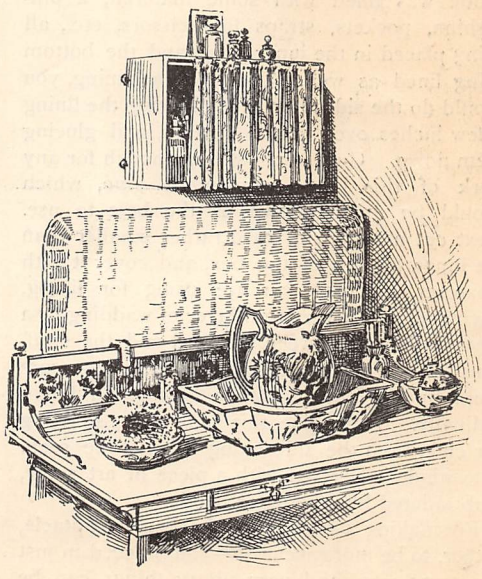
The back should be upholstered, the front draped; and this, like the cushion, is perfectly easy to do if you have the materials and know the use of a hammer and nails. It is well, by the way, in all this work to use a hammer, and not a substitute for one. It is said, and very truly, that a woman instinctively uses anything that comes handy when she wants to drive in a nail—a poker, back of a brush, a bottle, the heel of a boot: anything, in fact, rather than fetch or send for a real hammer, that most useful of household articles. The top, as you will see in the picture, has a kind of frieze, which is in reality—for this is a drawing of a real corner—several little paintings of sea and land, with a gilt beading running above, below, and in between each. There is room at the sides, too, for some more, which will be added in time. One little shelf above the pictures serves to hold flowers, china, etc. The shelf may be enamelled in white with a gold beading, like the rest.

Out of empty fruit boxes very useful things can be made. If you stain or enamel them, you must plane or get them planed, so as to have an even surface, but if you are going to cover them with stuff or paper, and line them as well, you need not take this trouble.

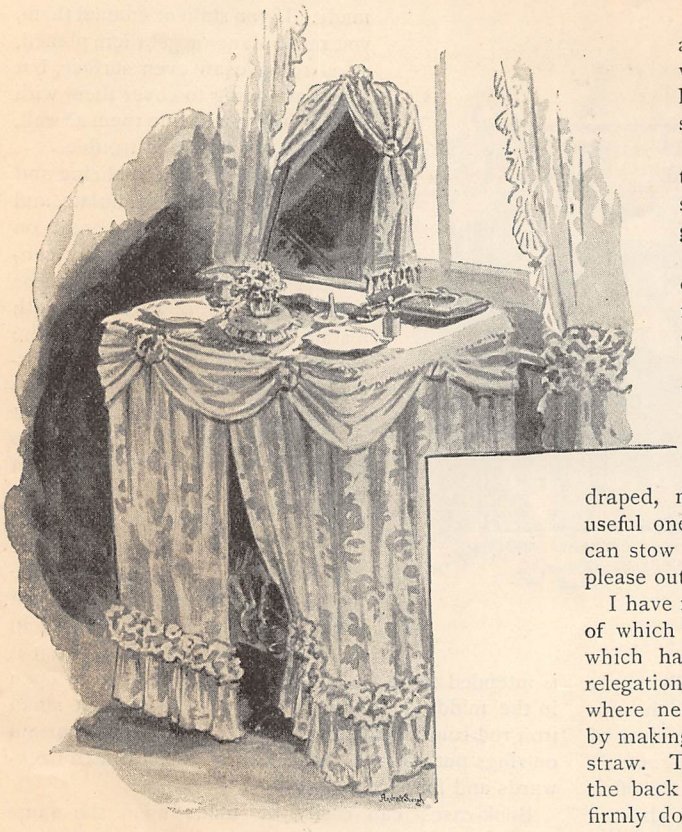
In many bedrooms medicine and bottles of all kinds accumulate, and look anything but ornamental on the wash-stand; now, a very convenient little receptacle for these can be made out of a fruit box with a small curtain in front of it, the whole being nailed above the wash-stand. You can buy "eyes" at any ironmonger's, and these fastened at the back of the box will serve to nail it up by. The same kind of thing, only made from a larger box, is very nice to put boots and shoes in, the curtain serving to keep the dust from them. The latter can be nailed down at the top, and just lifted when the box is wanted in which to place or withdraw what it is intended to hold; but you should make it to open in the middle. Another method is to have a small iron rod running the length of the box, and the curtain on rings put upon it. This can be easily drawn backwards and forwards.

Book-cases can easily be made upon the same principle by fastening two or more fruit boxes together, one above the other, with the opening facing you. With larger boxes an *étagère* can be made which, when decorated with fancy nails and draped, looks very pretty indeed.

A charming work-table I once saw was made from a square box set upon four thick broom-sticks, which



MEDICINE CHEST.



THE DRESSING-TABLE.

were secured into the bottom by being forced into holes made with a red-hot poker, and then glued in. The legs were painted black, and the sides of the box were covered with art green serge on which a pattern of cowslips was embroidered in crewel-wool. The inside was lined with some material, a pin-cushion, pockets, straps for scissors, etc., all being placed in the inner sides, and the bottom being lined as well. To make the lining, you should do the sides first of all, leaving the lining a few inches over at the bottom, and glueing them down. Gum is not strong enough for any work of this kind; carpenter's glue, which should be melted down, is the best to use. Next cut a square of card rather smaller than the inner bottom of the box, and cover it with whatever material you are using for lining, having placed a very thin layer of wadding or a piece of flannel between the card and the stuff. Turn the edges of the latter over, and secure them by long threads taken across and longitudinally. Then glue this in, and by so doing the ends from the side lining will not be seen. The whole is covered with a piece of art serge, embroidered like the outer band.

For making a waste-paper basket—receptacle, rather, to be more accurate—you proceed in just the same way, and very pretty things can be made from old barrels.

If you want to turn a small old barrel into a work-box you can ornament it outside with work or plush, and bring the lining up a little way, gathering it in with a running string.

A footstool can be made from an old box turned up and covered with embroidered serge, the top being well padded, and some gilt nails being driven round it.

It is wonderful how much you can do with old boxes, and of course they can be used for flower-boxes and, I must not forget, dressing-tables.

A large packing-case turned on one side, with the open top facing you, can be made very secure, as well as the right height, by fastening it upon small blocks of wood all cut the same size. This, when draped, makes a pretty table, and an exceedingly useful one too; for when the drapery is raised you can stow away band-boxes, boots, and anything you please out of the dust.

I have myself made charming chairs, the foundations of which were worn-out cane or rush-bottomed chairs which had done their work, and were only fit for relegation to the lumber-room. I mended the seats where necessary, and padded them. This was done by making a canvas bag, and filling it with flock or straw. This was nailed down, and then a bag to fit the back was also filled with the same and nailed firmly down. The next thing was to cut down the chairs: and this was easy enough; and to make them more restful, the back legs were cut about two inches

WORK-BOX AND BASKET.

shorter than the front. This makes a low chair—most comfortable, as you will find if you try it. After this was done, the chair was entirely covered with a pretty chintz or cretonne, a frill going round from the seat.

The common little folding chairs, which you can buy so cheaply at any mart or furniture shop, can be turned into things of beauty by the expenditure of a very little trouble. Cover the seat, which is generally a piece of carpet of more or less frightful pattern, with a piece of Roman satin or what is called satin galore, on which you embroider some flowers or any design you choose. These materials are not expensive, and are so wide that half a yard goes a good way ; and as for the pattern, if you cannot draw one yourself, iron off a good transfer design. The latter you get for a few pence, and a few skeins of filoselle or crewel will supply your materials for a very pretty little article of furniture. You can also get deck chairs for something under three shillings. Enamel or paint the woodwork and embroider a strip of art serge or any material you like the same size as the canvas, and sew it upon it. This with a pretty cushion makes a pretty drawing-room chair of what is, if not old, very cheap indeed. These are particularly convenient in a bedroom, where an easy-chair is often a boon, and often the mistress of the house has not a large purse from which to draw money for the purchasing of chairs at a grand upholsterer's.

There is a great charm in making things one's self, and a still greater pleasure in using up what many people throw away. All that tends to making a house pretty, and to the observance of the law of order, is worth thinking about, and instead of bemoaning your lot if you have but little money, and thinking that consequently you cannot have what is pretty and orderly, use your wits and your hands, make and contrive, and you will see what a fascinating occupation it is to have by your own endeavours new lamps for old, or new lamps instead of none at all.

RUHA.

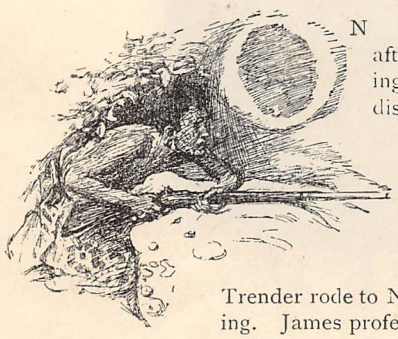
A TALE OF ADVENTURE IN THE MAORI WAR.

By L. FROST RATTRAY, Author of "Such a Suitable Match."

Part the Second.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

THE TERRIBLE HAUHAUS.



N the Monday afternoon following James Pitt's dismal prophecies concerning the too probable arrival of hostile Maoris, he and Gerald Trender rode to Norton's Clearing. James professed a stoical indifference, if not an actual antipathy, to the society of ladies ; but despite this profession, he contrived to make himself very agreeable to Miss Matherley. Gerald found himself rather put in the background. The elder settler had more valuable information to give Mr. Matherley on crops and cultivation, more sympathy with Mrs. Matherley's poultry troubles, though she was unable to attend personally to the fowl-yard, and a delightful fund of stories for the young people.

Naturally enough, the talk soon drifted to the native question. Nellie was the only one who seemed really alarmed. Her father had been too busy ever since his arrival to think of anything but his homestead, and was, moreover, too lately from a land where British authority was implicitly believed in to imagine that a few savages could possibly offer much resistance to a number of Englishmen.

Mrs. Matherley entirely trusted to her husband's judgment, and the sons, of course, scoffed at the idea of Maoris venturing to interfere with them. To tell the truth, they rather liked the notion of an easily repulsed attack, which would mean some excitement and no danger, though they professed to be quite certain there was no possible chance of such a thing happening.

But James Pitt had a good deal of news to give them which was rather disquieting. Several years had passed since the first outbreak of the war, and the New Zealand militia, with some British regiments, were endeavouring to reduce the natives to a state of compliance with English rule. The Hauhaus were now in the Waikato, stirring up the Maoris to rebellion. Nellie at once demanded who these Hauhaus were.

"I am no historian," laughed James, "and indeed, at present, history has not narrated the circumstances which have produced the wonderful Hauhau prophets ; but I will certainly tell you all I have heard about them. A native named Te Ua imagined he was visited by spirits, who imparted to him a new religion. At first Te Ua and his converts were rather peacefully inclined, I believe, but some evil spirit got amongst them, and taught them to be cruel and fanatical, their enmity being chiefly towards the Pakehas."

"If it's a religious war," said Mr. Matherley, who had been an interested listener, "then I fear it will be

more bitter, and more difficult to put a stop to than a purely political one."

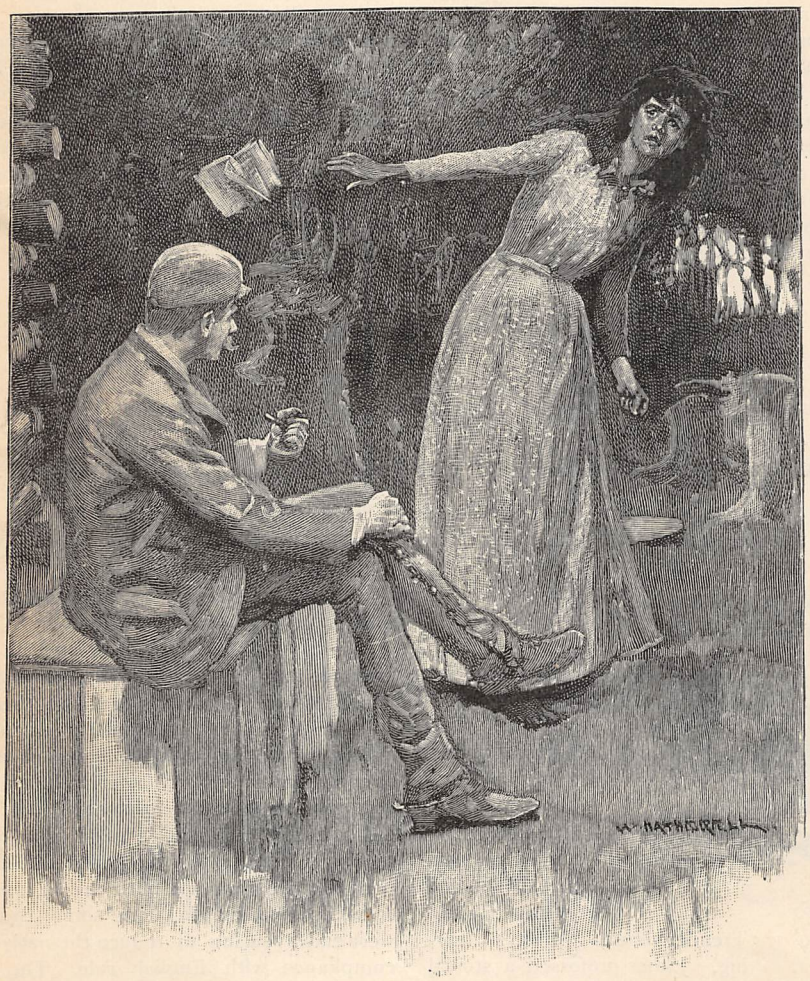
"There is no doubt of that," returned James. "Some of these Hauhaus fight like demons!"

"Where do they get their funny name, Mr. Pitt?" asked Maude.

"I believe it was originally 'Hau Anihera' (wind angels). The followers of the new religion worshipped

"It is wonderful what influence the Hauhau teachers are obtaining over these superstitious natives. One curious idea they have: which is that those who adopt Hauhauism become invulnerable. This makes them remarkably daring, and ready for any desperate deed their prophet may direct."

Presently the conversation drifted to other and less disagreeable topics, and the young people gradually



"THE HALF-CASTE SPRANG TO HER FEET, AND FLUNG THE BOOK AWAY" (*p.* 579).

round a pole, and the wind conveyed the special religious spirit into each of them as they knelt."

"Did they know anything about the Bible? Because it looks as if the Maoris got that idea from the description of the descent of the Holy Spirit in the Acts," said Mrs. Matherley.

"Very likely they did. They had been taught by missionaries of different denominations, and getting mixed in their beliefs, struck out a religion for themselves."

"Is it spreading? Are they making many converts?" asked Mr. Matherley.

wandered from the verandah to an inspection of the improvements effected since Gerald's last visit. These Maude was left to point out to young Trender, for the others were intensely interested in Mr. Pitt's description of his first days in New Zealand.

As the two young men rode home in the moonlight, James said—

"The atrocities that those Hauhaus are perpetrating are almost beyond belief. Had I anyone I cared for up here, I believe I should send them down to Auckland."

"Then, why in the name of common humanity, didn't you tell Mr. Matherley so?"

James looked foolish. It was quite impossible for him to own that whilst the family at Norton's Clearing had been merely "the Matherleys" to him, he had not even thought of such a thing. But now that they had resolved themselves into individuals, in one of whom he felt particularly interested, the question of their safety had presented itself to him.

Gerald drew rein.

"I think I'll ride back and suggest that," he said.

"Oh, nonsense!" James cried testily. "I may be mistaken, you know. At present there isn't really the slightest danger."

Gerald appeared convinced, and allowed the subject to drop.

He was very busy the following day, but in the evening he saddled his horse and rode off in the direction of Norton's Clearing. There was only a bush track for about five miles, then he struck the main road. He put his horse to a canter, and after riding a mile or two, was surprised to see a horseman ahead of him.

He gave a friendly cooee, and the rider at once stopped, and waited for him to come up. Then the moon came out from the temporary obscurity of a cloud, and the two men looked blankly into each other's faces.

Gerald's brow clouded, and he said sharply—

"Where were you going?"

The humorous side of the affair seemed to strike James, or perhaps he was more used to expecting *contretemps* than his younger friend, for he laughed, saying in his frequently cynical style—

"As usual, there's a pretty face at the bottom of it."

"If you mean," said Gerald warmly, "that my motive in seeking to put Mr. Matherley on his guard is merely a desire to see his daughter, I can assure you that you are completely mistaken."

"All right," returned James. "Let us ride on amicably."

"It is ridiculous for us both to go," said Gerald. "They will be frightened out of their senses if they imagine we each considered it necessary to come all this distance to suggest a return to Auckland."

"Then let us go home again."

"In that case we should not have done our duty to our neighbours."

Gerald's voice still betrayed annoyance.

"I, too, have a keen sense of what I owe my neighbours," rejoined James imperturbably. "Get on, you lazy brute!" he added to his patient steed.

And the two men rode to Norton's Clearing in silence.

They met the owner near the gate leading to the road, and told him quietly what they had come for. But as neither of them wished to create unnecessary alarm, their story was tamely told, and did not impress Mr. Matherley particularly. Pitt declined to dismount, saying he happened to be riding past, and merely looked in to say what had not occurred to him the previous evening. Then he wished the new settler good-night and rode off, Gerald having no option but to follow his lead.

Some weeks passed. It was a busy time just then, and Gerald fancied that James was seeing as little of the Matherleys as he was.

Ruha had not been for her lesson lately, as Gerald felt too tired to go to the trouble of correcting her mistakes. But he missed her, and was very glad to see unmistakable signs of her presence one evening as he wearily dragged himself up to his shanty.

"Well, child," he said kindly; "have you come to see if I am ready to let you read to me?"

Ruha showed her pretty teeth in an appreciative smile.

"If Gera like," she said.

So when the nondescript meal, generally called tea, was over, the two resumed their usual places outside the door, Gerald lighted his pipe, and Ruha opened the book. She did not at once begin to read, and Gerald, watching the bent head and slender finger tracing the words on the open page, suddenly bethought him of a casual remark dropped by Mrs. Matherley about a fortnight before.

"Nellie has been talking to me about that young Maori *protégée* of yours. Wouldn't it be a good thing for her to come up here for lessons now?"

"Ruha?" he said abruptly, and the dark head was quickly raised, and the large brown eyes fixed inquiringly on his face.

"Am I too s-low?" she asked, hesitating over the two letters, which do not exist in the Maori language, but which, perchance—thanks to her English mother—Ruha had found less of a stumbling-block than most of her race.

"No, you are not at all slow," he smilingly replied. "Ruha, how would you like to go to Norton's Clearing, and be taught by Miss Matherley?"

Ruha's face darkened, her eyes flashed angrily.

"Then you are tired of me? I am no good child now?"

"I am not at all tired of teaching you, Ruha; but I think you could learn a great deal from a nice young lady. Don't you?"

The half-caste sprang to her feet, and flung the book away.

"If you no more teach Ruha, she not learn at all," she said, regarding her instructor with anxious, yet half-defiant, mien.

As she stood there, her figure drawn to its full height, her lips parted, her eyes sparkling, her well-shaped bare feet firmly pressing the ground, whilst her hands were clasped as if she were going to entreat him to let her remain, Gerald suddenly became conscious that this Ruha was not the little girl he had first known, but a beautiful maiden—prettier, certainly, though in a different style, than Nellie Matherley. Yes, it would be better for her to go to Norton's Clearing. She had very much to learn which he could not teach her.

"Ruha," he said gravely, "in England, young ladies like you do not have young men to teach them. They have governesses—ladies, you know—who tell them how to behave, and make them sew and—and cook," he concluded rather abruptly, a little put out by the scorn in Ruha's face.

"I won't learn of her," the girl said, indicating Miss Matherley's home by an expressive nod. "She tell you say so?" she suddenly demanded.

"No; but her mother did. You would love her, Ruha."

But Ruha shook her head.

"No, no!"

"Come, dear," Gerald said coaxingly, "be a good girl, and go to Norton's Clearing."

"Dear!" Ruha had never heard him use the word as a term of endearment, and now she lingered over it.

"D-e-a-r Gera! That pretty!"

But he could not persuade the girl to take any sort of lessons from Miss Matherley. Finally, he grew annoyed with her, and sent her home in disgrace.

He did not see her for another week, when she came to the shanty in a stealthy manner, quite unlike her usual free step and frank bearing.

"Gera," she said, "go you to Auckland soon?"

"No; why?"

"There will be no place for a Pakeha here. Gera, d-e-a-r, go away."

He was struck by her evident anxiety.

"What is the matter, Ruha?"

"Go!" she repeated; "go, Gera!"

He advanced, and put his hand firmly on her shoulder.

"Tell me what you mean! I will not move a step without knowing everything."

Bit by bit he dragged from her that one of the Hauhau prophets had secretly come to her tribe, and was talking to them, inflaming them against the Pakehas.

"But your people are so friendly," he exclaimed. "They will never touch us."

Ruha explained that her father said the white people were always good to them, but the Hauhau told him for his country's sake he must give up his friends. She again urged Gerald to run away. He stood for a moment in deep thought. Then he told Ruha he was going to see James Pitt, asking her to return to the pah, and bring him word of anything fresh which she might hear.

Quickly he saddled his horse, and rode as rapidly as possible to Pittsburg.

James was very much alarmed.

"So near as that!" he exclaimed. "I think Ruha must be mistaken. We should certainly have heard. But perhaps not; the Hauhaus seem to have quite forgotten the motto of their race, *Taihoa*" (Go slowly; wait a little).

"Well," cried Gerald impatiently, "what is best to be done?"

"Of course you are thinking of the Matherleys?" James said.

"Of course. We are men, and can defend ourselves. There they have helpless women, and we must aid them."

"The question is how best to get them to a place of safety."

"They must go to Auckland."

"Certainly; but how are they to get there? Very probably numbers of Hauhaus are on the march to join the Ngatiruas, and a large party would be sure to attract attention."

Gerald was impatiently patting his horse's neck, whilst his friend calmly deliberated on a matter which to the impetuous young man seemed to require instant and vigorous action.

"Then, what do you propose?"

"Nothing at present. You say Ruha is to come back to you with news? Probably old Tai Haruru will stand our friend, and we shall have nothing to fear from his people. In that case we are, of course, far safer close to a friendly pah than venturing a long journey through possibly hostile tribes. Am I not right?"

"Well, yes, I suppose you are. But they must be warned at Norton's Clearing, you know."

"Certainly they must, and immediately. Have you any weapons with you?"

"No; I never thought of my gun. I'll ride back for it, and then go on to tell Mr. Matherley."

"No; you stay at your place for news from Ruha. I will go to Norton's Clearing. I think I will bring the women-folk here. They will be safer, for their own house is too near the road, and might catch the eyes of some of these mad fanatics."

Gerald hesitated for a moment, but he had been too well-educated by a naturally chivalrous father, and had also too much common sense, to allow his private wishes or feelings to at all stand in the way of the general good.

"All right," he responded briefly, and, re-mounting his horse, rode home, and waited, with what patience he could muster, news from Ruha.

But minutes lengthened into hours, and still nothing broke the silence. Gerald at length felt he could bear this lonely waiting in the darkness no longer, and had just resolved to return to Pittsburg and see if the Matherleys had taken shelter there, when a cautious rustling in the bush near his shanty attracted his attention. He steadied his gun and took aim at the spot whence, as far as he could judge, the sound proceeded. It might be Ruha, or it might be a hostile Maori. At all events, friend or foe, he would be ready to greet the intruder warmly.

The late moon was rising, and Gerald felt that, standing as he was where its rays fell full upon him, he was giving his unknown watcher an immense advantage over himself. So he stepped to the side of the shanty where he could still command the bushes, but where he was in safer shadow.

"Gera," said a soft well-known voice, "Gera, you there?"

"It's all right, Ruha," he responded, intensely relieved. "Come here, and tell me all you can."

"Hush, Gera!" she said, as she came slowly towards him. "I am feared that they hear our *korero*" (talk).

"There's no one here," he said reassuringly. "I've been alone all the evening."

Ruha came close to him, and, in answer to his eager questions, said that the Hauhau prophet was a very clever man and a great talker. He had talked

with them all over and over again. He told them how the wicked Pakehas had stolen their land, and he said the spirits now declared they must be killed. It was right and good to do away with all Pakehas ; and a great deal more to the same effect.

Gerald's voice was harsher than Ruha had ever heard it as he muttered—

"Treacherous brutes !"

"You angry with Ruha, Gera?"

There was now quite sufficient light to see the girl's face plainly, and Gerald was touched by the sad, pathetic eyes, and the wistful, pleading, child-like mouth. He did what he had never done before : stooped and kissed the pure brow, as he would have kissed a dear little girl. Ruha was not at all sure that she liked this salutation so well as her own Maori habit of rubbing noses, but it was certainly English, and therefore to be approved of. She was going to return the kiss, when Gerald, who was far too anxious and pre-occupied to pay attention to trifles just then, again asked her if she was quite sure that no attack would be made that night.

Ruha declared she was nearly sure the Pakehas were safe for the present, as the *tu ngarahu*, or review, usually held to ascertain the strength of a party before starting on an unusual expedition, had not taken place yet. Then the war-dance had to come off. Altogether some hours must elapse before any attempt would be made on the settlers.

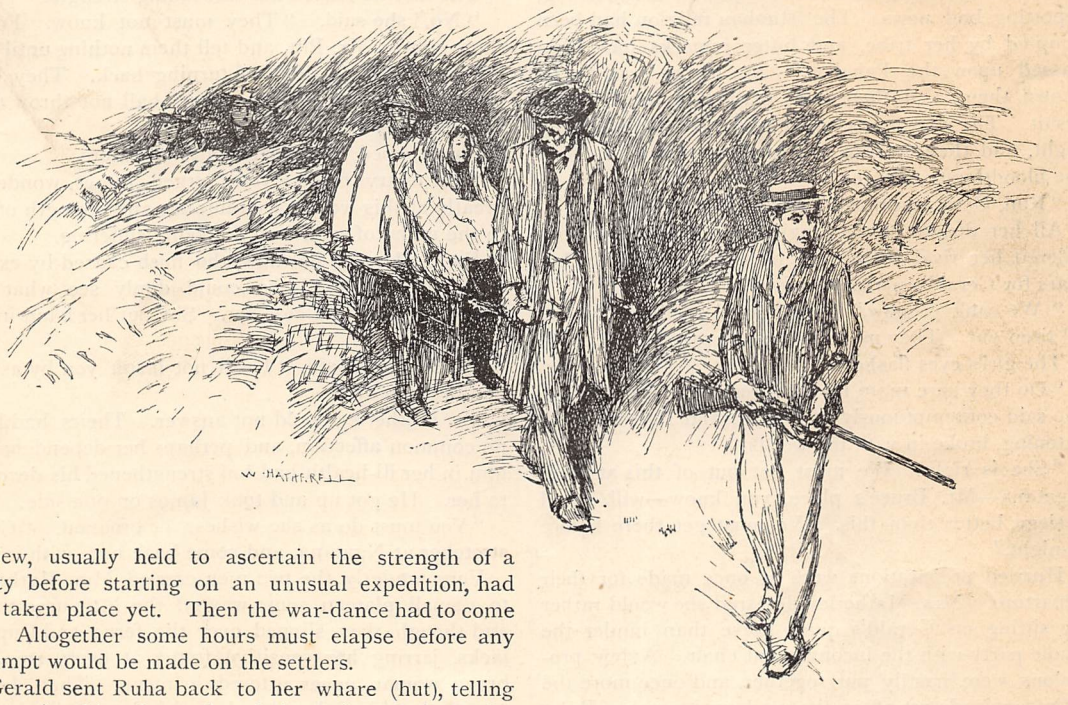
Gerald sent Ruha back to her whare (hut), telling her to give him the earliest information of the beginning of the war-dance, then he made his way as rapidly as possible to Pittsburg.

The smaller children were in bed, but were quickly roused and dressed by Nellie and Maude. Then came the difficulty of conveying Mrs. Matherley to Pittsburg. No vehicle could possibly be taken along the narrow track. At length James suggested putting poles under a chair, securing them firmly with flax, and carrying her in an *impromptu* kind of sedan-chair.

This idea was speedily acted upon, and the little party left the house in silent apprehension. Their fears were now thoroughly aroused, and to their excited fancies, dusky crouching forms, armed with guns and tomahawks, lurked behind the scrub and the underwood, or stood, taking steady aim from the shelter of a rata or puriri.

Mr. Matherley and James carried the invalid, whilst Percy walked in front, peering anxiously to right and left, though terribly conscious of his own impotence to protect the little party against a sudden attack by a large body of natives.

But the little procession reached Pittsburg in safety, all tired and worn-out : the men from carrying the helpless invalid, and when alternately relieved of that burden, some of the goods brought away from Norton's Clearing ; the girls and younger children from the long, rough, unaccustomed tramp. It was quite impossible to go further that night, for indeed it was long past midnight, and Gerald had arrived at his friend's house, and lighted a fire, some time before the tired party came slowly up the hill. He drew James aside, and told him of Ruha's visit, and when Mr. Matherley,



"MR. MATHERLEY AND JAMES CARRIED THE INVALID, WHILST PERCY WALKED IN FRONT, PEERING ANXIOUSLY TO RIGHT AND LEFT."

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

THE FLIGHT BY THE CREEK.

GREAT had been the dismay and consternation of the Matherleys when Mr. Pitt rode up that evening and informed them of their perilous position.

having done all he could for his terribly exhausted wife, joined them, the three held a long and anxious council.

They were now all desirous of getting the women-folk safely down to Auckland; but the question was how could it best be done? Gerald offered to go back to Norton's Clearing, get the dray which had brought up the Matherleys and their goods in detachments, and drive it down the road to the point where the creek, running past Pittsburg, crossed this, the only track upon which a vehicle could possibly be driven. Here the fugitives could meet it.

"Too risky," said James. "The Maoris will certainly go by that road if there is a large body of them, and will soon overtake that slow-going dray. My advice is that we make our way down by the creek to Ngatana, skirt that cautiously, then on to the settlement. By that time news of the rising will have reached the troops, and we shall probably be able to procure an escort for those who need it to a place of safety, whilst we help to thrash the Maoris."

No one was ready with better advice, and it was decided to remain quiet all that day, and make a start as soon as it began to grow dusk enough for their movements to be unperceived.

Ruha came down about ten o'clock in the morning, reporting bad news. The Hauhau religion had been adopted by her tribe, and bitter remarks had been passed upon the Pakehas. No mercy was to be shown them, and their total extinction must be the result. The war-dance would be danced the following night, and then, woe to any settlers within reach of the bloodthirsty savages!

"Run, Gera, run now!" Ruha entreated.

All her dislike of the English girl whom she considered her rival seemed to be swallowed up in her fears for Gerald's personal safety.

"We can't go now," he explained; "the ladies are all tired out. They must have some rest."

The girl's eyes flashed.

"Do they care more for their rest than their lives," she said contemptuously in Maori; and Pitt, who was listening, broke in with the words—

"She is right. We must get out of this at once. Ngatana—Mr. Bruce's place, you know—will stand a siege better than this. We must get there before to-night."

Hurried preparations were at once made for their departure. Mrs. Matherley declared she would rather try sitting on Gerald's quiet horse than hinder the whole party with the inconvenient chair. A few provisions were hastily put together, and once more the little cavalcade set off on the perilous journey. Ruha went back to the pah, James Pitt deciding that her absence, if remarked, might cause her father to suspect she was warning her white friends.

If the way to Pittsburg had been rough, the track by the creek was infinitely worse. On, on they went, footsore, weary, sick with anxiety and alarm. They reached a narrow gorge, where there was a good deal of scrambling and rough climbing to be done. The young people were in front, Mr. Matherley behind, holding his wife in the saddle, whilst James led the sagacious animal.

Presently Mrs. Matherley said in a faint voice—

"Harold, I can bear this no longer; help me down, and I will try and walk."

In dumb agony the husband lifted his wife on to her feet, knowing that she could not possibly manage more than a few steps of that rocky path. He was right. A small broken branch across the track caught her halting feet, and she would have fallen but for the support the two men afforded her. Then she fainted in her husband's arms. James filled his hat with water from the stream, and, after some minutes of blessed unconsciousness of her terrible position, she opened her eyes.

"I must stop here," she said. "Mr. Pitt, you know the country; I trust my children to you."

"I will go back and fetch the chair," he cried.

"I could not bear the movement," she answered faintly. "You go on; give my darlings my love—my——" even her brave spirit could not send those last tender messages.

She let her head fall on her husband's shoulder.

"Call the children back," said Mr. Matherley hoarsely.

The mother rallied her fast-failing strength.

"No," she said. "They must not know. Follow them slowly, Mr. Pitt, and tell them nothing until they are too far off to think of turning back. They have all their lives before them; they shall not throw them away for me."

She stopped, too exhausted to say more.

"Let us try to carry you," urged James, wondering greatly at this woman's endurance and strength of will in the midst of such terrible bodily suffering.

For, looking at her now, the flush caused by excitement having faded, he could dimly see what this fearful journey had cost her. She put her hand in her husband's.

"Dear," she said, "I will not insult you by asking you to leave me."

Mr. Matherley could not answer. Theirs had been no common affection, and perhaps her dependence on him in her ill-health had but strengthened his devotion to her. He got up and took James on one side.

"You must do as she wishes," he groaned. "Get a stretcher at Ngatana, and come back here with it."

Very tenderly the two men carried Mrs. Matherley to a small plateau some way off the little-used track, and though they slipped over the ferns and supple-jacks, jarring her sensitive frame at every step, the brave woman never uttered a moan. Then James reverently raised her hand to his lips, exchanged a hearty grip with Mr. Matherley, and, with a very unusual dimness in his eyes, set off alone to follow the others, taking the horse with him.

Gerald had urged the advance party on as rapidly as possible, intending to place them in safety, and then return and see what could be done for Mrs. Matherley, about whom he was very anxious. As the day wore on, Nellie frequently wanted to stop and wait for her parents; but Gerald, obeying an injunction whispered

"THE HAUHAUS WERE AFTER HIM LIKE WOLVES" (*p.* 584).

to him by the unselfish mother before starting, would not allow her to do so.

At length they were obliged to rest, and, leaving the creek, took shelter in a dense growth of raupo at the edge of a swamp. Gerald left the Matherleys here and kept close to the creek, his eyes eagerly scanning the path by which he expected the rest of the party to come. Presently he caught sight of James leading the riderless horse, and his heart stood still with fear. Had the Hauhaus caught them? But no; Pitt would never leave his friends alive. He advanced quickly to meet him, and the two held an anxious conference. Then Pitt mounted the horse and hurried off to seek help for Mrs. Matherley, whilst Gerald retraced his steps to the group in the raupo. They willingly accepted his explanation that their parents were resting in a safe place further back, and that Pitt had ridden on to tell them so; but Gerald had some difficulty in persuading Percy not to go back and see how "the mater" was. Nellie was far too tired not to be thankful to be spared any extra walking. They had rested a couple of hours, when Gerald's quick ear detected the sounds of approaching horses' hoofs.

He left the raupo, and hid himself near the path. A whistle, which he knew to be from James, made him show himself. The horse was reeking with steam, and the rider looked as if he had been bogged more than once. But his appearance was forgotten by Gerald the moment he began to speak, so full of dire significance were his words.

"The Hauhaus are at Ngatana!"

Gerald's exclamation will not bear repetition.

"At Ngatana!" he cried. "Then what has become of the Bruces?"

"I do not know." James wiped his wet face. "Those fiends are yelling and shrieking; the house is apparently burning, and the other cottages near it seem to be sharing the same fate."

"But the people? Are we to hide safely here, and let our fellow-creatures be butchered so near us?"

Gerald's eyes were glowing, his voice trembling with excitement.

"What can we do? Three men, indifferently armed, counting Percy Matherley, against a hundred infuriated savages, mad with the desire for the Pakehas' blood, carrying muskets and tomahawks, and using either weapon indiscriminately."

James spoke in an intensely restrained voice, which expressed the deep emotion he was feeling far more than any loud or violent tones could have done.

At that moment Percy Matherley appeared. He looked searchingly at the two men.

James saw it was no use putting the young fellow off, so quietly explained matters.

"I must go to my parents," he said.

"They are far safer where they are, and quite alone. Your mother's wish is that you help your sisters first. The larger the party, the greater risk of attracting attention. Mr. and Mrs. Matherley are not at all likely to be discovered. As soon as possible we will go to Ngatana, procure something to carry your mother on, and then all go down together to Hamilton, and make our way by boat to Mercer, and thence to Auckland."

"The great fear," said Gerald, "is that these Hauhaus, being most likely on their way to join Ruha's people, will follow this track, in which case we must be running considerable danger by remaining here."

"Yes," returned James; "I came to advise a retreat into the thickest raupo we can find, and as far as possible from the track."

They made their way back to the girls and younger Matherleys, who were all terribly frightened at their long absence, and hurried them off through bush and swamp, until they were obliged to halt to recover breath.

Then Gerald announced his intention of returning to warn Mr. and Mrs. Matherley of the possibility of Hauhaus passing so near them, and to console them by assurances that so far, at least, their children were safe.

He was some time finding the way back through the tall fern to the path, as the little party had travelled in single file, and the raupo and ti-tree had closed in behind them, leaving no trace of the fugitives.

At length he did find the track, and hurried along in the deepening twilight, for the whole day had been passed in the necessarily slow progress, and in the gorge it was dark an hour or two earlier than in the open country. Surely there were unusual noises about. Or was it only his excited fancy?

He must reach the Matherleys in time. Where did Pitt say he had left them? It could not be far off his present position. He strained his eyes forward, watching for the gaunt tree with withered white limbs which James Pitt's experienced eye had at once noted as a landmark to indicate the whereabouts of his friends.

In his anxiety to discover the tree, Gerald took his eyes off the track. In a moment he had measured his length on the ground, entangled by a clinging creeper.

He lay for a few minutes, stunned and dazed by his heavy fall on the hard rocky path. Then the noise of shouts and yells came clearly and distinctly to him. He raised himself to a sitting posture, and listened. Hark! Yes, it was too true. The dreaded Hauhaus were actually coming.

He could hear their voices plainly now. How close they were! Had they caught sight of him? Were they really pursuing him? He staggered to his feet. He must reach the Matherleys. That poor, fragile, delicate woman would be frightened to death. No; how stupid he was! He must not go near them. He must take the Hauhaus off on another track. He paused a moment, irresolute. What was that second noise? Surely another party of Maoris. Ah, yes! There were yells and cries before and behind him. The Ngatiruas had come to meet their friends. He was surrounded by foes. A fierce shout of triumph proclaimed that he had been seen. The cliffs were too high to climb on one side, on the other was the creek. He plunged desperately into the water. With yells of rage the Hauhaus were after him like wolves. Gerald Trender was at their mercy.

END OF CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

"A LITTLE FEVERISH."

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

ACCORDING to an old Welsh triad, there are "three things which prove that a man is in good health: he takes his food with relish, he does his work in comfort, and he maintains his natural temperature." Everybody will at once appreciate the first two signs of good health. The third, which is the most important of all, is ignored by those who do not understand its full meaning. Most people fancy their temperature varies considerably according to their surroundings, and look surprised when they are told that when working hard on a hot summer day their bodily temperature does not differ appreciably from what it is when they are shivering on the coldest day in winter. But it is so, as I shall explain later; and it is because our temperature does not alter with our surroundings, and is only influenced by disease, that it is such a valuable guide and source of information to the medical man. The thermometer enables him to measure it with the greatest accuracy, and the patient, however nervous and agitated, cannot alter its readings. The pulse, which is properly regarded as a great help to the doctor in forming an opinion about a case, often gives misleading indications, as it is greatly influenced by the condition of mind of the patient. The mere fact of the doctor observing it will often send the rate up 50 per cent.; and it is also influenced by many other conditions, such as the position of the body, the rate of breathing, and others, all of which must be allowed for if we are to form a reliable opinion. But all these things do not alter the temperature of the body, and that is one reason why it tells us so much about the real condition of the patient.

All animals may be divided into two great classes—the warm-blooded and the cold-blooded. The body

heat of the latter depends upon the surroundings ; for example, the temperature of a fish is generally almost the same as that of the water in which it is swimming, so that as the water gets warmer, so does the fish. A frog has about the same temperature as the air at any time.

On the other hand, warm-blooded animals do not show this variation : each one has its own practically fixed temperature ; and it is interesting to note that in man this temperature is far higher than the average temperature of any part of the world. There must be some mechanism for keeping up this regular temperature ; and, as might be expected, it is exceedingly complicated and elaborate, and is regulated and guided by the nervous system. The heat comes from the food we take. If we completely burn up a piece of fat or suet, we know that a hot flame is produced which gives off a considerable quantity of heat. If, instead of doing this, we eat the piece of fat, exactly the same amount of heat is liberated within our body, part of which enables us to do work, part keeping up the temperature. This burning up of the food does not occur in the lungs, as was at one time thought, but is for the most part carried on in the muscles and the internal organs of the body—especially the liver, which is one of the great heat centres of the body. All the food we take performs these two functions : part of the energy of the food, as it is called, enables us to do work ; the greater part is transformed into actual heat to maintain the body temperature. But heat is continually being lost in large amounts. The greater part—80 to 85 per cent.—is lost by the skin by radiation and evaporation. Some is lost from the lungs because the air we breathe out is always warmed to a higher temperature than the air we breathe in. This loss is not always constant. When we take exercise, more heat is generated than when we are at rest, for the vital processes are more active. The consequence is that we begin to feel flushed, the blood-vessels of the skin become full of blood, and heat is rapidly given off from it. If this is insufficient, we begin to perspire freely ; and it is well known how much heat is absorbed in the evaporation of water. On the other hand, when the weather is cold the blood-vessels in the skin become contracted, and the greater part of the blood circulates in the internal organs, so that much less heat is lost from the skin. By these means the loss is so accurately regulated that the temperature is kept fixed at 98·6° F. Any variation from this is a sure sign that there is a departure of some kind from sound health ; and as a general rule it may be said that the gravity of an illness depends on the amount of the variation of the body temperature from the healthy standard of 98·6° F. When the temperature is higher, we say that a person is feverish. The common cause of an attack of simple feverishness is a chill, especially in early spring. Lured by a change of weather, we alter our clothing, and leave the body insufficiently protected. It is not sufficiently realised that the temperature in the sun is no guide as to the clothing we ought to wear. So much depends upon wind and other factors in this variable climate, that it is greater wisdom to be over-clothed than under-clothed.

Again, we may become over-heated, and then sit in a draught, or in a cold room, or on damp grass. The natural loss of heat is interfered with, and the action of the delicate nervous mechanism is deranged. As a general rule, re-adjustment soon takes place, and we regain sound health. But the disturbance may go a stage further, and instead of the simple "cold," the blood driven from the surface of the body causes congestion of an internal organ. The best example of this is the relaxed throat which results from getting the feet wet. The tonsils are particularly liable to suffer. But if the chill is even more severe, the congestion of the internal organ may result in actual inflammation, so that an attack of pleurisy or of inflammation of the lungs is developed. The converse of this action is often put into practice. We relieve the congestion of an internal organ by putting a mustard plaster on the skin over it. The stimulation of the skin causes it to become congested, or flushed with blood, and the internal organ beneath is relieved. This relief is not due to the simple withdrawal of an equivalent quantity of blood from the internal organ to the skin ; the relief afforded by this would be inappreciable. The action really occurs through the nervous system, there being a close nervous connection between any part of the skin and the organ lying beneath, and so the stimulation provided by the plaster has a very considerable effect on the internal organ.

In feverish attacks there is generally a greater or less stoppage of secretions, one of which is that of moisture from the skin. As we have seen that this is the chief means by which heat is lost, we can understand how it is that in this case the temperature of the body rises ; and one of the first ends to be obtained, especially in minor attacks, is a free perspiration, which generally rapidly lowers the temperature and dissipates the feverish symptoms.

Babies and very young children are liable to frequent attacks of feverishness. Their nervous systems are very unstable, and great disturbance results from comparatively trivial causes. The irritation of cutting a tooth or an attack of indigestion may be sufficient to disturb their normal balance and induce an attack of feverishness. The same amount of fever in a baby and in an adult is of very different gravity ; just as the balance is easily upset in an infant, so it is recovered rapidly and easily. It will be seen that in these cases the causes are somewhat different from those which bring about the feverishness of colds, but the result is really the same, and is in each case due to a derangement of the nervous system.

Lastly, feverishness may be a symptom of the beginning of some definite illness, as influenza or measles. The illness is attended by feverishness throughout ; and when the temperature falls abruptly—as it does in many diseases—the disease is said to end by "crisis." The illness is then at an end, and the patient has really only to regain strength. This is often a slow process, and demands as much care and attention as the disease itself. The termination of illnesses on "critical days"

was much studied in ancient medicine, and the influence of this is seen to-day in the popular belief—to some extent well founded—that once the "crisis" is over the danger is past.

What is to be done for a feverish attack? It is necessary that great care should be taken, or a slight attack may develop into a serious illness. The patient should go home without delay, and stay in a warm room, avoiding changes of temperature. The best way to avoid these changes is to go to bed, and stay there until well. The old-fashioned remedy of a basin of hot gruel containing some sweet spirit of nitre is sound treatment, as it tends to induce perspiration; the equally old-fashioned remedy of placing the feet in a bath of hot water and mustard before getting into bed may be recommended. If these simple means fail to banish the feverish symptoms by next morning, the doctor should be consulted, for the baneful consequences which result from a neglected cold are well known.

The remark made above about a warm room must not be misunderstood. It does not mean that ventilation should be hindered by stopping every crevice by which fresh air can enter. At any time lack of ventilation has an injurious action, but when the body is enfeebled it becomes doubly dangerous. The use of a little common sense is all that is required to give the patient at once a warm room and plenty of fresh air.

Precautions ought always to be taken after exposure to wet and cold. The unaccustomed exposure which middle-aged people experience when attending a funeral frequently results in fatal illness. The same exposure does not affect younger people, with their greater vitality and stronger power of resistance; but as it is middle-aged people who, after all, are most commonly called upon to pay this last tribute of respect to their friends, they may at least endeavour to avert any ill consequences by timely care.

IN THE ISLE OF PURBECK.

BY EDITH E. CUTHELL, AUTHOR OF "ONLY A GUARD-ROOM DOG," ETC.

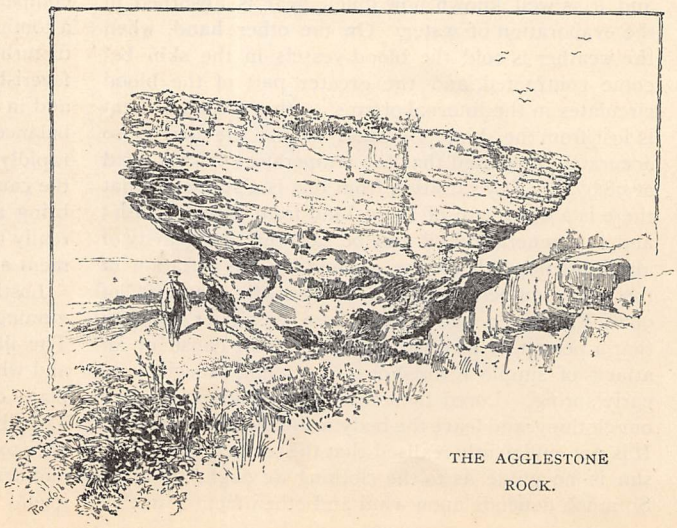
"OLD HARRY AND HIS WIFE."

IN Saxon times, that out-of-the-way peninsula on our south-western coast known as the Isle of Purbeck, formed part of the Kingdom of Wessex. Poole was then an important city and thriving port, Corfe Castle a kind of Windsor, and the wild downs and rolling moorlands of Purbeck a favourite hunting ground of the Saxon Kings.

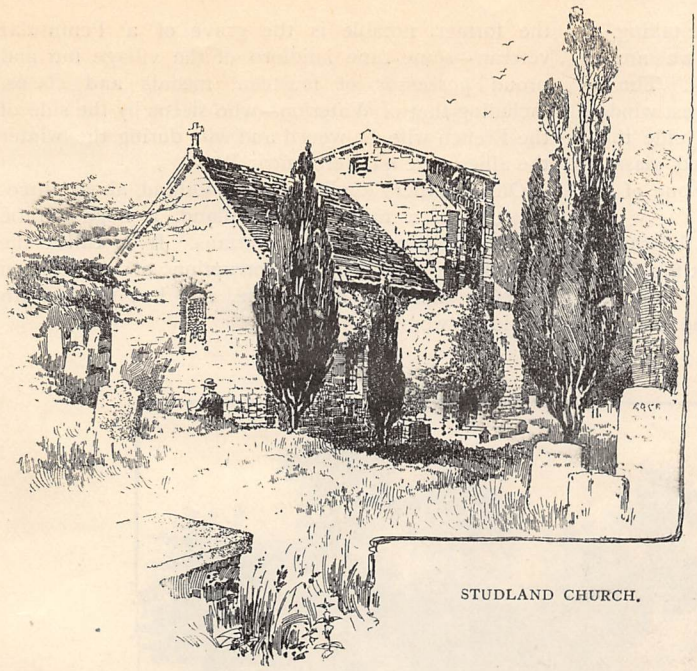
At the extreme eastern corner, where old Harry and his wife, huge chalk pillars, stand in the sea under the cliffs of Ballard Down, the counterpart of the Needles, thirteen miles away across the Bay, lies the quaint, picturesque village of Studland. It is like a village in a story book, so idyllically rural and sequestered. The owner, the lord of many miles of country round, as well as of the proud though ruined keep his gallant ancestress Lady Banks defended so well, does his best to spare Studland from the tramp of the tourist and the profanation of the cheap tripper. To artists, too, who ferret out every old-world spot in our islands, Studland is much of a *terra incognita* still, for there is not an inn or a lodging in the village.

Studland is approachable from Swanage, a fast-rising water place, by a three-mile walk over Ballard Down, the most eastern part of the chalk backbone of Purbeck, which dips into the sea at the Old Harry Point. Or you may reach Studland by way of Corfe Castle along a good road, the only means of communication the inhabitants have with the outer world; but beware, says local superstition, lest, in the gloaming, you hear the ghostly horseman galloping on the other side of the fir plantation, as you pass Rempstone Park!

But Studland is best approached by water. Sailing either from Bournemouth or from Poole Harbour, and, in either case, avoiding carefully the Hook Sands,



THE AGGLESTONE ROCK.



STUDLAND CHURCH.

and the shallow harbour bar, you drop anchor in a wide bay, at the bottom of which a white signal station is conspicuous, backed by clusters of shady elms. Behind, rise the downs, a bold outline; to the left are Old Harry and his wife, and to the right the cliffs trend away into low sand-hills, beyond which lies a moorland country, which might be a bit of Scotland—a country of purple and gold in August, shaded with fir woods as with shadows, and interspersed here and there with lonely meres and bogs—a roadless waste.

Rowing up to the shallow beach, where the dark seaweed floats over sea-green chalky pools with every ebb and flow of the tide, we pull up our boat on the sandy shore, just where the gorse-covered Red Cliff marks the junction of the chalk and the sand country. A steep little fern-fringed gulley, down which, in winter, tears a little stream, leads us up the cliff and into a deep winding lane. Overhead, the tall elms shut out the sky, but affording here and there a peep of blue sea or green down. Scattered along the lane are picturesque stone cottages, with the high thatched roofs variegated with lichen. Sun-bonneted women come down the stone steps and cross the slab laid over the brook, to gaze at the stranger and pass remarks upon him in the soft Wessex dialect, in which all the f's are v's and the o's are a's.

We catch a glimpse of the gables of the Manor House through the elms, and, at the junction of three lanes, opposite the village shop, on a little piece of greensward, are the remains of a stone cross. The purple moors close in the end of the lane, and through a little wicket in the high bank we are directed, across a field yellow with buttercups, to the church.

Studland Church is so low (the tower never having been finished), the elms so high and the dark cypresses in the churchyard form so thick a shade, that we come unawares upon the sacred edifice, to find, buried here under the Purbeck Downs, a little gem of early Norman work, a rival of Stukeley in Buckinghamshire, of Iffley near Oxford, both lovely specimens of that period. The north porch is shut up, and we enter through the beautiful south porch, a perfect specimen of Norman work, in excellent preservation. The tower is central, and very massive. The nave is very narrow and only as long as the chancel, which is somewhat disfigured by a window of Jacobean date, but the earlier lights are distinctly traceable. There are the remains of a tomb in the chancel. The arch between the tower and the nave is Norman, but is in sad repair, being spliced up temporarily with iron hasps. A more permanent restoration is needed. In

"OLD HARRY" POINT.

fact, the whole of the church requires taking in hand if decay is to be arrested, and we are to retain this choice specimen of early work. The interior is a chaos of "sheep-pens," and the west window is blocked up by a gallery. On the south side there are two modern windows; one, of stained glass, is to the memory of a Banks, well-known as one of the defenders of Lucknow.

In the churchyard without, silent but for the cawing of the rooks in "the immemorial elms," rest the "rude forefathers of the hamlet," and some nameless strangers, gathered from the harvest of the sea. Of the former, notable is the grave of a Peninsular veteran—some time landlord of the village inn and proud possessor of fourteen medals and clasps, including that of Waterloo—who sleeps by the side of the French wife he wooed and won during the winter the allies were quartered near Paris.

On a heathery knoll on the moorland, about three-quarters of a mile from Studland, a huge erratic boulder has puzzled antiquarians. It is called the Agglestone, probably a corruption of the Saxon "Heilig stan" or holy stone, and has to do with Druidical worship.

COTTAGES AT STUDLAND.

BELLE'S RETURN.

BY ALBERT E. HOOPER, AUTHOR OF "IN THE FAR COUNTRY," "UP THE MOONSTAIR," ETC.

I.

THE poppies were flaming among the yellow corn and the show of dahlias was at its best in the farm-garden when Belle returned. There was a good deal of suppressed excitement about the place throughout the day, but nobody said much. Farmer Honeysett lingered more than was his usual wont over his breakfast, and seemed half inclined to stay at home; but he resisted the weakness and tramped off as far as the Five-acre Lot as if to keep out of temptation. A bright spot of colour burned on each of the dame's cheeks as she bustled about among her oak chests and presses, choosing her best spotted muslin and the finest of her lavender-scented linen for the adornment of Belle's room. Old Betty Briggs looked keenly at her mistress from time to time, and every time she looked she fell to rubbing her nose vigorously.

They were quiet people, all of them, not given to talking when there was work to be done; and, though they were all oppressed with many thoughts that day, they gave no verbal expression to them. At least, not until the light cart had started for the station. Then when George, the boy—grinning hugely at the magnitude of the trust committed to him—had driven out of earshot, and it was quite useless to shout more instructions after him, Betty and her mistress began to talk.

Betty spoke first.

"I doubt she'll be altered more'n we've thought on."

"I s'pose she will," said Mrs. Honeysett, sighing

thoughtfully. "It's a great thing for a girl like Belle to have had such a chance, Betty."

"Maybe," quoth Betty, "you ought to know, ma'am, an' it aren't for the likes o' me to set up my notions agin yourn; but the girl's bin gone from home a matter o' two year come Michaelmas, an' you must expect changes."

"Changes for the better," said the dame quickly, glancing at the old woman with an anxious pucker between the eyebrows. "Yes, changes for the better, no doubt. Education's a fine thing, Betty."

"Ay, eddication's a fine thing for them as is bred to it. P'raps it mayn't hurt a man like your own brother, Mrs. Honeysett, who raised himself to it, as I've heard you say yourself; but what did our Belle want with eddication an' new-fangled notions? Wasn't she well enough as she was? A healthier, sweeter, bonnier gal wasn't to be found."

"I'm sure she's sweet and healthy still," said the mother, looking wistfully up the road towards the cloud of dust which now hid George and the cart from view. "It's no use talking so gloomily, Betty. What we did was done for the best; the farmer didn't think we ought to stand in the girl's light when my brother made her such a generous offer, and I agreed with him. I only hope Isabella's repaid his kindness by making the most of her book learning."

"An' I only hope she mayn't be spoilt," snapped Betty, looking defiantly at her mistress and rubbing her nose until it glowed a brighter red than ever.

It was out at last. She had put her fear into words—cruel words, too—which she knew would cut the mother's heart like a knife. The old woman had been bracing herself all day to say them, and now, while she hated herself for giving pain to her best friend, her mind was relieved of the burdensome duty which had been laid upon it. If Belle came back uninjured by her long stay in London, her mother's pleasure would only have been increased by the fear, Betty argued, and if not—well, she would at least be prepared.

While the two women talked, a young man came slowly up the road. He skirted the trimly-kept hedge which surrounded the farm-garden, and, being tall, he looked over it at the galaxies and constellations of dahlias gleaming within. At the sound of Betty's last words ringing out sharp and clear, he started, flushed painfully, and became aware of the women at the gate. He quickened his steps, and almost raised his hand to his hat; but, remembering in time that such a thing was contrary to country manners, he passed on with a civil—

"Good-evening, Mrs. Honeysett."

When he was out of hearing Betty said—

"Mark Sherwood's goin' to the station."

"It looks like it," answered her mistress.

"Looks like it? it's certain sure! Did you see his coat? It was bran' new."

"Yes, I wonder why he's so smart."

Betty sniffed. It was a sniff of deep meaning.

"Mark Sherwood aren't altered, that's plain to see," she said.

Mrs. Honeysett searched the old woman's face with a single penetrating glance, and then she said briefly—

"We must go in if we want the tea set by the time Isabella comes."

This was the second time she had called her daughter Isabella, so Betty knew that she had been overstraining her licence to free speech. To take a liberty was painful to the old servant, and in her own interests she could never have been guilty of such an offence. She bore the implied reprimand meekly, and in stiff silence followed her mistress into the house.

It was little wonder that Betty had called attention to Mark Sherwood's new coat; the strange thing was that there should have been a note of admiration in her tones as she did so. A remarkable fabric was this new coat. Its colour was dark slate, and it set on the young farmer's figure about as well as if it had been moulded out of cast iron; indeed, if this had really been its material, Mark could not have looked more uncomfortable. As he strode rapidly along the road after George and the cart he tried to whistle; but the coat and a clean collar, which encircled his brown throat like a band of porcelain, were too much for him, and between them they spoilt every tune he attempted. His hands, too, bothered him a good deal to-day. There were so many of them; and as often as he put them comfortably away in his pockets, the remembrance that his coat was new made him take them out again.

Two miles of this sort of thing took more out of Mark Sherwood than any day's ploughing he had ever known; and when he passed in at the station door George, standing at the horse's head, looked after him with eyes that were round with wonder, for the champion runner of the county sports looked actually "blown."

Comparing his silver turnip with the station clock put Mark into a greater fluster than ever, and he scarcely had time to plunge out on to the platform before the London train came thundering in.

He hurried along to the front, looking eagerly into all the third-class carriages. No familiar face greeted him, and so great was his disappointment and perplexity that a porter had to push him roughly back as the train began to move again.

A fashionably dressed lady and a gentleman in a light summer suit were the only passengers who had got out; and having alighted from a first-class carriage, they were standing side by side farther down the platform.

"She hasn't come, after all," said Mark to himself, scarcely understanding as yet his own feelings.

Just at that moment the lady turned towards him; and then, checking his sudden impulse to utter a startled cry, Mark swung round so that she should not see him. The quickness of his action would have surprised him if he had been capable of thinking about it; but his mind was filled with dismay, for beneath the dainty hat of the strange lady he had recognised the face of Belle Honeysett.

When he looked round again both she and the gentleman were gone. Mark gave a great stride and

a leap, clearing the little white fence which separated the platform from the road, and turning an angle of the station buildings he came in sight of the farm cart.

The gentleman came out and spoke to George; and when the boy went into the station for the luggage he stayed outside, patting the horse. Mark just saw that he was young and handsome, and then Belle appeared.

Could it be Belle—dressed like that? The tiny boots, the tight-fitting gloves, the delicate hues of her costume!—Mark noticed them all. And then her face!—how lovely it was! Belle had come back more beautiful than ever.

The gentleman laid a white hand upon Belle's arm, and in an instant the girl was seated in the cart and he was beside her, holding the reins. They looked in each other's eyes and laughed, while Mark bit his lip and groaned.

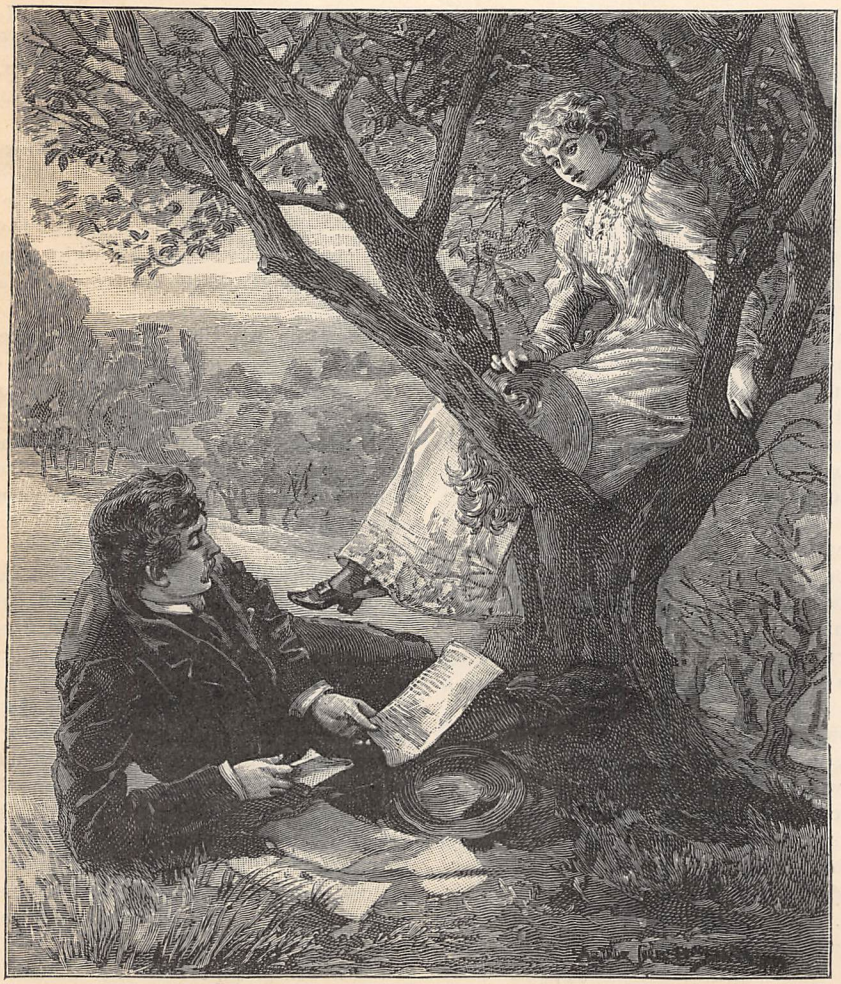
Then George came out with a great travelling trunk and a light leather bag and, putting them into the back of the cart, got in after them; and Mark noticed—strange to say, with a smile—how the boy's great boots, dangling behind, swung wildly to and fro when the gentleman started the horse into a sudden trot.

Once more Mark plodded along the dusty road in the wake of the cart. And as he walked, the sun set in splendour over the distant hills, and a lark, sinking lower and lower towards his nest, poured out to the last bar his rejoicing in the summer day that was ended; but Mark Sherwood neither saw the sun nor heard the song, for something was beating in his brain like the iron tongue of a funeral bell, beating with slow and solemn and pitiless strokes the death-knell of his dream.

There had always been a line of separation between himself and Belle—she so delicate, rare and flower-like, he compacted of such common clay—but now it seemed as if these two years, wedge-like, had riven the world asunder, carrying her far out of reach and leaving him alone.

II.

NEXT day everybody in the village knew that Belle Honeysett had returned home, "quite the fine lady,"



"SHE ENTHRONED, QUEENLIKE; HE LYING AT HER FEET" (*p.* 591).

that she had brought her rich London cousin back with her, and "a rare handsome couple they dew make, sure-ly," was the verdict of all who had seen them together.

Mark listened to the talk of the gossips with an immovable face, appearing quite unconscious of the looks of curiosity and commiseration bestowed so freely upon him; and he went to his work as if nothing unusual had happened. The sun shone as brightly and the birds sang as gaily as yesterday, but they offended and hurt him to-day, and seemed as much out of place as a loud laugh in a chamber of death. Did not his own dead lie still and cold in his heart? He had not as yet had time to bury it.

When his day's work was done he put on his new coat and started for Farmer Honeysett's to pay Belle a visit. Last night he had felt too dazed to think what he ought to do, but now it seemed that he had shown an unfriendly spirit in not bidding her welcome home.

Dreams are pleasant while they last, but they do not justify us in sulking when we wake up and find how unreal they are. Mark believed himself to be wide awake now, and he had made up his mind that there should be no sulking. Belle and he had always been friends, and, perhaps, something more; and it was only reasonable that he should go and greet her on her home-coming, even if the "something more" was a thing of the past. Of course he was doing the right thing; and yet—well, doing the right thing sometimes makes us set our teeth close and grind our heels deeper into the soil than is quite necessary.

Betty was out among the dahlias with a pair of scissors, selecting the most suitable blossoms to adorn the supper-table. She looked up at the sound of the swinging gate, and started when she saw Mark.

"Miss Belle's bin askin' about you," she said. "I must say you haven't hurried yourself to come."

"Where is she, Betty?" asked Mark.

"She's in the orchard, an' her fine cousin's with her."

Betty snipped off a specially fine dahlia close to the head.

"He's a very pretty gentleman, Mr. Claude Richmond is!" she went on. "Far too pretty for use, with his white hands an' pink cheeks. I s'pose they make 'em like that in Lon'on."

"Maybe I had better come another time," said Mark, half turning away. "I—I might disturb them, you see."

"I dessay," assented Betty, doing great execution among the dahlias with her glittering scissors. "There's no knowin' how Lon'on folks may take things."

There was something in the old woman's tone which irritated Mark. Was she bitterly disappointed at the change in Belle, or was she sneering at him for believing ill of her? However this might be, he felt that to go back after coming so far would be disloyal to Belle, so he walked on up the garden path, made his way round to the back of the farmhouse, crossed the rick-yard, and entered the orchard.

He strode through the rank grass, surrounded by moss-grown trunks and overshadowed by masses of greenery; and when the sound of a woman's voice reached him he knew not whether his heart was full of joy or of pain. But he went steadily forward, resolved to deliver himself of his friendly greeting. He went steadily forward a few paces and then halted.

Belle and her cousin were close to him; he saw them both, and at the first glance he knew that he must not go on.

Mark did not know much about Fairyland, or he might have thought that he had suddenly set foot on a piece of enchanted ground, so beautiful was the picture that gleamed upon him through the trellised branches of the apple-trees. The setting sun had filled the open spaces of the orchard with a golden mist, and, glorified by its radiance, a youth and a maiden dreamed of love—she enthroned, queenlike; he lying at her feet.

Belle sat on the gnarled bough of an old apple-tree. Her fair head was uncovered and her eyes were downcast; in her hand she held a straw hat, swinging gently to and fro by its ribbons; and one tiny shoe peeped out below her pale blue skirt, its buckle of cut-steel scintillating in Mark's eyes.

The cousin's head was bare, too, and his soft felt hat lay on the ground at his side. Mark noticed the violet colour of his velvet coat, and then he looked with wonder at his high white forehead and his pink cheeks, the depth of the blue in his eyes and the rich red-gold of his hair. Until now he had never dreamed that a man could be so womanly-beautiful.

But it was not the rich colouring or the loveliness of the scene that made Mark pause. It was the look on Claude Richmond's face and the sound of his voice speaking to Belle—speaking words of love in unmistakable tones of passion.

One quick, comprehensive glance was all that Mark allowed himself; he saw all, and knew that this was no place for him. He withdrew his foot from the enchanted ground. It was but one step backward from Fairyland into the shadow, and then he went his way with heavy steps. But not far; he flung himself down at the edge of a cornfield and felt the joy of life ebb from him while the sunset faded in the west. The harvest moon sailed up the sky, striving to mimic the day that was dead, and the stars came out one by one and looked down upon the strong man battling alone with his grief.

III.

THE stars were paling when Mark Sherwood walked home to his own farm. As he saw the first signs of dawn he remembered that the reaping was to begin that day, and he was glad. In work he might find respite from thought. He still remembered yesterday's resolve, and he knew that what he had seen in the orchard did not excuse him from the duties of friendship. He must still go and see Belle, but he would put it off for a day at least. She would be too happy with her cousin to notice his seeming neglect.

"THE GIRL TURNED AND TOOK A QUICK STEP TOWARDS HIM."

So from sunrise to sunset the young farmer worked in his fields, and, in spite of him, Nature did her utmost to heal his hurt.

After tea he set out once more for Farmer Honeysett's, and this time he resolved that there should be no wandering about the premises. He would enter by the front door, like any other visitor, and run no risk of intruding upon private interviews.

He had walked half the distance before he noticed that he had left the wonderful new coat at home. He was wearing an old shooting-jacket with bulging pockets and ravelled cuffs. He half turned to retrace his steps, and then, with a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders, resumed his way.

The farm garden looked as fair as ever, but nobody was out in it this evening. As Mark walked up the path he noticed the blossom of the dahlia which Betty had snipped off lying like a golden star at his feet. Before he could prevent himself he had trodden upon it, and he hated himself for connecting its ruined beauty with the face of Claude Richmond. For a moment he stood aghast at the unjust anger which surged up in his heart against Belle's handsome cousin, but by a strong effort of will he crushed back the feeling and walked on up the path.

The house door stood open and, receiving no answer to his knock, he entered. Being quite familiar with the house, he went into the parlour. Mrs. Honeysett's work-basket was on the table, and an open book lay on the window-seat, but nobody was there. Then Mark crossed the passage to the kitchen, but this was also deserted. He heard a sound of footsteps in the dairy, and went through the kitchen to the door.

Mark Sherwood looked through the doorway into the dairy, and as quickly drew back again, while the blood rushed to his face. Then he looked in again.

Yes, there could be no mistake: Belle was in there. But this was the old Belle of two years ago, not the new one. He knew that blue cotton dress with white spots quite well. It was looped up above her shapely ankles, just as it had always been at work time, and the sleeves were rolled back, revealing Belle's arms, round and white as the necks of twin swans, as they moved among the great red pans of milk upon the shelves.

"Belle!"

The girl turned and took a quick step towards him.

"Is that you, Mark?" she said.

In an instant the young farmer was beside her, holding her hand in his.

"You have come at last," she said, and there were tears in her voice, as well as in her eyes, as she spoke.

"I have seen you twice already, Belle. I was at the station to meet you."

"At the station? Then why——"

She noticed a strange look in his eyes, and paused.

"I saw your cousin with you, and I thought——"

Belle interrupted him by suddenly snatching her hand away from him, and when he went on he said—

"I saw you in the orchard with him last night."

The angry colour flamed in Belle's cheeks for a moment, but seeing the agony in Mark's face she stayed the hasty words that had nearly left her lips.

"Are you jealous of Claude, Mark?" she asked.

"He loves you, Belle."

Belle broke into a ripple of amused laughter.

"Poor Cousin Claude!" she cried. "As if he has any love to spare from his own poems. He's a poet, Mark. I'm really afraid you must have come upon us

last evening when he was reciting his new love poem to me. It was very touching, I remember."

"Belle, for pity's sake don't laugh!" cried Mark, seizing the girl's hands. "Can't you guess what it means to me? Tell me, dear—I know you were little more than a child when you went away, and I won't ask you to remember any words you would like to forget—but tell me, my dear, do you love me still?"

She did not tell him, but he saw something in her eyes which made him free her hands that he might take her into his arms.

"Hark! What's that?" she cried in alarm.

"Nothing," said Mark, stoutly; and at that moment he fully believed that outside Farmer Honeysett's dairy nothing could happen worth mentioning.

Belle had heard the creaking of the dairy door, and had she been listening more intently she might have heard the stealthy tread of Betty Briggs's feet retreating across the kitchen.

For the first and last time in her life the old servant had indulged in a moment's eavesdropping, and almost directly afterwards she appeared before her mistress with tearful eyes.

"Oh, ma'am!" she cried, "Mark Sherwood's in the dairy, an' Miss Belle's with him, an'—an' she aren't spoilt, an' we've got our own Miss Belle back after all."

SOME CURIOSITIES OF AUSTRIAN COOKERY.

HAT Austria is a land of good living is freely owned. English housekeepers may glean many a hint from the national cuisine, for to the majority the dishes will come as novelties; but those who begrudge a little trouble should not approach them; for the first thing, perhaps, that strikes one is the care that is exercised in the preparation of the homeliest materials. What dainty dishes emerge from the hands of an Austrian cook from a base of liver or a set of brains!—dishes that would put to the blush many an *entrée* of English origin. And the daintiness is the outcome of care rather than cost in many instances; for some of the most delicious morsels bear the stamp of economy. Then seasoning is an art in Austria; and although at first sight some of the mixtures of herbs and spices may seem strange, it is generally found that there is more than an ordinary amount of method in the supposed madness. Let those who vote veal insipid try a dish or two of veal as given below, and we promise them a revelation. And when one comes to such every-day commodities as spinach and potatoes, one realises indeed that judicious seasoning will work wonders. We will first run through a few soups, selecting those that will be the greatest novelties to the ordinary English reader.

Liver Soup is first-rate, and *so* simple; but to have it in perfection it must be made from finely-chopped liver. While the chopping process is going on, after the liver has been duly cleaned and any blemish removed, a good assortment of vegetables should be yielding their savour to some butter melted in a stewpan over the fire. All the vegetables that go to make up a good soup of the ordinary kind are admissible here, and to them the liver is to be put, about an equal bulk, though there is much left to individual judgment. The mass is to go on cooking, and should be moistened from time to time with stock, and plenty of seasoning in the shape of salt and pepper and herbs is wanted. When the whole is soft more stock goes in, and the soup is strained before serving. The liver is left behind. "Wasteful!" some will cry. Not a bit of it, for the liver has yielded all its goodness to the liquor; and, given plenty of time for the cooking, this would beat many a costly soup of meat or game. The stock in Austria is, as a rule, for all these brown soups, that from boiled beef, which is a standing dish of the country.

White Soup.—There are hosts of soups of the white class, and this one deserves special attention. It is got from a stock from any white meat that has been boiled with any of the well-known cereals, such as barley or tapioca, and they *do* boil these things long and well in Austria; this is made very savoury by the aid of seasoning, herbs playing a prominent part. The soup tureen is then heated, and some butter and raw eggs put in; the soup goes in, and is beaten with right good will, but does not so much as smell the fire again, so there is no fear of a curdly mess where velvety softness should reign supreme; this is handed round with chopped chives or spring onions. Simple enough to occur to anybody, but to how few do these little finishing touches occur! yet what a difference they make to the dish, and how trifling the cost! Such a soup, even with two eggs and an ounce of butter added to the pint, is within the reach of almost everybody, though this is richer than it need be for every-day consumption.

Egg Soup shows us that faults will creep in in the best-regulated *menus;* for here, clearly, someone has blundered. This is nothing more than a brown or white stock, thickened with eggs and flour, the latter being beaten together, added to the stock, and served *at once*—and here is the blunder. We venture to suggest that the flour be put in and cooked for a few minutes, that this be added to the eggs, already beaten, and strained, and then the sooner the soup is served the better. Raw flour *is* raw flour all the world over, and few people, we imagine, like it, or are likely

to acquire a taste for it. So far as we are aware, egg soups are much less known in England than they deserve to be. They are capable of endless variation, need not cost much, and would be found excellent as a change from meat for the substantial dish of a child's dinner.

Soup Hasché comes as a boon to those who are tired of the familiar methods of re-serving cold mutton—not that mutton is much used for it in Austria, that meat being neither very good nor plentiful there ; but as any meat will do we mention mutton. There are no proportions ; whatever is handy in the way of vegetables goes in, and full scope is afforded for the using up of "left overs." But there *must* be some onion, and this *must* be fried, and some of the vegetables should be green—anything from a scrap of cabbage to a *purée* of spinach—and those who have the run of a garden will do well to include the homely bunch of mustard and cress ; watercress is also to be recommended. Rice furnishes the thickening, and this cereal is largely used and cooked in all sorts of savoury ways for serving with meat ; therefore it goes without saying that this soup depends very much for its savour upon the rice, and that it will hardly ever be twice alike, owing to the variations of flavour ; but raw rice is sometimes put in ; then spices and herbs of many sorts are used. Finally, when these materials are ready—and the plainest of plain stocks will serve for the cooking—the cold meat is put in—just as much as can be afforded ; not a particle of gristle should be visible, and the soup should not boil after the addition.

Sour cream greets us at all points, and before leaving the soups we may refer to one that is nothing more than water or plain stock, thickened with a mixture of sour cream and flour, and seasoned to taste. This is one of the most curious of all the dishes, and we must confess that we do not much appreciate it.

But one dish in which sour cream is, perhaps, at its best we must not forget to mention, and that is *Feld Braten.* This is very simple. Enough cream is put in a saucepan with a good seasoning of onion and parsley—say a pint for three or four pounds of beef ; the latter is beaten and tied into a compact shape and put in, then cooked for two to three hours, or longer ; the cream should half cover it, the meat should be turned as required, and the cooking *must* be slow. The cream is the only sauce served with this. Another way of cooking beef, which finds favour with almost everybody, is a savoury roast. The meat is put in a baking-tin with carrots and turnips and other vegetables and some fat, then cooked, and the gravy, after freeing it from the fat, is mixed with some of the red wine of the country. An alternative for this can be had by mixing a little vinegar with the gravy, and the vegetables in the pan will come in for a soup. This reminds us that carrots are employed for larding meat ; for example, some bacon in thick strips and pieces of carrot are inserted alternately, and very savoury is the dish. We are all pretty familiar with boiled salted tongue, but not many of us make a fresh tongue, as a roast, a standing dish at our tables ; but it is a common one in Austria, and very good. The thing is to boil it first steadily until tender, then to lard it with bacon and anchovies, and bake it, with cream to cover, until it is hot through. Some golden-brown bread-crumbs give the finishing touch to the dish, and the cream in the pan is the only adjunct in the shape of sauce. The liquor from the tongue and its skin are utilised for soup. A passing word of commendation is due to the dishes of *larded liver* that are so common in Austria. There is good reason for serving liver with fatty food of some sort, and the combination reaches its highest development in liver that has been soaked for a while in milk, then larded with good bacon after slicing ; it is then covered with thinly-sliced onions and fried slowly, and very excellent it is, with perhaps, an accompaniment of crisp potatoes or a *purée* of spinach. The latter is a common adjunct to veal dishes.

Veal Birds are made in Austria from slices of raw veal, covered with thin slices of bacon and a sage-leaf, then tied up and roasted. There is, however, no reason why they should not be stewed. Here is the result of our own experiment. A foundation gravy was made from a recipe for another dish of veal that is popular in Austria ; it is composed of a mixture of white stock and cream, and flavoured with lemon peel, parsley, cayenne, and a dash each of salt and nutmeg. The "birds" were stewed in this for about two hours ; they are nicest when made small enough to serve one to each person. This same gravy is an admirable base for cold veal in the form of a mince or a hash.

Brains à la Friture.—This is a most delightful dish. Again the savour is due to onions. Some calf's brains are washed with a scrupulous nicety that would be voted unnecessary by many ; they are then boiled, and beaten up with crumb of bread that has been soaked in milk or stock, and squeezed. We recommend an innovation in the matter of preparing the bread, and that is to sieve it. The finishing off is left to the discretion of the cook, and she who is an adept in the seasoning art will earn the most applause. From experience, we think it is not easy to improve upon a dash of thyme and parsley, salt and cayenne, with a suspicion of lemon juice, and, if liked, a little grated cheese. Although the brains *par excellence* are those of the calf, others may be used. Finally, insert this mixture between pieces of bread cut as for sandwiches, and these may be shaped to suit the taste ; the more fanciful, the prettier the dish. Press together, and fry a golden brown in really hot fat ; semi-heated fat will ruin them. From the fire to the table should be here the work of an instant.

Everybody can cook potatoes, it is often asserted, but not with a vast amount of truth, even when the plainest modes are in question ; and how many serve them in dainty forms in this country ? Here is a dish worth the trial ; it goes with anything in the way of meat or fish, and it may be served as a separate course —only our old friend *potato balls*, but how transformed ! Don't try these unless you possess a sieve ; and would you eat them in perfection cook the tubers in their jackets, but this is optional. Supposing a pound of ready-cooked and carefully-sieved potatoes ;

beat up the yolks of two eggs with an ounce of melted butter, and stir in, with cayenne and salt and a salt-spoonful, or thereabouts, of finely chopped or grated lemon peel; then put to it a tablespoonful of onion that has been chopped as finely as parsley, and fried the palest of pale browns. When cold this is made up into balls, and coated with the familiar crust of white of egg and bread-crumbs, and fried a dainty brown. There *are* people who *think* they do not like onions; others *know* they do not: the doubtful ones might learn a lesson by trying them when combined with lemon, as in this recipe. When fried onions are not convenient, the best substitute is found in a morsel of the vegetable scalded in nice stock; do not use in the raw state for fastidious folk.

We hear a good deal in these days of scientific cookery, of the folly of wasting salts of vegetables by boiling, and pouring the water, in the majority of cases, down the sink. The Austrian method of stewing cabbages affords an illustration of a dish that has but to be tried to become popular, and which retains to the full all the salts the cabbage contains. But we *do* advise the preliminary scalding of the cabbage, or it would be too strong for a palate unused to so concentrated a flavour. More onions!—they are the making of the dish. Enough to fill a pint measure would be allowed for a couple of medium cabbages; and, after frying the onions brown in butter, the cabbages are cut into finger lengths and put in with stock to cover, and simmered for a couple of hours. People who throw their cauliflower stems away, and who consign the outer leaves of lettuces to the dust-heap, may remember this recipe with advantage to themselves the next time they are tempted to commit follies of that description.

There are hosts of dishes we might give if space permitted, but we can only find room for a sauce that commends itself on the grounds of novelty and economy. It is good with cold fish, or in small quantities as an adjunct to salad, or it can be served with brawn and all else of a gelatinous nature, that generally palls by reason of insipidity. The foundation is got from the yolks of hard-boiled eggs, and about an equal number of anchovies is wanted. They should be pounded together, and the sauce thinned to the consistence of cream with vinegar and cold stock; the latter must be of a kind suited to the dish, and the proportions of each are easily regulated to suit the taste. Minced parsley is sometimes put in, and the least dash of onion juice may be used for extra savour.

DAVENANT.

By S. SOUTHALL BONE, Author of "The Manager of Manston Mills."

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE SPIDER AND THE FLIES.

THERE was a hard day's work before Mr. Jonas Hawkey; for the half-yearly meeting of the United Cheshire Cheesemaking Company, Limited, was to take place, and its affairs had rather an ugly look: for the absconding secretary had not been replaced; and, what was worse, neither had been the money. The two fish on his line had not been landed. Mrs. Martha Baggs had developed an uncomfortable amount of business knowledge and tact in her further correspondence with him; and his nervous friend had not yet parted with his money. Bold as Hawkey was, he acknowledged to himself that he had never faced a meeting in more awkward circumstances.

His thoughts were not of the pleasantest kind as he walked through the City to the United Cheshire Cheesemaking office, which was in a small court leading out of King William Street. He had to face a number of clamorous, angry men, whose mouths only money would stop, and of money he had, just then, none to give. Nevertheless, he had fought through many similar battles, and had come out conqueror, and there was no reason why he should not do so on this occasion. And if the worst came to the worst: why, then there was that sure Bethesda of a private composition (it was in the days before Mr. Chamberlain's Bankruptcy Act) into which he could go, and come out clean, none the worse, and scarcely any the poorer, for the renovating process.

As he mounted the stairs leading to the Company's offices the first drops of the coming storm fell upon his head. A group of shareholders, angry and disappointed, blocked the head of the stairs, and hung about the entrance to the room.

"Here's Mr. Hawkey," said one. "I hope as how he's got better news for us than we had last time."

"News or no news," said another, "I'll have my money out, or I'll know the reason why."

"So you shall, my friend," said Hawkey coolly, to

the man's surprise ; adding, in an undertone, "It won't be exactly the reason you're thinking of, my good fellow."

"Then there is a chance of things being better?" said another man, evidently a small tradesman, whose anxious, careworn face, showed how great the loss to him, and how welcome even the faintest gleam of hope was. It mattered nothing to Hawkey that creditors were pushing the poor fellow over the edge of bankruptcy, and that his share of the embezzled funds would have set him on his legs again ; all Hawkey cared for just then was to get through the angry group as quickly as he might ; and any lie which came handiest was used, provided it smoothed his way. He had been cornered outside a committee-room door too often to be taken at any great disadvantage, or to be very particular as to the truth of his statements at such times.

In the committee-room, at the back of that in which the meeting was to be held, were the other directors, minus the defaulting secretary. "Here's Hawkey!" said one of them, using almost the same words as the shareholder on the stairs outside. "Well, now, what is to be done, Hawkey? Have you succeeded in getting any more funds? If you haven't, the 'Co.' is in a deuce of a mess."

"I've none to-day, at any rate," he replied coolly, "though I thought I should have had some."

"What are we to do?" said another. "There will be a frightful row! I never saw such an angry lot."

"Carry an adjournment," said Hawkey. "I shall get the money by then."

"But suppose you can't?" said the other.

"Do the other thing," replied Hawkey.

"What do you mean?"

"Wind up," he answered laconically.

"With you as liquidator, I suppose?" said another who had not as yet spoken.

"That's as may be," returned Hawkey, still in the same cool tone.

"It seems to me that you are the only one that gets anything out of the Company," returned the other angrily.

Hawkey turned fiercely on him. "What do you mean, sir? The appointment doesn't rest with me. Go in for it yourself, and get it—if you can."

The other man quieted down. The meeting in the next room was getting noisier and more impatient than ever. Hawkey was the one man who could control them ; and it would not do to provoke him, for not one of the others would have the least chance with that angry mob. So, as time was fully up, they filed in, and took their places on the platform.

A storm of mingled cheers and hisses greeted their appearance. One of the audience, previously primed, got up, and moved that Mr. Hawkey take the chair. Another, also previously instructed, seconded, and in uproar and with dumb show, the motion was declared carried, and Hawkey assumed the honour: no one else, in truth, having any desire to occupy the position.

As soon as there was a little quiet he began by lamenting the temporary depression through which the Company was passing. "He had no doubt whatever that it was only of a temporary nature ; indeed, had it not been for the lamentable disappearance of one of their most trusted officers—he alluded to their late secretary"—(howls and groans, and cries of "Where is he?")—"they would have had a report of the usual prosperous character to bring before them."

The delicate irony of the last sentence was lost upon the enraged crowd. But Hawkey went on, quite at his ease. "That unfortunate circumstance would oblige him to perform a duty which usually fell to the secretary, but which, in the enforced absence of that individual, he had no choice but to perform" (renewed howls, and more cries of "Where is he?" and "What's become of our money?"). "He regretted that up to the present all efforts to capture that individual had been unsuccessful." (He did not say that he himself had effectually baulked pursuit, the absconder being able to tell too many tales.) "And he regretted still more the unfortunate circumstances under which that flight had taken place. He had the fullest sympathy with the position in which the shareholders found themselves that day. But were they to surrender the brilliant prospects which belonged to an influential corporation like the Cheshire Cheesemaking Company because a secretary had, unfortunately, absconded? He thought better both of the Company and the shareholders at large than to believe that. Notwithstanding the depressed condition of the market, and the fact that their shares were just now at a discount, there was reason to hope that a rise was in the near future for them" (cries of "Hear, hear" and "How long first?") "How long? Gentlemen, that depends on yourselves. Sacrifices must be made, of course. We must be prepared to make some sacrifices to put the Company on a sound basis ; and the directors were considering in what way it would be best to meet the circumstances." ("Throw good money after bad!" was shouted by the man who had tackled Hawkey on the staircase.) "I hear a gentleman say 'Throw good money after bad!' I do not know whether the gentleman is a large shareholder or not ; but I would ask him : How much does he expect to get for his shares if some such plan as this is not adopted? If you go crying 'stinking fish,' it will be a poor look-out for him or for any of us. But if you want your Company to be successful ; if you want to realise at high prices, you must stick by your Company. He (Mr. Hawkey) could not conceive anything more suicidal than to abandon it to shipwreck at this crisis without making an effort to save such a grand property from spoliation. How were they to do this? He would tell them. Go in hot and strong for the Cheshire Cheesemaking Company, and let the world see they were not to be beaten. What did that mean? Another call? Of course it did. They could not carry on without money. It was unfortunate that it should come so soon after the losses by their secretary ; but there were only two courses open to them : to go on or stop." ("Then, I say stop, and don't go fooling no more of our money away," said the man who had before spoken.) "The gentleman in the corner says 'Stop.' Personally, he did not care which. It would relieve him of much anxiety if they

did. But if they stopped, they must make up their minds to face the consequences. If the Company was wound up a large call would be made at once, and another shortly afterwards, which would be entirely absorbed in expenses; and this would go on to the limit of their shares, leaving nothing, or at most a mere residue of their property, to be returned to them. Now, if they decided to go on one more call would put them on their legs again, and their property would be secured to them, and with it the profits that would be sure to come with the turn of the tide."

Then he sat down to rest himself, and to let them digest his forcible eloquence. What he had said was true enough; there were only two courses open to them, though his advocacy of one of them was sufficient, with those who knew him, to condemn it. Then the meeting passed into a series of conversations, more or less excited, in different parts of the room; but it was easy to see that Hawkey's eloquence had more than half won the day. Every now and then an awkward question would be put from the body of the room, but it would be smothered as soon as asked by a score of others not difficult to answer, and even to turn against the questioners. Hawkey was only too pleased to hear this desultory talk; he knew it would soon collapse in utter weariness, when he would get his motion carried; and as the arrangements for its moving and seconding were being quietly made, a note was put into his hands. He tore it open with an anxious face, which, as he read it, relaxed into a gratified smile, speedily reflected on his co-directors' faces, as he communicated the intelligence to them. When his proposal to go on had been duly moved and seconded, he rose hastily, and said: "I have some good news for you, gentlemen. A gentleman has just offered to take the vacant secretaryship and to invest a considerable sum in our shares." This worked wonders: the loudest malcontents now being the lustiest cheerers, each one hoping he could get the newcomer to purchase his particular shares, and, for that reason, as anxious to curry favour with Hawkey as, a few minutes before, they had been to abuse him.

"'I MUST BE GOING, MISS DRAYTON'" (*p.* 598).

There was no more difficulty. The resolution to go on was carried, as also that for another call, each man inwardly vowing that he would be the first to sell his shares to the new secretary, and Hawkey, who had played the game many times before, quietly chuckling over his luck and the prospect of more gains. Nothing for nothing was his motto; and, though, of course, the thing was illegal, yet he knew well enough how to earn his brokerage without getting on the wrong side of the law.

The rest of the business was routine, and went easily enough, and he left the room with a mind serene and easy, and gratified with the sense of victory in a hard-fought battle. As he came down the stairs with his fellow-directors, he encountered a small knot of shareholders outside. To all in the group he was the object of attention; but three of them eyed him keenly. They were shareholders, apparently, and Hawkey took no notice of them beyond including them in the general bow with which he passed the group.

"That is the man," said one, who was no other than Mr. Bax, while the other was the accountant's clerk, Matson, and the third Mrs. Martha Baggs herself—in the person, however, of Miss Margaret Drayton—and all indebted to Mr. Hawkey's own order of admission for entrance. "That is the man you have to deal with, Miss Drayton. It will be no child's play to convict him of forgery."

"He looks an accomplished scoundrel," said Matson.

"Who was the fool, I wonder, who has accepted the secretary's post?" asked Mr. Bax. "Hawkey will pick his bones clean; and then the Company will be in want of another."

"I know something of him," said Matson, with a curious look at Madge; "and I do not think he is altogether a fool."

"We shall soon see," returned the solicitor. "Any man must be a fool to be so taken in."

Matson did not seem inclined to defend his absent friend, and Mr. Bax soon took his leave.

"Surely, Mr. Matson," said Madge, "you have not allowed your friend to do this without warning him of his risk?"

"He knows Hawkey as well as I do," said Matson, still with the same look on his face.

"You ought to tell him what you have heard to-day." said Madge. "It is a sin to let him do it."

"He will not be persuaded, I know."

"He is very strange," said Madge. "If I knew him, I would tell him myself."

"Would you?" said Matson, flushing. "Would you——" Then restraining himself: "I must be going, Miss Drayton."

Madge gave him her hand. "What is to be done next?" she said.

"I am to find out the head clerk—Freeland, I think, is his name," said Matson, who looked considerably relieved.

"Leave that to me," said Madge. "Just give me the needful particulars, and I will find him. And you do your duty by your friend. Warn him not to lose his money with that shark."

Matson hastened off rather too abruptly, Madge thought. "Why should he be so obstinate about his friend?" she mused. "I suppose it is a sort of etiquette with City people not to interfere with each other if they will go to the bad."

Love, they say, is blind: and so was Madge; for she did not perceive the hidden cause that had secured another earnest worker for Davenant's release.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

THE BUSINESS BEGINS TO MOVE.

WITH a view to get further information on Davenant's case and to test the value of Margaret Drayton's opinion as to his innocence, he had been examined at Portland by Mr. Bax, assisted by Matson. This, while it did not afford any positive evidence, yet left no doubt in the minds of either that her opinion was correct. To Davenant himself it was like a momentary gleam of sunlight, giving, as it did, a dim glimpse of liberty and restored honour. But more even than this was the surmise as to the origin of the matter. Could it be that it was the work of that girl who had looked on him with such pity, and whose face haunted him with a vague memory of the past? Could it be really true that the pity beaming in her eyes had passed into active help for him? But there was no answer to these surmises; Bax and Matson gave no hint which could identify her with the clients on whose behalf they said they were acting.

On her part, Madge was, in her way, equally exercised by that shadowy remembrance of Davenant's face. Though nothing more than an indefinable remembrance, to the solution of which she was no more advanced than at first, yet it undoubtedly urged her on to action that would, if he had known it, have confirmed Davenant's conjecture that she was the author of the movement which had prompted his examination.

His life in prison was becoming more tolerable. As the doctor had truly said, hard manual labour was the best remedy for the mental punishment of a man like Davenant. If he had compared his lot with a pauper's, he might have deemed his own lot, apart from the disgrace and loss of liberty, to be the better of the two. He was living in a building which, so far as external appearance was concerned, was less like a prison than any other of its class. He had fresh air, the sight of sea and land, and food which, if deficient in luxury, was wholesome and good. Of books, he had as many as he wanted from the prison library; and, more than all, there was a gleam, if only a faint one, of hope; and there was love—not love saddened by the pain of being torn from its objects, but love in the present, and in spite of his prison environment. Those blissful memories of the unknown girl were pleasures of which no prison discipline could deprive him.

And if he had been too bold in looking: if her eyes had dropped under his ardent gaze: yet there had been no displeasure in her face, but rather a shy consciousness of what his looks expressed. There was pleasure in all this of which nothing could deprive him. It was true those brief pleasures had ceased; and at times he thought, and not untruly, that he himself was the cause. But even that proved that his love was known and seen by her with a pity too tender to permit of scorn. So he had perforce to possess his soul in patience.

There is no need to follow Margaret Drayton through all the turnings of her search for Davenant's former head clerk. Let it suffice that at the close of a long day's hunt she had traced him out, and found him by no means unwilling to aid in her enterprise. Mr. Bax had warned her against telling him too much of what was suspected; but something in the man's words and manner made her throw off that reserve, and tell him plainly what the business was.

"Mr. Davenant innocent, ma'am? I never believed he was guilty, though appearances were all against him," was his reply to her questions. "Tell me how I can help you. I shall be only too glad to do it."

"His friends are convinced that he is not the forger; but, until they can prove who is there is no hope of his release."

"True, ma'am; but surely there is some suspicion, or else, how should the matter be stirred up?"

The colour mounted in Madge's face at this unintended home thrust, and for a moment she was inclined to turn its point by asking him whether he did not suspect anyone. But Bax's caution came to her mind, and she simply answered:

"Can you come to the solicitors' office and talk it over with them? They think that your knowledge

will put them on the right track; and it is at their request I undertook to find you out."

"As soon as you please, ma'am. I have, unfortunately, too much time on my hands just now."

"I am sorry for that. But whatever you can do for Mr. Davenant shall be recompensed."

little shy of him after that, I believe; and he was not the best of references for me."

Then they went straight to Bax and Matterface's offices. Madge sent in her name and that of her companion.

"You are just in time, Mr. Freeland," said Bax, as

"'I NEVER BELIEVED HE WAS GUILTY'" (*p.* 598)

"It is not for that, ma'am, I assure you. I would do it for nothing to get Mr. Edward out. I know he would not have left me as Mr. Hawkey did."

"Then you were in his employment as well?" asked Madge.

"Yes; he went on with the business after Mr. Davenant was sent to Portland. People thought he was the injured party, and helped him. Then he turned the business into a Limited Liability Company, which smashed up, and left me out. People got a

Madge introduced the clerk. "We want your help in a matter which concerns your late employer, Mr. Davenant. What can you tell us about his partner, Mr. Hawkey?"

"That depends on what you want to know, sir. This lady has told me something of the matter, and I am afraid my knowledge will not help you much."

"Perhaps looking over these books and papers may refresh your memory," replied Mr. Bax, pointing to a heap of ledgers, journals, and papers on the table

before him. "Your connection with the firm would cover all the latter years of its existence, I presume?"

"Yes," said Freeland, examining the books with evident curiosity. "They are my work—nearly all in my writing."

"But now," said Mr. Bax, "please to attend. This is the point on which we want your evidence—and you can only give it by careful study of these books—the history of Davenant & Co.'s transactions with the several firms whose names were forged from a period prior to the decease of the elder Mr. Davenant."

Freeland's face brightened, but still wore an anxious look.

"The books must not go out of our possession, and you must make your searches here," continued Mr. Bax. "I need hardly say you will be remunerated for your work."

"I am very much obliged to you, sir," said Freeland. "It is some time now since I was fortunate enough to have any employment."

"There will be employment for you for some little time to come," replied Mr. Bax, "and then you will probably be called upon to give your evidence. I must remind you, however, of the absolute necessity of silence in this matter. Now I will leave you to the work."

All that day, and the next, and for two days after, Freeland worked at his task. At the end of the week, he handed Mr. Bax a beautifully written, clerkly *précis* of the transactions with the various firms. When he had read it he said to Freeland:

"This is an absolutely correct account of these transactions as you know them from these books, and from your own recollection?"

"Exactly."

"Then the next thing is to check this account with the bill-book, and with these bills."

"I could have done that better if I had had them with me at the time," said Freeland.

"No doubt. But I had a reason for arranging it otherwise," replied Mr. Bax. "You will be able to swear to the correctness of your work as it stands, without reference to these bills?"

"Certainly," said Freeland, with some surprise.

"Bear that in mind, then, in comparing your work with the documents."

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

THE SPIDER RUNS AWAY.

THINGS were not going well with Mr. Hawkey. The troubles with the Cheshire Cheese Company were only partially smoothed over, and the Wheal Tintinnabulum Mine was in a very bad way. Indeed, it had never been in any other; but it was Hawkey's business—in which he was no novice—to dress up bad concerns to look like good. Wheal Tintinnabulum shares had been at par, and even at a premium, during which time promoter and secretary and one or two of the directors had made a very good thing out of them. This done, the shares had immediately dropped, and had been dropping ever since; and now they were quoted at a huge discount. Not that there was any market for them; the price was nominal, for they were absolutely unsaleable.

One director who had been left out in the cold, and one or two angry shareholders who had got wind of the fortunate sales, had combined together and commenced proceedings against the other directors and Hawkey; and for the first time in his life that astute gentleman found himself in a position out of which he could not extricate himself. For they had charged him with fraud in working the mine on to the market; and it was hinted that more serious charges still might be brought against him. And though the affair was only in its initial stage, and not, as yet, before a court, it was already making a stir in City circles; and Hawkey was finding himself the object of rather embarrassing attentions, and becoming aware that he was, in a certain way, under surveillance. But no interference with his liberty had, as yet, happened. It was doubtful whether there was sufficient evidence to support the graver charges that were hanging over him; and no one knew more exactly than himself how much evidence was obtainable.

But though so jaunty to the outer world, he was consumed with inward torturing anxiety. The present lull, he knew, would not last. Proof of the forgery of the bonds might be found at any moment; and he was too keen to delude himself with the notion that it would long remain undiscovered. He knew that he must run before the gale, and he was feverishly awaiting the completion of certain arrangements by which he would not leave empty-handed. He knew as well as any man the power of the purse, and was determined that no hitch in his plans should arise from any want of that power.

The boy-clerk, being ordered to lock up the office, and first fixing a card which stated that someone, not mentioned, would "Return in half an hour," was let out by the private door, with instructions to take Hawkey's bags to Surbiton Station. Then, alone in the quiet of the silent office, he sat down to review his plans. He had determined—hastily, perhaps, but in his judgment not an hour too soon—to make his escape that night. The great question was, Where? There was but one answer to that. Spain was then the only country from which he could not be dragged back by the arm of the law. But as to the other question, How? the considerations were much more varied. The shortest and most direct route was out of the question. That, as well as many others, he knew was constantly watched by detectives. The eastern lines and ports were more open; but even at those places he could not be sure, while there was the disadvantage of being at a much greater distance from his ultimate point. None of these would do; the nearest port to the Peninsula must be his mark. Southampton was convenient; but there, again, keen eyes were always watching outward-bound vessels. Some of the westerly points would be better. It was hard to decide; but it must be done, and quickly; and, in any case, the first thing was to get clear away to the westward of London.

No one molested him, but at Waterloo he fancied a

man was watching him. There were two trains, one on either side of the platform: that on the right a stopping train; the other, on the left, a fast train leaving two minutes after the first, and travelling on a parallel set of rails. He made up his mind on this. His supposed pursuer was pacing up and down before a certain carriage door. Hawkey selected one a few yards in rear of that, and opposite an open door in the fast train on the other side. He seated himself in the carriage, and saw his pursuer follow his example just in front. This confirmed his belief that he was watched. He waited a minute (he was facing the engine, and next the door); another moment, and the train was moving. Then he asked a passenger:

"I suppose this is right for Putney?"

"Putney? No. You should have gone to the other station."

"Confound it!" exclaimed Hawkey, and opening the door, jumped out and slammed it after him.

"Which is the Surbiton train?" he asked of a porter.

"On that side, sir. Look sharp!" said the man, as he shut him in.

And in a minute more the train was rapidly steaming out of the station, the interval between the two trains being, in fact, only sufficient to allow the first to clear the points where the local rails diverge from the main. He could see the train in advance as he left the station; and, to his intense satisfaction, no one was looking out from it, so that his pursuer had probably not missed him. Now he breathed more freely. As he looked out of the window the other train was just in front, his own rapidly overtaking it, though the first was travelling at a fair speed. Then a horrible thought flashed into his mind: what if he were seen as the two trains were running side by side? If the other train stopped at Vauxhall his flight might be wired to all the stations on the line, in which case capture was inevitable.

But, to his great relief, the two trains ran through the station together, and after twenty minutes' suspense Surbiton was reached. He got his bags, and passing out in the crowd, gave up his ticket at the gate and was clear—a free man still. He called the first carriage he saw, flung his bags into it, and was driven off.

"Where to, sir?" asked the driver.

"Hampton Court," said Hawkey, as he threw himself back in the carriage, wondering at his good luck in getting clear of the station. But his anxiety was not yet over; he must get rid of the conveyance and the driver at the earliest possible moment. As he came in sight of the bridge he called to the man, "That will do; put me down at the boat-house."

The man pulled up; it was too common an occurrence to put down boating men with bags at that spot to excite any curiosity on his part. Hawkey paid him just what he asked; time was too precious to waste in higgling.

"A skiff and pair of sculls," he said to the boatman, who stood by waiting orders. "I want to catch a party of gentlemen camping out."

"You won't find 'em this side o' Sunbury, sir. They wanted to camp on Tagg's Island, but they couldn't do that nohow. 'Tworn't quiet enough for them; but they'll find a place further on."

"I shall find them, I dare say," said Hawkey. "Hand in the bags."

"Keep on the left," said the man, as Hawkey pushed off, judging by appearances that his customer was not a boating man. He was, however, a fairly good sculler, but the day was declining, and the river, he knew, was treacherous. But Hawkey did not intend to waste much time in sculling. He pulled up to Sunbury, and there went ashore and bought a small dark portmanteau, which he carried back to the inn where his boat was moored, and then sat down to get some refreshment, of which he was beginning to feel in need.

It was the first meal he had eaten that day with anything like a sense of safety. Early in the day the newspapers had warned him that the lull in his affairs was at an end, and that if he would escape he must act promptly. But his habitual coolness and foresight had anticipated the event, had prepared for it, so that he was ready to start at a moment's notice. These qualities, had done him good service. To them he owed it that his pockets were lined with money instead of having his plans hampered or frustrated by impecuniosity: that the first stage of his flight had been successfully accomplished: and that over a good meal he was planning the arrangements of the second. He possessed the capacity—common alike to great commanders and good business men—of so organising his plans that the chapter of accidents could always be turned to advantage, and his meal did not end without the opportunity.

At the next table to him sat a party of boating men, probably the party of whom the man at Hampton had told him. They were talking over their trip, and criticising the dangerous state of Sunbury Weir. Hawkey listened attentively, and politely asked for information.

"I want to go to Halliford," he said. "I suppose I can do so safely?"

"It is getting rather dark, but if you know the river you might venture. Have a lantern with you, and keep the left bank as you go."

Hawkey had not the least intention of running any risk, but his fertile brain had already contrived a plan for throwing any pursuit off the track, and making the young fellows unconscious accomplices. He replied:

"I am not quite a novice in a boat, and have no doubt that I shall be able to take care of myself."

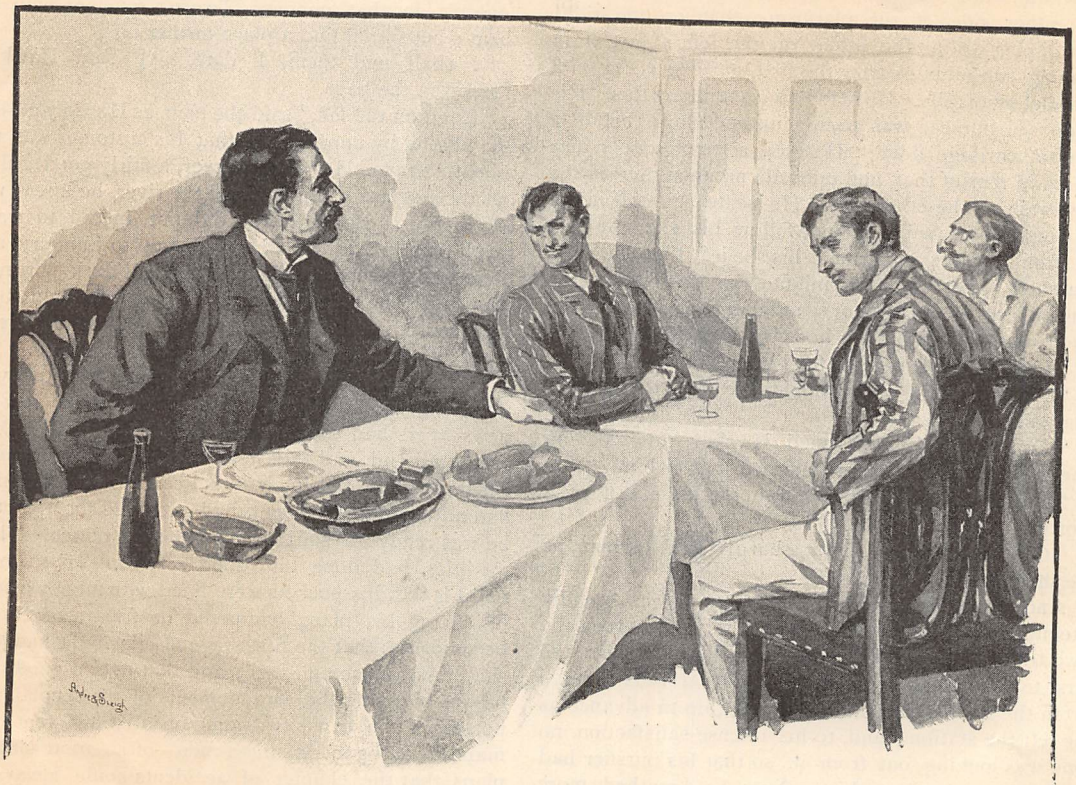
"Many men think that of themselves, and come to grief, all the same," said one who had not spoken before.

"Then you do not think me capable of doing it?" said Hawkey, with an appearance of irritation.

"You may be, or not, for all I know," returned the other: "but if you are strange to the river, you had better not attempt it in the dark."

"I am acquainted with the river, although it is some years since I did much rowing."

"That alters the matter," said the other coldly. "In



"'I WANT TO GO TO HALLIFORD'" (*p.* 601).

any case you have been warned, and if you choose to run the risk it is your own look-out."

No more was said. Hawkey paid his bill, and went out to the boat-shed.

"How far is it to Halliford?" he asked of the man.

"A matter of three mile, or thereabout. You can do it easy, if you don't keep too much in the stream."

"Is it a good place for camping?"

"There's a h'ait, sir, just this side: little over two mile from here."

"That will be the place, then. I expect some friends of mine are camping there."

Then he pushed out into the stream, and headed for the lock, chuckling over the confusion he had made for his pursuers, should he be traced to this spot. The evening was closing in, yet there was still light enough to see clearly, though the trees were beginning to show black against the twilight sky. Soon he came to the gates of the lock, where he had to wait a few minutes. Then they were opened, and he passed in, solitary, and after a few minutes more into the open river above, pulling till he came to a certain inlet, or back-water, which he remembered in former and more innocent days.

It was a weird and solitary place. The entrance to it was under a little foot-bridge, over which the path was carried. Beyond this, it widened out into a large pool some sixty or seventy yards across, deep in the middle, but very shallow at the sides, and fringed with tall rushes, by which, and a thick growth of underwood on the higher ground, bordered by large trees, it was effectually hidden from sight—being, in fact, almost unknown except to the river watchers, and, in winter, to an occasional wild-fowl shooter.

Into this he paddled swiftly and silently; and when well clear of the little bridge, rested on his oars in the centre of the black pool, listening intently for any voice or sound of footsteps along the path. But the silence was unbroken; and without more delay, he turned the boat's head to the right and sculled gently towards a little opening in the reeds, in which he ran the boat quietly on the shore, and stepped out.

No place could have been more suitable for his purpose, nor, from another point of view, more suitable for the hiding-place of a fugitive from justice. But there was nothing of the sentimental in Hawkey, and no fancies of this kind hindered him from the practical use of the gloomy place. He listened again to detect any sound, but there was nothing but the distant roar of the water rushing over Sunbury Weir. He hauled the boat closer in under the reeds, and opening his bags, took out a small railway reading-lamp, which he lighted and placed in the boat, so that it should not be seen from the outside. Then he produced a complete change of clothing and a round hat, for which he rapidly exchanged his own garments. Taking his discarded

coat and hat, and carefully removing anything that might indicate his identity, he replaced them in the boat, packing the remainder, with the contents of the other bag, in the small portmanteau. One empty bag he placed in the boat, together with the trunk just packed ; the other he carefully hid amongst the reeds, where it could not be floated away by the water.

This done, he extinguished the lamp, and cautiously paddled out from the shelter of the reeds into the pool. Listening, as before, for any passing footsteps on the bridge or the path, he quietly shot under the bridge into the stream, pointing towards Sunbury. At a short distance was a tree on the bank, which there was level. The largest branch extended horizontally over the water. This had attracted his attention as he came up stream as a suitable place to finish the deception which he was arranging.

He pulled very slowly and cautiously down to this tree. Then a difficulty occurred which he had not foreseen. He could easily climb ashore himself ; but the portmanteau, though small, was awkward, and he could not drag, and would not risk throwing, it ashore. He paddled back to his hiding-place, re-lighted his lamp, and cut off about half the "painter," or head-line of the boat. Then with his knife he unravelled the cut end of the rope, and "heckled" the loose strands so as to give the idea that the rope had parted.

Then, with the same precautions as before, he paddled back to the tree, and fastened the loose rope to the overhanging branch. Passing the other end through the strap of the trunk, and giving it another turn round the tree, he hauled it tight, and hoisted it out of the boat. Next, he made the boat fast to the tree by a slip-knot, and getting on the tree, carefully got the trunk ashore. The paddles were left loosely in the rowlocks, the empty bag, the coat and hat, all lying at the bottom of the boat. Then, on his pulling at the slip-knot, the boat was cast loose, and immediately floated away : sure, on that side of the stream, to go over the weir.

It was dark by the time this was done, and he waited a few minutes to listen. The distant noise of the weir was the only sound audible. Then he fancied he could hear the boat smash as she went over the fall, and then the faint sound of voices.

Then he turned away, to get out of the neighbourhood as quickly and as quietly as possible. He struck across the fields, knowing that he would soon get into the road. Sunbury Station was not far ; but the line ended two or three stations off, and would be of no help in getting westward. To gain the Reading line, he must go towards London, and again mix in the homeward stream of boating men : which was not his wish. But here he had no choice ; and was, after all, less likely to be looked for in a London-bound crowd. Anyhow, whatever the risk was, he was bound to face it. It was probably safer to sit in a crowded train than to excite the curiosity of the local policeman by the rare spectacle of a pedestrian carrying his trunk through the park late at night. Besides, he was now disguised, and was no longer in appearance the same man who had left Cannon Street that afternoon. He reflected, too—and the thought made him laugh quietly—that if detectives were looking for him, they were probably looking at Folkestone or Dover rather than in Berkshire. So he decided to go boldly for Ascot, *viâ* Sunbury and Twickenham.

He had to wait a few minutes at the station ; and, as before, being always alive to his risk, and on the alert to leave no trace—or, if any, a false one—behind him, he booked to Waterloo. But at Twickenham he got out, and taking care to pass out with the crowd, gave up his London ticket, which, as he anticipated, was thrust by the collector into the bundle without looking at it. Then he slipped round to the other side, and booked for Ascot.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

THE SPIDER'S JOURNEY.

NOTHING disturbed Hawkey during the run to Ascot. Leaving the station, he struck into a road which he knew well, skirting the moorland. The few passengers who left the train with him dropped off one by one, till at last he was alone on the road, with a dreary expanse of heath-land, with clumps of pines rising like islands out of a lonely sea before him, and the stars in a clear sky above him. He stopped a minute or two, waiting for the last footsteps to die away and to listen for any fresh footfall on the hard road. Nothing was to be heard ; and he turned off the road on to the heather, where the gorse was thick, and would give him instant hiding in case of need. He made for some trees which grew beyond the gorse—not with the intention of hiding there: it was too near the road for that ; but it was a spot from which he could see what was beyond, and what sort of resting-place he was likely to find.

There was no light now, except what came from the stars—little enough, one would say—but dwellers in the country, away from the glare of towns, know well enough the difference there is between the pitchy blackness of a starless night and one on which they are shining clearly. So, while it was dark enough effectually to hide him if anyone were looking for him, he had light enough to select his resting-place on soft dry heather, sheltered overhead by pine-trees. He supped plainly enough on some biscuits and whiskey and water, brought from the inn from which he set out to his supposed tragic fate. He had cigars and lights with him, but these he dared not use. He knew too well what tremendous fires occur in a dry season in that district, and with what awful rapidity they spread. He knew, too, that the first faint glare in the sky would bring down on him a whole army of beaters, headed by gamekeepers, bailiffs, policemen, and followed by all the riff-raff of the country-side.

And, even if he were careful enough to avoid this risk, the smell of tobacco smoke wafted on the night breeze would probably alarm some keeper on the watch or village constable patrolling the road, who would track him literally by the scent. No ; for to-night he must lie quiet, and forbear pipe and cigar.

To-morrow, if all went well, he would be far enough away, and then he could indulge himself.

But, as he lay on the heather, with the pine branches for a roof, the stars shining silently through the leaves and solemn stillness all around, some grim spectres came before his mental vision: ruined widows and orphans; struggling men trusting him with the residue of their substance; his young partner, with a ruined life and a blighted name; crowds of angry swindled men, who on the morrow would be clamouring for his capture—all passed in imagination before him, as he vainly sought forgetfulness. But at last Nature prevailed, and he fell into a sound sleep.

When he awoke the sun was shining brightly, and he roused up hastily, fearing he had slept too long. But he found it was still early—only just six; and, though he was terribly anxious to get farther away, yet he remained in his hiding-place for some time longer, till his appearance on the road with his portmanteau would excite no suspicion or remark.

He took out a "Bradshaw," and found a train leaving Bagshot for the south at eight. It would start from Ascot, to which he was much nearer; but it was part of his plan not to show himself twice at the same station, if he could avoid it. So he prepared to walk to Bagshot, which he wished to reach in time to get a breakfast before starting. Keeping on the moor, and threading his way through the clumps of gorse, he managed to cover a good part of the distance without coming on the road. But his caution was needless; he reached Bagshot without any interruption, and going to an inn, made a hearty breakfast, then took train for Aldershot, which he reached in safety.

Here he got the London papers, and searched them through for any intimation of what concerned himself. For that day, however, there was no sign; and he almost regretted he had stopped in Aldershot. But, on the whole, he knew he had done wisely; his plans must be shaped by those of his pursuers, and until he knew what direction the pursuit was taking, he thought it best to stay where he was. One item in a local paper had a keen interest for him. It stated that on the previous evening a boating man had been carried over Sunbury Weir and drowned. The wrecked boat had been cast ashore below the fall; and a hat and coat, supposed to belong to deceased, picked up at Sunbury. The body had not been found, being probably entangled amongst the timbers and stonework of the weir. It also added that up to the present the coat and hat had not been identified.

"That will do," soliloquised Hawkey, "as well as if I had written it myself. Just enough, and not too much. Now, to go, or not to go? That is the question."

He decided, after thinking it over, to wait till he had seen the evening papers; and, if necessary, start that night. An hour or two later he had seen a paragraph which stated the fact of his disappearance, and said that detectives were watching the different stations and ports, but that it was strongly suspected that he had not left London, but was in hiding in or near the metropolis.

This was enough for him. He paid his bill, and told the woman he was going back to London at once, in consequence of the death of a relative. At the station he booked for Waterloo; asking, at the same time, very minutely as to the time of arrival in London. Then, waiting till there was a crowd of passengers at the window, and fixing upon an old man whose bag bore an address in

"HERE HE GOT THE LONDON PAPERS."

Winchester, he quietly slipped the fare into his hands, and told him to take two tickets. Everything favoured him; the Winchester train came in first, and he slipped into a carriage as quickly as possible—taking care, however, to avoid the compartment occupied by the man who had taken his ticket—and reached Winchester rather late, but not too late for a lodging, which he got at a little coffee-house by the station.

So far, Fortune favoured him; but he felt that on his success in hiding for the next few days depended his safety. One false step might reveal his track. He judged it wise not to waste time nor risk safety in seeking for a better lodging than the frowsy little rooms of the coffee-house. It would be an additional security, too, if he decided, like the Scottish raiders of past times, never to sleep two nights in succession under the same roof; but in the sleepy old cathedral city he ran little risk for a day or two, though, of course, even there caution was needed.

The enforced inaction kept him in a state of nervous irritation, for he was nowhere safe till he stood on Spanish territory. He did not, however, allow his irritation to hurry him into a hasty and foolish move, which might land him in the grasp of his pursuers. And at Winchester he had advantages which he could not secure in every place. In the public reading-room he could see all the papers—could, in fact, scan the social and financial world from an unseen point; and watch for a few lines in cipher in the agony column of the *Standard*, which would give him definite information as to what was doing in his own matters in London.

So he passed that day. The next, however, gave him a little more light. A paragraph appeared in one paper, headed: "Flight of the Manager of the Wheal Tintinnabulum Mining Company.—Supposed Suicide." It stated that a boat, broken in half, had been picked up below Sunbury Weir, that a coat and hat had been found, that the boat had been recognised by the owner as one let by him to a gentleman who answered the description of the missing man—the coat and hat were supposed to be his, but had not been completely identified—and that the river was being dragged for the body, though, in the opinion of experts, it was probably caught between the stones and timber of the sub-structure of the weir, and might not be found for a considerable time.

He chuckled with suppressed laughter as he read this account; but he determined to leave that day. If the supposed dead man was not speedily found, the story would be regarded as a stratagem to baffle pursuit. Weymouth was the only place that appeared open to him. In moving about Winchester, he had noticed a carrier's cart plying between that city and Salisbury. Salisbury, he found, was only fifty-one miles from Weymouth, and from thence he could get to Cherbourg.

It took him the best part of a day to reach Salisbury; but the tilt of a carrier's cart was a better place of concealment than a crowded railway carriage. Jogging leisurely along the quiet lanes and over the high downs that lie between the two cities, he had time to think over and perfect his plans. He would reach Salisbury that afternoon about five, a train left for Weymouth at seven, and he would be in time to catch the Jersey boat that night. So far, that would do; everything fitted in well. The carrier told him of a quiet lodging close to the station; and when he was set down in the large market square, following the directions given him, he found himself in the Fisherton quarter of the city, close under the station walls. Thither he went for a paper, and to search, as usual, for any scrap of news bearing on his own case. But there was nothing to give the least hint, and nothing, in his judgment, to make any delay advisable.

The evening closed in quiet and foggy, which was by no means unwelcome to him. It soon, however, proved a hindrance, for though the train travelled fast on leaving Salisbury, it was pulled up several times, and before Wimborne was reached it was manifest there would be no chance of getting to Jersey that night. And though the fog cleared after getting out of the valley of the Stour, it was an hour late when the train reached Dorchester.

Here there was more bustle: people taking the late train to Weymouth crowded into the carriage, and there was no more solitude for Hawkey. He remained silent, and only replied in monosyllables to the few remarks in broad vernacular Dorset which were addressed to him. As the train passed out from the tunnel under the high ridge between Dorchester and the sea, and the fresh night air came in, with the smell of the sea borne on the breeze, he began to realise that at last he was free, and that he had baffled pursuit. He heeded little of the chatter that went on round him in the carriage; nor did he notice that all its occupants were not of the same class. There were two ladies and a keen, pleasant-looking gentleman, who sat at the opposite end of the compartment; the rest were butchers, farmers, and cattle-dealers, returning from the weekly market.

"You be a'most too late vor traen to-night, Jan," said one.

"Yes, zo I be. He be wrong, he be," replied the other, pulling out a huge silver watch. "He be vive-and-twenty minutes zlow when I do pass the Town Hall to-night."

"You be late a getten whoam to missus, Jan," said another.

"Ah, dwoant 'ee talk, Tammy," said Jan; "tidden the vust time as you do have the worst end ov a mop-stick when you do stop out late."

There was a general laugh at this, which caused the two ladies and their escort at one end of the carriage, and Hawkey at the other, to turn their eyes on the group. There was no recognition on Hawkey's part, for all were equally unknown to him; but the younger lady looked at him with a puzzled expression, as though she had seen him before. There was, however, no time for recognition, even if memory had come to her aid. The train steamed into the station, and in a few moments Hawkey had left the train and was lost in the crowd.

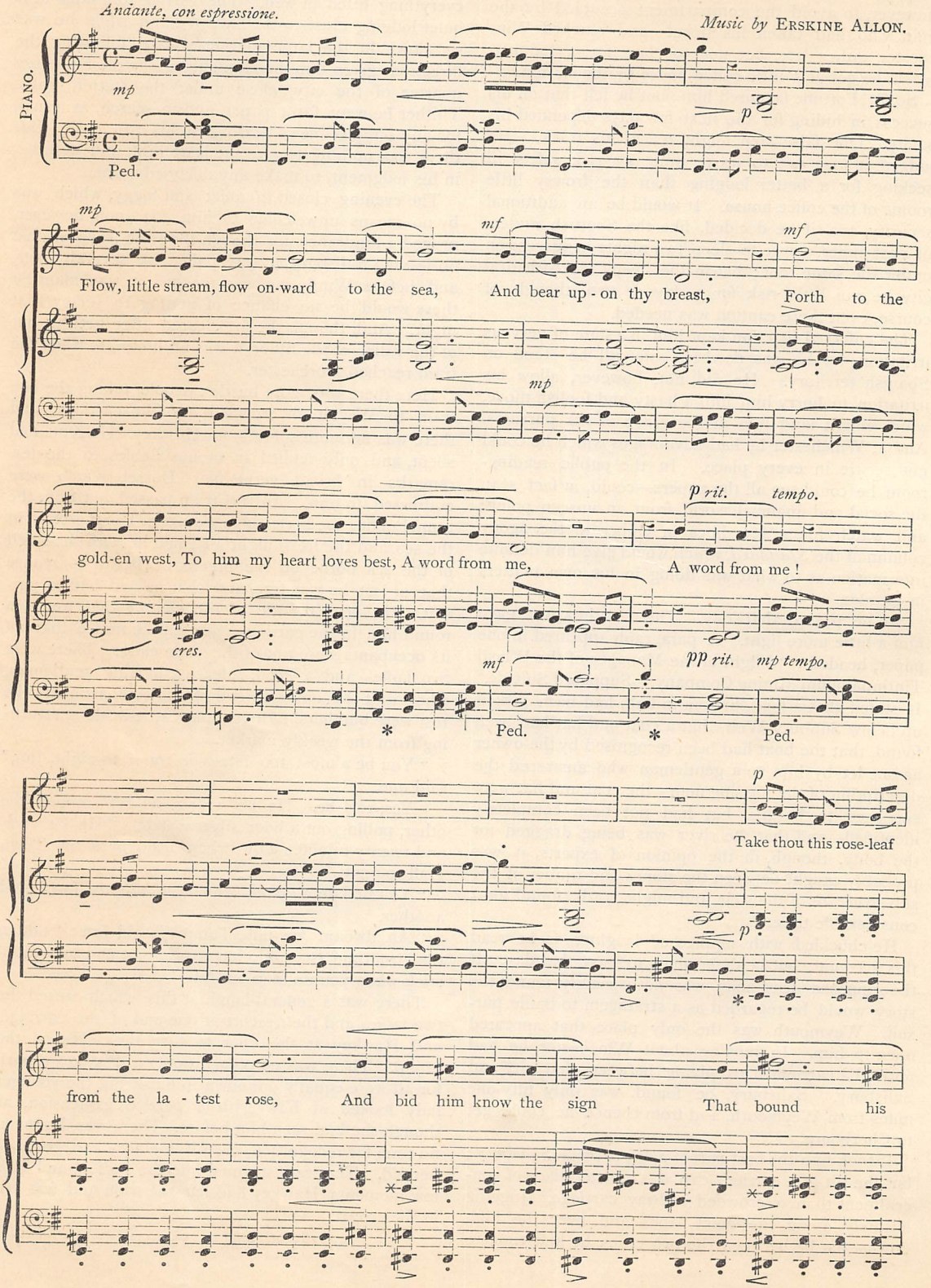
END OF CHAPTER THE NINTH.

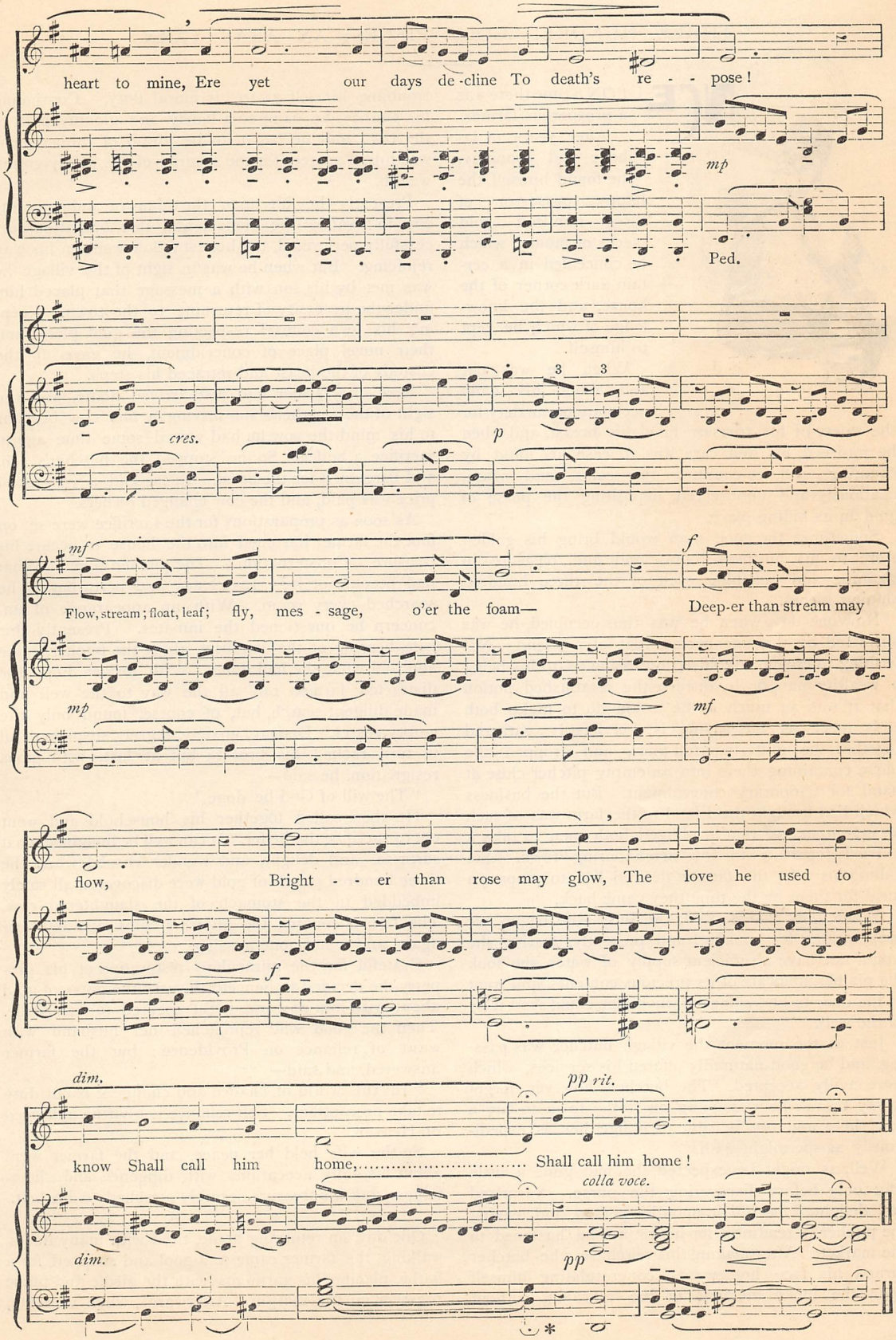
The Message.

Words by M. C. GILLINGTON.

Andante, con espressione.

Music by ERSKINE ALLON.




heart to mine, Ere yet our days de-cline To death's re - - pose!
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THREE HUNDRED GOLD PIECES: AN ARAB YARN.

ONCE UPON a time there was a prosperous farmer. After years of labour and economy, he found himself the happy possessor of three hundred gold pieces of money, which he concealed in a certain dark corner of the house, and the knowledge of which he kept to himself.

When he was out and about his daily occupations, anxiety for the safety of his treasure filled his breast, and when he returned, his first care was to ease his mind by counting and re-counting the coins, and again, cautiously and unobserved, depositing the purse of gold in its hiding place.

Sometimes the good man would bring his golden store to his business room, and find pleasure in cleaning and polishing each of the three hundred shining pieces.

Now one day, when he was thus occupied, he was surprised by the unexpected visit of a friend. Not wishing to create any false impression as to his being a wealthy man, or to disturb the established notion that it was as much as he could do to make both ends meet, as the saying is, he hastily gathered together the glittering tell-tales, and dropped the purse containing them into an empty pitcher close at hand for temporary concealment. But the business which had brought the friend to the farm was of such an urgent nature that it obliged both men to take a hurried departure to the neighbouring town. So, calling his wife, the farmer desired her to prepare a meal for them by the time they came back.

When they had started, the busy wife began her preparations for cooking, and presently, fearing she would not have a sufficient supply of water, she took the pitcher, unaware of its precious contents, and went to the door to find someone whom she could send it by to the well.

Just at the moment the village butcher was passing, and he good-naturedly offered his services, which were civilly accepted. The butcher, however, forgot to say that as he was going on to the town to buy a cow, he would not be able to oblige her as expeditiously as she might wish.

Well, as might be expected, he had gone a little way only before discovering the purse. Surprised and delighted, he hid it upon his person, and leaving the pitcher in readiness for his return, he hastened to the market. After making his purchase, the butcher turned his face homewards, congratulating himself upon the lucky incident of the morning, without troubling himself as to his moral duty. Continuing his journey, he came to a lonely and gloomy part of the road, and he began to be afraid of robbers, and was full of anxiety for the security of his newly-gotten wealth.

Presently he hit upon the idea of inducing the cow to swallow the money, and this operation successfully performed, the honest fellow went on his way rejoicing. But when he was in sight of the village he was met by his son with a message that placed him under the necessity of returning to the town. Keeping his own counsel respecting the gold pieces and their novel place of concealment, he gave up the custody of the beast and retraced his steps.

Now, the farmer had just arrived home, and the sight of the butcher's son driving a fine cow brought to his mind the vow he had vowed some time ago to sacrifice a heifer. So he stopped the butcher's son, and bargained for the beast. In the end a very good price was paid, and the cow changed owners.

As soon as preparations for the sacrifice were set on foot the farmer hastened into the house to secure his treasure. Consternation! The pitcher gone! What had become of it? In silence and perturbation he searched every room. With an appearance of unconcern he questioned the inmates. Presently his wife, hearing of the inquiries about the pitcher, came and told what she had done. With forlorn hope the distracted farmer ran all the way to the well and made diligent search, but, of course, found only the empty vessel. Dismay, anxiety, regret, suspicion, all in turn racked his breast; but at last, with pious resignation, he said—

"The will of God be done."

He then called together his household and went out to sacrifice the heifer. It can well be imagined what surprise, and delight, and wonder ensued when the three hundred pieces of gold were discovered all safely imbedded in the stomach of the slaughtered cow. The farmer counted the glittering coins over and over again, and found none missing.

Grateful for the miraculous restoration of his property, he decided to henceforth carry the purse of gold about with him day and night secured to his girdle. Then the good wife reproached her husband with want of reliance on Providence; but the farmer answered, and said—

"In this world of chance and change it is our duty to take precautions. Self-reliance is a virtue approved of Heaven."

So the wife held her peace, and the farmer went about his daily avocations with diligence and cheerfulness, and his treasure securely attached to his belt.

* * * *

One day, on returning home, tired with many hours' walking, the farmer came to a pool and stripped for a bathe, placing his garments with the girdle and purse together on the margin. Afterwards, when dressing,

"HE HIT UPON THE IDEA OF INDUCING THE COW TO SWALLOW THE MONEY" (*p.* 608).

he became so engrossed with his business concerns, that he went away, forgetting to take up the purse.

Then came a shepherd to the pool to water his flock. While thus engaged he perceived the purse, of which he took possession with a thankful heart as a gift dropped from heaven at his feet.

In the evening, as he sat at the door of his lonely hut, examining the contents of the purse, he was amazed to find himself the owner of three hundred gold pieces of money. Desiring to hoard up this godsend to enable him to live in comfort when disabled by age and infirmity from following his present occupation, he considered how he should best safeguard the treasure so mysteriously committed to his care. He had no friend whom he could trust as his banker; nor could he trade with the money without raising suspicion; and to bury it in the earth or otherwise secrete it would cause him constant anxiety when far away on his daily migrations. At length he decided to destroy the old purse, and to make a new one, in which he would carry his riches about with him concealed under his arm-pit.

Meanwhile, when the farmer discovered his loss, he returned to the pool in great trepidation, but found no trace of the missing purse. Sadly he retraced his steps homewards, and told his wife of his misadventure. With much feeling she fell to upbraiding her husband with his miserly habits, and suffering her and the family to be pinched even for necessaries of life, while he went about heavily laden with gold.

"But, to be sure," said she, "it is our duty in this world of chance and change to take precautions, and self-reliance is a virtue certainly approved of Heaven. Your precaution and self-reliance, God help us! have brought us all to a pretty pass."

And with much more in the same strain did the good housewife endeavour to appease her husband's vexation and grief; and at length, in a contrite state

of mind, calm and resigned, he committed himself and his affairs to Heaven.

On the other hand, the shepherd was assailed with ever-recurring dread and anxiety for the safety of his riches. The golden burden he carried with him weighed heavily upon his spirits as well as his body. His nights were disturbed and his days gloomy with apprehension. He sought solitude, and no longer stopped the wayfarer for the accustomed interchange of gossip.

One day he came with his flock to a well. Sitting disconsolate on the low wall that surrounded the spring, he was terrified with the sudden appearance of a troop of horsemen galloping towards him. In great fear lest he should be searched and robbed, he dropped the purse among the fungus and mossy growth beside the trough. Noting the spot, that he might return to it afterwards, he assumed, what he little felt, an appearance of unconcern by the time the horsemen came up. To his great discomposure, he found they had no immediate intention of quitting the spot, and night approaching, he reluctantly departed, with a heavy heart and light pocket.

Subsequently, the good husbandman was passing the now deserted well. The moon was up and the evening breezes were sweeping the plain, when a sudden gust blew his cap off and deposited it in the well. Descending the steps that led to the interior, he searched among the shadows, and finding his cap, was led to the discovery of the bag of gold which the shepherd had dropped.

Retiring hastily and speeding homewards, the lucky farmer entered his business room and shut to the door, so as to ascertain in secret the value of what he had found. To his great amazement, when he opened the bag there fell out a heap of gold coins, that coincided exactly with the amount of his recent loss. Greatly elated with his good fortune, he called in his wife, and she, sharing his joy, said—

"Let us not again incur the displeasure of Providence, but make just use of the wealth thus restored to us the second time."

So the farmer began next morning to disburse the money, not only for household and farm expenses, but also in fulfilment of several vows which were in arrear, retaining only one hundred pieces for emergencies.

On the evening of that day the shepherd called at the farm and related all the circumstances connected with the loss, which he represented as the accumulated savings of his life, and which he felt sure had been carried off by the rascally robbers he had left behind him at the well.

The honest farmer was deeply concerned, and went to consult his wife as to his conduct in this grave juncture of their affairs. Both agreed that they must act honestly and make restitution.

"For," said she, "God will, in His own good time and in His own good way, make up our deficiency."

So the upright farmer, narrating all the particulars of the discovery at the well, and the motives which led to the disbursement of the money, offered the whole of the remaining one hundred pieces of gold to the shepherd as part payment of the sum he now felt indebted to him. The shepherd took the money with ill grace, remarking that he only received it as an instalment, and should certainly expect the whole amount to be made up at an early date.

Thus matters stood when, a few days later, the shepherd came with his flock to the bank of a river. Now, for the better security of his diminished fortune, he had conceived the idea of filling up the hollow of his staff with the one hundred gold pieces. This he had accordingly done.

While he was looking at the rapid current there came floating down something in the form of a parcel. As it was apparently within reach, he attempted to fish it out with the aid of his staff, which accidentally fell from his hands and was carried away beyond recovery.

In the evening of the same day the shepherd went again to the farmer to bewail his second loss, and was not displeased to find the butcher and two or three of the neighbours assembled. He related the incident of the morning, and made it an excuse for coming so soon for another instalment of the money due to him from the farmer.

At this point the farmer's wife brought in two pieces of a hollow stick and asked the shepherd if he recognised them.

In silence and shame he heard the farmer relate that, as was his wont, he went to the river to perform his ablutions and picked up a stick out of the water, taking it home for firewood. When it was dry he broke it into two pieces, and thereout fell the one hundred pieces of gold which the shepherd had extorted from him the night before. The farmer recounted from the beginning the losses he had sustained and the mysterious restitutions that had followed. The butcher and shepherd both confessed the share each of them had had in the disappearance of the farmer's savings, but urged as a plea for pardon that they were only tools in the hands of destiny.

"For," added the shepherd, "the craftiness of man cannot prevail against the decree of Providence that the rightful owner shall have full restitution."

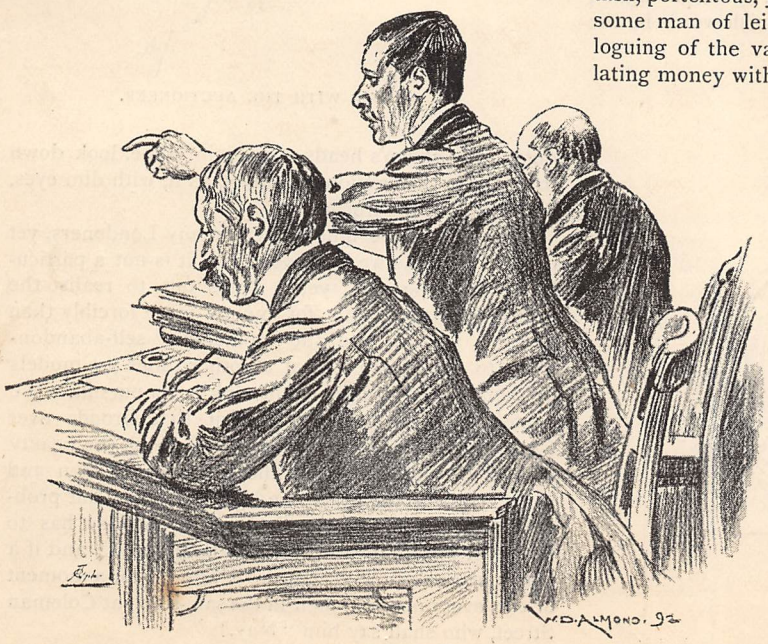
Then the farmer forgave the butcher and shepherd and lived in good fellowship with his neighbours for many years, not troubling himself over much about the vicissitudes of time, but always endeavouring to frame his actions to the decrees and will of God.

WOOL-GATHERING.

THE wonderful many-sidedness of London life has ever appeared to us as the one "wonder of the world," defying all attempts at comprehension. The oldest Londoner has not realised it fully, nor the most curious nor the most observant. Every turn to the right or left, every glance at the newspaper, brings to light some new centre of thought which probably has its radii extending to the remotest corners of the globe. In their inter-relations, many of these centres resemble the individual inhabitants in knowing nothing of their neighbours. Spiritualists, faddists of all descriptions, and active propagandists of every conceivable and inconceivable religion and no-religion, art, science, nescience—carry on their work along their own lines and amid their own people as distinctly as each thread in a tapestry weaves its way in and out of the design without ever merging itself in any of its fellows. And then, the money-makers!—the infinite means of getting gain, from the method of the man who throws himself before a carriage to have his leg broken, and then obtain "damages," to that of the stately personage who administers the Queen's justice in her courts of law—what an amazing field of study and speculation is here displayed to the observer of mankind! We can conceive a

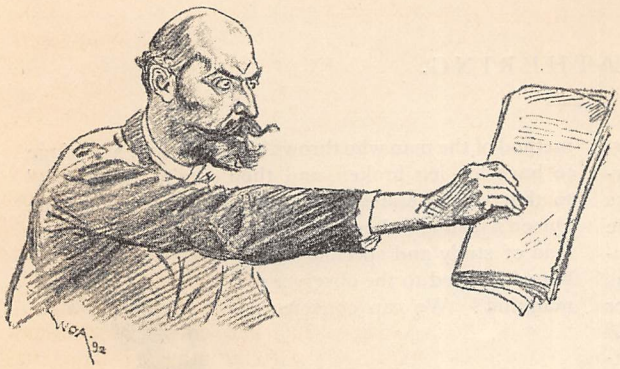
"'HALF-HALF-HALF-HALF-HALF!'" (*p.* 612).

task, portentous, yet entertaining and instructive, which some man of leisure may yet accomplish—the cataloguing of the various devices employed in accumulating money within "The four mile radius."



THE AUCTIONEER.

Looking back upon a fairly large experience in such matters, we doubt if we have ever witnessed a less exalting and ennobling spectacle than that presented on any afternoon in the selling season beneath the roof of the Wool Exchange, Coleman Street. The scene repeats itself throughout the year with regularly recurring intervals of about six weeks' duration, during which the room is closed. It was a dull September day upon which we first made its acquaintance. On the rising floor of a large horse-shoe-shaped room sit about three hundred would-be purchasers waiting in the gloom for the arrival of the auctioneer. Suddenly the circle of gas-jets above brightens,



THE HEIGHT OF EXCITEMENT.

a murmur runs round the assembly, and the great man appears in the rostrum, accompanied by two clerks. Every member of the audience opens his catalogue, and the rustling is as the noise of many waters. Then the proceedings commence. The auctioneer reads the description of "Lot 1," and no sooner has he opened his mouth than a dark man, who had hitherto been sitting calmly in his seat, reading *Le Petit Journal*, starts to his feet like one possessed, darts a lean forefinger in the direction of the rostrum, and gives vent to a series of what appear to be simply incoherent shrieks. At the same moment rises another in similar maniacal fashion, who, with blazing eyes, burning cheeks, and distended throat, commences to bark like a wolf. This ghastly exhibition excites only a look of benevolent interest in the countenance of the auctioneer, who takes especial note of the screams and yells of the last bidder, makes a mark in his book, taps lightly on the desk with his hammer, and "Lot 1" is disposed of! As the sale goes forward this scene is repeated again and again, and in time we are able to distinguish words in the uproar. When "Lot 78," for example, is reached, an elderly gentleman darts to his feet, roars out "Eight-eight-eight-eight-eight!" at the top of his voice and with life-or-death speed, to signify that he is prepared to give 8d. per lb. for the lot in question; up start half-a-dozen others from behind, waving their catalogues wildly, and shouting "Half-half-half-half-half!" being the offer of an additional halfpenny; and then a pale, earnest-looking young man in the front row rises amid the storm, and in a voice that seems capable at a pinch of splitting the dome of St. Paul's, roars out "Three-three-three-three-three!" and triumphantly secures the lot at $8\frac{3}{4}$d. The moment the hammer descends the shouting dies away, and the shouters quietly resume their seats, civilised members of society, until the fight for the next lot rouses "the ape and tiger" in them once more. Upon these strange

A DISPUTE WITH THE AUCTIONEER.

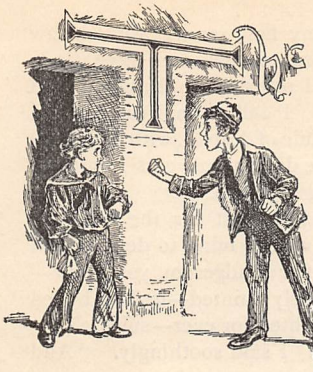
THE LOT WAS SOLD AGAINST HIM.

doings two sheep's heads, carved in stone, look down from above the auctioneer's head, as if, with dim eyes, wondering at the frenzy.

Such is a scene unfamiliar to many Londoners, yet open to all. As we have observed, it is not a particularly ennobling one; yet it helps one to realise the intensity of the battle for money more forcibly than any we wot of, and the momentary self-abandonment to which men who at all other times are models of dignity and decorum will sink in its pursuit. We confess that we prefer the spirit that broods over Christie's—the silent noddings of the head, the beauty of picture and porcelain, the meetings of men and women rich in the graces and gifts of life. But probably, this is not the practical spirit. Money has to be made, just as the world has to be peopled; and if a man must make a wild creature of himself for a moment or two every now and then in the sale-room at Coleman Street, who shall say him "Nay."

H. MACKINNON WALBROOK.

THE MUTUALITY OF PHILLISTER AND BRUNTON.



THE FIRST recorded transaction between Phillister and Brunton took place at school. They quarrelled about a marble: Phillister, a big boy of ten, shouted at Brunton, a little boy of nine, and threatened to roll him in a puddle; and Brunton, who was a bashful and nervous boy, shrank up within himself until Phillister pulled his ear; whereupon he took off his coat and invited Phillister to fight it out. This seemed to give Phillister a shock, and when Brunton squared up to him in a wholly unscientific but remarkably resolute way, Phillister apologised; and then Brunton was once more overwhelmed by nervousness, and seemed quite ashamed of himself and everything else, and blushed and sneaked away. After that Phillister could be safely kicked by any small boy who had a fancy to kick him, and was despised by the whole school.

Now, Phillister was fairly good at learning, but Brunton was far better, being a really brilliant boy and remarkably quick-witted; but poor Brunton was so horribly nervous that, although he grasped and assimilated every morsel of every subject he had to learn, he could not for the life of him make any use of his knowledge when it came to an examination, but got so flustered and muddled that it all went out of his brain for the time being; and his answers were a hideous jumble of hopeless ignorance, when any answer was forthcoming at all.

I particularly remember how, on one occasion, he had fifty lines of Virgil to repeat aloud; and how he began at the end of the fifth line and repeated it backwards, with some words from the ninth line jumbled into it; and how all his spondees and dactyls fell out of line and got in a panic; and how he introduced parts of the Greek Alphabet, and some of the books of the Old Testament, and a few weights and measures, and one or two of the United States of America, with their chief towns; until he broke down and wept.

And that very afternoon, sitting under a willow, he repeated to me the whole fifty lines, from *conticuere omnes* to *Viribus hastam*, without a single error, and with the most natural feeling and expression.

In spite of their widely-differing characteristics Phillister and Brunton became inseparable chums at school; and when they left school, to read under tutors, they still spent every possible moment of their spare time in each other's society. In these circumstances, it is hardly necessary to add they had absolutely no secrets from one another, and their remarkable liking for each other was a theme of wonder among all their acquaintances.

They had *no* liking for each other: on the contrary, each confided to me secretly that he hated the other—absolutely hated him—the aversion having sprung up instantly on their first meeting at school.

"Then why, in the name of goodness, are you always with him?" I exclaimed.

"I don't know," each said. "Hang me if I can make it out, and that's the truth! I feel as though I *had* to chum with him. I can't help it!"

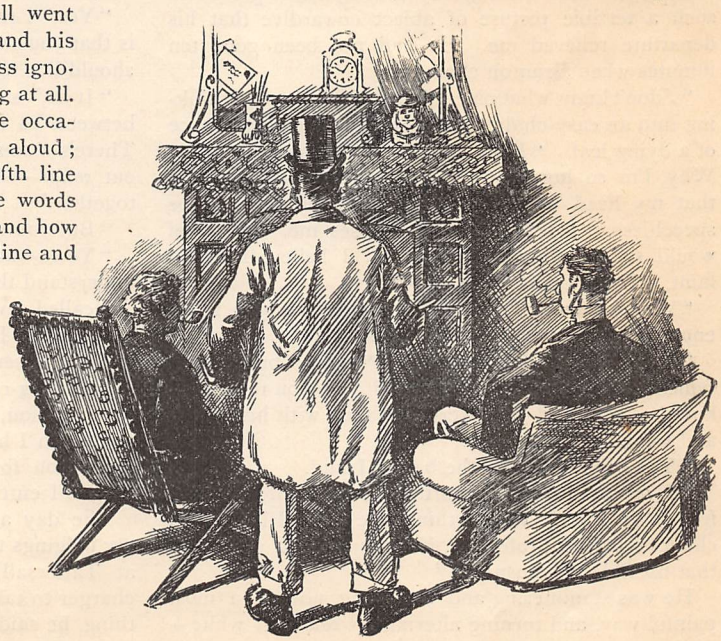
I put them down as fools.

One evening Phillister—not being able to get at Brunton, I suppose—came to see me. He seemed much disturbed and pre-occupied about something or other, and the thing was so obvious that I was constrained to ask him what was the matter.

"Why, look here, you're a surgeon. I say, doesn't it hurt horribly to have bullets probed for, and bits of broken bones cut out, and legs amputated, and all that sort of thing?"

"Why," I replied, "the accident cases at the hospital don't appear to relish the business much; but, of course, when they're under chloroform——"

"But, I say, I should be afraid to take chloroform—and I'm sure I couldn't bear to have the thing done



"THEIR REMARKABLE LIKING FOR EACH OTHER WAS A THEME OF WONDER AMONG ALL THEIR ACQUAINTANCES."

without. I say it's horrible, the very idea! I didn't sleep a wink all last night for thinking about it!"

"But are you proposing to have a leg amputated, or bits of bone cut out?" I asked. "What's the matter?"

"Oh—oh, nothing yet. But it's sure to happen some day, you know, when I'm an officer, and have to go into action. I'll tell you what: I shall refuse to go into action—I *won't!*"

"Hum!" I said. "I fancy you would do better to go into the dry goods line, or set up a nice little fishmonger's business, instead of entering the army——"

"Wouldn't I, like a shot, if I could!" whimpered Phillister. "But my governor *will* make me go into the army: he won't hear of anything else; and I tell you I'm in a blue funk about it. I've got to go up for the beastly exam. next month, and then——"

"Well, just botch your exam.; don't pass: that's all."

"I'm afraid to," said poor Phillister. "I don't know *what* the governor would do to me! I tell you, when he *is* angry——! And then, you know, I've got to go to Woolwich; and a fellow tells me the chaps at Woolwich often try a new fellow's pluck in all sorts of ways. I say, I wonder what they'll do to *me?* Then, you know, I've got to go into the cavalry; and I'm awfully afraid of horses. I have to take riding-lessons now, but I always bribe the grooms to give me a quiet old crock that can't gallop. But to-day, coming here, I had a horse I didn't know, and he wanted to turn back, and I was afraid he'd rear or bolt if I didn't let him; so I took him back, and said I didn't feel well, and walked here. I say, what *am* I to do about it all? Oh lor!"

He had turned quite green with fright, and presented such a terrible picture of abject cowardice that his departure relieved me. He had not been gone ten minutes when Brunton came in.

"*I* don't know what on earth to do?" he gasped, sinking into an easy-chair, and presenting the appearance of a dying leaf. "How can *I* ever plead at the bar? Why, I'm so horribly overwhelmed with nervousness that my head would be in a whirl, and I should be speechless. I tell you, it paralyses me. My brief would swim before my eyes, and I believe I should faint. There's that exam.——"

"Well," I said, "I should imagine that you know enough to pass twenty such exams."

"I do," he said helplessly. "I do; but do you remember those exams. at school? Do you remember how I——?" and he covered his face with his hands, and wept.

"You *must* go in for the bar?" I said.

"I *must*. I should mortally offend all my best friends if I took up anything else; and I have such chances in the profession, if only I could get rid of that horrible nervousness!"

He was stammering and stuttering now in a most painful way, and turning alternately red and white—a harrowing spectacle.

Phillister easily passed his examination for the army, and, a few days later, poor Brunton got through his somehow: in consequence, I really believe, of the dose of bullying which I administered to him just before.

After this, I, being on my first service abroad, saw nothing of Phillister and Brunton for some three years, at the end of which time I returned to England, and took up my old quarters. I called on Brunton, and found him sitting in an attitude of despair, with his hands clasped over his head. He did not move as I entered.

"Everything gone wrong?" I said.

"Everything. Appeared in court for the first time last Tuesday week—made up my mind to do it at last or die—junior to Sir Sniffer Badgerem, you know—paralysed—speechless—nearly fainted—had to be led out of court—prospects blighted for ever—suicide!"

"Awfully sorry, old boy!" I said soothingly. "And how's Phillister?"

"Oh, that brute!" said Brunton, without altering his attitude. "Gone out for half-an-hour. *He's* in a fine state too! I hate that fellow! We live together now, you know. I shall go off to bed and take a dose of strychnine. Good-night."

He retired to bed; and when I had sat and smoked for a while, in came Phillister. He sank into the chair vacated by Brunton; he was deadly pale.

"My hour has come!" he groaned. "Fifty-second Dragoons embark for Africa on the twenty-seventh—I'm a Fifty-second Dragoon, worse luck! I dare say you know that? *I* know what'll happen first: my charger, that's been specially trained for me to look precious fiery while he's as harmless as a lamb, will die; and then I shall have to mount a horse I don't know, and goodness knows *what* he won't do! And then—*then*—bullets, and sabre-cuts, and amputation, and probings, and—oh lor! That beast Brunton gone to roost?"

"Yes," I replied. "What an extraordinary thing it is that you two men, who detest each other so heartily, should live together like this!"

"It is," said Phillister. "We've talked that over between us no end of times; but we *can't* separate. There's a something—we can't for the life of us make out *what*—which won't let us part. We seem drawn together."

"But you will have to part now," I said.

"Ye-es—at least, I don't know. I tell you, I don't understand the thing at all."

I called several times in the course of the next fortnight to see Phillister and Brunton. Sometimes I was told they were not in, although I could see a light in their sitting-room, and felt sure they *were* in; and on one occasion, when I took them unawares, it seemed as though I had interrupted some weighty and anxious discussion, for they suddenly ceased their conversation as I entered, and would hardly speak to me.

The day after this happened Phillister came up to my lodgings to ask me to go round with him to a sale at Tattersall's, as he wanted to purchase a good charger to take with him to Africa. He wanted something, he said, with a bit of spirit and blood in it; his present horse being a poor creature, unfit for a soldier.

As we stood talking at my window we saw a man approach on a particularly fine horse, with which he appeared to have some trouble; and right opposite us, the creature, overcome by a fit of devilry, took to rearing in a determined way, and attempting to throw his rider. He waltzed on the pavement and made wild dashes at the lamp-post; he snorted and drew up his nostrils, and set back his ears flat upon his neck; and at length succeeded, by a resolute combination of lashing out behind and sudden jerks at the bridle, in getting his rider over his head. After that it took three men to hold him.

Phillister's eyes were sparkling with admiration, and he exclaimed—

"By Jingo, Wilson! that's a magnificent animal: the very thing I long for. He has spirit in him, with a vengeance! I say, I wonder if that fellow, or whoever owns him, would be willing to sell? By Jove! I'll see."

I stared at Phillister's back as it disappeared hurriedly through the door, and a moment later he was interviewing the rider of the horse.

"I've got him, Wilson!" he exclaimed breathlessly, rushing back into the room. "That fellow says he's too much for *him*, and he'll let me have him for a hundred and twenty guineas; and, by Jingo! he's dirt cheap at the price. I believe that nag could do anything, Wilson; and be hanged if I don't try my luck at a steeplechase across him one day!"

I examined Phillister attentively.

"You haven't been drinking?" I asked, "and you can't have gone suddenly mad. You don't seem exactly mad: you're coherent enough. Dear me!"

Only second to his joy in his new horse was Phillister's joy in selecting a new pair of revolvers and other articles for use in Africa. His chief amusement when at home consisted in getting out his sabre, and polishing, and patting, and making passes with it. His whole talk was of charges, and Victoria crosses, and promotion. He was a perfect fire-eater. And yet there was a genuine earnestness and delight in it all which banished every suspicion of pretence.

Phillister puzzled me so, that I took an early opportunity of stepping round to see Brunton when his chum was out.

"Have you noticed anything unusual about Phillister?" I asked.

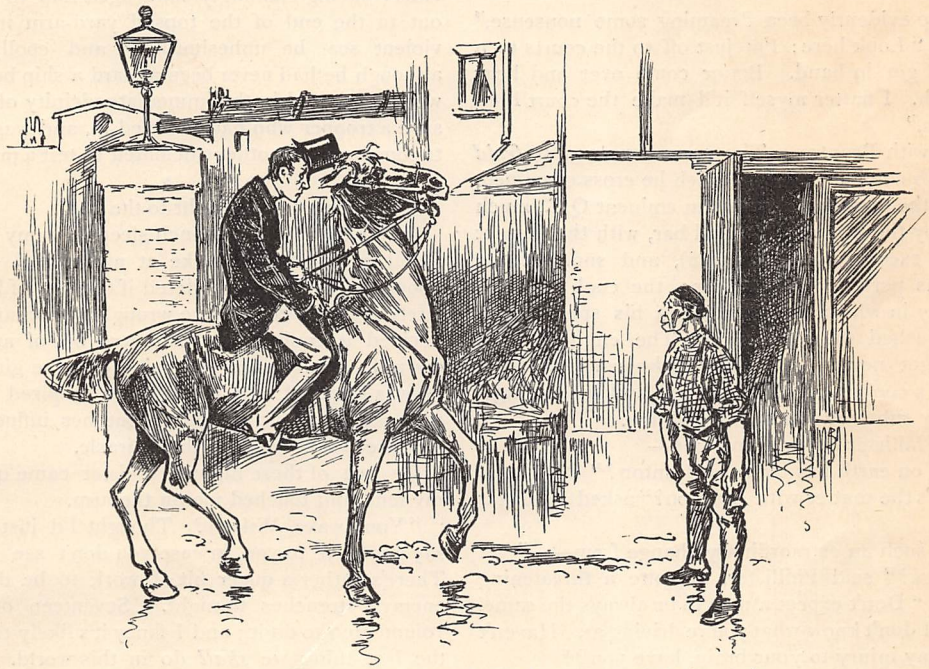
Brunton looked at me in a peculiar and (as I fancied) uncomfortable way.

"What's the matter with Phillister?" he said rather sharply.

"Matter?" I said. "Well—why—not to put too fine a point on it, physical courage used not to be Phillister's strong point——"

"Wasn't it? I really never noticed. He appears to me to be all right in that respect. I really can't understand why some people *won't* mind their own business!"

There was a remarkable change in Brunton's manner. He was no longer hesitating and bashful; on the contrary, he was standing on the hearthrug in a brow-beating, bullying sort of fashion, with his legs wide



"'I TOOK HIM BACK, AND SAID I DIDN'T FEEL WELL'" (*p.* 614).

"I PRESENTLY DISCOVERED HIM CROUCHING AMONG SOME BISCUIT BAGS" (*p.* 617).

apart and his thumbs in the arm-holes of his waistcoat.

"You've evidently been dreaming some nonsense," he said. "Look here; I'm just off to the courts to a case I've got in hand. Better come over and hear my speech. I flatter myself it'll make the court hold its hair on."

I went with Brunton. The consummate *sang-froid* and superb confidence with which he cross-examined, set down the opposing counsel (an eminent Q.C., much dreaded by the whole bench and bar, with the present apparent exception of Brunton), and snubbed the judge, was perfectly astounding; the cool, self-contained way in which he worked out his speech completely crushed the other side. The eminent Q.C. actually got nervous—a thing unknown before—in face of B.'s coolness, and stammered, and got in a rage and finally subsided like a whipped dog.

I met Phillister outside, and said—

"What on earth has come to Brunton?"

"What's the matter with Brunton?" asked Phillister sharply.

"Why, such an extraordinary change from——"

"Change?" said Phillister, in quite a threatening manner. "Don't expect a man to be always the same, do you? I don't know what you're driving at. Haven't suffered any injury to your brain, have you?"

I seemed to have unconsciously trodden on Phillister's corns somehow.

However, I dismissed the matter from my mind, for I was to join as surgeon the military expedition in which Phillister was going as a lieutenant in the 52nd Dragoons. He and I were a good deal together on the voyage, and his superhuman anxiety to get to the fighting became quite tiring. This courage was not feigned, apparently, for he showed the most reckless daring while on board. On one occasion a brother officer having chaffingly challenged him to go up and out to the end of the topsail yard-arm in a pretty violent sea, he unhesitatingly and coolly did so, although he had never been aboard a ship before. He went overboard in the immediate vicinity of sharks to save a trooper who had tumbled in, and was always up to some prank or other calculated to test a man's pluck.

* * * * *

We marched off straight to the front.

It was too hot to do much sleeping in my tent, and I found myself lying awake at nights and wondering about Phillister. I wondered if the fact of his getting lately engaged could have wrought the change, and I decided it couldn't make a hero out of an absolute coward. She was a very nice girl, the girl to whom he was engaged, and might have inspired a man to remarkable deeds, no doubt; but her influence could *not* be equal to working that miracle.

On one of these nights Phillister came quietly into my tent, and touched me on the arm.

"You awake, Wilson? Thought I'd just come and say good-bye to you, in case you don't see me again. There's rather a queer bit of work to be done in the enemy's trenches to-night. Seventeen of us have volunteered to do it; and I fancy it's likely to be about the last thing we *shall* do in this world. Will you keep this ring of mine and give it to Clara, if you *don't* happen to see me again? Thanks. Now I'm off!"

Only three of them returned from that night affair, and one of these was Phillister; he crawled home to camp somehow, and lay in hospital nearly two months. The feats of pluck and cool courage which he had performed on that little expedition, reported by the other two survivors, were the talk of the camp; and the fellows prophesied promotion and the Victoria

cross for him. But he was pretty miserable; for letters received from home conveyed that the Clara to whom he was engaged seemed to have taken too great a fancy to Brunton, the celebrated young barrister who had sat upon the eminent Q.C.; and at length another letter told him that Clara and Brunton were engaged. Then Phillister set his teeth, and sat down fiercely and wrote a letter to Brunton—such a letter! The things he intended to do for B. when he next set eyes on him were too terrible to think about!

However, I had not much leisure to think about them, for a few days after we had to march out of camp and up country; and once there, we found ourselves suddenly under the necessity of hurriedly entrenching ourselves, for the enemy had stolen a march and were closing in round us.

That evening Phillister came to me, and, gripping my arm, drew me aside; his face was white, and damp with a cold perspiration.

"Wilson," he said tremulously, "what *shall* I do? The colonel says we are done for, the whole lot of us, unless we can get the news of our position to headquarters before daylight. He said to me, 'Lieutenant Phillister, you've pluck enough for twenty, and won't flinch. Take your horse as soon as it's dark, and sneak through the enemy's lines, and then gallop like fury to head-quarters with the news.' *What* am I to do?"

"Do it," I replied.

"Wilson, I *can't!* I feel inclined to sink into the ground with fright at the thought of it! Wilson, they'll catch me, and kill me! Oh, *why* did I come here?"

And he sat down on the ground and fairly blubbered.

"I'll tell you what, Wilson: I can refuse to do it. No colonel can compel me to rush into certain death like that."

I rubbed my eyes and stared at him, and said—

"What? Refuse? The gallant Lieutenant Phillister, V.C.! And then—the prestige—and promotion—and——"

"I tell you I don't want prestige and promotion; I only want to be back safely in Piccadilly!" And he leaned against a pile of bags and wiped his brow.

"Wilson," he said presently, "that brute Brunton's got that letter of mine: *that's* what's the matter. I felt it the moment he received it. Oh, I wish I hadn't posted it until I was well out of all these dangers!"

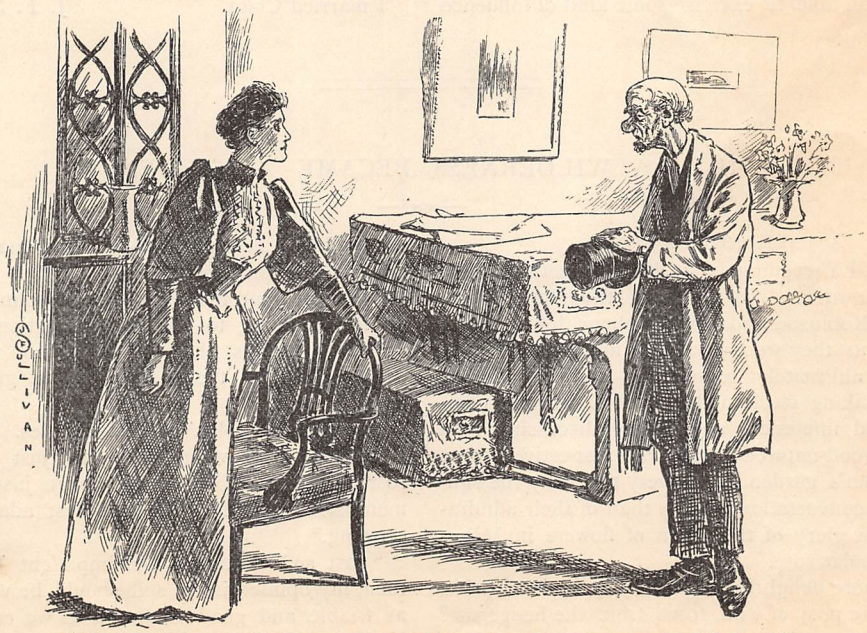
He suddenly disappeared. I felt sure he had not started on that mission; and I presently discovered him crouching among some biscuit-bags. There was nothing for it but to take his horse and try to do the thing myself; for I could not go and tell the general about Phillister.

I got through the enemy's lines somehow, and galloped like mad to head-quarters camp all through that night: and the expedition was got out of its mess just in the nick of time.

The colonel found out about Phillister, of course; but he kept the thing quiet: and Phillister got off that time.

After this I had fever; and when I got up I obtained leave to return to London. In several newspapers which had reached me I had read of the fame of Mr. Brunton, the coming junior, and of the certainty of a brilliant career for him. His success was evidently enormous. Shortly after reaching London I called on Brunton, partly to tell him what I thought of his conduct in undermining the affections of his friend's affianced.

I found Brunton sitting with his head sunk between his hands, groaning and rocking himself.



"'I GOT THE MAN WHO TUNES HER PIANO TO CARRY THE MESSAGE'" (*p.* 618).

"Matter? Everything's the matter!" he cried, gnashing his teeth, in reply to my inquiry. "Here's a brilliant career lying at my very feet for me to pick up—Q.C., Solicitor-General, Lord Chief Justice, Lord Chancellor—and this nervousness of mine nips it in the bud—blights every hope!"

"Nervousness?" I exclaimed. "By Jove! you were not nervous last time I saw you in court."

"I know I wasn't, nor in a dozen other cases since. I was known as the coolest man at the bar, and then—and then I was mad enough to alienate Phillister by getting engaged to Clara! I hate Clara! I tell you, I knew the very moment when Phillister, in Africa, read the news of what I had gone and done—I felt it, *I* knew what it meant. From that moment I knew all was over with *my* career! That very day I went into court to defend in a most important case; the biggest issues hung upon it; I had every word at my fingers' ends, and we were to have it all our own way. Wilson, when I rose in court I was paralysed with nervousness; my mind was a blank; my tongue clove to my palate; I could not speak a word; I stood for a moment dazed, and then fainted. I have not entered a court since."

"What does all this mean?" I asked.

Brunton stared at me fixedly for several minutes, then he said—

"Well, it's all over between Phillister and me now, I suppose. The affair is a wreck. I'll tell you what it all means. Do you remember that when we were all at school we went to see a mesmerist at the town hall? Well, did you notice that from that time Phillister and I were always together? We were both struck with the way that mesmerist influenced people's minds, and caused them to do things involuntarily; and Phillister and I used to try, on the quiet, just for fun, whether we could influence each other's minds. We did seem able to exercise some kind of influence on each other at that time; but, as boys, we only looked upon the thing as a joke. But after we left school, as you know, we were always together; we really had the greatest dislike for each other's company, but we felt drawn together; we could not keep apart. Then, after a while, we came to the conclusion that it must have something to do with that mesmeric business, and that we were destined somehow to be of use to each other. Now, do you recollect how, just before Phillister was going to Africa, you called several times, and could not get to see us? Very well; at that time we had discovered why we were drawn together. I was paralysed by nervousness, he by physical cowardice; and each was rendered unfit for his profession. It occurred to us that if I could influence his mind in such a way as to supply the missing pluck, and he could influence mine so as to supply the lacking self-possession or cheek, the thing might be a success. We shut ourselves up and worked at it, and with such success that we found ourselves able to influence each other when apart. We had our doubts whether it would work all the way between London and Africa, but, both of us giving our minds to it, it did. Things were going on magnificently, when I was fool enough to—hang Clara! I broke it off with her yesterday: not personally, I am too nervous for that. I got the man who tunes her piano to carry the message."

I never heard the actual circumstances under which Phillister suddenly left the army, but I fancy there was no glory connected with them. I *did* see the meeting between him and Brunton; not a word was uttered. Phillister had not forgotten the thrashing he got at school, and was afraid to upbraid Brunton; and Brunton was so paralysed by nervousness that he could not speak. Then they hastily separated, and have never spoken since.

I married Clara.

J. F. SULLIVAN.

HOW A WILDERNESS BECAME A GARDEN.

A TALK ABOUT ROSES.

A JULY evening is a delight in the flower garden. So, at least, thought Charles Robinson and his neighbour John Smith, as they were spending an hour or more wandering alternately round the domain of each proprietor, taking stock, making notes, drawing comparisons and inferences, and keenly discussing, with merry and good-natured rivalry, the respective merits of each other's garden. And very naturally the subject of their conversation, no less than of their admiration, was the glory of the queen of flowers in July—the ever-popular rose.

"What more delightful," suddenly broke in Charles, "than a mere posy of wild roses from the hedgerow? How well I remember as a child my first bouquet of the kind! I am afraid to say how many years ago, but one summer evening——"

"Oh, my dear fellow," broke in John, "if we have all this budding to do, not to mention the watering and other things, there really is not time for sentimentalising on the past, so let us get to work at once."

"Very good, John," replied Charles. "I am sorry I stopped you when you had just mounted the rostrum, so now go on. You were just going, I remember, to speak of the soil best adapted for rose-growing."

"Just so," continued the impatient John. "Well, then, my opinion is the soil should be worked up into as friable and good condition as we can well get it. Leaf mould, decayed turf—of course, without any

CATHERINE MERMET.

grubs in it—and a rich loam should be added in any locality where the soil is poor; while if the soil is made up too much of a cold stiff clay, make it more porous, or, as I have just now said, friable, by the addition of sand, lime, and any richer compost; while it goes without saying that in all cases any ground newly intended for rose-growing should be well-drained and well-trenched at the outset. Here now, Charles, are these half-dozen stocks on which you want to bud. I see that your border is pretty free from weeds; that is all right enough, but look, in two or three places you have allowed some growth to make an appearance low down the stock, and, see, here is a sucker, which we will get out directly;" and, suiting his action to the word, his pruning-knife had soon whipped it off, and all consequent injury to the stock was thus further avoided.

"I got those stocks put in about the middle of November last, and very healthy I think they look, and well established."

"No better evening than this," said John, "for our budding, for that warm thunder-shower this morning and this somewhat close and cloudy evening will be the time of all others for budding."

"Why so?"

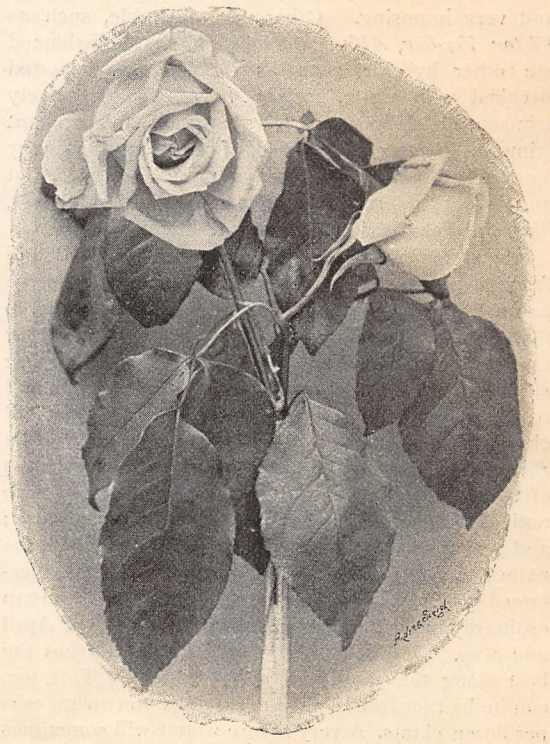
"Simply for this reason," replied John: "if we were to bud our roses on a boiling hot and cloudless morning, with the thermometer standing, we will say, at 90° in the shade, our young buds would probably be scorched up in a few hours; but *now* is our time—heat, if you will, but with it we must have shade and moisture, nor need a little rainfall afterwards frighten us. I will just run across, then, and get my budding-knife, as well as the buds I got from our neighbouring florist only three hours ago. Now, the readiest way by which to judge whether the stock is in a fit state for budding is simply this: cut a slit in the bark, and should you find that you can lift each side easily from the wood, then your stock is quite ready for budding operations."

Five minutes more, and John Smith was back again, this time with his gardener's budding apron on, and with his knife, the buds, and all things necessary.

"See first," said he, "these little branches from the florist. Just at the base of the leaf is a small *bud*. This you will see more distinctly after the leaf has fallen off, and, in fact, the bud, if left upon the tree, would in time become itself a branch. If, then, I take off a leaf, and *with it a part of the bark*, this small *bud* or *embryo* branch comes with it, and it is this small inch of bark that I insert under the bark of our stock in the usual way."

The process of budding being by this time pretty well known to us, we need not enter into the minute detail of the operation which John then successfully carried out. Charles then, growing a little impatient of hearing detail with which he was already fairly familiar, suddenly broke in with—

"Look here, my dear fellow, we know all about that, but now why not *name* a few roses as something more interesting still?"



MARÉCHAL NIEL.

"Very well, then," said John, "let us put on our list to get, if we have not got them already, first some of

GENERAL JACQUEMINOT.

those glorious hybrid perpetuals, such as *Prince Camille de Rohan.* This is a very dark claret-coloured rose, and would make a fine contrast with another hybrid one of a more pink-and-white hue—*Baroness Rothschild,* the white globe of which is large and very imposing. Others are desirable, such as *Victor Verdier, Alfred Colomb.* More old-fashioned are other hybrids, such as *Calliope,* a cherry-red streaked with white, *Prince Albert,* a dark velvety crimson, or *Aubernon,* a very fragrant and brilliant crimson. As for their price, of course anything very modern and choice is always more expensive, but many dwarf hybrid perpetuals can be had, doubtless, for from nine to twelve shillings a dozen.

"Next for some few selections of the *Tea* and *Noisette* roses. Fine specimens, by the way, can be had of them often in pots for from eighteenpence to three shillings and sixpence apiece. Shall we, for example, ever tire of the old *Gloire de Dijon,* the best of all tea-scented roses, or of the creamy white and rose-coloured *Devoniensis?* Less known, but all charming too, are *Niphetos, Madame Lambard,* and *Belle Lyonnaise.* Then, again, there is another class of roses, of which some few specimens should be noticed, and that is the variety of the climbing rose; and perhaps first and foremost among these must be named the *Maréchal Niel.* This most exquisitely-perfumed rose is amongst the very earliest to flower, and can ordinarily be had in perfection in the months of April and May. Of a pale sulphur colour, it flourishes the best along the south wall of your house. This, too, can be had for from eighteen shillings to two guineas per dozen plants. A very severe winter will sometimes destroy it, but such a catastrophe, of course, entails the loss of other plants or shrubs which, with perhaps a little protection, we generally regard as safe. Another good wall-climber is the *Cheshunt Hybrid.* Old-fashioned climbers, of course, are the *Queen of the Belgians,* which is a pure white, the *Dundee Rambler,* white edged with pink, and the crimson-coloured *Ayrshire Queen.*"

"Now, John," suddenly interposed Charles, "what do you recommend as the best remedy against insect attacks and the horrible little rose-grub?"

"Well," said John, "the rose-grub generally makes his unwelcome appearance towards the end of April, just as the roses themselves are putting out some buds, when you will often find one or two buds tucking themselves downwards, so to speak, and the heart of the bud already attacked by the grub, or other grubs you will sometimes find embedded between two leaves. Of these, of course, many can be picked or pinched off by the hand, but a good syringing in the months of April and May is the best method of checking the mischief in its early stage. And then, again, the best preparation to use is a small quantity of soft soap in a pail of water, to which a *very* little turpentine may be added. This done, syringe immediately afterwards with quite plain water. It is, of course, difficult to say what causes these visitations of grub and green fly. Improper drainage, a bad or damp aspect, with other causes, sometimes atmospheric ones, will hasten or foster disease and blight among our roses. A regular attendance to our roses as the seasons come and go is the best guarantee against failure and the most likely

MOSS ROSES.

to ensure for us successful bloom. Briefly, then, let us sum up a few months' care that we ought to bestow upon them. Late in the autumn give a good dressing of manure, as also shorten the laterals that invite the wind and act like sails to your standard and strive to capsize it in a gale. Then comes the pruning closely and sharply in the month of March, as also the suppression of the growth along the stock, which we take care always to secure well to the stake, and the syringing in May is followed by the sweet flower in June, when the more generously we gather the more generously does our standard bloom."

ROYAL PRINCES AND THEIR BRIDES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED," ETC. ETC.

(Illustrated by Portraits contemporary with the Weddings.)

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT.
(From a Painting by G. Dawe, R.A.)

IT is not mere vulgar curiosity that makes so many people take an interest in the details of royal betrothals and weddings. No doubt this and snobbery have something to do with it, but we think that the public is interested chiefly because Princes and their brides represent the feelings and sentiments of all other young people who are about to marry. We sympathise, too, because we know that difficulties beset the marriages of royal persons from which the alliances of the ordinary Edwin and Leonora or John and Jane are exempt. How to be happy though married is a problem which some people who have chosen for themselves cannot solve, and it must be even more difficult for those whose marriages are arranged for them, very much from considerations of State policy. And yet even in a palace, as the Emperor Marcus Aurelius has told us, life may be well led, and our own Queen has proved to us that there may be as much romance, as much happiness, and as much holiness in a royal marriage as in that of the simplest of her subjects.

The sympathy aroused by a love affair is always greater when some difficulty stands in the way. This was the case when the Duke of Clarence (afterwards William IV.) wished to marry Princess Adelaide Louisa Theresa Caroline Amelia, eldest child of George, Duke of Saxe-Meiningen. The House of Commons would not at first vote what was considered a suitable provision, but at length matters were arranged, and the marriage took place, and proved a not unhappy one despite the disparity in years (the bride was in her twenty-sixth, the bridegroom in his fifty-third, year) and the absence of any preliminary courtship. Princess Adelaide soon acquired great influence over her husband. She was not remarkable for personal attractions, but, having been brought up simply and strictly by an excellent mother, she greatly disliked anything like laxity of morals, and was herself all that was good and becoming. At the same time there was another marriage also on the *tapis*, as it is called, that of the Duke of Kent with the sister of Prince Leopold. They were first married in Germany, and afterwards according to the English rite in a room in Kew Palace.

The story of our present Queen's choice of her cousin, Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg, is well known.

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT.
(From a Painting by H. Collen.)

It was a love match, but it was one which approved itself to the Queen's own reason and conscience as well as to the reason and conscience of her advisers, and of the nation generally. No less than five other marriages had been contemplated for the young Sovereign, but she remained firm in her resolution —either to marry Albert or not to marry at all.

Even in Leap Year it is not easy for a girl of eighteen to propose marriage, but this is what the position of the Queen required. She has herself described what took place. "I sent for Albert. He came to the closet, where I was alone, and after a few minutes I said to him that I thought he would be aware why I wished him to come, and that it would make me happy if he would consent to what I wished—namely, to marry me." The Privy Council was summoned without loss of time to receive the formal announcement of the betrothal. All were touched by the maidenly modesty and sweetness of

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.
(From a Painting by W. C. Ross, A.R.A.)

the girl who had to read the declaration of her intention. A bracelet which she wore on the occasion with the Prince's portrait "seemed to give her courage." On every side the announcement was received with demonstrations of sympathy, and Sir Robert Peel spoke the prevailing sentiment when, in supporting the congratulatory address of the House of Commons, he said: "Her Majesty has the singular good fortune to be able to gratify her private feelings while she performs her public duty, and to obtain the best guarantee for happiness by contracting an alliance founded on affection. I cordially hope that the union now contemplated will contribute to Her Majesty's happiness, and enable her to furnish to her people an exalted example of wedded happiness."

On the 10th of March, 1863, the Prince of Wales was married to the Princess Alexandra of Denmark ("the Sea-King's daughter," as Tennyson called her), at St. George's Chapel, Windsor. It was the first royal marriage which had been celebrated in that chapel since the marriage of Henry I., in 1122.

THE PRINCE CONSORT.
(From a Painting by W. C. Ross, A.R.A.)

Happily, in this instance, Love kindled the fire of Hymen's torch. Young hearts had kissed each other and exchanged vows before national policy was consulted. If the rumour at the time spoke truly, it was sisterly intuition which first discerned the qualities which became a brother's bride, and sisterly affection which first brought them under the Prince's notice. The judgment of the people of England concurred with the affection of the Prince. The nation seemed to take the beautiful Princess to its heart as a daughter, and felt from the moment she landed at Dover the fascination of her presence. The ceremonial employed at the wedding was brilliant and effective to a degree which public pageants in England seldom are in these matter-of-fact days.

If one cause of the popularity of the Prince of Wales's marriage was that the Danish people came from the same original stock as ourselves, the fact that his son is now about to marry a Princess who is almost purely English gives even more complete satisfaction. Indeed, the nation may be said to have made the match. The great sorrow through which Princess May had been called upon to pass, and her well-known sympathy with and helpfulness in philanthropic work, especially amongst children, have endeared her to every heart.

Twenty-six years ago, Princess Victoria Mary Augusta Louisa Olga Pauline Claudine Agnes—to give all her names—was born in the quiet old palace of Kensington, where many years before the Queen had also been born. A few years afterwards her parents went to live at Florence, and here Princess May spent much of her time in the art galleries. When the family returned to England, White Lodge, near Richmond, was chosen as a place of residence. In this pleasant abode the bride-elect has lived a happy open-air life, joining in the games of her three brothers—riding, skating, and enjoying country pursuits. Much of her time indoors is spent in reading, singing,

T.R.H. THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.
(From contemporary prints.)

and knitting warm garments for the poor. She is par-particularly fond of history. Her voice, trained by Signor Foli, is very sweet, though not powerful.

"God bless the dear child! She deserves to be happy if ever anybody did." This sentiment of an old woman living near the Lodge is just what all other aged, infirm, and sick people in the neighbourhood feel. The Princess has endeared herself to them by kindly acts, of which the following is a single specimen. Her mother was having a garden party. Carriage after carriage drove up, and a band was playing on the lawn. An old woman, not knowing that gaieties

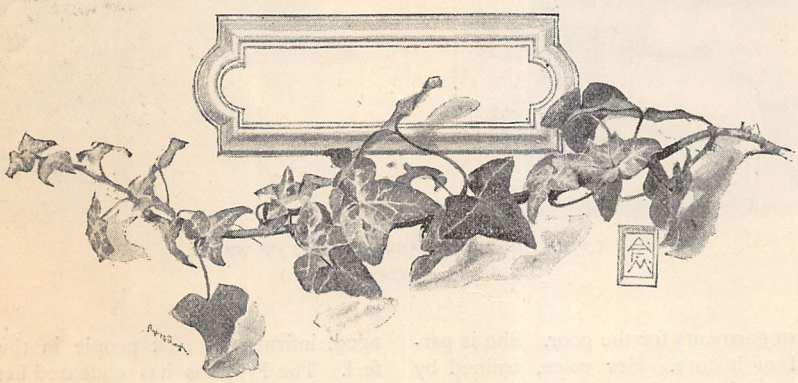
H.S.H. PRINCESS VICTORIA MARY OF TECK.
(From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, Baker Street, W.)

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK.
(From a photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.)

were going on, came to fetch some promised present. Bewildered and shy, she tried to make her way to the back door, but found herself suddenly on the lawn, where a fashionable crowd was assembled. In a moment Princess May came forward, with a sweet smile and kind words, and received the poor old dame as an honoured guest.

Prince George Frederick Ernest Albert, who is about two years older than his *fiancée*, is also much liked by all who know him, especially by the men and officers of the Royal Navy. Only the other day one of the latter, who had been shipmate with him on at least one commission, told the writer that our future king was a real sailor, who liked, and had worked hard at, his profession. "And a good sort, too," he added; "for I know that whenever another lieutenant wished to go on shore Sailor George would very frequently offer to take his watch for him."

Some fourteen years ago, when I was stationed at the Bermudas, those summer but rather sleepy islands were enlivened by the arrival of two young royalties, naval cadets on board H.M.S. *Bacchante*. Prince George was then a very bright, fresh-looking boy. At a garden party at Admiralty House he seemed to enjoy himself much, talking and laughing as only sailor boys can with a pretty girl his own age, the daughter of a military officer. How quickly time passes! The small boy has grown up, and is going to be married. We all hope that he will be very happy. Indeed he ought to be, if it be true that the Prince always admired his future wife, and has been heard to say that if his brother did not marry her he would do so himself.



A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A CABINET MINISTER.

BY RAYMOND BLATHWAYT.

THOUGH the sun blazed down upon the hot and crowded and dusty streets beyond, and though the roar and bustle of the great city lying around ceased not for a single moment, yet, within the cool secluded precincts of the India Office, and the stately building which affords a shelter to the Local Government Board, a deep, unbroken silence reigned supreme. An official would now and again cross the wide-stretching quadrangle, or a harmoniously-cooing pigeon would flutter through the hot air, its white wings glancing and flashing in the golden sunshine, the strains of a distant band came thrilling across St. James's Park, but otherwise it was as still and secluded as one might imagine would be the courtyards of a mediæval monastery buried in the heart of the Black Forest. Here within this charming wilderness of silence I paced slowly up and down, waiting for the moment when I could keep my appointment with Mr. H. H. Fowler, the President of the Local Government Board, for in the case of so tremendously worked and busy a person as a Cabinet Minister, the compliment of exact punctuality is not only a desirable courtesy but a veritable necessity. At last there came booming through the air the solemn, albeit rather cracked notes of the bell familiarly known to all the world as Big Ben.

Punctually, therefore, to the moment, I found myself ascending a deep, wide stone staircase, passing down long resounding corridors, through the misty, solemn gloom of which many a golden ray of sunshine pierced its way, until at last I was ushered into the presence of the hard-worked and energetic minister himself. For I do not suppose that even our indefatigable Premier is a harder worker than the President of the Local Government Board.

"No eight hours for me, Mr. Blathwayt, I can assure you," he remarked, as he rapidly opened and glanced through letter after letter from the tremendous pile which lay in front of him.

"No," re-echoed his son, who is also his private secretary; "I don't think my father ever ceases work; his recreation is merely change from one kind of work to another."

Mr. Fowler is a grey-haired, middle-sized man, with small grey whiskers, a firm, clean-shaven mouth and chin, a dry, business-like manner and expression, which is, however, illuminated now and again with a pleasantly-humorous smile. He is, I believe, the senior member of a firm of lawyers in Wolverhampton, which town, in conjunction with Mr. Villiers, the

Father of the House of Commons, he has the honour of representing in Parliament, and of which he was mayor in 1863.

The son of the Rev. Joseph Fowler, he was born at Sunderland in 1830. He was the first chairman of the Wolverhampton School Board in 1870, and he acted as Under-Secretary of State for the Home Department in 1884–1885, becoming Financial Secretary to the Treasury for a few months in 1886; his official experience, therefore, is by no means small.

He is a devourer of every kind of literature, so that even in my own brief conversation with him I was much struck by the evidences of that peculiar knowledge which are forthcoming from a person who reads not only here, there, and everywhere, but who also reads studiously and deeply. In fact, *thoroughness* is the chief characteristic of the man—thoroughness combined with a marvellous capacity for assimilating, digesting, and arranging facts and figures. It may be objected that the statistical mind is incapable of the imaginative faculty, nor is the objection without an underlying truth, but in the case of the President of the Local Government Board such a tendency is balanced by the equally strong tendency towards the general and widely-comprehensive literary turn of which I have already spoken.

The two things combined result in a man, therefore, who is admirably suited for a post in which knowledge of official details is no less necessary than a wide, a commanding, and an original —I might almost say a picturesque— capacity for regarding the whole broad question of the local government of our great country. That he possesses these popular characteristics Mr. Fowler has shown good evidences in the admirable and really interesting speeches which he has delivered from time to time from his seat upon the front bench of the Government in the House of Commons.

THE RIGHT HON. H. H. FOWLER, M.P.
(*From the painting by Mr. Arthur S. Cope, in the Royal Academy*, 1893.)

It is not unknown, I believe, that he does now and again occupy the pulpits of the Wesleyan denomination, of which he is an earnest and a very helpful member, and those who have heard him tell that he preaches a very admirable sermon. Such, then, is the man, and the conversation of him.

"But now, Mr. Fowler," said I, being, I fear, sadly ignorant of the work which is specially connected with the office over which he reigns supreme, "what *is* the Local Government Board?"

"Well," he smilingly replied, "as a matter of fact, *I* am the Local Government Board, by Act of Parliament, I and nobody else. There is no Board; it has never sat since it was founded in 1871. Those who form what I may term the *theoretical* board, which scarcely exists save in the minds of the general populace, are the Lord President of the Council, the Secretary of State for the Home Department, the Lord Privy Seal, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and myself, the President. But, as I tell you, this Board has never sat, and so everything being left in my hands, *I* am the Local Government Board. Questions of national importance, of course, come before the Cabinet, but the President has all the work to do, and the responsibility rests on his shoulders alone. You can scarcely imagine," he very thoughtfully remarked, "what a tremendous responsibility it is. You see, the work is so varied, it covers such an extensive field. In the first place, the special duties of the Board comprise

the powers and duties of what was formerly known as the Poor Law Board. I have power over all sanitary matters; the questions concerning contagious diseases —except as regards animals, which still remains as before—and epidemics, which came once within the sphere of the Privy Council, are now in my special province. All the powers and duties concerning the public health and public improvements, concerning, for instance, artisans' dwellings and the like, local government, local taxation, etc., which once were in the hands of the Home Secretary, are now placed in my hands. You will therefore understand something of my responsibilities.

"I need scarcely add that I am assisted by an admirable staff of workers, for it would be impossible for the work to be done without a competent staff. I have a permanent Secretary, Sir Hugh Owen. I sometimes think I should be lost without his services," added Mr. Fowler; "he is an admirable man. Then there are four assistant secretaries. There is a very competent Queen's Counsel who acts as legal secretary, and I have a strong medical staff under the supervision of Dr. Thorne Thorne. Ask the gentlemen to wait," said Mr. Fowler, turning to a messenger who had handed him three or four cards. "There," said he, as the man left the room, "no small part of my duties consists in seeing visitors who come to me on every conceivable matter under the sun. I need scarcely say I don't see one half of them—my work would never be done if I did."

"Is the London County Council under your supervision?" I asked.

"Not immediately," replied the Minister, "for although I have in my charge such legislative work as that which is involved in the Bills for the Registration of Electors, and Parish Councils, the London County Council works generally on its own responsibility. All Bills, however, before the house relating to the London County Council are in my charge. For instance, I am just about to introduce a Bill with reference to their powers and rates. With regard to the general work of the Board," said Mr. Fowler, as he rose from his seat to fetch a book from the well-stocked shelves behind him, and I noticed how unerringly and in a moment he laid his hand straightway upon the book he wanted—a sure index of a methodical and a studious man—"Mr. Chalmers, a barrister-at-law, has published a very admirable paper in which he very briefly comprehends the functions of the Board under three heads:—advice, administration, control and financial control. You will readily understand," continued the President, as he indicated a huge pile of very official-looking reports, "how essential it is that the various local authorities should afford the Board the fullest information on the matters in which they require our advice. We demand that reports of every sort and kind shall be frequently returned to us. This in itself is a tremendous undertaking. Many years ago Sir Charles Dilke, who was once President here, estimated the amount of statistical returns at no less than ten millions. The returns are vastly increased since then, for increased population and increased legislation impose fresh duties and immensely widen the area of our work. We have to advise and report on private Bills relating to private matters. The public has no idea how many of these Bills come before us. We have the advising of Local Authorities in matters of hospital construction, and on sanitary matters in general. I have just refused the Tooting Authorities permission to build the fever hospital in that district. Careless vaccination cases come before us, outbreaks of fever; all these things are under my control. I need scarcely say I have inspectors everywhere, some of whom at the present moment are inquiring into the management of the Lynton workhouse, and the necessity for a hospital at Tottenham. The reports these gentlemen send in on various subjects are of great scientific value; we are gradually accumulating a mass of experience which will in time go far towards solving many difficult problems of sanitary science. Our administrative control varies considerably. In Poor Law matters it is complete. I have power to create, dissolve, and amalgamate unions, and to regulate the proceedings of the guardians in the minutest particulars."

"And a very good thing, too," I could not help interjecting, mindful of a past wherein poor-law abuses, although not even wholly absent in the present day, were so shamefully frequent.

"Over municipalities proper," continued Mr. Fowler, "I have no direct control; it is only when the borough wants to borrow money that the Board can step in and impose conditions. For instance, I am at this moment responsible for the rearrangement of the Liverpool Finance, and I have just refused Manchester permission to buy an estate in Notts for sewage purposes. We have power also to amend or to abrogate the by-laws passed by the Sanitary Authorities, under the Public Health Act in 1875. In one instance, we have disallowed a by-law prohibiting all boys from throwing stones in the town."

The abrogation of which, as I listened to Mr. Fowler, I confess I greatly sorrowed over, and my regret will be shared by many of my readers.

"And," continued the President, with a smile, as he went on to enumerate some further instances of the Board's wide-minded regard for the public convenience, "we allow people to sing hymns in the street; that was strictly forbidden at one time. Strangers under our rule may bring dogs into the town, and we do not regard 'lounging' on Sunday afternoons as an offence against the law. The rates have received our especial attention, and I can assure you it was full time they did so. You would scarcely believe the extraordinary purposes to which they were sometimes applied," continued Mr. Fowler, with a smile of dry humour as he looked back into the past. "In 1879 when the highway accounts were first brought under the audit, some very curious applications of these rates came to light. In one parish a sparrow-shooting club for the farmers had been supported by the highway rate. In another parish the mole catchers' bills were paid out of the same source. Rewards for killing foxes were paid out of the rates in several cases—a queer thing in a country

where fox killing is ranked only just beneath murder itself. Then again the Board had to disallow champagne and plovers' eggs, visits to the theatres, journeying expenses when no journey was taken, presentation portraits, 'suitable demonstrations' on the chairman of some local board's wedding day, memorial keys, and the like. To such purposes was the public money of old too frequently devoted. But the Local Government Board has altered all that, and those halcyon days are now strictly of the past."

"And are the clergy in any way under your control, Mr. Fowler?" said I.

"No," he replied, doubtless with a feeling of relief that he was, at all events, relieved of responsibility for one section of the community; "no, we have no power over the clergy at all, except as regards chaplaincies of workhouses. There the chaplains are appointed by us, and their salaries are subject to the approval of the board, and in cases of unfitness they can be removed by us."

"And as regards the day in the life of a Cabinet Minister, Mr. Fowler, how may I describe one day as a specimen?"

"As a day of work from the moment when I come down here at ten in the morning to twelve o'clock at night when I walk home. I never dine at my own house except on Wednesdays and Saturdays; it is work all day long without a single intermission. As I say, the eight hours' law could not apply here. I have been a hard-working business man all my life, but the last ten years of political life I have done more than I ever did before. When the office work is done I go down to the house; there I sit on committees, answer questions, meet my constituents. Then there are cabinet meetings, attendances on Her Majesty. There is any amount of public work in the way of receiving deputations; there are all sorts of functions, dinners, meetings to be attended and speeches to be delivered. From first to last mine is a life of really hard and responsible work;" and even as he shook hands with me, he took up a sheet of closely-written foolscap, in which he was deeply immersed long before I had reached the door.

In such hands we may feel certain that the righteous government of our provincial cities and towns is well-assured, and how far the power of the Board should be extended becomes, under the present circumstances, a scarcely necessary matter for debate.

"Power," says Mr. J. S. Mill, "may be localised, but knowledge, to be useful, must be centralised. There must be somewhere a focus at which all its scattered rays are collected, that the broken and coloured lights which exist elsewhere may find there what is necessary to complete and purify them."

This eloquently-expressed theory completely finds its realisation, I fancy, in that centre of our vast and seething municipal life over which Mr. Fowler so ably, so energetically, and with such ability, presides."

MR. FOWLER'S ROOM AT THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD.

WHAT TO WEAR: CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.

BY OUR LADY CORRESPONDENT.

(With Illustrations photographed from life by Walery, Regent Street, W.)

SUMMER HAT.
(By Redmayne, New Bond Street.)

WE feel so uncertain as to weather, with heat and rain in the immediate present, that it is difficult to choose any raiment we may need. The accompanying four articles of dress in our illustrations would seem to meet every want. They all emanate from the well-known firm of Redmayne in New Bond Street, and I am inclined to think it would be difficult to find a more generally useful headgear than the accompanying summer hat. It is composed of drawn lace trimmed with red and pink roses, and the shape is excellent. It would accord well with the costume in the next picture. This is composed of pale fawn rougeant trimmed with guipure and velvet. It is in the style which, after all, has found most general favour; not extreme in any way, but a becoming make, adapted to a large number of women.

At this time of year, however quiet our lives, it is scarcely possible to live without an opera cloak. The one shown in No. 3 illustration is made of crépon, with a yoke of Ondine silk trimmed with passementerie and lace. The crossover blouse (see page 631) comes from the same firm, and is a most useful garment.

Jewels.

Every woman may not boast of hereditary gems, but nearly everyone has some kind which she has pleasure in wearing. It depends entirely how they are put on whether they give satisfaction to onlookers.

In the first place, it is a sin against good taste for ornaments to be anything but scrupulously clean, and as bright and brilliant as they can be. Gold ornaments with no stones are best washed with ordinary soap and water, rinsed, slightly wiped, and then thrown into boxwood sawdust and set in front of the fire. When perfectly dry the boxwood falls off, and the gold is as bright as new.

A little *eau de cologne* rubbed on with silver paper will restore diamonds to their pristine freshness. But there is as much art in taking care of these ornaments as in cleaning them. When taken off they should always be slightly rubbed, and when lying by they should be protected by paper or set in a case and kept away from the light.

There is a number of pretty new designs in small ornaments. A note of interrogation in diamonds, starting from a pearl, is a novel idea. A small daisy in diamonds and pearls is prettier; while bees and arrows never go out of fashion. A diamond brooch in the form of a flame is one of the most effective ornaments you can have, and a rosebud is quite original in its present form.

Now that diamonds are so much worn every woman seems to have them, and it is an open secret that they are to be bought in imitation stones so wonderfully like the real ones that it takes an expert to discover the difference.

I noticed at the Drawing-Rooms this year that many other stones besides brilliants were coming to the fore. The fashionable heliotrope tint has made amethysts in demand, and turquoises mingled with pearls and diamonds are the ornaments to wear with light blue, now so much *à la mode*. Chrysoprase is a stone of a light green tint, which has delighted the heart of many bridesmaids during the past year. Green is not looked upon as a lucky colour, so it is somewhat curious that it should be much in demand at marriages, but so it is.

Tailor-Made Dresses.

Sweeping assertions are generally wrong, and it is far from true to imagine that severe tailor-made dresses have gone out of fashion. What has happened is that they are relegated to their proper position. They are worn in the country, in the morning, on the river and similar occasions, but not throughout a July day everywhere in London, and it is not now considered sufficient to put on a thick or thin cloth dress in the morning and wear it till dinner-time. The Durham dress, made by Messrs. Benjamin, of Conduit Street (see illustration on page 631) will show what is an admirable instance of a truly useful gown made by a

tailor. Those who are fortunate enough to start on their travels earlier in the year than those who wait for the advent of grouse shooting, will find how useful it is, as also the Universal cape which accompanies it.

Linen Gowns.

There is one particular branch of the sartorial art as adapted to ladies, that specially appeals to us on a hot June day, namely, linen gowns, which this year are in great demand. They are of the real duck and other linens, to be had in white and many colours —blue (light and dark), brown, pink, grey and fawn being most in demand, the latter often trimmed and intermixed with white.

Of course these are most useful, and with moderate care last clean some time, but they require to be exceedingly well-made.

The long open coats with waistcoats and shirts have by no means gone out of date; there is, however, a novelty in the make of some of them, a novelty which fashionable women would seem to have affected with avidity, namely, jackets made with a full Russian back and a belt round the waist. This, however, covers both basque and bodice at the back as far as under the arms, then it is attached to the basque only, the front of the jacket being severed at the waist line, the upper portion forming a sort of Eton jacket, and the long basque becomes apparently a part of the skirt. It is possible, however, if you desire to alter the character of the dress, to place the edge of the Eton jacket under the belt, too, when it seems to be an ordinary cut with an outside belt. This is certainly smart and pretty.

Shirts.

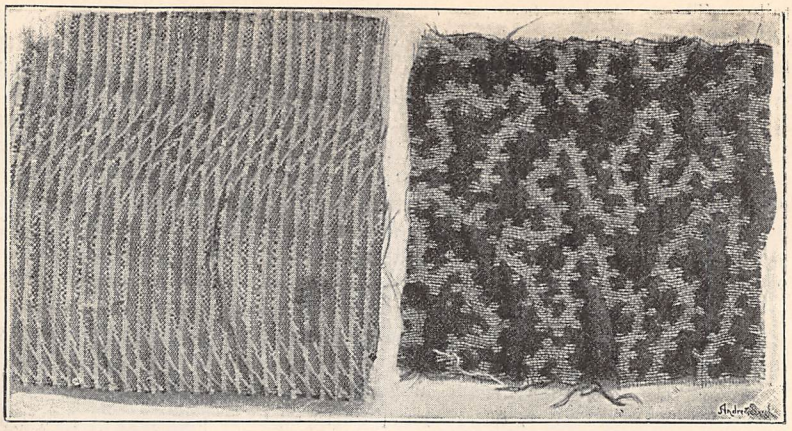
Shirts are worn with or without jackets, and I notice that a most dressy effect can be produced by an infinitesimal zouave, made of some bright-coloured cloth or velvet, cut quite low back and front, indeed, only a few inches in depth at the back, coming between the shoulders, and ending well above the waist band. In front they do little more than surround the armhole, but over the shoulders there is always a wide-gathered frill, viz., an epaulette and not a portion of either braces or revers. With a well-cut black skirt, three or four shirts of various colours, and a couple of jackets of this description, you may produce an infinite variety of toilettes. But for outdoor wear it will be necessary to take into much consideration the all-important question of

Hats.

Young girls are wearing these trimmed more with roses than with anything else, and the deep rich Provence rose tones look particularly well with black, and with a bright, vivid grass green which Fashion has much affected this year. This season's hats, held in the hand would, a year or so ago, have made us laugh. They are gigantic, funnily and irregularly waved in the brim, often with such preposterously large bows placed in the front, made generally of some kilt-pleated lace, velvet or ribbon. When they are on they prove most becoming to the maidens of England. And moreover now, with fashionable strings, there are many shapes in hats which are not unbecoming to women of middle age; only a wise woman chooses them with care, after a consultation with her looking-glass. When roses are introduced on to these hats there are only one or two used, and they are made to stand erect as a rule, as though they were growing there. In the slang phraseology of our day the fashionable hats are often called "mad" hats, and the term is not a misnomer.

COSTUME IN PALE FAWN ROUGEANT, TRIMMED WITH GUIPURE AND VELVET.

(By Redmayne, New Bond Street.)



NEW SUMMER MATERIALS.
(*By Messrs. Howell & James, Regent Street.*)

1830 *Styles.*

We are all apt to think whatever is fashionable is becoming and right, but the most sanguine appreciator of the things that are, will hardly deny that we are adapting our current fashions from the ugliest period of dress in the present century, and not improving them in resuscitating them. What grace can there be in a skirt which aims to resemble an extinguisher, or in the trimmings and sleeves which double the natural width of the shoulders? Society is literally suffering from a plague of sleeves. They crowd the dinner-tables, they diminish the pleasure of driving with a friend, and they spoil the beauty of outline in the female form divine.

It is perfectly true that women of fashion have rebelled against wearing the preposterously wide skirts, but, wide or not wide, the cut of the present skirt is ugly. Horsehair and most of the distending mediums are being abandoned and not always wisely, because in abandoning them we still keep to the skirts that widen at the feet, and we trim them with bands which, without some understiffening, become an eyesore.

OPERA CLOAK (*see p.* 628).
(*By Redmayne, New Bond Street.*)

However, it is not my duty to moralise or to create fashions, but to show them to you as they are, to reflect the passing modes of the hour in my looking-glass.

Well, then, if you will look in my mirror, in front of which the fashionable women of the day are passing, you will note that skirts are nearly all almost plain at the top as far as fulness is concerned, but are gored so that they stand out at the feet, where they are trimmed either with graduated rows of cross-cut material or with minute pleating of satin ribbon. These may reach to the knee, but it is perhaps newer and more original to have a pleating or a flounce at the edge and another at the knee.

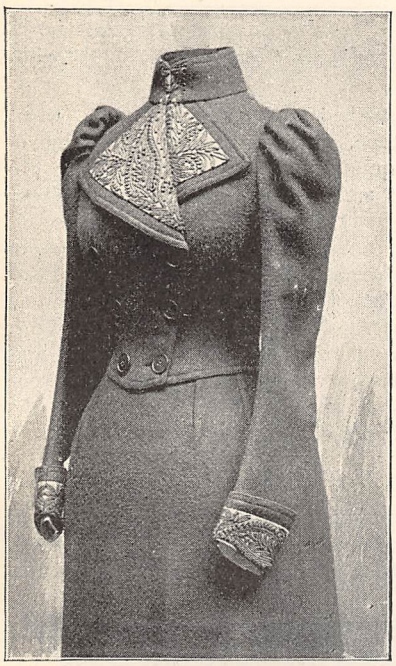
The Parisian skirts are inspired by the 1830 period, but they mostly have a flounce which starts below the knee, and this is even more carefully gored than the dress itself, having a narrow little flounce just at the hem. It is cut to stand out well at the feet, and so successfully that many people at the first glance imagine that a crinoline is worn.

Crinolines.

I dare say you have read that numbers of women have signed a paper binding themselves never to appear in crinolines, and Princess Christian herself has authorised a fashionable tailor to inform his customers that she will never herself wear, or sanction the wearing of distended skirts; and yet I by no means feel

certain that the crinoline is not creeping in slowly but surely. Many of the gowns at Her Majesty's Drawing-Rooms were kept out by horsehair petticoats, though I am bound to say that you rarely at the Palace see anything that is *outrê*, because the modes are carried out by the best dressmakers, who do not sanction what seems to be preposterous.

More than that, there have been selling pretty freely at one of our leading outfitter's silk petticoats with three steels underneath the flounces. People who study the politics of our country will remember how many Acts have been carried through the Houses of Parliament against which petitions have been numerously signed by the people of England, that the members who had to carry them in and lay them on the table of the House of Commons have positively staggered beneath the weight of the rolls of paper; and yet that very session the Act so appealed against became the law of Great Britain, and I am inclined to think that something of the kind will happen as regards the crinoline.



THE DURHAM COSTUME (*see p.* 628).
(By Messrs. Benjamin, Conduit Street.)

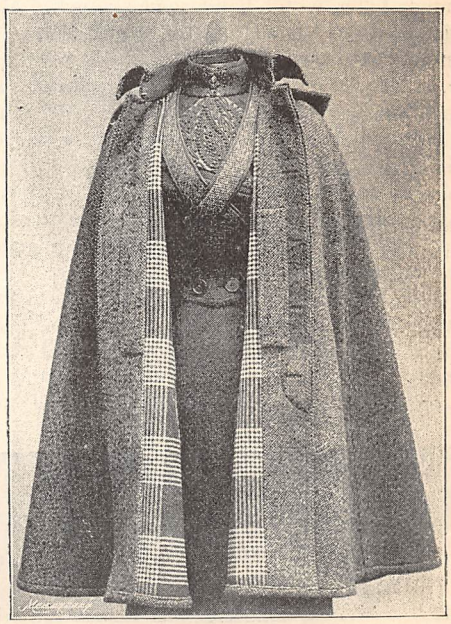
I am no advocate of it, but there are some points in its favour. It is so far good for trade that it promotes many new industries, and leads to the use of stuffs which otherwise would be neglected. The women of England should try to remember that in promoting the welfare of trade they are stimulating the welfare of their country. I trust, however, they may find other means of doing so than by wearing hooped petticoats.

There are other subjects in which it would be well that women should exercise their influence, and one of these is

Immoral Cheapness.

To give everyone a living, to promote happy homes for the lower classes, and self-respect among those whose lines have not fallen in the pleasant places of easy circumstances, a fair wage is absolutely necessary. When you buy underlinen at a price which barely pays for the material, women ought to know, if they do not, that they are grinding the poor sempstress down to the lowest level of hard labour and poor pay. It means working from morning to night, finding thread and using up the vitality of existence for not enough to keep body and soul together. My attention was directed in this channel by seeing a good deal of beautiful

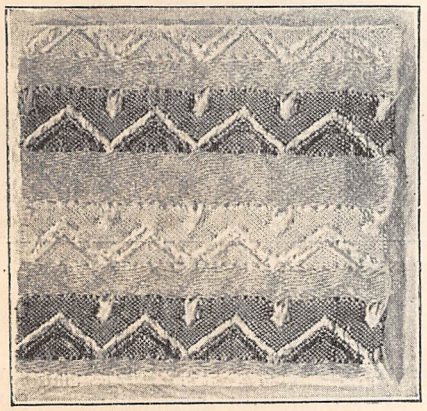
CROSSOVER BLOUSE IN MAUVE SILK (*see p.* 628).
(By Redmayne, New Bond Street.)



THE UNIVERSAL CAPE (*see p.* 629.)
(By Messrs. Benjamin, Conduit Street.)

Underlinen,

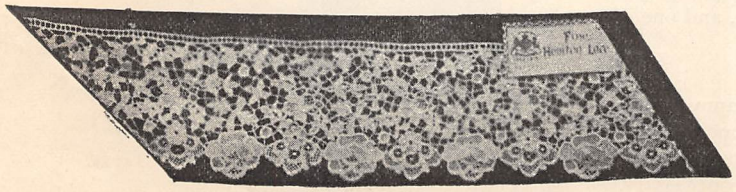
all hand-worked, for a trousseau. The prices were fair, not exorbitant and not cheap, but the work was of the best, and all done by hand. I tried to discover some leading novelties in underwear, and I culled the following facts—that women are happily abandoning very thin materials for nightgowns and articles of day wear, a move in the direction of health, and that nightgowns, at all events, are now made extremely becoming, with large Pierrette frills that turn downwards from the neck and fall in a cascade in front. These frills are mostly five inches deep, and should be put on half as thick again. Some of them have a hem with an insertion let in above it,



NEW SUMMER FABRIC.
(*By Messrs. Howell & James, Regent Street.*)

while others are edged with lace. The sleeves are made much fuller, with a band some six inches above the wrist, to which there is a fully-gathered frill. They are generally drawn in with a ribbon at the waist, quite loosely, of course, but it adds to their pretty aspect. The chemises are made in the 1830 style now, namely with a fulling introduced over the bust and joined to the rest of the garment by an open work insertion. Do you remember when this garment was made with flaps back and front, which turned down over the stays, the flap being kept in place by tapes, an arrangement that had common-sense on its side?

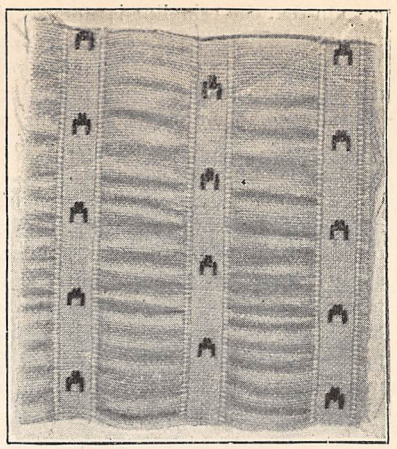
We have not come back to the hard, crude flaps, but we are having pieces daintily trimmed with lace and insertion made also to fall downwards and add to the beauty of the stays. A trimming also turns upwards on the neck, for under-garments are more carefully thought out than they used to be, and are rendered as becoming as possible.



HONITON POINT, FOR PRINCESS MAY'S TROUSSEAU.
(*From Miss Herbert, Exeter.*)

Stays.

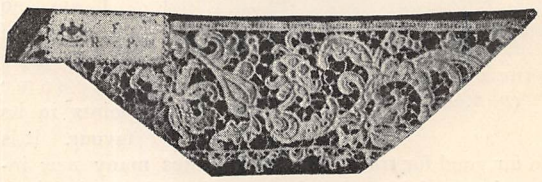
I am glad to see a good many well-cut stays are made in pretty-coloured linen. They are cleanly, because they can be easily washed and they wear well, while at the same time, from an economical point of view, they are quite as pretty as satin, which too quickly rubs out and does not easily clean. There are almost as many different corsets as there are dressmakers and milliners, for each one would seem to bring out a special patent of her own. Long waists, short waists, thin figures, stout figures, weak backs, protruding shoulders, all these are provided for. You have only to find out exactly what you want and where to get it, but whatever you do, be sure that your stays are well-cut and well-fitted, for this is the foundation of all good dressing.



NEW SUMMER MATERIAL.
(*By Messrs. Howell & James, Regent Street.*)

Cloaks.

Of course, every lady has a cape, that goes without saying, but you also want a comfortable over-all cloak to protect you from rain and dust, and also to prove



ROSE POINT, FOR PRINCESS MAY'S TROUSSEAU.
(*From Miss Herbert, Exeter.*)

becoming. If money is no object, you can have a silk one made with triple capes, and certainly secure an elegant outdoor garment beneath which the dress is quite immaterial. But there are other fabrics, such as crépons and thin makes of wool, which are fashionable and useful, and one of the newest forms made of these is a modification of the Russian cloak, the hands passing through an aperture at the side. It is brought up to date by means of a full and triple cape of contrasting colour or material, which gives the

necessary height to the shoulders and breadth to the figure.

Boots and Shoes.

In the country tan-coloured shoes with stockings to match are being much worn on all smart occasions, and boots are laced for hard wear and buttoned for ordinary occasions.

New Materials.

Puckered cloths of the Matelasse order have been brought to a rare perfection. They appear to be quilted, and are used for skirts. The surface is silk, striped or brocaded, in such mixtures as pink and black, blue with Oriental tinting, red and drab. There is a warm woollen layer beneath many of them, while in others the effect is produced in the weaving. Crêpes and cotton are still fashionable, woven with a puckered stripe and one not puckered; and they not only make up well, but wash well. The materials illustrated are from the firm of Messrs. Howell and James, Regent Street, W.

The Royal Trousseau.

The wedding of the Princess May of Teck and the Duke of York is giving a great impetus to trade. The may-flower is finding its way into silks specially meant for gentlemen's neckties, and in blue and red this particular pattern is, it is said, to be adopted by the Guards. Some liberal orders have been despatched to Ireland, and poplins with the bride's own special flower appear among the handsome trousseau. Scotland has contributed homespuns and tweeds. The wedding gown is a masterpiece of weaving, the work of English hands, woven at Spitalfields; it is made by an English dressmaker of the finest silk that can be produced, interthreaded with silver. Furthermore, it is trimmed with English lace—rare Honiton—the pattern full of interest. The bride goes away in a tailor-made dress (white cloth embroidered with gold), soft and becoming to her stately figure. No firm with whom the Princess has been in the habit of dealing appears to have been forgotten, and all our centres of silk industry have contributed to the exquisite gowns which signalise the trousseau. Spitalfields, Manchester, and Leek have done their very best. Dublin has supplied many beautiful dresses and materials, and Luton straw has not been forgotten. I have spent some time over some charming shoes exquisitely made of pieces of many of her gowns—some in light blue, with bouquets all over, are certainly suggestive of the costume of the pretty Pompadour period in which the Princess May looks so well. Among the boots is a new make of Russian leather Balmorals, high on the instep, and some in patent leather and French kid, buttoned. Many of the newest have French kid tops, with a calf golosh, while others are entirely composed of Russia leather.

I am particularly struck with the sensible nature of many of the everyday gowns and jackets. A charming tan-coloured gown, for example, was trimmed with crossing lines of velvet, the vest and revers of shot fancy silk, a V-shaped piece at the neck, worked in fancy cord, matching the waist trimming. The skirts appeared exorbitantly wide. Many had the shaped flounce from the knee. A coat, called "The Conspirator," in tan cloth faced with velvet, turned up at the corners of the basque in front corresponding with the revers and gave a great deal of style.

There are some becoming hats. One is of the boat shape for travelling, made in fine English straw and entwined with navy-blue silk. Another hat is of the capeline order, made in amour chip of an écru colour, trimmed with buff silk and roses with foliage of the darker hue. The roses are appropriately called after the "House of York."

The number of the cloaks is legion, and the dust cloaks come in for much admiration, with their silk linings, large double capes, and huge buttons. No item of splendour is lacking, neither has elegant simplicity been forgotten, and the trousseau of one of the most popular Princesses of the day is worthy of the greatness of the occasion.

WHERE'S ARCADY?

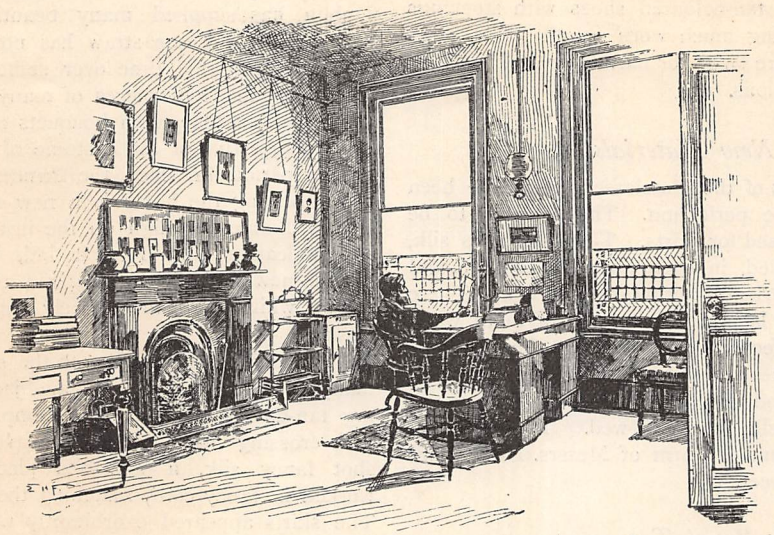
BY ROBERT RICHARDSON.

IN Arcady, in Arcady,
When all the world was blue and gold;
When hope was young, and speech was free,
And love itself had not grown old,
It came and stole our hearts away,
Upon a budding morn in May,
When ladysmocks starred every lea
In Arcady.

In Arcady, in Arcady,
The world, I think, was greener then,
With bluer sky, and leafier tree,
And clearer sang the brave lark when
Upon a dewy dawn of spring
He shook the pearl-drops from his wing,
And stormed Heaven's portal fearlessly,
In Arcady.

In Arcady, in Arcady,
I too have lived there, long ago,
And knew its joyous liberty,
And heard its magic bugles blow.
Where lies the land, in Spain or France,
Or but in realms of old romance?
Ah, no! the world of memory
Is Arcady.

A GOSSIP FROM BOOKLAND.



ALMOST every reader who is on the look-out for new books knows that there are certain seasons in each year when new *editions* are more in evidence than new *books*. But these seasons are far from being uninteresting to the reader. We cannot take up all the new books as they appear fresh from the press, and there is some force in the argument that "Second thoughts are best" in Bookland as well as elsewhere. Here, for instance, is Miss Frances A. Gerard's "Angelica Kauffmann: A Biography," of which Messrs. Ward & Downey have just published a second edition. Art is ever cosmopolitan, and even in our own days we have had distinguished Academicians (whose names and whose work are familiar to all of us) who have been English only in the *locale* of their work. Their foreign birth is overlooked or forgotten in the admiration called out by their work. This has always been the case, and, to a large extent, Angelica Kauffmann, was looked upon as an English painter when her canvases were exhibited and sold in England during the latter half of the eighteenth century. She was born in Switzerland in 1741, and died in Rome in 1807, but in the considerable portion of her life which she spent in England she achieved such distinction as a painter, particularly of portraits, that she was elected one of the original members of the Royal Academy. It is an interesting reflection that Angelica Kauffmann and her friend Mary Moser were the first and last lady-artists on whom this dignity was conferred, and—to quote from Miss Gerard—"as a hint that their sex rendered them unfit for the necessary course, both ladies are purposely omitted from Zoffany's picture of the 'Academicians gathered about the model . . . . . On the wall hang the *portraits* only, in oval frames, of the two lady Academicians.' It is curious to find an instance of ladies being, if only in one point, further emancipated in 1765 than they are in 1893! We must leave Miss Gerard's book to tell the story of what someone well called Angelica's "tinted life." Miss Gerard's contributions to our own columns, and notably her paper on "Students' Day at the National Gallery," have prepared our readers for the treat which this book offers to all lovers of art and artists.

In July there are many people who will *not* read biography, however good, or travels, however interesting. Literature in the dog-days is largely a matter of lazily-read stories, and the more portable and handy these are in form the better. Well, there is a good deal to be said for such reasoning, so we will take up in turn some new editions of good stories which are before us as we write. First is Mrs. L. T. Meade's "The Medicine Lady," which is now issued in a single volume by Messrs. Cassell, and a fresh, unconventional tale is thus made available as a travelling companion. Then Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. have published a cloth-bound edition of Mrs. Stephen Batson's clever "Dark," and one in boards of Miss F. Mabel Robinson's "A Woman of the World." And what shall we say of the latest recruit to the "copyright" edition of Mr. Fisher Unwin's "Novel Series"—"Concerning Oliver Knox?" Probably no story was ever written

with a more horrible plot, and certainly few more consistently inhuman characters have ever been drawn than Oliver, but the story is hardly one to be recommended as a *holiday* friend, clever as it is.

Something between a new book and a new edition is the issue in volume form of a story which has first been published as a serial. Messrs. Cassell's "Sunshine Series" will have a special interest for MAGAZINE readers, seeing that it will present in a separate and portable form several of the most popular of the stories which have appeared in our own pages as serials during the last few years. The first volume is Mrs. Weigall's "The Temptation of Dulce Carruthers," published in a single shilling volume at the same time as this number of the MAGAZINE. We have had so many inquiries for this story in a separate form that we are sure our readers will be glad to hear that it is now procurable. Further volumes of the "Sunshine Series" will be issued monthly.

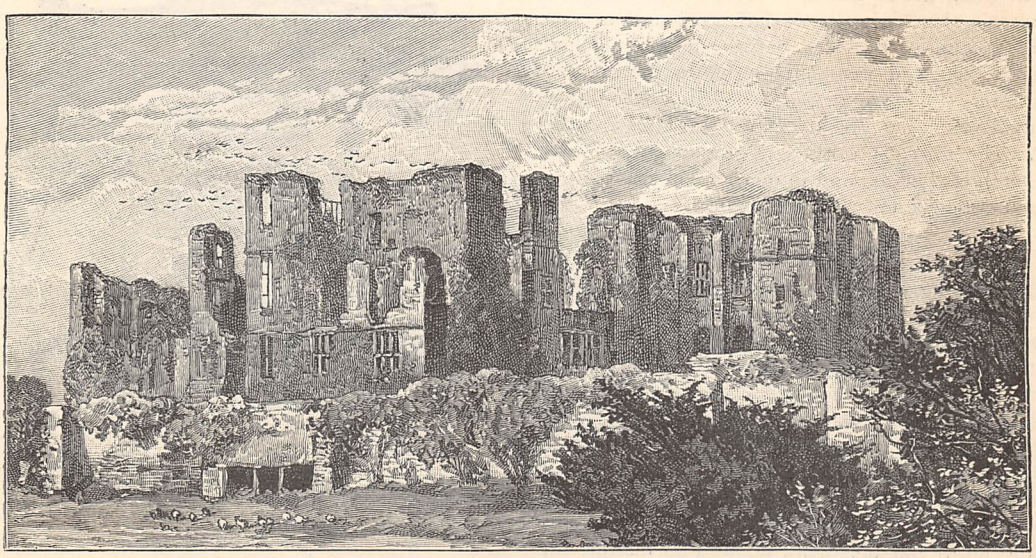
A new volume of the "Pseudonym Library," published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, may nearly always be relied upon to contain something good. The latest is Mr. W. Gaussen's translation of "A Father of Six" and "An Occasional Holiday," two Russian stories (the nearest English equivalent for the name of the author is, we believe, Potapenko). Readers who remember the same author's story, "A Russian Priest," will know what to expect. For them and for others, the present volume offers just the same unaffected, but for that very reason, powerful pictures of peasant life, and just the same cleverly sketched characters, instinct with life. So many of our pen-pictures of Russia are either aristocratic or anarchic (or both), that these faithful pictures of everyday events are the more valuable and interesting.

We are going to try an experiment. We have to say a word or two about Ben Jonson, and we are *not* going to quote his epitaph as an introduction. Mr. Fisher Unwin has sent us the first volume of his edition of the poet's works, which is to be complete in three volumes of the "Mermaid Series." Students of English literature will be thankful to hear of this edition, which is well printed in good, clear type.

Mr. John Farmer, the editor of "Gaudeamus," has edited, and Messrs. Cassell have published, a companion volume under the title of "Dulce Domum," containing rhymes and songs for children. Some seem more suitable for "children of a larger growth," but all are so well presented, and some are such universal favourites, that the book will assuredly be popular. The music type is very clear and readable.

Printed at the University Press is the "Helps to the Study of the Bible," published with the Oxford Bible for Teachers. These "Helps" have already become a necessary part of every teacher's equipment. But in their present revised and enlarged form they will be more indispensable than ever, for they are now brought quite to date and are illustrated by sixty-four plates and a series of well-arranged maps. An edition in large type, issued apart from the text of the scriptures, promises to be very useful as a handy work of reference. It is a marvel of compactness and comprehension.

Messrs. Cassell are issuing new editions of those useful travelling companions, the "Official Illustrated Guides" to our railways. That for the Great Western line is before us, with a well-arranged selection of maps, views, and route plans. It is certainly a boon to have a guide which tells us what we may expect to see from the carriage windows as we go down the line.



KENILWORTH CASTLE.

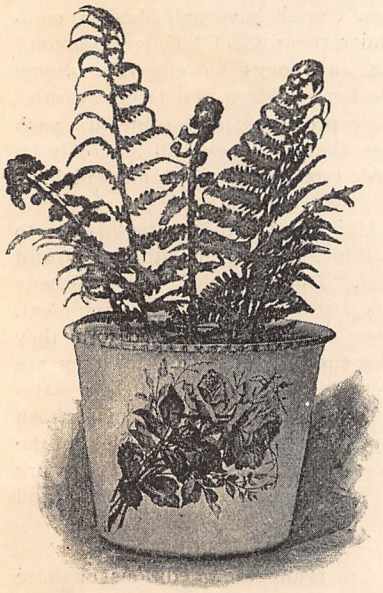
(*From "The Official Illustrated Guide to the Great Western Railway."*)

THE GATHERER:

AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF INVENTION, DISCOVERY, AND SCIENCE.

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.

A Paper Flower-Vase.



Pulp or paper ware is coming more and more into use, and, being unbreakable as well as ornamental, it is more economical than earthenware. For jugs, trays, flower-pots, and flower-vases it is particularly well adapted. Our engraving shows a new flower-vase introduced by a London firm, and made in a variety of patterns. The scalloped edge is gilt, and the outside is painted with a floral design.

Burmite.

The amber of Upper Burma is, according to Dr. Noetling, a new variety of the fossil gum which has received the name of Burmite. It is fluorescent, and like solidified kerosene oil. Of darker colour than most ambers (succinite), it is also harder; in fact, some of it properly cut and mounted resembles the ruby in appearance. The jade, or rather jadeite, of Burma is in general white, but green and red varieties are also found. The stone is worked in pits along the Uru river, south of Sankha, and in quarries on the plateau of Tammaw, eight miles from Sankha.

Is Stature Changing?

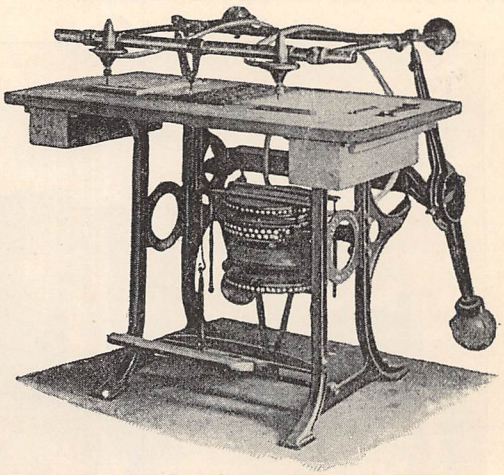
At the Eglinton Tournament it was remarked that the old armour had to be let out in many instances to fit the modern champions, and there are people who contend that men are growing taller and burlier instead of shorter and punier, which is the general notion. Dr. J. Rahon, an anthropologist, has by patient investigation arrived at certain conclusions as far as France is concerned. The earliest quaternary skeletons of Western Europe show an average height of 1·63 metres for the males. The Gauls, Franks, and Burgundians from the north ran the figure up to 1·66 metres, but since this proto-historic period the figure has slowly declined to 1·62 metres in France. The females average about ten centimetres (2 inches) less in height than the males at all times. In the ancient days the bones of both were heavier and stronger than now. The proportions of the body have been the same from the most remote times.

The Earth's Age.

Mr. Clarence King, the well-known American geologist and explorer, has advanced Lord Kelvin's method of determining the age of the earth, by considering the effect of heat and pressure on certain rocks, especially diabase, whose specific gravity is approximately equal to that of the earth's crust. His conclusion is that the earth's age as a planet is 24 million years. This agrees with the general conclusions of Lord Kelvin, who only gave upper and lower limits: and it is quite discordant with the demands of geologists, which may best be described as "vaguely vast."

A Pneumatic Wood-Carver.

The pneumatic machine for carving wood which we illustrate consists of a table on a light steel frame, carrying the tool or carver and a pencil or tracer. The design or pattern is fixed on the table, along with the piece of wood to be carved to it, and while the operator traces the design with the tracer on the pattern, the cutting-tool carves it in the wood. A bellows, or air reservoir, to work the motor and carving tool, is



placed under the table as shown. The machine is compact and requires no skilled attention.

Cotton-Seed Soap.

A soap made entirely from cotton-seed oil has been brought out, and is recommended for laundry work.

The soap contains very little free alkali and glycerine, and 75 per cent. of true soap. It is not only a good cleanser, whether used by hand or machinery, but it does not injure the colour of dyed fabrics.

A Screw Colander.

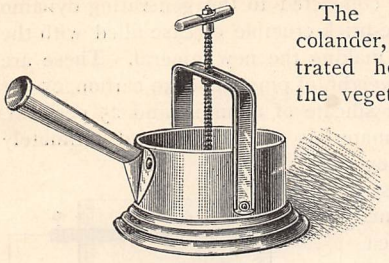
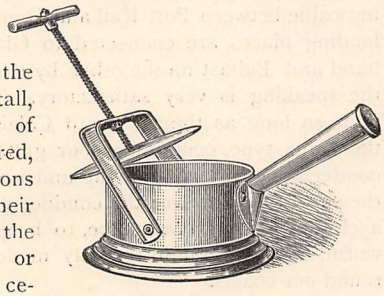


FIG. 1.

The "Westminster" colander, which is illustrated herewith, presses the vegetables by means of a screw action, and not by leverage or direct pressure. The screw, as will be seen, works through the bail of the colander, and the pressure can be applied gradually with little exertion. The colander is also useful in making beef-tea, jellies, or lemonade.

The Samoans.

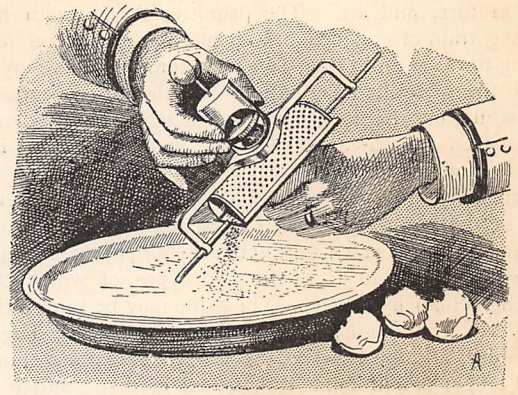
Owing to the recent tales of Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson and the political crisis in the island, Samoa is now attracting general attention, and some particulars of the interesting islanders, who are sometimes called the Greeks of the Pacific, will not be out of place. According to a French anthropologist, the natives are of Polynesian stock, and the most beautiful specimens of the race. They are tall, brownish-yellow of skin, black-haired, of good proportions and features. Their heads approach the brachycephalic or broad type, the cephalic index being 81·8, which is a good deal broader than the British type. In temper they are gay, good-humoured, and easy-going, but their old idyllic life, which reminds us of the Homeric age, is threatened with extinction owing to the white traders and the importation of Melanesian labourers from other islands, a smaller, darker, longer-headed race. The Samoans are Christians, and have the European calendar, as well as two houses of parliament. The climate is very equable, seldom rising above 93° Fah., or falling below 79° Fah. February is the hottest and July or August the coldest month. The rainy season from December to April is also the windiest, and seldom passes without a hurricane.



A SCREW COLANDER.—FIG. 2.

A New Nutmeg-Grater.

The nutmeg-grater which we illustrate is very convenient, and does not graze the fingers, while the nutmeg is grated to a mere shell. As will be seen, the nutmeg is placed in a carrier under a disc or piston. The grater is held in the left hand, and the carrier moved forward and backward along the grater, with an occasional movement from side to side to prevent clogging of the spice.



A NEW NUTMEG-GRATER.

The European Races.

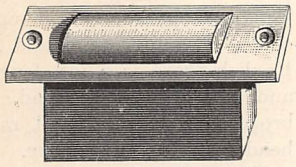
It has been shown by anthropologists that what we call nationality is practically independent of race, inasmuch as all the people of Europe, for example, are descended from four primitive races, with what a chemist would call "traces" of others. It is true that each nation is a somewhat different blend from the others, but the same elements are common to all. The fact must tend to destroy a pernicious Chauvinism and exclusiveness which has been founded on isolation, ignorance, and national vanity. What, then, are the four races which, by their union, have peopled Europe? Two of them are long-headed or dolichocephalic, and the other two are broad-headed or brachycephalic. In scientific language these are the Dolichocephalic Leptoprosopes and Chamæprosopes, and the Brachycephalic Leptoprosopes and Chamæprosopes. In plain English there is a tall, long-headed, long-faced race and a short, long-headed, broad-faced race, a tall, broad-headed, long-faced race and a short, broad-headed, broad-faced race. By the union of these, British, Irish, French, Germans, Italians, Spaniards, and other European nations have in the main been formed, and the only broad distinctions are that in the northern countries of Europe the blonde elements are more prominent than the brunettes, which are dominant in the southern countries, and that in the middle of Europe, from the Urals to Portugal, the broad-headed elements preponderate. In the United Kingdom the long, or dolichocephalic, type of head is quite general, although the broad, or brachycephalic, also exists. The blonde and brunette complexions are perhaps equal in number, and it may be roundly said that as a people we are derived chiefly from the long-headed blondes and brunettes. This view of the European races is, of course, at variance with the old hypothesis of successive immigrations of "Aryans" from Asia, so eloquently advocated by Professor Max Müller, and hastily adopted into politics,

literature, and art. The primitive Aryan, with his long train of waggons and all his household, emigrating towards the setting sun is becoming a mere myth of the scientific imagination. Further, it is a curious homily on the long antagonism which has existed between the so-called "Celtic" and "Teutonic" inhabitants of these islands to find that according to science there is no radical difference between them. The Irish, for example, consist mainly of the tall, blonde, long-headed type and the short, brunette, long-headed type—in fact, the two types of which the English chiefly consist. The same may be said of the Welsh and the English. As for the Scotch Highlanders and the Lowland Scotch, the difference is one of language and habits rather than of race; and it is much the same with the people of Ulster and the rest of Ireland.

A Remedy for Bookworms.

An American naturalist, Mr. Samuel Garman, has been studying the bookworms of America, and his observations may be useful to librarians. A common pest is the *Lepisma saccharina* or "silver fish," a tiny, active, silvery creature, so fond of paste and sizing as to riddle whole pages. The "buffalo" or "carpet" bug, really a small beetle (*Anthrenus varius*), and the *Blatta Australasiæ*, a voracious cockroach, also play havoc with books; and in the West Indies there is a "drummer" cockroach (*Blatta gigantea*) who not only attacks books but their authors. Mr. Garman recommends pyrethrum powder for keeping away cockroaches and the silver fish. Bisulphide of carbon evaporated in closed boxes or cases exterminates the buffalo bug, and there is a composition containing phosphorus, called the "Infallible water bug and roach exterminator," made by a firm in Boston, which he impartially recommends.

A Rubber Door-Catch.



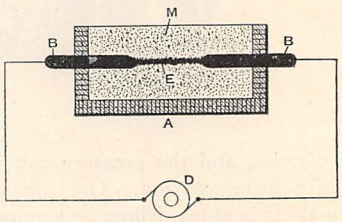
In this door-catch vulcanised rubber is employed instead of steel. The catch is an inch long, and in the form of a roller mounted on bearings, which by means of springs have a certain amount of horizontal play. The advantages claimed for it are greater elasticity, durability, and comparative noiselessness. The door shuts easily and is held secure.

A Steam Man.

Professor George Moore, an American inventor, has devised a mechanical man actuated by steam, which is described and illustrated in an American scientific journal. The figure is six feet high, and made of steel in likeness of a mediæval knight in armour, with the top of the funnel concealed by the plumes of his helmet, and an escape pipe from his visor resembling a cigar. The trunk of the body contains the furnace, boiler, and engine, the limbs the mechanism for walking. The figure is intended to pull a cart, and walks briskly at a pace of five miles an hour.

Carborundum.

It is claimed for this new material that it can be used to polish glass and even diamonds. It is a compound of silicon and carbon, with traces of alumina, lime, magnesia, and oxygen, fused together in an electric furnace, which is shown in the wood-cut, where B B are carbon rods connected to the generating dynamo D, and A is a fire-brick crucible or case filled with the materials M, for making the new mineral. These are 50 per cent., by weight, of pine gas-coke carbon, 25 per cent. of silica or silicate of alumina, and 25 per cent. of salt. The materials are ground and intimately mixed, and as they are of high resistance to the current, the arc is started by a train of conducting graphite between the carbon points. The intense heat of the arc fuses them into a mass of crystallised carborundum, which forms about the arc. This mass is cooled, washed, and crushed, and the crystals of carborundum are assorted for use.



The Scoto-Irish Telephone.

Ireland and Scotland are now able to converse by telephone, as the Post Office have submerged a speaking cable between Port Kail and Donaghadee. These landing places are connected to Glasgow on the one hand and Belfast on the other by overland lines, and the speaking is very satisfactory. The cable is not quite so long as the Dover to Calais one, but is of the same type, containing four gutta-percha covered conductors sheathed in hemp and iron wires. Under the sheathing, however, the conductors are wound with a close spiral of brass tape, to keep out the teredo worm, which has unfortunately made its appearance round our coasts.

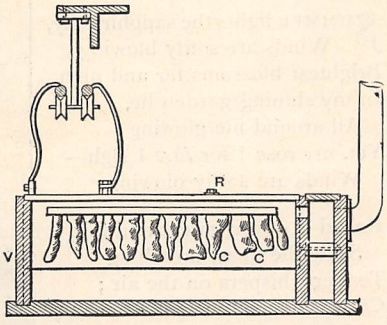
Luminous Colours.

Herr Jacksh, of Triesch in Moravia, has been investigating the properties of self-luminous minerals with a view of preparing luminous pigments. The sulphides of calcium, strontium, barium, and zinc are all phosphorescent after exposure for a time to light. It is best, however, to prepare the sulphide of zinc by distillation in a vacuum. The barium salt yields an orange phosphorescence, the strontium and zinc sulphides a greenish light. When pure, sulphide of calcium gives a yellowish light, and a violet one after being raised to a red heat and mixed with a salt of bismuth. Thus prepared it keeps its luminosity for about forty hours after an exposure of several seconds. The pigments can be fixed on paper by means of a liquid made by dissolving 8,000 grains of pure white gelatine in half a gallon of warm water, and adding 800 grains of glycerine to three pounds of the solution. When the luminous colour has to be exposed to the open air,

it should be mixed with an equal quantity of shellac, and the painted surface varnished with shellac after it is dry.

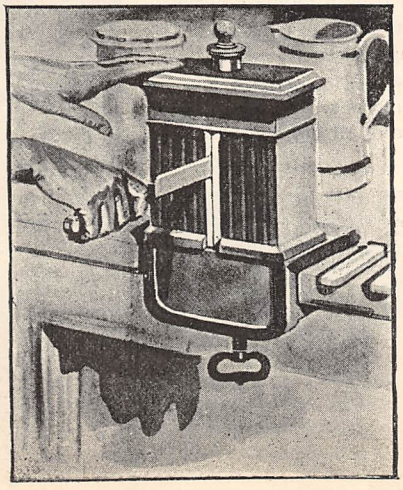
Caustic by Electricity.

Caustic and bleaching powder are now made by electricity at Snodland in Kent. The electric current, having an electromotive force of 80 volts, is obtained from a dynamo driven by a 50 horse-power engine. It is sent through a series of vats, one of which is shown in section in the figure. The sides of the vat, V, are made of slate, and filled with salt water. The anode, by which the current is conducted to the water, is formed of pieces of gas coke, C C, attached by a lead backing to the metal rod, R, to which the current is connected. The cathode, by which the current leaves the salt water, is of the ordinary kind. In passing through the liquid the electricity breaks up the salt or chloride of sodium into chlorine and caustic soda. The caustic soda liquor is drawn off and evaporated into dry caustic, which is preserved for sale, and dry salt, which is used over again. The chlorine is conducted to milk of lime agitators, where it forms chloride of lime or bleaching liquor; or to an ordinary bleach chamber, where it forms bleaching powder by combining with lime. The electric process is likely to become of general use in many different countries.



A New Knife-Cleaner.

Our engraving represents a new knife-cleaner, which is easy to use and very satisfactory. It is clamped to a table and polishing powder supplied to it by removing the wooden plug on the top. The knife is then inserted, edge upward, between the two leather strips as shown, and moved gently backwards and forwards as it is pressed downwards to the bottom.



Home-Made Ice Creams.

There is something peculiarly cooling and refreshing in this title. And it is claimed for the "Imperial" Ice-cream Freezer, which has just secured provisional protection, that it makes home-made ices quite possible. The freezer consists of a couple of tin cylinders, one enclosed in the other, and turning readily on a central axis. The inner cylinder is filled with the mixture to be frozen, its air-tight lid is securely closed, and the whole is put into its place within the larger cylinder. The space between the two is then filled up with a mixture of one part of common salt to three parts of broken ice, and the lid is secured. The handle on which the machine is revolved is then fixed, and the cylinders are turned slowly—five minutes sufficing for a pint, and ten for a quart of cream. Wherever ice and the prepared powders can be got there ought now to be no difficulty about home-made ices, thanks to this inexpensive machine.

An Artist's Carrier.

The "Eclipse" is the name of a new and very handy "carrier" for wet canvases which seems to meet a want long felt by artists and art students. It is very simple, consisting only of two metal plates, one of which is surmounted by a leather handle, and both of which are provided with projecting staples which serve to separate the canvases, which are supported by two long bands of webbing, in the manner of the ordinary rug-strap.

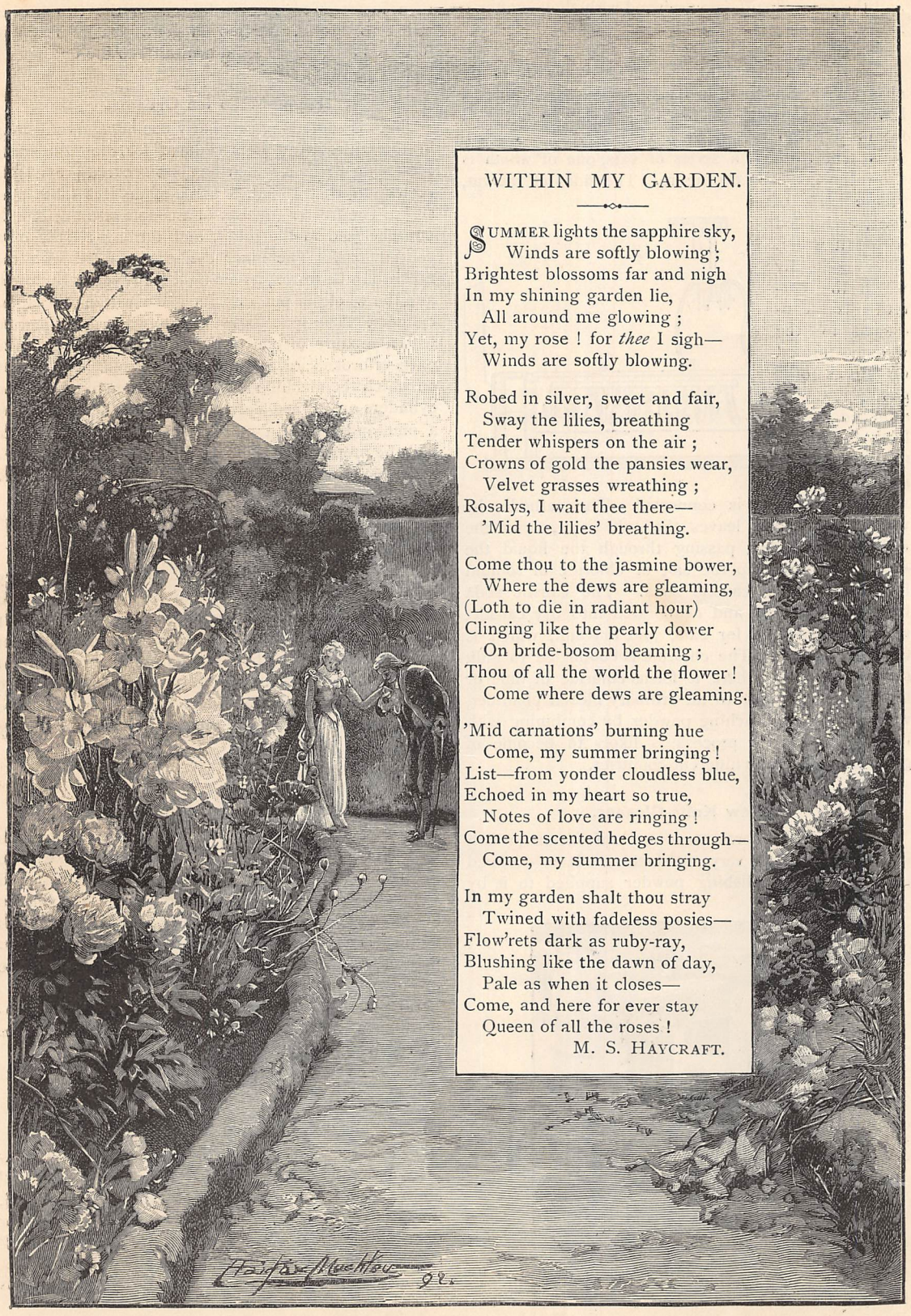
Prize Competitions.

In the Four-Part Story Competition the manuscripts have all been before the judges, and the award will be published in our August number. In the Ballad Competition and the Music Competition the entries are already closed as we go to press, and before this number is issued the Photographic Landscape Competition will also be closed. In all these cases the awards will be made as quickly as possible.

Intending competitors in the Short Story Competition are reminded that July 3rd is the latest date for receiving entries.

"The Crown of the Year."

The Extra Summer Number of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE under this title is now ready at all booksellers' and bookstalls. It contains a complete holiday novel, "Hard to Please," by Frances Haswell, several shorter contributions, and a "New Season's Fashion-Budget," specially written for this number by a lady correspondent, and copiously illustrated by photographs from life by Vere Brodie.



WITHIN MY GARDEN.

SUMMER lights the sapphire sky,
Winds are softly blowing;
Brightest blossoms far and nigh
In my shining garden lie,
All around me glowing;
Yet, my rose! for *thee* I sigh—
Winds are softly blowing.

Robed in silver, sweet and fair,
Sway the lilies, breathing
Tender whispers on the air;
Crowns of gold the pansies wear,
Velvet grasses wreathing;
Rosalys, I wait thee there—
'Mid the lilies' breathing.

Come thou to the jasmine bower,
Where the dews are gleaming,
(Loth to die in radiant hour)
Clinging like the pearly dower
On bride-bosom beaming;
Thou of all the world the flower!
Come where dews are gleaming.

'Mid carnations' burning hue
Come, my summer bringing!
List—from yonder cloudless blue,
Echoed in my heart so true,
Notes of love are ringing!
Come the scented hedges through—
Come, my summer bringing.

In my garden shalt thou stray
Twined with fadeless posies—
Flow'rets dark as ruby-ray,
Blushing like the dawn of day,
Pale as when it closes—
Come, and here for ever stay
Queen of all the roses!

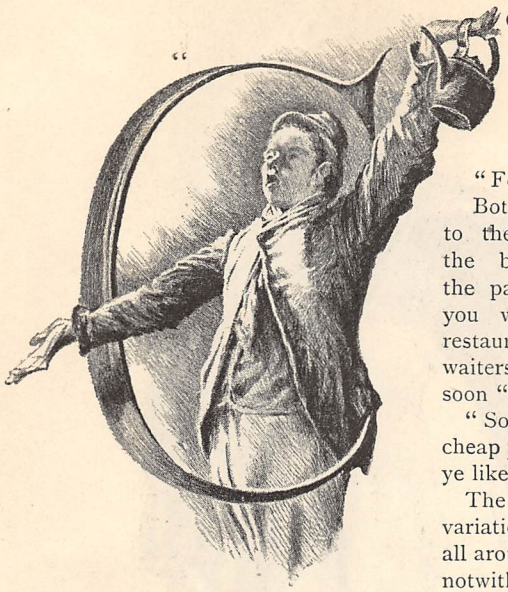
M. S. HAYCRAFT.

HER PLACE IN THE BOAT.

(*From a drawing by* PERCY TARRANT.)

THE PEOPLE'S FAIR.

BY F. M. HOLMES.



"COME on, buyers! any price ye like!"

"Tuppence?"

"Fo'pence."

Both sides stick to their text, and the bargain, like the particular dish you want at the restaurant, is, in waiters' language, soon "hoff."

"Sort 'em out cheap; any price ye like!"

The cry, with variations, echoes all around you; but notwithstanding the frequent invitation, the bargain-hunter will not find everything at exactly any price he likes.

"Have those scales any weights?"

"Weights, guv'nor? Yus, two pounds."

"What is the price?"

"Eight-and-six."

You walk away. Eight shillings and sixpence may be cheap, or it may be dear; but it strikes you as rather dear for the big People's Fair. Perhaps the vendor thinks so too, for he roars after you, no doubt prepared to take less. But you do not want the scales, and you walk on. There are hundreds of other things to see, and some of them are undoubtedly cheap—very cheap.

There are eye-glasses, for instance, at sixpence a pair. If they happen to suit your sight, they are a bargain indeed; if not, they are dear at any price.

"If any gentleman can't deal off me," says a soft, seductive voice, "they can't deal off anybody."

Her face is as pleasant as her voice, and, with a boy by her side, she presides over a wide expanse of heterogeneous articles.

She is evidently of opinion that the fascinations of the fair sex need not be confined to the drawing-room. Sitting there in the open Cattle Market, with a man's coat round her knees and her little son beside her, she appears as much at ease and as gracious to those about her as if she were dispensing tea in a cosy, lamp-shaded apartment at Kensington.

A man is bargaining with her for a number of yellow-looking knobs, such as might be used for the adornment of cheap bedsteads; and her smile is so agreeable and her words so good-natured that she gets her price and makes you believe it is the cheapest in the market. And she gives one knob extra to clear the lot out, with such an air of good-

"A MAN IS BARGAINING WITH HER FOR A NUMBER OF YELLOW-LOOKING KNOBS."

"MANY, OF COURSE, DEAL IN OLD CLOTHES AND DRAPERIES."

tempered generosity that the bargain appears doubly satisfactory.

Quite a number of feminine vendors adorn the Fair. Many, of course, deal in old clothes and draperies of various kinds. One has wreathed her head in an amber-coloured handkerchief and muffled herself up in great-coats, for the day is cold. Out of the amber-tipped mountain of clothes appears her face as though carved in red wood, and grinning at the jokes of the bystanders.

"I can't do it, my dear girl," says another, with a touch of feminine vehemence and a dash of good-nature. "I've had to work all day for nothin' so far; so"—giggling here just as though she were a fashionable boarding-school miss—"so I can't go on doing it—can I? Now, here is a nice warm jacket for half-a-crown," and by-and-by, after more asseverations of "my dear girl," a bargain appears to be struck.

Not far off a faded woman sits overlooking faded pictures. She has not the pleasant grace of the Queen of the Yellow Knobs, or the red-faced grin of the amber-tipped mountain, or the good-natured vehemence of "my dear girl," and she sits silent and alone. But truth to tell, her pictures do not seem likely to add to the gaiety of home.

Where is the People's Fair? and what is it? Curiously enough, it is held at the Islington Cattle Market, on Fridays when the cattle do not perform. But its connection with cattle seems of the vaguest and slenderest.

As to what the Fair is, one may say that almost everything is sold there, from horses to flowers, from carts and cabs to rusty keys. Here is a man offering in a weak voice four dirty white plates for threepence, and he puts a penny on the top plate by way of extra inducement.

"Cheap lot, that," says a man in the crowd, winking at me.

He evidently thinks I am a smart man like himself. I beam on him with my usual genial smile, and he appears much gratified.

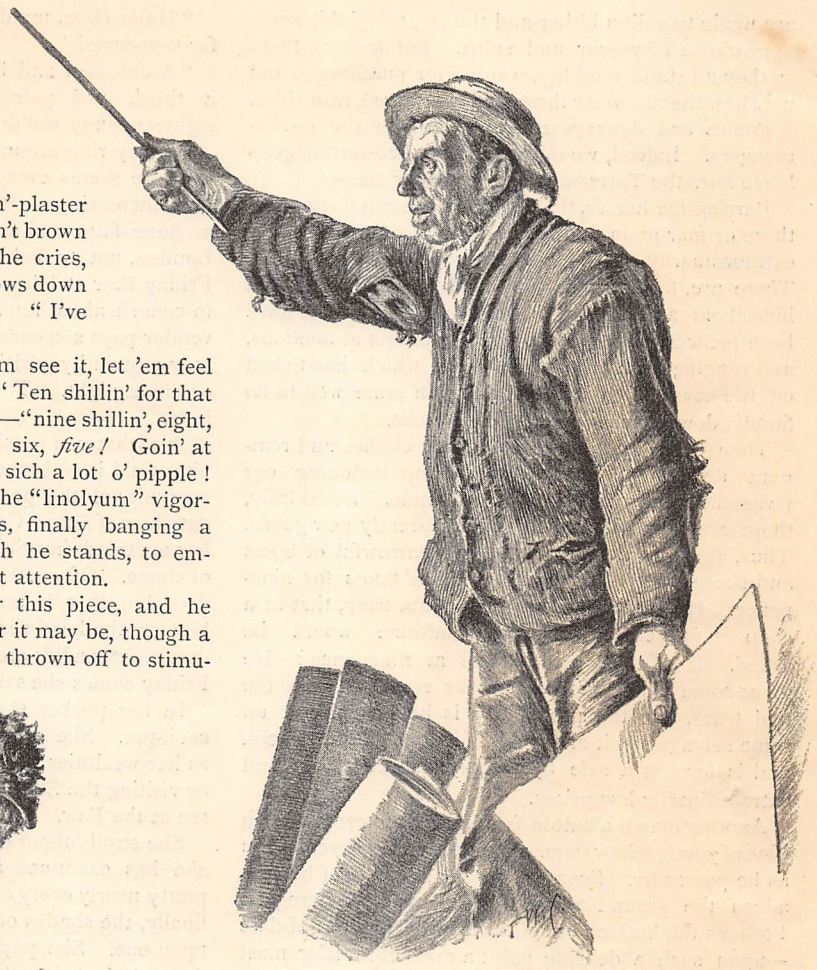
Large pieces of floor-cloth are going at ridiculous

prices. They are sold by Dutch auction: a cheap-jack sort of business, in which the excited vendor commences at a high price and comes down low.

"Look hyar," shouts one man with stentorian voice, "here's linolyum for you; 'tain't stickin'-plaster you're buyin'! Here's quality, 'tain't brown paper. Ah! look out, there!" he cries, as the piece of "linolyum" he throws down nearly knocks someone over. "I've killed ten men here to-day!"

"There—spread it out; let 'em see it, let 'em feel it!" he shouts to his assistant. "Ten shillin' for that lot"—a piece, say, nine feet by six—"nine shillin', eight, seven-and-six, seven, six-and-six, six, *five!* Goin' at five shillin'? Why, I niver see sich a lot o' pipple! Five shillin'!" And he smacks the "linolyum" vigorously with loud sounding blows, finally banging a small piece on the cart in which he stands, to emphasise his statements and attract attention.

Five shillings is his price for this piece, and he generally gets his price whatever it may be, though a few pence may now and again be thrown off to stimulate languid buying.



"'HERE'S LINOLYUM FOR YOU!'"

"SHE HAS TURNED OVER AND CONSIDERED PRETTY NEARLY EVERY OLD SAUCEPAN LID IN THE MARKET" (*p.* 646).

Oil-cloth vending is quite a favourite trade at the People's Fair. There were three big establishments at it one foggy afternoon. A man stands on the waggon which has brought the remnants, and with much volubility and "go" and excitement disposes of the pieces one after another. If one piece fails to take at his upset price, down it goes for the present and up comes another in its place.

Stay—here is noise, here is racket! We are near the horse-fair now. Here the sorry knackers are galloped vigorously up and down, sometimes harnessed to ramshackle carts and carriages, sometimes alone. There are no second-hand shirts to be sold here, no bargaining for two-penny-halfpenny bundles of remnants, no half-crown jackets; but there is a very "second-hand" look about the horses.

It is surprising, the prices at which some of these poor screws change owners, and surprising, too, how the poor brutes

are made to gallop hither and thither, to exhibit some appearance of vigour and spirit. But look at them as they all stand together, waiting for purchasers, and note how the ribs show through their starved, lean sides.

Ponies and donkeys are here too, for the costermongers. Indeed, we might call it the costermonger's horse fair, the Tattersall's of the poorer classes.

Barring the horses, the observant eye can distinguish three or four main divisions or classes of goods in this extraordinarily large and heterogeneous collection. There are, for instance, all kinds of odds and ends of household and domestic furniture, things which have been picked up for next to nothing in lots at auctions, and ranging from an old tall clock, which has ticked off the hours for years and years in some well-to-do family, down to saucepan lids and locks.

Then there are the second-hand clothes and remnant dealers of every description, including our vivacious friends of the oil-cloth trade. But thirdly, there are persons who deal in apparently new goods. Thus, there is a man with a big barrowful of boots and shoes. He offers a pair of ladies' boots for ninepence. He asseverates, and no doubt truly, that at a shop half-a-crown or three-and-nine would be asked. How then can he sell at ninepence? He gives some ridiculous reason, far removed from the real truth, but the probability is he has picked up some salvage stock or surplus faded goods somewhere, and is forcing a sale by cheap-jack manœuvres and extraordinarily low prices.

Another man is a button-fancier, as a costermongerish kind of young fellow somewhat contemptuously calls him as he passes by. Scores of cards and boxes of buttons adorn the ground where cattle usually congregate. Perhaps the buttons are old-fashioned and out-of-date—upon such a delicate point a male chronicler must not pronounce too decidedly—and the vendor has got them cheap. But there they are, and there are the fair sex looking at them.

Yet another has bundles of lace or embroidery, and another, sponges—large pieces, some of them which he offers at threepence apiece. A fourth will have brushes and broom-heads, a fifth a barrowful of socks, or of caps, or collars, and of those little shirt-fronts popularly called dickies.

Then there are a few other things that cannot exactly be classed in any of these departments. There are the flower, and bulb, and plant sellers; there are the fish vendors, offering perhaps six kippers for twopence; the coffee-stall dealers, and the cobblers' barrows.

These last are filled with odd pieces of leather, each marked with its price—sevenpence-halfpenny and so on. Some offer cards of boot-protectors at real or assumed wonderfully cheap prices. Boot-protectors, it may be explained, are little pieces of iron which may be fixed on any part of the sole when it begins to wear.

"Tuppence for three cards o' boot-perteckters. Every plate stamped, can't buy cheaper in the market," etc., etc.

Another man close by offers with the "perteckters" little bundles of bristles with which the cobbler draws his thread through the holes in stitching.

"Have a box, my dear?" cries another—"a salt-box for tuppence!"

"A dust-pan and brush for threepence!" sings out a third. "A pair o' pictures for tuppence! An eighteenpenny walkin'-stick for fo'pence!"

So they ring around you, the cries of the Fair.

There seems everything at this wonderful fair, and it is increasing. Pedlars and cheap-jacks congregate at horse-fairs and cattle-markets in the country, and London, not to behindhand, must beat the lot at its Friday Fair at Islington. The vendors are permitted to come in about nine o'clock in the morning, and each vendor pays sixpence for his or her standing, and they may remain by garish flare of naphtha light until nine or ten at night. There is no eight-hours movement here.

But what can possibly be the use of myriads of these bits of old iron, broken saucepans, and so forth? The ingenuity of the poor supplies an answer. The little daughter of Susan Green cracks the family cook-pot, or her son treads heavily on its lid and smashes it quite out of shape. Of course it should not have been on the floor, but that is an insignificant detail. Susan taps him on the head somewhat vigorously to remind him that saucepan lids are not paving stones and then when Friday comes she sallies forth to the Fair.

In her pocket she carries a measurement of that cook-pot. She likes going to the Fair quite as much as her wealthier sisters love shopping at the West-End or visiting the Stores. And there is so much more to see at the Fair.

She strolls about enjoying herself mightily. In time she has examined and turned over and considered pretty nearly every old saucepan lid in the market, and finally, the shades of evening drawing on, she decides upon one. She pays an odd copper or so for it and departs in triumph. The Green's family cook-pot resumes its career.

In the same way all kinds of bits of old iron, wheels, and keys are bought for fitting into new, or repairing old machines, utensils, and locks. Here is a man trotting away with a fender, and exhibiting much satisfaction in doing so. Here is another trundling home a couple of cart wheels; yet another hurrying away with a queer-looking sewing machine. Those long bars of iron are the axles or springs of carts. They will be purchased to build into other vehicles.

Some vendors patch up things themselves to sell. The spout of one broken teapot is soldered to the sound but spoutless body of another, and fetches a fair price. One or more sound brooms may be made out of the partially bald pates of half-a-dozen others. There seems no limit to the handy ingenuity with which new articles are made out of old.

No doubt the rage for cheapness forms one of the great attractions of the People's Fair. But there are other inducements. People like fairs; they enjoy the noise, the bustle, the variety. The East has its bazaars, Russia its Nijni-Novgorod, and though London has lost its Bartholomew's, yet another gigantic fair, but shorn of its Richardson's Show, has grown up on Friday at the Cattle Market at Islington.

DAVENANT.

By S. SOUTHALL BONE, Author of "The Manager of Manston Mills."

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

A NEW-FOUND FRIEND.

MARGARET DRAYTON was much depressed by the reports of the absconding and suicide of the manager of Wheal Tintinnabulum Mine. She had very little doubt that the story was true, and as little doubt that the proofs of Davenant's innocence were totally lost.

As for Davenant, he had fallen back into his old state of lethargic despair, from which his examination had for a time roused him. The length of time which had elapsed without any result of that examination, and the hopelessness of ever again seeing those kind eyes that had once looked so pitifully on him, and that seemed to belong to some happy past of which only a vague and indefinable memory now remained, were re-acting unfavourably upon him. Yet, hopeless as it was, his passion for his unknown love was the only thing which saved him from complete relapse—the solitary hope that one day, in spite of all that was between them, they would meet again. He would gladly have gone back to the harder work in the fresh air and the comparative liberty of the stoneworkers' gang for the chance of seeing once more that dear face. Sometimes in the thick fogs visions of escape crossed his mind, only to be dismissed as soon as formed. Bad as life was in the prison, what could it be for him outside: a hunted criminal, starting from his own shadow and shrinking from every voice? Bad as things were, they were better than liberty with degradation, and separation from her whom, for want of a name, he called his "dear vision."

Even in a prison one may be "in" or "out" of society. And at Portland Davenant was not "in society"; which was not to be wondered at, considering of what the "society" was composed. He was not "free" of the guild of thieves and burglars, who considered themselves the *élite* of the assemblage within the prison walls. But life is insupportable without companionship of some kind; and, though it seemed strange, Davenant had found a companion—he could not say friend—but, at least, a man who was tolerable enough to be a companion.

Like Davenant, he was of a different type from the scoundrels who formed the vast majority of the prisoners. He was a mild-mannered, well-spoken man, of exemplary conduct as a prisoner, and was, therefore, in the enjoyment of several privileges awarded for good behaviour. He and Davenant had talked together in the time allotted for recreation on Sunday afternoons, and they had formed a kind of friendship. It was a relief to converse with a man whose intelligence was more on a level with his own: who could and did talk sensibly, and whose conversation was free from the oaths and disgusting ribaldry of the others.

Davenant learned with surprise that his companion contrived to get news of the outer world much more frequently than by the regulation letter and visit, once in three, four, or six months, as the case might be.

"It is done, you know, for a consideration. But I have to be specially careful, or I should lose my privileges, and perhaps get a taste of the punishment cells. You would think your own quite a gentleman's residence, fitted with every convenience, after a day or two of the others."

"Were you ever sent to one, then?" asked Davenant, with some surprise.

"No; but I have learned all about them, and I have once seen them."

"But about the 'post office,' as you call it?" asked Davenant.

"You see, it is only those with money and friends outside who are able to use it. I have both; and it is to their interest to communicate with me now and again, and they do it. But it is a difficult job, and takes time; though, even then, it is not so long as waiting three or four months for a letter."

"Well, I am not likely to give much trouble in that way," said Davenant. "I have not had a letter nor have I seen a friend since I have been here."

"No letter, and no friends? Do you really mean that?"

"I had only my mother and sister living at the time of my sentence; and the first news I had was that of their deaths. I had lost all my money, and the friends I had soon followed. I know no one who would visit me here, even if I cared to receive them."

"Ah! that comes of being a gentleman," said the other. "Gentlefolks are always ashamed of their friends if they happen to fall into trouble. Now, our people would stick by one another. That is why, as I told you just now, I have both friends and money, though I am shut up here. But what are you in for?"

"I am 'in'—as you call it—for fifteen years for forgery, which I did not commit."

"I can well believe you, though it is not everyone would say that; and appearances are always against a convict, you know. But I am better able to judge than most people, as, curiously enough, I am in for the same thing myself, and I should not have credited you with the ability for it. But perhaps you bungled it—which is more likely—and so got caught."

"I neither forged nor bungled. But I was charged with it and sentenced." He would never use the word

"WHOM DID YOU SAY? HE ASKED WITH A GASP IN HIS VOICE."

"convicted": it seemed like a tacit acknowledgment of guilt. "And here I am, and likely to remain till the end of the chapter."

"It is hard lines for you, I own," said the other. "I should be awfully savage if I was in, and knew I was innocent. I should be inclined to murder somebody, and end it that way. But what was it you were charged with? Will, I suppose?"

"No; bills," returned Davenant laconically.

"Bills! Ah, I have had something to do with them in my time. I could tell you some queer stories about bills."

"Were they bills that you forged?" asked Davenant.

"No; I was employed to produce some foreign notes, and the principals slipped off, and left me to pay the piper."

"Employed, you say?" rejoined Davenant. "I thought people who forged usually did the work themselves."

"That shows your innocence. Why, it is a profession, is forging. Do you think that men who want to succeed by forgery would use their own clumsy fingers? It is a business—like everything else; if you want a thing done well, pay a good workman to do it."

"But in this case the workman, as you call him, has the pull—he knows the other's secret."

"And what if he does? They are both in the same boat. They must run the risk if they are to succeed by forgery."

"The risk seems to have been all on your side in your case."

"Yes, unfortunately. I was caught in the act, and my principals got clean off. I said to the police when they took me: 'You would have done better to let me go, and have nailed the others instead'; and the head, he said as much himself. But having got me, you see, they couldn't afford to let me go. It was a bank case; and banks have no mercy, you know."

"No, indeed," sighed Davenant, as he thought of his own case.

"A friend of mine helped me on the quiet, paid counsel, and so on. But he dared not show openly. He was mixed up in too many companies to have it known that he was hand and glove with a professional forger. Many and many a job I've done for him, that would make you stare if you knew all. I had just finished a little work for him when I was taken. Fortunately for him, he had got the whole lot in his hands first, or he and 'Wheal Tintin' would have smashed up long before this. Perhaps it has, for all I know. Anyhow, I should never be surprised to see Jonas walked in here in charge of a warder."

Davenant started. "Whom did you say?" he asked, with a gasp in his breath.

But at that moment the bell sounded; and the interview was abruptly ended.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

DISCLOSURES.

ALL that week Davenant had to endure the torture of suspense and expectation. The brief hour accorded for conversation on Sunday afternoons had passed all too quickly; nothing more could be known till the next Sunday came round. Sundays, as a rule, were real days of rest to him: not merely the cessation of toil, but that his occupation was, to a certain extent, more like that of the multitudes outside in the world—the feeling of bondage less intense. On week-days he

was a convict, working in a condition of slavery : a slave humanely treated, fed, and clothed ; but still a slave. On Sundays he could do, and was expected to do, just as respectable people outside did : that is, go to church, and join in the service.

Not, perhaps, quite as the rest of the world joined in it, more or less perfunctorily, but with a real worship and enjoyment of what to many is nothing but a wearisome form. The service in the church, which, even with its uncouth surroundings, and still more uncouth congregation, was not a gloomy edifice ; the incomparable liturgy, so wonderfully adapted for the needs and sorrows of all sorts and conditions of men ; the chanting and rough, but hearty, singing of so many male voices, accompanied as heartily by a convict organist, all helped to raise him for the day out of his low estate.

As Davenant, with the others of his ward, entered the church and passed into the square space filled with forms, immediately in front of the communion-table and under the high pulpit, he caught the eye of his companion of the previous Sunday, who looked at him with a glance of mute intelligence which made his heart beat with expectation and excitement. But he had to be patient till the afternoon, or he might lose the chance altogether. At last the hour struck, and they were turned out into the yard of the ward for an hour's relaxation. Without any preliminary, Convict 220 dashed into the conversation.

"You remember what I told you about the post-office ?"

"What was that man's name you were telling me of ?" asked Davenant in return, ignoring the post-office for that which had the keenest interest for him.

"Have patience," said the other. "I am coming to that. Since I told you of the post-office last week, I have had a letter through it."

"You have ?" returned Davenant, astonishment mastering curiosity.

"I have, indeed ; and, what is more, it depends on you how I answer it."

"Upon me ? and can you get an answer out ? I cannot understand it."

"Two questions and a statement. Time is short, and I can only answer one at a time. Which shall it be ?"

"Go on. I won't interrupt," said Davenant impatiently.

"Well, in short, I have had a letter, and though the writer does not know it, my answer will depend on what you say to it. In a word, it is from my old friend of Wheal Tintin, Jonas Hawkey."

"The scoundrel !" muttered Davenant. "What can he want ?"

"Wheal Tintin has come to smash, as I always thought it would. Jonas is in hiding down here ; and he wants to know, in case I am called on to give evidence, how much I am disposed to tell."

"Why ?"

"Because he has found out that, though he managed to get down here, he cannot get away ; the port is watched too closely, and he can't hold out for ever. He wants to know whether I will tell all I know, or part, or nothing ; as, if I keep silence, he would go back and stand his trial for the minor offence of embezzlement, knowing that they cannot prove forgery against him without my evidence."

"And what do you mean to do ?" asked Davenant breathlessly.

"That is just what I cannot tell at present. As I said, it will depend on your answers to my questions. Were you convicted on Hawkey's evidence ? and was he at any time a partner with you ?"

"He was my partner, and his evidence had most to do with my sentence, though it was not the only thing that told against me."

"You were convicted of forging trade bills, being in difficulties at the time, and you have always asserted your innocence, which you have never been able to prove ?"

"That is so," said Davenant, wondering.

"Supposing that I could prove it," said 220 slowly.

"You ?"

"Supposing I could prove that I was the forger of those bills ?"

"How can that be ? It is cruel to trifle with a man in my position."

"Well, I will not trifle with you. Not only did I forge those bills for which you were convicted, but they were not the first by a good many that I had done for Hawkey while he was in your firm—in fact, very soon after he was in it."

"The scoundrel !" muttered Davenant, with suppressed passion. "And I am shut up here, while he is at liberty."

"Quietly, or you will get your liberty here stopped ; and that is more to the point, I'm thinking."

"What do you mean to do ?" asked Davenant, with a gasp.

"It depends on yourself. I told you, if you remember, that I had money and friends outside. So I have ; but I don't mind telling you now that Hawkey was the chief amongst them. But it strikes me that Jonas is very nearly at the end of his tether, and I think I should do better to throw him over and make a clean breast of it, because I should be on the right side. You will get your liberty, and I shall have a friend outside in you : which will suit me better ; for whether I tell or whether I don't, it won't be very long, anyhow, before Jonas finds his way in here."

"I cannot imagine how you could stand by and see an innocent man sentenced for your crime."

"Bless you ! I knew nothing of you. I only knew Hawkey, and the job came in the regular way of business. I couldn't let sentiment stand between me and a living, and when I first knew you here, I didn't know you were the man whose writing I had forged. Besides, if I make amends for it now, it will be equal, after all. You will be free, and I, who forged the bills, and Hawkey, who profited by them, will both be here. You will be righted, and we shall be punished."

"As if I have not been punished too !" said Davenant, with a groan. "The degradation, the disgrace : I shall never shake it off !"

"Come, cheer up," said 220. "You don't seem like a fellow that's just getting his ticket. "It's me that ought to mope, if anybody does, and not you."

The hour was just up, and Davenant relapsed into silence. It was impossible that his companion should sympathise with him in his mental anguish. Penal servitude was not any sort of disgrace to No. 220; but rather a misfortune, to be borne as patiently and as cheerfully as one could. "Poor chap! he cuts up rough —more than I'd have thought—about it," was his reflection as the bell rang, and they marched in to their respective cells: he to think over what he was going to tell the governor, Davenant to meditate over the prospect of liberty so suddenly opened before him.

Convict No. 220 was wise in his generation in taking time to consider his intended statement. After much thought, he decided that all he could safely say was that in 18—, at the instigation of a member of a certain firm, he had forged trade bills for a considerable amount, and that he had discovered that a convict in the same ward as himself was undergoing a sentence for the crime which he himself had committed. And if he were asked—as he was sure he would be—he would say, as was true, that it had come out by degrees in the course of their Sunday afternoon talks.

He had, as he expected, a severe sifting. But, in spite of that, the statement, signed by the convict and countersigned by the governor, went up to the Home Office that night.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

THE SPIDER FINDS A HOLE.

MARGARET DRAYTON was much depressed by the seeming failure of her efforts to release Davenant. No trace of Hawkey had been found, with the exception of the coat and hat in the wrecked boat. It looked, therefore, only too probable that the story was true—that the wretched man had ended his life, but not his crimes; for he had taken the secret of Davenant's innocence with him into another world.

Madge had an immense fund of perseverance, but she had also an intense horror of growing to be what she called a woman with a "craze." If this man were dead, the prospects of proving Davenant's innocence were, in her opinion, almost hopeless—and a craze it must surely be to indulge the hope in such circumstances. But just when she had almost brought herself to throw up the game and recall her instructions to the solicitors, a letter arrived which changed the whole face of affairs.

It was from Matson, who was working for her with much zeal, and was to the effect that, feeling considerable doubt as to the fact of Hawkey's suicide, he had investigated the matter for himself; and, as a boating man, had come to the conclusion that there was no suicide, but that the whole affair had been most artfully contrived to look like it. Not only that: he and a detective who was with him had tracked a man who resembled Hawkey, and who had been traced on the day after the supposed suicide as far as Winchester, where he was lost. But he was sure he was not dead, and that they would ultimately find him.

This letter had reached them at Weymouth, where they were staying for a few days' change from Portland. On the second morning of their stay they were sitting on the Esplanade listening to the band, when a stranger, passing by, turned and seated himself on the vacant end of the bench.

"By the way," said the doctor, heedless of the stranger's presence, "a convict made an interesting disclosure the other day, so the governor tells me: confessed that he had forged the bills for which your friend was sentenced, Madge."

"My word!" said Madge, astonished. "At last, then, the truth is out. And we have been working in the dark all this time, thinking that another man was the criminal."

"That, too, may well be," the doctor replied; "for he said he was not the principal, but only the tool or agent of the real criminal. But, whatever may be its worth, the statement has been reduced to writing, signed, and sent to the Home Office."

"What a pity we could not have known! working blindfold all the time. Don't you think I ought to wire to Bax?"

"I think it would be best to wait for a day or two," interposed Mrs. Hurst. "You may do more harm than good by interfering just now. It might prejudice the governor, and also injure Mr. Davenant's chance of release, if another version of the affair reached the Home Office."

"That is true, certainly," Madge answered thoughtfully. "But here is Mr. Matson spending time and money on a wild goose chase, which may be utterly useless even if he succeeds. I think I had better wire to stop his journey."

"I am not so sure that finding the defaulter will be so useless as you imagine," said the doctor. "From what I was told, I am inclined to think your Mr. Hawkey was named by the convict as his principal, and instigator of the forgeries."

"Did he? Then, if that is so, the wisest course, certainly, would be to keep quiet."

"Decidedly," said the doctor. "And if I were you, I should defer wiring to that Mr. Matson: at any rate, till you know a little more. Let him run; it will do him good at his time of life."

"But, uncle, he is doing it at his own expense; and it is not fair to allow it."

"Bless my soul! What? Another victim, eh?" exclaimed the doctor. "Surely there is not a third partner in the firm?"

Madge's indignant answer was not made, at least just then; for the invalid rose up hastily, happening, as he did so, to kick Madge's foot unmercifully. She did not recognise him as Hawkey, though she did as their fellow-passenger from Dorchester of a few nights ago.

He was more alarmed by what he had heard than by anything that had happened in the course of his journey. His first impulse had been to move away from where he was sitting; but a moment's reflection convinced him that, even if his story was known to some in Weymouth, evidently he was not, or it would

not have been told in his presence. So he remained to hear all that was to be said on the matter, and was rewarded by finding that nothing was to be done for a day or two. The delay was enough for him, and would enable him to get away promptly, yet without undue hurry.

Having packed his trunk, he carried it to a certain inn-yard in the town, with directions to be forwarded to an address in the village of Chesilton, just under the Portland cliffs. After this he went back to his lodgings, and smoked peacefully till the dusk of the afternoon, when he started to walk to Portland.

At this house Hawkey knocked: not loudly, but confidently. The door was opened by a comely but stalwart young girl, who bade him enter, and instantly closed the door behind him.

"Zo 'ee be come over, be 'ee, Mr. Hawkey? I thought 'ee be a-coming," she said, pointing to his trunk, "vor Scriven left he a while agone, an' zaid you'd be up bevore night. Vaather'll be whoam zoon now; he've a-been a-vishen en the bay. The mackerel wer zeen out ther this mornen; an' he an' his meätes have a-been out all day with them. You be come to zee I about they letters, mayhap: but there be none as yet. I wer up along ther to-day, but it bain't ther yet."

"No, Polly," said Hawkey, in reply, "and it won't be, either, now. I was a fool to write, and can't imagine what could have possessed me to do it. Instead of answering, Davies has told the governor everything; and I'm off double-quick, as soon as the coast is clear."

The girl drew a long breath, and gazed at Hawkey with pity in her eyes. "Eh, Mr. Hawkey; but you do be in a fix. What's to do now?"

"I suppose I'm safe here, Polly, for a few days: till your father could take me off?"

"Zafer here than Weymouth, zure. But then, if thic ther lyin' thief Davies have a-told he ov us about they letters, they'd look vor 'ee here as like as not."

"You think he has?" asked Hawkey anxiously.

"Us caan't zay vor zartain. If he have a-told vor one thing, he mid vor t'other."

"I think he would scarcely tell about the letters; I don't see what end would be gained. But there: I don't see what he had to gain by telling of my matters. But he has done it."

"And you do hear that in Weymouth?" demanded the girl.

"Yes. I was sitting on the Esplanade this morning, and some people on the same bench were talking of it. They did not know me, nor I them; but it was notice to quit. So I packed up and came here. The Jersey boats won't be safe for awhile now, I'm thinking."

"I should zay not. But there be vaather knocken; he do know more than I, an' he'll tell 'ee what 'tis best."

"'ZO 'EE BE COME OVER, BE 'EE, MR. HAWKEY?'"

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

A SAFE SHELTER.

JOHN RANDOLPH repeated his daughter's questions as to the object of Hawkey's visit. "I know naught about your doens, an' dwoant care to know," said he. "What do ee want we to do?"

"Weymouth is too hot for me just now; and I want to know if you can keep me quiet for a few days, and then take me over to France?"

"I could take 'ee over dree days hence, but not bevore; an' not then, if wind didden hold good. My meätes be aal a'ter mackerel now, an' us must teäke they as they come, or not at all."

"I would make it worth your while to go at once," Hawkey answered.

"'Ees, zo 'ee mid, vor I ; but they other chaps do have a share, too. An' us couldn't teäke boat bevore they'd a done with she. No, I couldn't go under dree days' time."

"And then it may be too late," said Hawkey. "I must find some other way."

"I wouldn't advise 'ee to do that. You do best bide quiet here."

"Vaather," interposed Polly. "Mr. Hawkey mussen bide here ; if Davies have a' told the governor about they letters, he have a' told about we, an' they would be zure to look here vor 'en. Teäke 'en to the grot ; he be zaafe there till you do come vor 'en."

"And if it came on to blow in the bay ?"

"Why, then I could teäke en over to Church Cove, an' you could borrow Peter Flew's boat, an' teäke en off vrom there."

"More risk vor'n there, mind. He do have eyes on en there, Polly."

"Only if it do blow, vaather. Besides, he must go by night, and if he do miss now, there be a day lost, and a day's more risk to en."

"Polly is right, Randolph," returned Hawkey. "I can't afford to run any needless risk. If Davies has mentioned your name, you will be looked up, as sure as fate."

"'Tis little they'd get out ov I," said Randolph.

"Except they got me, and I think that is as much as they want at present."

"Well, if 'tis to be, the sooner the better," was Randolph's answer, by which he did not mean Hawkey's capture, but simply that he yielded to his daughter's judgment. "Get I the things, Polly, and you do take the lantern, and lat he go up yonder in the loft. Pull the ladder up after 'ee," he added to Hawkey, "an' when so be's I whistle, come to the window."

Hawkey obeyed, and found himself in a dark loft, with plenty of loose hay lying about, and, in default of light, lay down to rest, as the safest way of passing the time. All was quiet below as he listened for the sound of any fresh comer in the fear lest, after all, he should be tracked. But all was quiet, and after half an hour's delay, which seemed more like three hours, he heard Randolph's whistle just outside the window, which, to his surprise, he found to be almost level with the ground, which at the back of the house sloped upwards so steeply that a very few steps gave access to the loft.

A glint from a dark lantern in Polly's hand gave him light enough to descend. Outside, he found John Randolph with a big bundle slung over his shoulder, and a stout stick in his hand. Polly, armed with a similar weapon, carried the dark lantern. Hawkey was furnished with a shepherd's crook, which served the purpose of an alpenstock, and proved before the end of the journey much more useful than he imagined at the beginning.

Unencumbered by any load, he followed his guides in silence. In the dark, he had no notion of where he was going, except that the path was always upward, and never down. Up steep slopes of grass, and along narrow paths between rocks, then through a deserted quarry and over great mounds of *débris* shot from the cliffs above, it rose till it ended, or seemed to end, abruptly at a projecting rock. Round this his guides went by the aid of holes cut in the side, Hawkey following with trembling but desperate steps. On the other side a few yards more brought them to a cavity in the cliff which had evidently been enlarged by human hands. Into this they passed, and when fairly inside, Polly turned on the light from the dark lantern. Randolph threw down his bundle with an exclamation of relief, and taking off his fur cap, mopped his head with his handkerchief, saying—

"There, you do be upzides wi' anybody now, Mr. Hawkey. 'Tis lonesome, vor zure ; but you be zeäfe so long's you do bide here. Tidden everyone as would a comed round Comben's Nose in daylight, let alone darkness."

"My word ! no," said Hawkey. "I wonder how I got round."

"Come, vaather," said practical Polly, "let's show Mr. Hawkey where he do be to bide." So saying, she went forward into the gloom of the cave, and Hawkey saw, as she advanced with the lamp, that there was a huge heap of dried seaweed in a corner, and a rough table and bench. Randolph undid the bundle, produced Hawkey's trunk, a couple of rugs, some bread, the half of a cold joint of meat, and a bottle of real French brandy, which probably had never paid duty, and pointed out a tiny but constant trickle of water in the cave which would supply the needful mixing for his grog.

"You won't starve for a day or two," said Randolph. "Polly shall bring 'ee zome more bevore 'ee wants it."

"And how long will it be before you come for me ?" asked Hawkey.

"'A caan't zay to-night, but Polly shall bring 'ee word when 'tis ; and now us'll be off, as it's a longish bit to go."

"Are you going back round that rock ?" asked Hawkey.

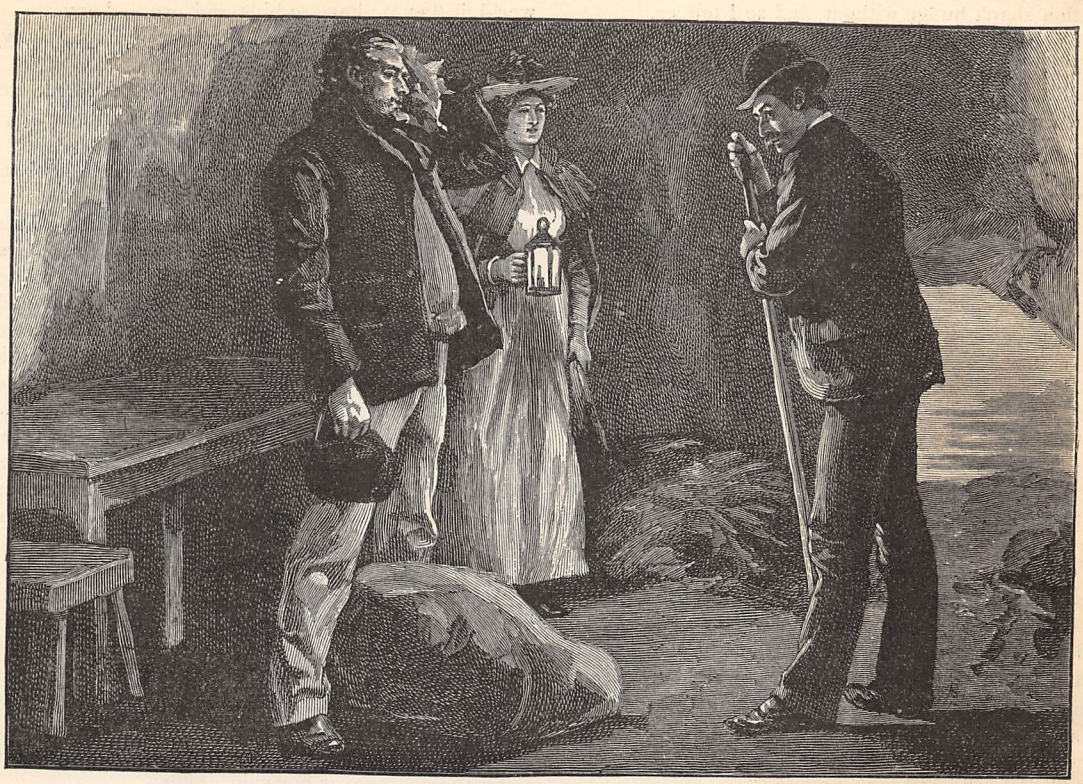
"No other way 'cept you wer let over top o' cliff. No, Polly an' me'll get back zeäfe, no fear. Zo good-night to 'ee, an' make yourself as comfey as a' can. Mr. Hawkey."

And with Polly's added farewell, they disappeared into the darkness.

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

THE SPIDER TRIES TO NEGOTIATE.

IT is curious that a swindler like Hawkey should be relying so implicitly on the faith and honour of this Portland fisherman. A rogue and cheat himself, he felt he was safe, so far as bravery, honour, and intelligence could ensure safety. Randolph himself was a singular compound of scrupulous honour and utter contempt for the law, so far as it condemned what he had been brought up to regard as no wrong. In his boyhood he had been a smuggler, and there was hardly a foot of the Dorsetshire coast from Lyme to Durlstone that he did not know ; and he was popularly, and not altogether mistakenly, supposed to be



"RANDOLPH THREW DOWN HIS BUNDLE WITH AN EXCLAMATION OF RELIEF" (*p.* 652).

willing to smuggle again if he could see his way clear to a profit.

Polly was her father's true daughter, with all his courage, nearly all his strength, and much more than his share of brains. To her common sense Hawkey owed his present safety; and to her courage and vigilance he owed his daily supplies of food.

The first day in the cave passed very wearily. He had enough to eat and drink, but he wanted for a change just what he could not have—a cup of coffee: which he had not got; and if he had, there were no means of boiling it, and he must, therefore, do without. As the sun went down he got a glimpse of the western land, which in certain lights stands out so beautifully on the opposite side of the bay. The haze of the morning had disappeared; in its stead a violet-tinted vapour lay on the western horizon, out of which the distant hills seemed to rise like islands. The coast between Lyme and Seaton came into view; and more to the south, forty miles away, were what sailors call the Highlands of Devonshire, being the mountainous plateau of Dartmoor in the centre of the county, its three highest peaks standing up purple against an orange sky. To the left of them lower ranges of hills sloped down to the coast; and at the extremity of Torbay was the Start, appearing like an island in the western sea.

Then, as the light began to fade the beautiful view grew dim, and gradually vanished. The air became chill with dew; and Hawkey went inside his den, and sat waiting for the girl's firm footsteps bringing him food and news.

An hour or so after dark she stepped into the cave with her load. She brought him fresh provisions and some papers, which were almost as welcome as the food, so anxious was he to know what was passing in the world from which he had fled.

"You must bide quiet one more day," she said, "an' after that vaather thinks he can take 'ee off. The moon's gone; an' the cutter be free then. I shall tell 'ee to-morrow night vor zartain."

"That is good, Polly. That is the best news I've heard for a long while."

"Maybe 'tis," said the girl; "but you do have to give vaather his price."

"I don't mind, Polly. Anything in reason to get away. Once in Spain, I can snap my fingers at everybody."

"Vaather wants vivfty pound vor the job; and the w'uth of the boat—a hundred pound. That's to be en my keepin' till I have 'n zeäfe back."

"A hundred pounds! Polly, surely the fifty would do?"

"No, 'twoan't do, Mr. Hawkey, I tell 'ee plaen. Vaather shan't ztir without it. You may get zeäfe across; an' he may be a-drownded comen' back. You

may try zome other way if 'ee dwoan't like this ; but vaather shan't budge without, and zo I tell 'ee."

It was Polly's plan to manage all bargains of this nature for her father; she succeeding—as women usually do—in getting a better price. She could read Hawkey s character, too, better than her father ; and she knew he would be but a child in the ex-financier's hands.

"It's Hobson's choice," answered Hawkey. "If it must be, it must be. But it is a large sum."

"Let 'un be, then, if 'ee dwoant like en. Us bain't the vo'k to be beaten down like you do beat they City vules down. It's pay or go with us."

"All right, Polly. I didn't mean to offend, I'm sure. I'll pay what is right ; and I know you won't ask for more. Only, remember, I've got to make a start in a foreign country."

"I dwoan't forget, either. But you mid a-started square in your own land if you'd a mind to't ; and no need to go on the hide and zeek at all."

They were hard words and true ; but yet, only what his conscience had told him many times lately. But he was in a cleft stick : he could do nothing but go on, in spite of conscience. He could not go back, even if he would. Restitution—but at what a cost! He shuddered for himself when he thought of the life to which he had consigned Davenant without even a twinge of remorse. And now, too, when on the verge of success. No ; it was impossible. Polly recalled him from his thoughts with the practical question—

"Shall I tell vaather you agree?"

"Oh, certainly, Polly. And tell him the sooner he comes the better. We shall not quarrel about terms."

"You'd best not," said Polly sententiously. "You be ready to-morrow night, in case vaather could come a day zooner. Good-night to 'ee."

Another night, and another weary day passed. When at last it grew dark, he shaded his lamp so as to throw no light outside ; and went, for the first time that day, to the little ledge at the entrance of the cave.

There was nothing to be seen or heard, except that the wind occasionally howled in the recesses of the cave, and felt more chilly and damp. But the sea was quiet ; and he earnestly hoped that Randolph would choose the night for the venture.

A step was heard, and Polly made her appearance with her usual bundle.

"Be 'ee ready?" she asked. "Vaather have a-made up his mind to start to-night. The mwoen be gone ; an' though weather bain't promisen, vaather thinks he do go to-night. If it comes on to blow mid be a week or more bevore us could get 'ee off."

"Oh, horrible!" said Hawkey. "I'm ready now, Polly."

"That's right," she replied ; "but you do have to bide still a bit. Vaather won't be off here vor'n hour yet. An' you do have to zettle wi' I vu'st ; an' you must have zupper, too ; I have a-brought zome vor 'ee."

"You are a good girl, Polly ; you ought to get a good husband," returned Hawkey gallantly.

"Maybe a shall ; maybe a shan't," was her reply.

"Anyhow, I wouldn't wed a zity man vor all the world, if they do have to hide and zeek lik' you."

"You would take a deal of beating, though, Polly," returned Hawkey.

"Beating!" retorted Polly. "I'd lik' to zee the man who could drash I. Ees fai! a woulden try't a zecond time!"

"Oh, I didn't mean that at all, Polly. No husband worth anything would think of it."

"I should think not ; nor woman neither. I wer coortin' woonce with a man, one of vaather's meätes ; an' I zee'd en one night in Portland Fair, a-walken with another woman. So I up an' hit her en the poll ; an' down she went, zo like's a bullock. He turned round, like en a maze. 'Ees, 'tis I,' I said. 'Choose between us.' An' a turned round and walked up the hill alongside o' I, as meek as milk. But his meätes wer all a-jeeren and a-chaffen of en, zo I told en to go. I didn't want a man who was jackass to's friends. An' he went sharp, too, and got back to his girl as she was vule enough to take en. But they didden ztop in Portland."

"No. Best not, I should say," returned Hawkey.

"Well, now to business," said Polly, as quick with her wits as with her fists. "You've a-got to give I a hundred and vivty pounds, Mr. Hawkey. 'Tis vivty vor the passage, an' a hundred vor the boat."

Hawkey unlocked his trunk and pulled out his pocket-book and a quantity of papers. He counted out fifty sovereigns, and laid them on the table. "That is for the passage, as you said, Polly."

She counted the money over, and tying it in her handkerchief, put it in her pocket. "'Tis right zo far. Now for the rest," she said.

"All right, Polly ; I'm coming to that," he replied. "I've been thinking how I could do you a service with that hundred pounds. I don't deny that I'm not all square, else I needn't be here. But, you see, now that I'm out of them, these companies will go up again, as sure as fate. Properly managed, they are sure to rise. Now, what I was going to propose is this : Suppose you were to take this hundred in shares, either Cheshire Cheese shares or Wheal Tintinnabulum, whichever you like, or both of them, if you prefer it, and hold them for a month or two: you would make a cool hundred or more over and above the hundred for the boat."

"Do 'ee take I vor a vule, Mr. Hawkey?" retorted Polly contemptuously. "If they dratted bits o' peäper be worth all that to 'ee, what need vor 'ee to run away? Why didden 'ee ztop in London an' meäke the money yourself, an' pay your debts?"

This was a puzzler for Hawkey, who, sinner as he was, could hardly explain to Polly the weighty reasons which prevented him from taking such an easy way out of his difficulties.

"You've a-got to pay I the hundred pounds ; an' dwoan't meäke no more bother about en. If a dwoan't choose, you can come out of here when so be's you like; but you needn't look to vaather nor I to help 'ee."

It was no use disputing ; he was in their power, and quite unable to escape except by their help. He

counted out the sovereigns and handed them to Polly, putting the discredited shares back into the trunk.

"One mustn't quarrel with ladies," he said, to retreat with a good grace.

"I dwoan't know much about your ladies," she said, "but tidden o' no good quarrelling with I. An' now I'll go look vor vaather."

CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

MANY A SLIP 'TWIXT CUP AND LIP.

IN a minute or two Polly beckoned Hawkey. "The cutter be lyen off here now," she said, in a low voice. "Take that stick, an' give I they traps; coastguard's just gone by on top o' cliff, an' us will be down bevore a comes back."

Instead of going back by the path, Polly left it by jumping down into a little hollow between two rocks, and quietly told Hawkey to follow.

"I can't see where I am to jump," he replied in the same tone.

"Never mind: you can hear I, zurely, if a caan't zee. Jump down to I."

And, like Don Quixote and Sancho Panza in a similar plight, he jumped—and found it only a foot or so deep. Nevertheless, had it been daylight, he would have hesitated before doing even that. But Polly buttressed him with her sturdy body as he staggered against her, and so kept him safe.

"Now vollow me," she said. "An' dwoant taalk, if a do wish to get off zeäfe."

It was no easy task to follow, for the path consisted of a series of scrambling leaps from rock to rock, always in the downward direction. But after some minutes of this the work became more easy, and there was more certain foot-hold. They went down till, with another leap, they stood on the shingle between two high rocks, which shut out all view from above even in daylight. Throwing the trunk on the beach, Polly gave a low whistle, and turned on the light of the lantern full in front of her. The whistle was answered from the water, a boat with muffled oars was pulled rapidly towards the light, and John Randolph's voice was heard, asking in low tones if all was right.

"'Tis all right, vaather," she answered, tossing in Hawkey's trunk, and giving him her hand to get into the boat.

"Good-bye, Polly," he said, as she shoved the boat off.

"Good-bye," she answered, "and better luck to 'ee next time." Then she sat down on the beach, and held the lamp in her lap, showing it to seaward, but carefully screening side lights with her arms and shawl. Randolph pulled quietly, but vigorously, from the shore, not speaking a word. Hawkey, looking back, saw Polly's light gleaming level with the water. He was about to speak, when a warning "Cht! cht!" from Randolph imposed silence. Then he saw dimly ahead of them the outline of the cutter heaving on the waves, and in another minute they were alongside. Randolph, with the rope in his hand, clambered up, hauled Hawkey and his baggage on board, and made the boat fast astern.

Then he shook out the foresail and mainsail, which were ready brailed up, then took the moorings with a cask attached, quickly slipped them overboard, and cast the cutter loose. When she gathered way he set the jib and hoisted the topsail, then, taking a lantern from the cabin, he showed it for a moment over the stern of the boat; and upon that Polly's light disappeared.

He now came aft, and took the helm, altering the cutter's course to south-west by south, and soon afterwards to south-west.

"We keep this course till we clear the Race, then get the two lights in one and make for Jersey," said he.

"Bravo! Randolph. Steer which way you like, so that it is the quickest," replied Hawkey, who was in high spirits, and who could hardly realise the fact that he was actually off the soil of England, though, as he well knew, not out of English waters or English jurisdiction. At Randolph's request he helped him to get the small boat aboard, and stowed it midships.

"All the better vor we by-and-by," said Randolph, "if it do blow."

"Will it blow, think you?" asked Hawkey rather anxiously.

"As like as not," replied Randolph curtly, with a glance to windward. Presently he said, "Us be about clear of Race; I'll put her about till us gets they two lights in one."

Hawkey watched the two lights on the Bill gradually closing one to another, till at last they were in line. Then Randolph headed the cutter south-west again, hauled in his sheets, and kept as close as he could to the wind, which was now rising, and coming in nasty gusts. For an hour or more he kept on his course. The cutter was a fast sailer, and slipped through the water at a good pace, in spite of the somewhat heavy sea running. The Portland lights were getting low down astern of them, though they were not so far off as Hawkey thought them to be. He was not, as a rule, a good sailor; but the success of this, his final stroke for safety, and the conviction that success depended to a great extent on his own ability to be an efficient mate to Randolph, kept his nerves in such a state of tension and his mind so continually on the stretch that he had no leisure to be ill.

He was quite aware of the fact that Randolph was not steering the straight course for Jersey, and suggested that he should put the boat's head more to the south. But Randolph growled dissent. "Flood tide will make up difference, let alone wind."

"Do as you think best," answered Hawkey; "but I should have thought you could have fetched up under the French coast as well as in the open channel here."

"'Tis much you do know about French coast, to taalk o' fetching up there. If us were to go straight, as you do zay, us would be miles to lee'ard o' Jersey when so be's you ought to be there. If we were steaming, like the Jersey boat yonder, us mid go

straight; but beèn only a sailer, us must do the best us can."

Some hours passed, Portland lights were at last below the horizon; and Randolph was on the look-out to catch the gleam of that on the Casquets. The darkness was lightening in the east, but the wind was evidently rising with the day, and the waves were running higher, and breaking now and again in a very uncomfortable way.

"How are we getting on?" asked Hawkey nervously.

"Us must hold as we are till us do sight the Casquets. If us do drop to lee'ard en this gale, we shan't pick en up en a hurry, an' may be get driven athirt the French coast. Us will have more wind as zun gets up."

"I hope not," answered Hawkey, "we seem to have as much as we can do with now."

"Tidden the wust o't yet, or my neäme's not Jack Randolph. Us'll have another reef in that mainsail, and take in the jib."

The topsail had been lowered some time before, so that the cutter was now under very easy sail. But it was done none too soon; the rain came down in blinding showers, and a squall struck them with great force. It was well for them that sail had been shortened, or it would have gone badly with them, and Hawkey himself could see the necessity for keeping head to the seas, which were now breaking all round them.

It was now six o'clock; they had been out nearly ten hours from Portland, and they ought by this to have sighted the Casquets. But the darkness had gone; and in the uncertain light of early morning, and in the foam and mist of squalls, it was less easy than in the night. The breaks between the low scudding clouds revealed the rosy flush of the sky far above them—lovely, but ominous, as Randolph said, of more wind.

"'TIS I,' I SAID. 'CHOOSE BETWEEN US!'" (*p.* 654).

Hitherto the boat had shipped very little water. But the waves, which through the night had been swelling in huge billowy heaps of water, were now curling and breaking in a way which indicated danger, though it was also a sign, Randolph said, that they were getting into shoal water, showing that they were approaching the French coast. The wind also, which had been steady from the south-west, now got variable, and several violent gusts came from south and south-east, the sea at the same time being a confused mass of tumbling waves and foam, the more perplexing as the cutter was struck successively by seas in an opposite direction.

"We be in wash of two tides hereabout," said Randolph. "Us ought to be clear of en zoon."

"Can't you see land?" asked Hawkey. "Your eyes must be better than mine, but I should think we ought to see it."

"Us ought to meäke it hereabouts, but tidden over clear, an' 'tis all I can do to keep her head on to this zea. You'd best keep your own eyes open. It did ought to be zomewheres over there," he said, pointing over the quarter of the boat.

Just as he spoke a tremendous sea passed, hissing with foam, and coming aboard in great quantities. It almost stopped the boat's way, and before she could regain it a gust of wind, this time from north-west, struck her. Randolph put

the helm down, but she would not answer, and with a loud snap the mast broke and, with sail, spars, and cordage, came down in a confused heap. The next wave almost swamped them, as they lay broadside in the trough of the sea, and with no steerage way. Randolph rushed to the side and got an oar out to leeward, and by hard rowing got her head to sea again. But there was nothing left but to wait for the end: now inevitable. Neither spoke, but each mechanically did his best to keep the boat's head to the sea and to bale out the water.

Some time passed, unnoted by either. John Randolph was looking steadily northwards, as though he was thinking of his daughter, whose face he never expected to see again. Hawkey had no such tie to bind him to life, yet he was the more unmanned of the two. To live, even while suffering the punishment that awaited him, was preferable to that awful plunge into the unknown future which every moment threatened to bring.

Then a loud shout was heard, and the bows of a steamer plunging through the waves appeared almost close to them.

"Thank God!" cried Hawkey involuntarily, doing homage to the Deity whose righteous laws he had long forsaken.

"I caan't do nought," cried Randolph, in response to the hail. "Us be zinking."

"Hold on a minute, if you can!" was shouted back as the steamer was stopped, and allowed to drift astern of the cutter. Then steam was put on, and she edged up to windward, bringing the boat close under her lee. The sailors came crowding to the side, and the passengers, even some who were ill, were roused by the excitement of the rescue to cling to any available support to witness it.

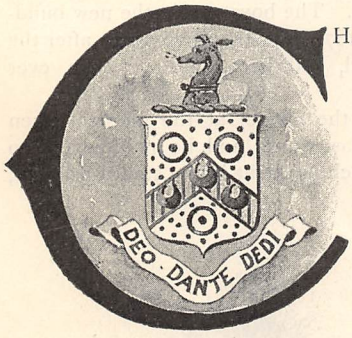
The mate stood ready with a rope coiled in his hand, watching as the water-logged cutter, now protected by the side of the steamer, rose and fell on the waves.

"Look out!" cried the mate, as the coil flew, untwisting as it went, and falling into the boat, was seized and made fast by Randolph. Then another rope was thrown, which he fastened round Hawkey, who was drawn safely on board. Then Randolph, holding the other rope, made a jump, but fell short, still clinging to it. Half-a-dozen willing men hauled him up, and the mate's outstretched hands caught him. But before he could be dragged over the side a heavy sea made the steamer lurch, and crushed him between the side and the cutter, now unmanageable. He was hauled on deck, however, alive, but with a badly fractured leg.

END OF CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

WORK AND PLAY AT CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL.

BY RAYMOND BLATHWAYT.



CREST OF THE SCHOOL.

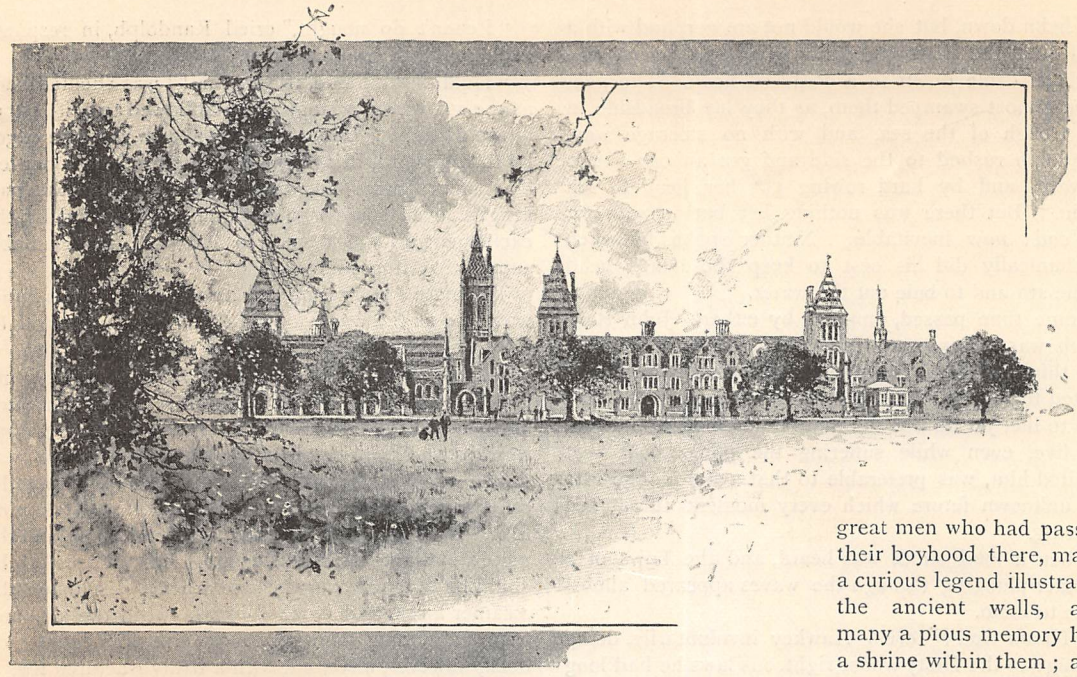
CHARTERHOUSE is brimful of life, and energy, and enthusiasm. It is the very incarnation of progress and hopefulness. Nothing impressed me so much upon my recent visit to Dr. Haig Brown, the head-master, to whom Charterhouse owes a debt it can never hope to repay, as the spirit of energy and enthusiasm which pervaded the whole place. It came upon me with a flash as I drove up to the stately buildings in a blinding downpour of rain, which completely hid the hills by which Godalming is so picturesquely surrounded. And yet none seemed to heed it. Fired with this very spirit, a long line of people, young and old, male and female, stood watching the school team vigorously rushing to and fro upon the sloppy, slippery football field, for, as all the world knows, the reputation of Charterhouse rests largely upon its brilliant accomplishments in the great world of football.

"Now, isn't it a magnificent sight?" said that most genial and broad-minded of head-masters, Dr. Haig Brown, as he came up to me, dripping wet, and bade me a cordial welcome to this child of the Grand Chartreuse.

"I think we had better go over the building first," he continued, "and then you will see for yourself all that we are doing and what we hope to do in the future. You are standing now in my study, and just opposite you is a portrait of Thomas Sutton, who founded the school about the year 1611. It was of him and of this deed of his that old Fuller wrote: 'This is the masterpiece of Protestant English charity, designed by the founder in his life, completed after his death, begun, continued, and finished with buildings and endowments, *sine causâ sociâ*, solely at his own charges, wherein Mr. Sutton appears peerless in all Christendom, on an equal standard and valuation of revenue.' And now," continued the head-master, "I will take you over the building."

We passed through innumerable passages and through some cloisters, standing four-square round a courtyard and curiously suggestive of a mediæval "quad." at Oxford, until we reached the armoury.

"This is where the rifle corps drills," explained the head-master; "and over the chimney-piece, you see, there is a reproduction in copper of the Ashburton Shield, the Public Schools' Challenge Shield, which



GENERAL VIEW, FROM THE CRICKET FIELD.

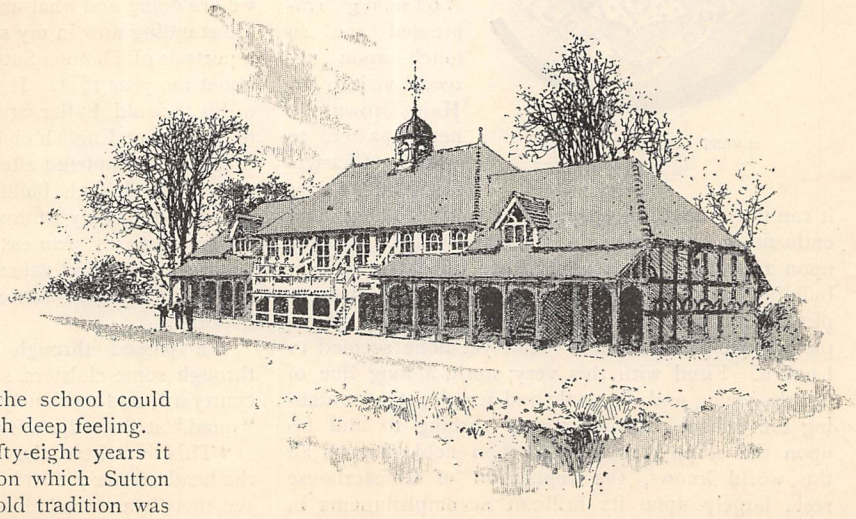
has been held for four years by this school, and round the wall, you see, we place our boys' rifles, all of which are of the newest fashion."

As we walked through another portion of the great buildings, my host told me something of the history of their migration to the country.

"You know, of course," said Dr. Haig Brown, "that in the old days, and up to twenty years ago, we were in the very heart of London, but the vast increase of buildings during the present century very much affected the fortunes of Charterhouse School. Large blocks of houses were built up to the very walls of the playground, and the school was thus deprived of the advantages of a free and open site, which it had enjoyed for two hundred years. This led the Public School Commissioners to suggest the immediate removal of the school into the country. It was, I need scarcely say, a very serious matter, and the change took some years to effect. And, indeed, it was not to be expected that so important an event in the history of the school could occur without calling up much deep feeling.

"For two hundred and fifty-eight years it had remained on the spot on which Sutton had placed it. Many an old tradition was connected with that site, many a record of great men who had passed their boyhood there, many a curious legend illustrated the ancient walls, and many a pious memory had a shrine within them; and now it seemed its place was to know it no more, the time-honoured nooks of old Charterhouse were no more to echo the voices of Carthusian boys, but another home—a new home—was to receive them. The last gathering of the school in London took place within the chapel walls. Many old Carthusians attended the short service of prayer which was then held. The boys met in the new buildings on June 18th, 1872, less than two years after the first stone was laid, and here we have been ever since."

We were passing the chapel at the moment when my host said these last words, and he pointed out to me the porch in which are built in the stones wherein,



THE CRICKET PAVILION.

many years ago, generations of boys, long since dead, have cut their names.

Turning to Dr. Haig Brown, I said—

"I am glad to know that you keep alive the old traditions. They must exercise a good effect upon the boys, I should imagine."

"Indeed, yes," replied the head-master. "I have taken the greatest possible pains to preserve the historical continuity of the place. I never let anyone speak of *old* or *new* Charterhouse; they are one and the same. We keep up our connection with the past in various ways. Founder's day is always celebrated at the old place, and our choir always goes up for it. The examinations for scholarships are also held in our old town house. But yet we have all the advantages of our new residence. We have got rid of our narrow city surroundings, which prevented many a father sending his boy to us.

"The school has lost nothing of its old prestige by the move, and, indeed, I think, on the whole, it has rather gained. Here a boy has a lovely range of country. He can botanise and geologise to his heart's content, and we have a museum which is fast being stocked, and which is one of our greatest attractions.

"But," said the head-master, as he unlocked a door, and we found ourselves within a beautiful building, very ecclesiastical in its character, with a lofty pointed roof, and in which a deep silence reigned supreme, "this is one of our chief glories. This is the library. Here the boys can read their books or papers, here they can write their letters, or they can play chess or draughts just as in a first-rate club."

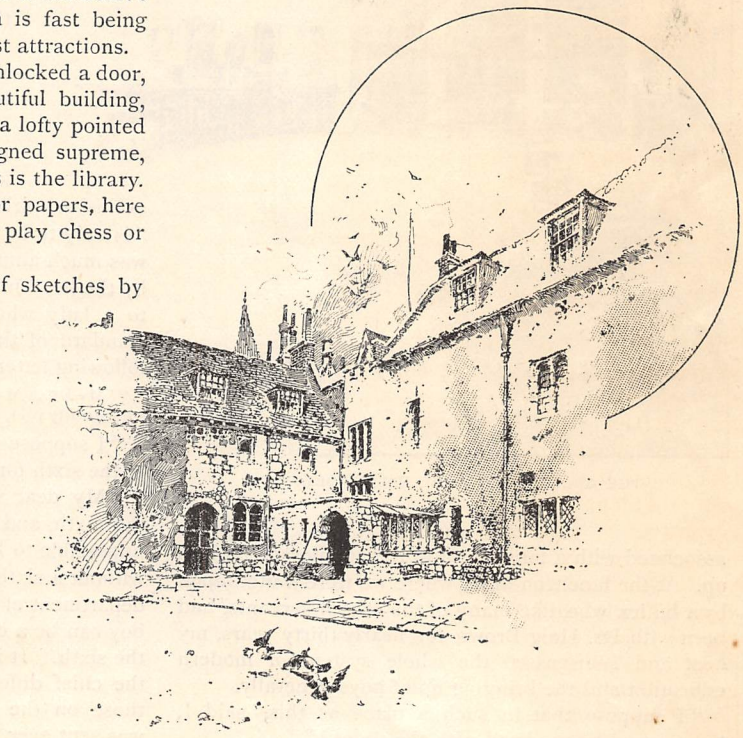
Here in a corner were a number of sketches by John Leech, once a Carthusian himself; here was a statue of Thackeray, who has done so much to make the school world-famed; and here, treasured in a glass case, were an autograph letter of Thomas Sutton, the founder, and the five MS. volumes of "The Newcomes," open at the beautiful and never-dying death scene of the old colonel.

The building immediately adjoining the library, and which, indeed, opens into it, is the great hall, in which the chief school functions are held, and in which every Saturday night a musical or dramatic entertainment is given. It is a very lofty room, one hundred feet long and forty broad, and this length can at any time be nearly doubled by removing the wooden curtain which hangs between the great hall and the library, and which, indeed, constitutes them two buildings instead of one.

"Our Saturday evenings in this hall are a great institution," said Dr. Haig Brown. "To-night the entertainment is provided by myself and my family, and the boys themselves supply a very large orchestra."

In replying to a question that I put to him, the head-master told me that it is unnecessary to use the great hall as a school-room, as there are no less than thirty-one class-rooms for the boys to work in.

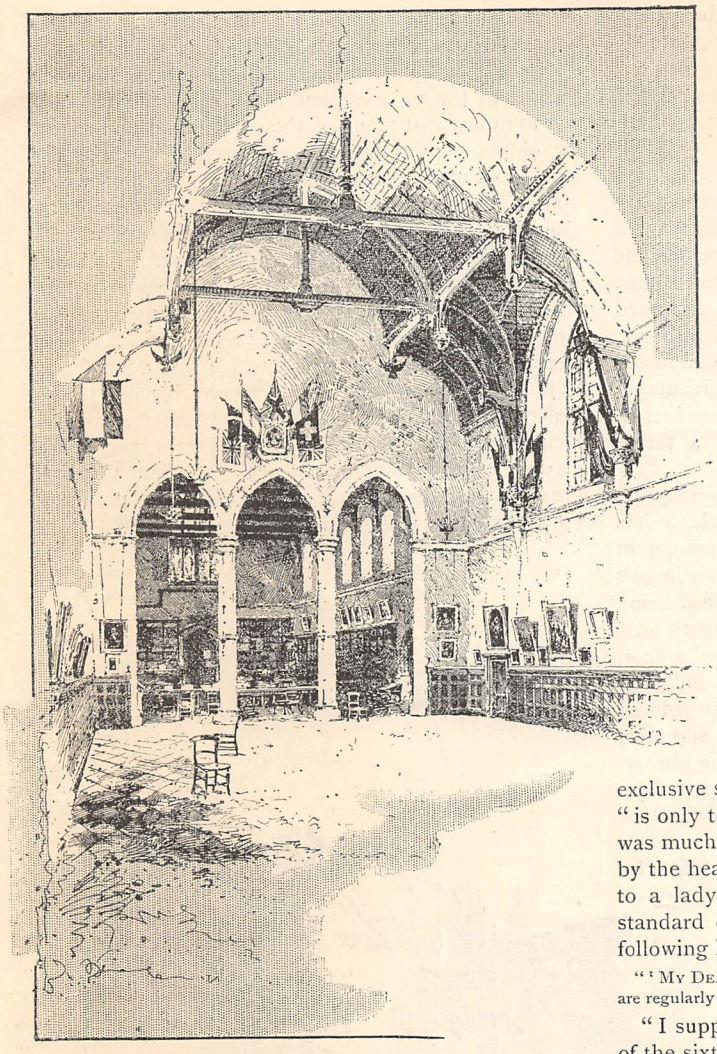
From this beautiful and really stately building we passed to the museum, and it was especially interesting to notice that many of the contributions were sent by old boys, who are now scattered throughout the world, but who never forget the old school in which some of the happiest days of their life have been passed. It is quite beyond me to enumerate a hundredth part of all I saw in this building. But I was especially attracted by an old, worn, ragged coat of plain blue serge, which had been worn for many a year by David Livingstone when he was in Africa. There were drawings by Thackeray, which had been found in his old school-books, and there was his old Greek lexicon; and there was an order to arrest some unfortunate person in the Reign of Terror, and which was signed by Robespierre and President Carnot's great grandfather. The school is very proud of its magnificent collection of birds, a special feature



WASH-HOUSE COURT, OLD CHARTERHOUSE.

of which is that each bird has its own particular and natural background painted for it, and beneath each bird is placed the eggs belonging to that special species.

Hurrying through the buildings, for luncheon was now ready, we passed the lecture-room, in which boys were learning modelling and sculpture, the carpenter's shop, which was in full swing, and the music-room, whence issued the gloomy sounds that are usually



THE GREAT HALL AND LIBRARY BEYOND.

associated with a large band in the agonies of tuning-up. At the luncheon table, where we were waited upon by a butler, who, like many of the school servants, had been with Dr. Haig Brown for nearly thirty years, my host and I discussed the whole system of modern education and the bringing up of boys generally.

"I suppose that in such a place as this," said I, "you are moving ahead with the times?"

"Oh yes," replied the head-master, "we are developing greatly in every particular. But you must remember this: that the old system had the advantage of being more accurate and thorough. There is a danger nowadays of boys spreading themselves out too much. Examinations engender certain superficiality, and they don't always get hold of the best boys; but I must say that they make the lazy fellows work well. The basis of our work here is classical, and classics are a help to a more extensive field of study. Modern languages cannot well be learned without a knowledge of Latin and Greek. The system now benefits masters as well as boys, for frequently in the old days masters themselves knew nothing but their own special subjects. Now just cast your eye over that essay," and as he spoke, the head-master handed me an admirable essay in French, written by a boy, a first-rate classical scholar, too. "You would hardly imagine how curiously we have progressed since the old days. Here is a list of study books used at Charterhouse in 1625: 'Featlye's Parrabel,' wherein, according to Dr. Brown's note, 'the Roman fisher was caught in his own net by Featlye,' 'Berchet Catechism,' 'Erasmi Colloquia,' and so on *ad infinitum*.

"We have, of course, been obliged to make certain changes in the interior condition and government of the school. For instance, the 'scholars,' who are no longer gowned, do not live apart as they used to in London, but they permeate the whole school. In days gone by 'scholars' owed their position more to their superior birth than to their superior brains. Nowadays it is brains, and not birth, as of old—competition, not nomination. We have always, however, kept up our social standard, but the old exclusive spirit," continued the sarcastic head-master, "is only to be met with among the *nouveaux riches*. I was much amused the other day at an answer made by the head-master of one of our great public schools to a lady who had written to ask about the social standard of the boys, and who received in reply the following letter:—

"'MY DEAR MADAM,—So long as your boy behaves well and his fees are regularly paid, no inquiry will be made as to his antecedents.'"

"I suppose you are a great believer in the influence of the sixth form?" I observed to Dr. Haig Brown.

"My dear sir," he very earnestly replied, "abolish the sixth, and we should have anarchy. It would be impossible to keep discipline in such a school as this without a sixth form, and I let the sixth pervade every department of the school, for I make it a rule that no boy can be a cricket or football captain unless he is in the sixth. It is our system of sixth forms that makes the chief difference between our public schools and those on the Continent. A German professor who was sent over by his Government some years ago to report on our public school system, said 'that German boys know more books and languages when they leave school, but that the English boys are far more thoroughly men of the world'; and that is perfectly true. You cannot judge how a boy will turn out in after life only by the position he takes in his school. The feeblest at study are frequently leaders of men in after life. The French system, so far as the building up of boy character is concerned, is fearful. It is a system of Jesuitical espionage, which leaves them not a moment free till the day when they are suddenly precipitated upon the world to do what they will; and

that is terrible. I remember when Monsieur Sarcey went over this very place with me he stood in the middle of that square"—and the head-master pointed to the beautiful space outside the window, surrounded by the stately buildings, and in the midst of which a fountain was playing—"and he said, stretching out his arms in astonishment, 'Do you allow them to wander over this *vast* domain alone?' 'Why, yes,' I replied, 'and for miles beyond.' '*C'est magnifique!*' he uttered; '*c'est magnifique!*' And then again," continued the head-master, "I am very particular as to the house-master. It is not every man who is capable, however good a teacher he may be, of superintending a house full of boys. It requires a man of singular tact, and of special character and disposition. I very carefully select certain masters whom I consider fit and capable persons for the very delicate and difficult position of heads of houses."

In reply to a question as to whether he had abolished corporal punishment, Dr. Haig Brown replied—

"Flogging with us is very rare, but it is not altogether abolished. There is an amusing tradition in the school that in 1818 Dr. Russell, the then head-master, abolished corporal punishment, and substituted fines in place of the old-fashioned school discipline. But this the boys bitterly resented, as they thought that flogging was very gentlemanly and that fines were most ungentlemanly. Now, before you leave you must come and see the chapel."

In a few moments I stood within the lovely building. The rain had ceased. The wild sunset flamed in upon the empty church—an emptiness so eloquent of life. Suddenly a distant sound, "somewhere far off," floated in through the open window. I strained my ear to listen. Yes, I thought I could not be mistaken. It was the "Adsum" being called—"Adsum! Adsum! Adsum!" And in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the chapel windows grew dim and misty, the sunlight faded from off the wall, and I no longer heard the voice beside me. My memory went back to a long past day, and I saw a little pallet, and raising himself upon it was that splendid, courtly gentleman, Colonel Newcome—the most beautiful character, surely, that ever lived in or out of fiction. He hears the Master's voice, and he replies, "Adsum, here I am!" And his spirit came again unto him, and he was as a little child.

THE MYSTERY OF MASHONALAND.

IT is recorded that King Solomon brought to Palestine by the way of the Red Sea, 992 B.C., a quantity of gold, weighing about 3,330,000 lbs. Where did he get it? In those early days the Red Sea was the great waterway of Arabian commerce; its surface was covered with speeding argosies from India, and China, and Africa. The Arabians were the great ocean-carriers; the frequent references in the Bible and in old records to Arabian gold being to gold carried by Arabians not mined in Arabia. As a matter of fact, there was very little gold in Arabia itself. Where, then, did they get the gold they took to Palestine, and Syria, and Egypt, and old Rome, as we know that they did?

The answer to these questions seems to be furnished in the discovery of the remarkable mines in South Africa, which were brought prominently to notice by the Mashonaland Expedition, and which have since been thoroughly explored, measured, and studied by that archæological expert, Mr. J. Theodore Bent.

Now, it is to be remembered that when the Portuguese reached Sofala, on the Mozambique coast, towards the close of the fifteenth century, they found the Arabs in possession of the coast line, and engaged, among other occupations, in the export of gold, which they obtained from the natives. These Arabs preserved traditions of wonderful mines and mighty buildings in the interior, stories which they communicated to the Portuguese, but which the Portuguese had not the curiosity or enterprise to go and investigate. And here arises another point of interest. The word Sofala is held by some to be a derivation from the Greek word Sophira, which is merely Ophir, with the prefix S. Again, the great river which waters this magnificent and mysterious country is called the Sabi, or sometimes the Sabia—a name which is strangely suggestive of Sheba, whence came the great Queen who brought 120 talents of gold to Solomon. It is possible, then, that in Mashonaland we may locate both Ophir and Sheba, but our present purpose is merely to report what has been actually discovered there of pre-historic date.

Thirty years ago, or more, Karl Mauch, the German traveller, brought home stories so marvellous of gigantic ruins which he had found in the "desert" of South Africa that they were generally discredited. He said that 4,200 feet above sea-level he found on a granite hill the ruins of an ancient building. The walls, built of small hewn blocks, with twenty feet beams of dark stone projecting, he reported to be in places thirty feet high. But his story was received as a "traveller's tale," as was also his report of a gold-field in Matabeleland, eighty miles long by two or three miles wide. Mauch's reports however, were confirmed by what

Thomas Baines learned in his travels a few years later, and by the discoveries of somewhat similar remains in the Transvaal, by Mr. G. C. Dawnay. Even in the Kalahari Desert, as it is called, relics of departed greatness and of a pre-historic civilisation have been noted, and reported by Mr. Farini in his interesting book, "Through the Kalahari Desert."

What was the object of these ancient settlements? To what race did they belong, and to what age may they be ascribed? To answer these questions was the object of Mr. Bent's recent expedition, for it was clear enough that such massive structures as the reported ruins indicated could not have been the work of the primitive races who now people South Africa.

To reach Zimbabwe, which is about fifteen miles from one of the line of fortified stations belonging to the British South Africa Company, known as Fort Victoria, involves a "trek" of about 1,500 miles from Cape Town. The nearest coast place is Sofala, some 400 miles away only, but the intervening ground is unhealthy, and almost impassable for waggons. Yet Sofala was doubtless the shipping port of the gold-miners of old, and it would be interesting to know what method of transport and line of route they adopted.

Fifteen miles only from Fort Victoria—but it took Mr. Bent, who was accompanied by his wife and by a cartographer, seven days to traverse the distance, as they had to cut a road, fill up game-pits, and construct bridges. These ruins it is now usual to characterise as the Great Zimbabye or Zimbabwe, to distinguish from other smaller ruins scattered over the country, vaguely referred to by travellers also as Zimbabwes. The name means "The Great Kraal."

Great Zimbabwe is situated in 20° 16′ 30″ south latitude, and 31° 10′ 10″ east longitude. Central Mashonaland consists of an elevated plateau, ranging from 3,000 to 5,000 feet above sea level, the surface of the plain being broken here and there by little granite hills rising from 400 to 1,000 feet above their base. Great Zimbabwe is on the edge of this plateau, and is about 3,400 feet above sea level. To the south and east of the ancient city the country breaks away gradually towards the west more rapidly; and towards the north it goes on rising gently, until a height of 5,000 feet is attained. It is a breezy upland, where wet weather is not unknown.

As only one of a long chain of ruins stretching up the whole course of the Sabi river, and associated in some now unknown way with similar ruins in Matabeleland, the Transvaal, and elsewhere, these remains afford evidence of an occupation which must have extended over several centuries. The curious thing is that all the settlements seem to have been abandoned simultaneously, as if under the impulse of some great terror or some sudden calamity. All the gateways at Great Zimbabwe, as well as those in another ruin at Matindela, eighty miles off, were found carefully walled up as if for a siege; and Mr. Bent could trace in the Zimbabwe walls a gap through which a forcible entry had been effected. What tales of fury and massacre might not these stones tell!

Who were the avengers and who were the victims in those long forgotten wars, and in those sieges of which a few dumb boulders are now the only witnesses? It is more than probable that the assailants were negroes—it is thought they were the ancestors of the present Abantu races, who swept down from Abyssinia, and annihilated the civilised settlers and miners who had come from far Araby.

Great Zimbabwe covers a large area of land. The ruins consist of a large circular building on rising ground, with a network of smaller buildings extending from the acclivity to the valley below. Four hundred feet above is a great fortress, perched on the brow of a precipice, and protected by huge granite boulders. The lower circular building is built of small uniform blocks of granite broken with the hammer, but bearing no marks of chisel and no evidence of mortar. The encircling wall is in parts 30 feet high, and 16 feet thick, and the small stones are laid together with a regularity indicative not only of accurate knowledge, but also of abundance of slave labour.

Three entrances were found on the north side, carefully protected by buttresses, and just inside what appears to have been the principal entrance is a small space floored with reddish cement. From this entrance five passages lead to the interior buildings; one to the left goes down some cement steps through a doorway (where are evidences of a door having been replaced by stone-work, probably at the time of the siege), and into a long narrow passage conducting to the sacred enclosure.

Within that enclosure stood two towers. The remains of the largest tower now measures 32 feet in height, but the original structure would be many feet higher. This tower is described by Mr. Bent as really a wonderful structure, of perfect symmetry and with courses of unvarying regularity. But it is solid, and was thus neither a dwelling nor a fortification, but simply a religious symbol. It is known that the ancient Arabians worshipped a tower which they called El Acara—a great cut stone. This sacred tower of the Arabians corresponds with the Penuel of the Midianites destroyed by Gideon.

With regard to the sacred enclosure, which the exploring party found overrun with luxuriant tropical vegetation requiring some days' work to clear away, we are informed: "The inner wall in front of the tower had been decorated with courses of black slate; a curious conduit about one foot square, and regularly constructed, runs right through the thickness of the outer wall at its thickest point. Similar and equally inexplicable conduits we found about the temple on the fortress. Then there is the raised platform approached by the cement steps, and a gateway just in front of the tower, covered itself with a thick cement, into which a monolith had been stuck; this platform must have been for the king or officiating priest. The whole of the sacred enclosure had been most carefully protected by gates and buttresses. It is sunk a little lower than the rest of the building, and the outer wall is here at its strongest and thickest; it

is, moreover, decorated on the outside with a pattern which stops abruptly at the place corresponding with the termination of the sacred enclosure in the interior, and the summit of the wall for this portion only had been decorated with large monoliths placed at equal intervals."

Two of these monoliths are standing, and are over 13 feet in height; a third lies prostrate. The enclosure was further occupied by buildings within circular walls, conforming to two Arabian customs, mentioned by historians, of combining their temples with fortifications, and of building their temples in a circular form. Flights of steps led up to the tops of the wall, which formed a fine, broad, paved promenade.

These walls are fine structures, with even and well-defined courses. A decoration of a sort of herring-bone pattern has been let into the stone-work of the sacred enclosure, implying the possession of no ordinary skill in the builders and decorators.

Portuguese travellers have referred to these ruins, but there is strong reason to suppose that no Portuguese ever visited them. Thus De Barros describes the fortress as square, and other writers are either so vague or so inaccurate as to show they were only describing from hearsay. If Karl Mauch was not the first European to have seen them, he was the first to describe them, and to associate them with gold-mining. But when he was at Zimbabwe, part of the ruins were occupied by natives, who held here a feast and sacrifice every two or three years. Traces of that occupation and of these festivities still remain, but the whole place seems to have been completely abandoned to nature for many years before the Mashonaland Expedition broke the spell.

Probing among the ruins adjoining the large circular building we have described, Mr. Bent found a long wall connected with a confused mass of chambers, and the foundations of two round towers. This building had three intricate entrances, one protected with an ambuscade and one approached by steps. But the walls here are squared, not rounded, and point to a somewhat later date of construction, when less care was exercised. From this building down to the hollow, there is a continuous mass of ruins on the slope, mostly circular in form, and all more or less connected. All along the valley for about half a mile circular buildings can be traced, and down the opposite valley for about a mile may be traced a wall, evidently thrown hurriedly up at a time of danger. The whole of the buildings in the valley and on the slopes must have been capable of accommodating a large population.

One of the most interesting of Mr. Bent's discoveries was that of the fortress on the hill above the circular building. This fortress occupies a position of great natural strength, protected on one side by gigantic boulders, and on another by a precipice from 70 to 90 feet high. On the only accessible side was built a wall some 13 feet thick and 30 feet high, with a flat causeway on the top, and capped with a series of small round towers. The approach to this fortress is by a flight of steps up the precipice, protected at every turn, however, with traverses and ambuscades. So elaborate are the defences, that "the useless repetition of walls over a precipice itself inaccessible, the care with which every hole in the boulders through which an arrow could pass is closed, prove that the occupants were in constant dread of attack, and lived like a garrison in the heart of an enemy's country."

Within the fortress are the remains of another temple, in better preservation than the one below. It is supported on an elaborate system of under-walls filled up with large stones, and is approached by a staircase of considerable architectural merit, and the walls of it are ornamented with carvings of birds. An altar stood in the midst of this temple, supported on a cement floor.

In two caves beneath the temple, Mr. Bent found numerous fragments of bowls of soapstone, decorated with hunting designs and pictures of animals. The bowls themselves are of excellent workmanship, but the figures on them are mostly grotesque. Fragments of pottery of excellent workmanship were also found; also an assegai plated with gold, and a spear-head of copper. Some iron bells, too, were unearthed; but as these are similar to what are seen in many parts of Africa, they cannot be identified with the original settlers, and may have been left there by later native visitors after the place became a ruin. No signs of any kinds of coins were discovered, nor any traces of either burial or cremation.

It was in this portion of the ruins that the object of the settlement was revealed. Underneath the temple is a gold-smelting furnace of cement, with a chimney also of cement, and near by lay a mass of rejected quartz "casings," from which the gold-bearing quartz had been extracted by heat. Near the furnaces were found a number of small clay crucibles which had been used in the smelting process, and in most of these were actually visible the small specks of gold which had adhered to the glaze formed by the heat of the process to which they had been subjected thousands of years ago.

There is no gold-reef in the immediate vicinity of the fortress, but there is one within fifteen miles. The fortress, therefore, was built for strategic purposes, and the people lived under its shelter, bringing the quartz here from the distant workings to be treated.

Mr. Robert Swan, who accompanied Mr. Bent, carefully tested all the "casings" found at Zimbabwe, but they yielded so minute a trace of gold that he concluded they had been rejected as too poor for treatment. He then searched the neighbourhood for old workings and gold-reefs, and he found one gold-bearing, though not rich, reef. Since then, however, rich gold-reefs have been discovered some twenty miles to the north-west, and it is inferred that it was from them that the ancient inhabitants of Zimbabwe obtained their gold. It is reasonable to suppose that the settlers must have obtained a large quantity of the precious metal both from the alluvial and the quartz reefs, or it would not have paid them to remain so long and to erect such buildings.

More recently still, gold has been discovered at or

near Fort Victoria, within fifteen miles of the ruins, and other gold-fields have been discovered in Mashonaland, which show that millions of tons of rock and earth must have been overturned by these ancient miners. No doubt they had abundance of slave labour, and the crushing stones which have been found near some of the old mines show that the slaves must have been chained in rows close to the workings. There are even in the watercourses evidences of the culinary operations of these lost people.

Were they the subjects of the great Queen of Sheba? And was this Ophir? These questions are of special interest, but it is for experts to answer them. It is not our purpose to enter upon a course of historical speculation. Whether this be Sheba or not, it is certain that the ruins and all which belong to them are not of African origin, and could not have been placed here by any known African race. The art and the religion are both foreign to the country, and the fortifications are those of foreigners working in a hostile country. Both art and religion are Arabic; and Mr. Bent concludes that there is little room for doubt that the builders and workers of Great Zimbabwe came from the Arabian peninsula. But when they came, how long they remained, when, why, and how they went, there is no record even in tradition.

MR. CHURCHILL'S PAPER.

CHARLIE CHURCHILL stood at the garden gate, saying good-night to his cousin—he had been trying to say it for some twenty minutes past, and had not quite succeeded yet. Every time he was ready with the words Lottie started off on some fresh topic, and it was delightful to stand there under the trees, with the prettiest girl in the circle of his acquaintance looking up with soft, speaking eyes into his dark face, that seemed darker still in the gathering twilight; it was gratifying, after a long absence, to come back and find Lottie Lester as fresh and piquant at three-and-twenty as she had been at nineteen, with perhaps an added charm, a shade more gentleness and womanly softness in every word and gesture.

Mr. Churchill was not in love with his cousin Lottie; there had been, indeed, some tender passages between them, in a past that looked very dim and distant to them both now, but a great many things had happened since then, and while her cousin was away in London, doing the hard grinding work that an ambitious young journalist must do if he means to succeed, Lottie had become engaged to the Rev. Francis Clayton, the popular minister of the Independent Chapel at Mildenham.

How came it, then, that Miss Lottie was free to hold long conversations at the garden gate with a dangerously fascinating relative like Charlie Churchill?

Well, after all, cousinship counts for something; one cannot help having a sisterly or brotherly regard, as the case may be, for one's relations in that degree, and then—which is perhaps the more simple and correct explanation—Mr. Clayton was away just at that time.

It was September, a lovely warm September, and the minister had joined a party of old college friends and departed for some unknown region, whither Lottie duly followed him with letters and fond constant imaginings.

She was very fond of her good, clever, wonderful Frank, but all her attachment did not prevent the demure young woman from taking a certain pleasure in Cousin Charlie's home-coming.

It was very nice, she admitted to herself, that he should come just when Frank was away and everything was so dull; for her girl friends were gone too, and she had been left lamenting the perverse fate which had led her father and mother first to drag themselves and their reluctant daughter to the seaside in July, and then to stay obstinately at home when everyone else was out.

Everybody who was anybody in Mildenham went for a summer or autumnal holiday; the inhabitants of the quiet shady old place, set in the heart of green meadows and dense woodlands, talked about the misery of remaining in town during the hot season, just as Londoners might, and from June to the end of September there was a constant coming and going.

It was just when Lottie was beginning to feel herself deserted and aggrieved that Aunt Churchill had walked in one morning with the unexpected news that her son Charlie was coming home for his holidays. He had gone somewhere abroad last year; had not been at Mildenham, his native place and the home of his widowed mother, for more than a flying visit during the last three or four years; and it would be nice, as the old lady said, and as Lottie cordially agreed, to have him at home for a few weeks, and to be able to show him how Mildenham had extended and improved in his absence.

"You said you had something to tell me, something very important," pouted Miss Lottie, pulling the bunch of scarlet geraniums in her belt lazily to pieces, and dropping their petals one by one. "If you are going to tell me at all, why not to-night?"

"Because I would rather keep the secret a very little longer, and, profoundly as I trust you, my dear coz, you might—you know you might—be tempted to

tell the Reverend Francis all about it in your very next letter."

"You bad man! do you think I am like that? Do you forget how I kept quiet about the orchard, and about Miss Fitzgibbon's valentine, and a dozen other precious scrapes of yours, when you were a long, lanky boy and——"

"And you a little tumble-headed girl, without two ideas on the subject of dress or behaviour, instead of being Miss Charlotte Lester in a charmingly complete toilet, and engaged to be married to a highly estimable gentleman, who will probably regard your graceless cousin with very scant favour."

"Oh, nonsense! You think because Frank is a minister he must needs be a prig; you will know him better soon, I hope. But seriously, Charlie, you might tell me. I give you my word not to mention it to *anyone* until you say I may."

"There will be no peace for me till I do tell you, that is only too plainly evident; and since all Mildenham will know it in a week or two, perhaps I may as well out with it now. Only do, that's a dear girl, try to keep it to yourself for a few days, or I shall have no end of bother. The fact is, I am not come back to Mildenham simply for a holiday; I am come to stay."

"Oh, how utterly delightful! And what are you going to do?"

"That is the surprise. I am going to edit the *Mildenham Chronicle*."

"Charlie Churchill, you never can be in earnest!"

"Why not? Don't you think me capable?"

"Capable! Oh, yes—as mother says, you have ability enough for anything—but it is so exactly what one would have wished that it seems too good to be true."

"You are pleased then, Lottie?"

"Oh, I am more than pleased. Why, you will be able to let us have fuller reports of all our meetings, and entertainments, and things. I dare say, too, you would not mind printing Frank's sermons when they were exceptionally striking; and then, you know, Charlie, although I'm not a bit blue, I do write things myself sometimes, little things, and it would be so nice to see them in print. Father never would let me send anything to that horrid Mr. Sylvester, but he won't mind you."

The embryo editor looked rather nonplussed; in the new light which Lottie had thrown upon his course he began to see rocks ahead.

"I must not make too many rash promises," he said cautiously; "but of course, when I can I shall always be delighted to oblige you or Mr. Clayton for your sake."

"Yes, and for his own too, Charlie; I intend you and Frank to be the very greatest friends."

"My dear child, we shall not be like two young ladies, ready to rush into a romantic friendship upon the slightest occasion. Men don't become the 'very greatest friends' unless they have been to school together, or, as it is arranged in your favourite novels, have saved one another's lives a few times, or else have done something even more difficult, such as lending each other money, and that sort of thing. I repeat, if Mr. Clayton's sermons ever come into the *Chronicle*, they will come for your sake; but now I have told you what you wanted to know, I really must tear myself away."

"Well, come to-morrow, and let us talk it over."

"Oh, yes! I shall certainly come 'to-morrow, and

"'IF YOU ARE GOING TO TELL ME AT ALL, WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?'" (*p.* 664).

to-morrow, and to-morrow," till you and Aunt Lester are heartily tired of me. Now, good-night, and remember not to write every word we have said to the absent pastor; he can live without the intelligence another week."

"Charlie is not quite so nice as he used to be," decided Lottie, walking meditatively about the dusky flower-filled garden before she went in for the night; "but Aunt Churchill will be glad to have him here, and he will be an acquisition in many ways, especially if Frank and I can get him to take an interest in the right things, and to exert his powers properly. It is absurd to say they won't be great friends—of course they will; and to have so much influence with the *Chronicle* will be an immense advantage to Frank. But there, I ought to go in; how shall I ever keep from telling mother the news?"

Somehow it seemed quite easy to refrain from confiding Charlie's secret to her lover in the long letter she wrote the same night.

Deep down in Lottie's heart there was an uneasy feeling that perhaps after all Mr. Clayton might object to the renewal of the old familiar friendship with Cousin Charlie; or, if he did not object, might at least regard it with the grave silent disapproval that always seemed so much more impressive because it did not find utterance in words.

"I won't write a single sentence about the matter," she thought, with true feminine diplomacy, "but wait till he comes home, and till Charlie's settling amongst us is an accomplished fact. I have promised not to tell, so that will be quite right."

Certainly she had promised not to tell, so far as the editorship was concerned, but if Charlie had looked over the fair scribbler's shoulder he would have been slightly surprised to find his own name, or arrival, not even mentioned, although, with the one exception, the small events of Miss Lester's life in her lover's absence were all duly chronicled.

To do Churchill justice, he had not, in resuming the old easy friendship with pretty Lottie, the faintest idea of flirtation, or of more than cousinly regard; he had had love affairs enough of his own, passing attachments, that had come to nothing, and one, deeper and more lasting than the rest, which had ended almost tragically, and had left a wound he never cared to probe.

Add to this that in coming away from London he had left behind a friend so dear that the feeling he had for her was very hard to distinguish from love, and it will easily be seen that there could not be much heart still free for Lottie Lester to play with.

Mr. Churchill had taken this post at Mildenham, had accepted it conditionally, for a few months only: partly because his conscience reproached him with having too long left his mother to a solitary life, which he might have done more to brighten; partly because he was very conscious that his friendship with Kate Rutherford was every day growing to be more and more the one strong interest of his own existence.

He admired this woman supremely, he was happier in her society than anywhere else, but he said to himself that he would not love her; he had vowed again and again, by all that he held sacred, never more to place the happiness of his life in a woman's hands; and it was since he had grown to feel it impossible to remain near Kate, to meet her and talk with her, and yet to keep his resolution, that the impulse to quit all, to leave the place he had made for himself and the work he was doing, and fly for refuge to the dead calm of his native provincial town, had become strong enough to be acted upon.

Just then the company who published the *Mildenham Chronicle* had written, offering him the editorship, and he had consented to take the vacant post for a provisional six months, and, to the joy of his mother, and, as we have seen, to the gratification of his cousin, had come down to his new sphere immediately.

But he did not go and say good-bye to Kate Rutherford—at the precise time of his departure she had left town for a few days, and this afforded Charlie an excuse for writing, instead of speaking, his farewell.

In the brief reply which he received to that farewell letter, Kate, in a few warm words, wished him success in his new life, and there it seemed as though the friendship which had meant so much to one, perhaps to both, might after all terminate.

"It would be best for us," Churchill reflected, "if the things that have been had never come to pass; if I were as free and heart-whole as I believe Kate to be, it would still be best. Though she is a woman, she has her own ambitions—her own career; how could she sink all in mine? Most likely, even if I had asked her, she would have refused me, and surely it is better for me to keep the memory of our friendship unspoiled by that bitter termination. As for her, she will forget me, and I can go and find in hard work the relief it has never failed to bring me yet."

That was how Charlie Churchill talked to himself, but he never talked so to other people; outwardly he was always careless, gay, slightly cynical, and just as ready to be amused by a shallow, charming girl like his cousin Lottie as though Kate Rutherford, or the heroine of his earlier and darker story, had never had an existence.

When the Reverend Francis Clayton came back from his vacation it was no small surprise to him to find the cousin of his betrothed, the man whose name he may perhaps have heard half-a-dozen times, but of whom he had never thought, even once, as likely to cross his own path, established, not only as editor of the *Mildenham Chronicle*, but as a pretty frequent visitor at the Lesters' house.

It certainly gave him rather a shock at first to hear this handsome, dark-eyed, moustached young man familiarly addressed as "Charlie," and treated to an occasional display of the pretty airs and graces which had won his own heart when he first came to Mildenham, not so very long before.

But after all Mr. Churchill was a cousin; the minister did not want to be unreasonably jealous and complaining. He himself had been such a hero, too,

in Lottie's eyes, had been so surrounded by the subtle atmosphere of devotion through which women often regard the teachers of their religious faith, that his own position seemed peculiarly strong, and, after the warm welcome home which Lottie had given him, it was cruel to cast a doubt upon her fidelity.

Then, too, it was understood that the engagement with the *Chronicle* was not at all likely to last longer than the few months for which it had been originally taken. Mr. Churchill would be almost sure to get tired of the quiet life at Mildenham, and be only too ready, when the time came, to get back to his beloved town haunts once more.

With such prudent considerations did the minister of High Street Chapel quiet his first excited feelings, and as he was a busy man, with plenty of other things to take up his time and attention, he succeeded pretty well for a while.

As for Lottie, she had perhaps never been so happy, so at one with her circumstances, as she felt that winter. The novelty of her engagement to the minister had begun to wear off, and things were growing a little tame, not to say humdrum, when Charlie's coming gave just the required fillip, and a certain new and piquant element was infused into everything.

But the young lady had hard work sometimes to bring the editor of the *Chronicle* up to her required standard.

"I do wish you would join our guild," she said to her cousin during one of his Tuesday calls.

Tuesday was a leisure day with Mr. Churchill, and so was Monday, for that matter; but then, on Monday the minister was "resting," and was usually to be found *tête-à-tête* with Miss Lester, so there was a tacit understanding that Charlie should call on Tuesday.

"I do wish you would join our guild," she repeated, with an entreating look that made Charlie laugh.

"'I AM ALL ATTENTION.'"

"What is your guild?" he asked curiously. "Is it a trade brotherhood, or is it like the guilds they have in the Romish Church, and the Anglican imitations of the same?"

"No, of course it is not, or else I should not ask you. Do sit down, instead of fidgeting about, and I will explain it to you."

"Please do. I am all attention."

"Well, to begin with, you pay three-and-sixpence."

"No doubt; that is where everything begins with the unhappy mortals you manage to draw into the charmed circle of the High Street 'Cause,' 'Put Money in your Purse,' before you stir a step."

"Suppose it is? You think nothing of paying three-and-sixpences for cigars and things."

"Softly, my little coz; I never paid three-and-sixpence for a cigar in my life."

"Well, for boxes of cigars, then."

"That is the other extreme. I am afraid Clayton has not sufficiently enlightened you yet as to the cost of those necessaries. But why don't you tell me about the guild?"

"I do, only you keep interrupting. When you have

paid three-and-sixpence, you see, you are a member: that is, if no one objects to you."

"Oh, that is like a club; now I am on more familiar ground. How many black balls exclude?"

"Don't be absurd; when you have paid your subscription and, not being objected to, have become a member, you can attend the weekly guild meetings, which are really very nice select entertainments, and you pledge yourself to do everything you can to help, and to make things go off well, you know. If you were to join, you could do a great deal for us."

"They would object to me," said Charlie, with an air of conviction.

"Object to you! They would think it an honour and glory to have you—a real live literary man. Why, Mr. Binks, who has had verses in the magazines twice, is quite a great light amongst us, and thinks, in consequence, that he has a right to advise upon every question of taste. Think how much greater you would be than any Mr. Binks."

"Which is Binks: the little fair man with an eyeglass and an excess of shirt-front, that Mr. Clayton brought in with him the other night?"

"Yes, that is the one; but we have a good many other talented persons, and every week, as I tell you, they exercise their special gifts for the general edification at the guild meetings."

"Oh! And what do *you* do, may I ask?"

"I sing, of course, and make myself generally agreeable by conversing with strangers and newcomers in the interval. We have intervals for conversation and sometimes a cup of coffee."

"What, more attractions? And do you make the coffee too?"

"*We* do, and the cakes as well; you need not laugh, but just come and try them. Seriously, Charlie, you might come, and give us a paper on some interesting subject. We often have papers."

"What should you call an interesting subject?"

"Oh, I don't know. Browning, or something of that sort."

"Don't you think if I took Browning, Binks might be jealous?"

"If you will be so trifling, it is impossible for me to talk to you properly; and yet I have set my heart on your coming to the guild meetings."

"Oh, well, I'll come, and give you a paper too, if you like; I'm nothing if not obliging. But, mind you, I don't think Clayton cares about my coming to his meetings."

"Frank! Why he is bound to care; he always wants to get all the help he can, and to do everything to make the guild attractive to his young people. You would make it attractive; I know at least a score of folks who would come on purpose to hear you."

"Really! I should hardly have given the Mildenhamites credit for so much discrimination. But, however, you shall have your paper, if you can get Clayton to let me have half-an-hour some convenient night. And I don't mind the three-and-sixpence, but I really can't pledge myself to attend every week."

"No, no, I don't ask that. Now mind you choose a nice subject; and perhaps you had better go home now, and write, instead of wasting any more of my valuable time."

Churchill had given Lottie the promise without any serious thoughts of fulfilling it; but after he had left her the idea really took hold upon him.

After all, he would like to impress the chapel people, and to show Clayton that he, Churchill, was not quite the mere frivolous character for which the reverend gentleman seemed to take him.

He cast about in his own mind for a subject, rejecting as utterly impracticable the "Browning" Lottie had suggested.

"I know what I should like to do," the young man thought at last. "I should like to write a paper on Miss Rutherford's books; they wouldn't know her here: if they should happen to have heard of her, it would be only under her *nom-de-plume*. I might very well treat of her as 'Quita,' and give a summary of her two novels, and some account of the exquisite short stories that I dare say these benighted folk have never seen. It would be something to do for the friend I have left—the friend I sometimes think was more to me than any other woman will ever be."

To an unprejudiced observer this would hardly have seemed the most direct way of weakening the absent Miss Rutherford's dangerous influence upon himself, but when the thought had once taken hold of Churchill's mind he could not let it rest.

In the intervals of newspaper work he went back to the subject again and again, and very soon astonished Lottie with the news that he had already written a good portion of the promised paper.

Evening after evening, while his mother was from home visiting her numerous friends, or attending the meetings in which her soul delighted, Churchill read and re-read the books "Quita" had written, and her stories, which he had religiously preserved since they came out in various magazines.

How beautiful to the silent reader seemed the strong yet intensely feminine, personality, all unconsciously revealed alike in the novels and the short stories! How strangely the thoughts accorded with his own, while his inmost being responded to the writer's touch upon the secret springs of emotion!

"How could I leave her? How could I know her and not love her?" he asked himself again and again; and yet the old captious objections would make themselves heard, and even brought others in their train. "One should never marry a woman who writes. Louis Stevenson says so, and I have always thought he was right there. They are too much like ourselves; they cannot love as unsophisticated women do."

"How can 'Quita' write so about love, then?" came an answering voice. "Could any woman, without the capacity for affection, have written those beautifully tender love scenes? Could any cold-hearted being have risen, even in imagination, to the splendid outburst of passionate devotion in that third volume?"

Altogether, Mr. Churchill worked himself into a state of complete wretchedness and uncertainty, and grew so absorbed in the internal debate as to the

absent "Quita," that he forgot for several days to call upon Lottie Lester.

Lottie hardly regretted this, for, of late, Mr. Clayton had begun to show so many signs of dissatisfaction, that it was just as well Cousin Charlie should not be too much to the front. Charlie was very well to talk to—splendid to pass the time—was, indeed, a far more lively companion than the grave, often pre-occupied, minister; and yet Lottie knew well enough that a slight word of approval, a rare compliment from her almost too dignified adorer, was infinitely more precious than anything brilliant Cousin Charlie could ever do or say.

When Churchill had finished his paper, and read it over to himself, he could not help admitting that it was written in his very best manner. Indeed, he had surpassed his own best work in places, for the words had come from his very heart, and, though he would not confess it, were instinct with the warm glowing feeling he had for "Quita." After reading it through, he put it resolutely away till the night of the guild meeting.

When Churchill's name was seen in the informal, written programme of the evening's entertainment which was circulated amongst the guild members, it gave rise to no small amount of comment.

"Paper on 'Quita's' Novels, by Mr. C. Churchill," exclaimed Alfred Binks to his friend Brownsmith, as the two looked over the programme. "So Miss Lester's supercilious cousin is to favour us at last! He is one of the new humorists, I suppose, as they style themselves; but who on earth is 'Quita'? I've heard of 'Rita' before, but this is a new name."

"Then, for goodness' sake, my dear fellow," rejoined Brownsmith, "don't let Churchill know that you've never heard of him, or her. If he finds even you ignorant, he'll be more than ever inclined to set us all down for a set of stupid provincials. Confound

"'I MAKE MYSELF GENERALLY AGREEABLE'" (*p.* 668).

his cockney airs! He belongs to Mildenham, after all, as much as you or I do."

"I've a great mind not to go, although I'm put down for a recitation," muttered Binks angrily.

"Oh, let's go, if only to try and find something to pull to pieces. These tremendously clever fellows often give themselves away, you know."

Not only Binks and Brownsmith, but the other members of the guild mustered in great force when the evening came; but it crossed Lottie's mind more than once that her dear Frank, who, of course, presided, did not look quite so pleased as he ought to have done at the large meeting.

Not one of the Mildenham young men would have owned to it, but no doubt they were, every one of them, more or less jealous of Charlie Churchill, and they heartily wished him back again at the St. Bride Street office, from whence he had come to trouble their peaceful days.

Lottie was very busy—she always was on these evenings; she flitted about, looking distractingly bright and pretty in her crimson cashmere, and making herself impartially agreeable to everybody.

After the cups of coffee and other preliminaries had been disposed of; after Mrs. MacMichael had sung "The Blue Bells of Scotland," and Mrs. O'Grady "The Sweet Little Shamrock"; after Mr. Binks had recited some of his own verses in his very best style, and Mr. Brownsmith had given a reading, a flutter of expectation, and then a sudden silence, fell upon the gathering, for the time was come for Mr. Churchill's paper.

There was no murmur of applause as Charlie stepped forward; he knew instinctively that the feeling of the meeting was rather hostile to himself. But he had also a comfortable consciousness of caring nothing at all about that, and beginning to read, he was soon absorbed in his subject.

With what a living presence did Kate Rutherford come before him as he read; he forgot the audience in his effort to do justice to the purity and pathos of her writings. In the scenes and verses he had chosen for quotation his voice almost trembled with emotion, and again and again the listeners, in spite of themselves, were roused to utter a burst of passionate applause.

He sat down at last amid a noisy hum of thanks and praises, which nearly drowned the coldly-official tones in which Francis Clayton proposed a formal vote of thanks to him.

When all was over he looked round for Lottie, who had scarcely come near him during the evening; she was standing, as he had noticed her once or twice before, in close conversation with a lady in mourning, who seemed to be a stranger. Presently the latter withdrew, and Lottie was free to steer her course to her cousin's side.

"Oh, Charlie!" she began, before he had time to speak, "only fancy: that lady says she knows 'Quita' well. She is a Miss Rutherford really, Mrs. Murdoch says, and is rather nice-looking, and quite like other people. I do believe," she added, looking searchingly at him, "that it is just possible you know her yourself."

"I do," he said shortly. "But I must go now, Lottie. I hope you have been satisfied?"

"Oh! that is not the word; I have been ever so pleased, and so has everybody else. We shall all get 'Quita's' books and read them for ourselves. Good-bye, if you must go; mind you come and talk it all over with me."

* * * *

A week or two passed away, and then one evening, looking over some letters that had come by the afternoon post, Churchill found one addressed in Kate Rutherford's large open handwriting.

"My friend Mrs. Murdoch, who has been at Mildenham" (she wrote), "tells me that you have been reading a paper about my books, and saying all sorts of kind and flattering things of them, and of me. I suppose I ought to thank you, but I hardly can, for I am so angry that you have left me all these weeks without a line to say whether you were alive or dead. After we had been such good friends, you might surely have cared enough to have written to me once."

Cared! If she only knew! But Churchill would not trust himself to think too much of her just then, lest he should be tempted to write and tell her all his heart. He crumpled the letter in his pocket, and went out to call at the Lesters'.

Mr. Clayton was sitting with Lottie; as he greeted Churchill, the coldness of his manner was more marked than ever, and in a few moments he made some rather lame excuse, and bade the cousins farewell.

"What's the matter with Clayton?" demanded Charlie carelessly.

Lottie sighed.

"I can't think," she said, with an air of half-assumed anxiety. "He seems so odd—so—so displeased lately, almost as though he did not like your being here so much, Charlie; but that would be ridiculous, wouldn't it?"

"I think it would," assented Charlie; nevertheless, his conscience gave him rather a sharp twinge, and by-and-by he walked home, feeling utterly dissatisfied with himself.

"How absurdly I am acting," he said to himself that night; "staying on here, making mischief between a nice girl and a fellow, who, though he is a bit of a prig, is really a good fellow in the main; and doing work I don't care two pins about: all just in order to keep away from the woman who, when all is said and done, is worth more than anyone else in the world to me. Liberty is sweet, but I have had a good many years of it, and I suppose it can't last for ever. Instead of answering that letter, I'll run up to town and see Kate Rutherford."

His absence would only be for a day or two, Churchill argued; it would not be worth while to speak of it.

He would get the paper out for that week—it was published on a Saturday morning—and then go from Saturday to Monday, so as to be in harness again on the Tuesday.

It was rather a pity that his mother was obliged to

know of his going, for she would be sure to mention the matter at the Lesters', and he was morbidly anxious that no one should know the true cause of his temporary absence. But then—they would never guess it; business would be the all-sufficient excuse; and though to Lottie's acute mind it would probably be evident that, even in town, one cannot do much business on a Sunday, there was no help for that.

More than once he wavered as to going at all. What should he say to Kate? What did he mean to say? Was he really intending to give up all for her sake, and to take the tremendous risk of marrying a distinctly literary woman? Curiously enough, he had never seen her at her own home; they had met always at the house of a mutual friend, or at social gatherings amongst their own set.

But Churchill felt that this left him too much in ignorance; he would go now to the apartments where she lived, he knew, with a maiden aunt, and judge for himself as to whether "Quita" was one of the writing women who, because they write, seem to have no sort of faculty for any earthly employment besides.

He had her address, for it had headed the two or three notes she had sent him; it would be quite easy to find 75, Colmore Road, though he had not a very clear idea as to what Colmore Road was like, or whether he had ever been in that south-western thoroughfare. It was late before he could get away on Saturday, and he was obliged to go by the 10.15 express, which stopped for a moment at Mildenham in its passage from the north, and did not get to town till after midnight.

But there was little difficulty in rousing the people at his old quarters, who let their rooms to clerks and journalists, and were tolerably accustomed to late comers. The landlady was ready enough to accommodate Mr. Churchill for a night or two: indeed, she was glad to see him back, and volunteered a hope that he would make up his mind to stay in town.

To bed at last, but not to sleep. Churchill was too full of his plans for the morrow to get any but the most fitful and unsatisfying repose. Should he call in the morning or evening? Would Kate be likely to be at home on Sundays? Did she go to church? He almost wished now that he had written and asked for an interview; if he should have a lost journey it would be nearly impossible to go through the whole thing again, and make another attempt.

He decided finally to call in the afternoon, between four and five: that seemed the most likely hour to find the ladies disengaged; they could not be at church then, and the weather was not of the sort that tempts people abroad on Sunday afternoons for the mere pleasure of walking.

He made his breakfast as late as possible, and somehow passed away the time till the important hour drew near, then making a careful toilet, Mr. Charles Churchill set forth in search of Colmore Road.

No. 75 stood near the beginning of one of those interminable rows of outwardly respectable, even genteel, houses which are often found to be let off to half-a-dozen different families: to clerks, shopmen, governesses, artists, who cannot afford separate house rents, and yet have some sort of an appearance to keep up. But the Rutherfords, aunt and niece, were better off than many of these struggling lodgers; the aunt had an income of her own which, though a small one, sufficed for her own actual needs, and of late Kate had been so successful in her pen and ink efforts that she was not only able to maintain herself, but to obtain many comforts and luxuries for her aunt also. They rented the first floor at No. 75, containing three good apartments and another smaller room, a sort of improvised kitchen, in which Kate delighted to pursue the cooking operations, which she declared were a great relief from her more arduous labours.

The elder Miss Rutherford laughed at her niece's way of putting things.

"Most people would call the cook's work the harder," she would say, not without a spice of malice.

"Only let them try it, Aunt Ellen. A woman who can sit at her desk scribbling 'copy' for six, five, or even four hours a day knows more about hard work than many a cook or housemaid," Kate sometimes answered, with a serious ring in her voice.

Some of the advantages of her present position had been rather hardly won, and she had found, as so many girls have to find nowadays, the battle of life a real battle, with plenty of fighting to be done.

But in the six-and-twenty years of her brave young life Kate Rutherford had achieved a success that well repaid the efforts, in a literary way, that she had begun to make almost as soon as she knew how to read and write. True to her early purpose, to the desire that had grown with her childish growth, she had worked on, unnoticed and unhelped, amongst the crowd of young half-brothers and sisters who filled up her father's house. When at last that elastic mansion had reached its utmost limits, and the family actually overflowed its bounds, Miss Rutherford had come to the rescue, with an offer to take Kate away and give the girl such advantages as she could afford.

Aunt Ellen kept a small school for young ladies at that time, and Kate began a new life under her aunt's care, finishing her education, making herself useful, but writing, always writing, in every spare moment of the day or night.

When Miss Rutherford's failing health obliged her to give up the school, it was Kate who proposed to her aunt that they should remain in London, and that she, Kate, should boldly venture out upon the troubled waters where so many have been shipwrecked. Even in her school days the girl had made for herself some sort of a literary connection, and after they came to Colmore Road she progressed rapidly.

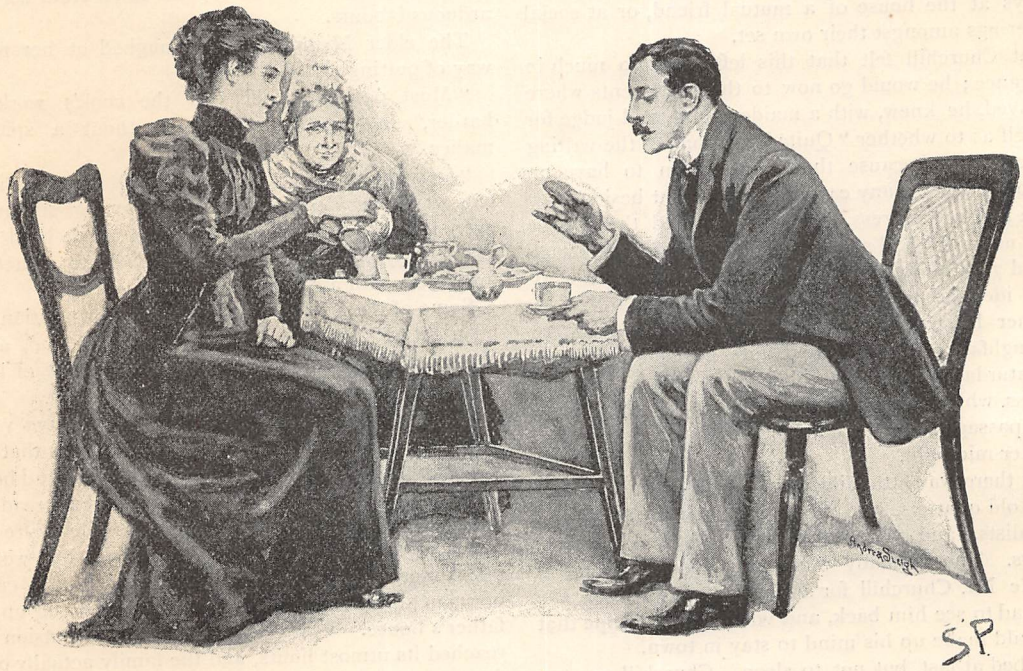
The thing had seemed wild enough to the prudent aunt at first, but she was obliged to own that her niece had talent, and she had had too much experience with young people not to know that it is dangerous work combating a strong and deeply-rooted purpose or a distinct love for any particular calling in life.

The two lived very quietly, even after Kate's books

had made her known, and "Quita" had become a household word in literary circles. There were so many things this young writer wanted to do; it was not enough that she and her aunt were enabled to live comfortably and happily, there were the needs of all those children in the old home always pressing upon their sister's soul. How on earth was her father to provide for and educate them all? They were so young, some of them, even yet, and the poor anxious mother was too over-burdened with the care of their little bodies, and their perpetual want of clothes and shoes, to think much about education.

filled with a new interest, that she would come home from some chance meeting, some stray half-hour's talk, with inexplicable feelings of joy and light-heartedness; but she put them down to the pleasure of meeting a congenial spirit—one to whom she could speak of the things she most cared for.

"Aunt Ellen is dear and good," the girl thought; "but she is a little, just a little, narrow, and she belongs to a day that is past. How much I have wanted a friend of my own standing, one who works as I do, and can enter into the interests and struggles of such a life as mine. And when I have found such



"'DID YOU—DID YOU REALLY—MAKE THESE CAKES?'" (*p.* 673).

But Kate must think; was she not the eldest, and did not life seem almost worthless to her, without some advantages in the way of culture? How could she bear to remember Harold, and Tom, and Gertie, and Jessie growing up untaught, or sent to some cheap unsuitable school, while she had any power to help?

So, with all these thoughts, it happened that Kate continued to work hard, and she was too busy with the perpetual pen to recollect often that, to other women, the years between sixteen and six-and-twenty were years for the indulgence of love's young dream, or for the realisation of that dream in some actual bliss of courtship and marriage.

Even after her acquaintance with Churchill had grown into firm friendship, she had thought of him only as a friend, or, at all events, had persuaded herself that she did so.

It was true that her days seemed all at once to be

a friend, am I to hesitate because he happens to be a man?"

On the whole, Kate thought not; she hardly looked to marriage as a possible event for herself. She was too busy, perhaps too ambitious; but then, probably, she argued, Churchill thought no more of marrying than she did, and he was a man of the world, perfectly able to take care of himself; surely they might be friends without fear, on either hand, of the tender passion coming in.

So they might have been if only Churchill had not so soon found that "absence makes the heart grow fonder"; if only Kate had not suddenly become aware that Mr. Churchill's rather sudden departure had taken the brightness out of her sky, and left all things dull, grey, and uninteresting.

Mrs. Murdoch's news, imparted immediately after her return from Mildenham, had cheered Kate immensely. She was not forgotten, then—far from

it; and she wrote her letter, feeling that she might very properly express a sense of recognition, but certainly not dreaming that the epistle would bring Charlie back to the town he had so recently quitted.

Aunt Ellen was pursuing her favourite Sunday afternoon occupation of looking out of window, when she saw Churchill coming down the street, with an inquiring glance at the houses he passed.

"Why, there is a friend of yours, Kate," she cried to her niece, who sat reading with her feet upon the fender. "That Mr. Churchill we used to meet sometimes. He looks as though he meant to call here."

Kate almost dropped her book.

"I thought Mr. Churchill was in the country," she said, as indifferently as she could. "Are you sure, aunt?"

Before Miss Rutherford could reply, Charlie's ring resounded through the silent house, and in a few minutes he was seated by the cosy fireside, talking to Kate and her aunt as though he had only left them the day before.

The conversation was not so engrossing, though, that it could prevent Mr. Churchill from noticing the pretty room, with its many indications of a woman's tasteful handiwork; and when he looked at the elder lady he could not help seeing that her fingers were bent and twisted with rheumatism; the crewel-work and painting could not be hers, then—it must be Kate who had done all these charming things.

"Do stay and take tea with us, Mr. Churchill," Miss Rutherford said presently. "We have tea early on Sundays, and Kate has fortunately made some of her special tea-cakes. I always enjoy them so much, that I feel sure other people must."

The old lady spoke in all innocence, without the least intention of giving their visitor information as to her niece's capabilities: the last thing she would have knowingly done if she had only understood the effect of her words.

Charlie was delighted to accept the invitation, and to eat the tea-cakes; they were good, exceptionally good.

"Miss Kate," he said diffidently, "you must excuse the inquiry, but did you—did you really—make these cakes?"

Kate laughed.

"Do you think I cannot cook?" she said. "If I could not we should be left to the tender mercies of an over-worked lodging-house servant, and should never get anything fit to eat. If you were interested in such things I would show you my kitchen."

"I am interested deeply," he said, with intention in his tones; "but I thought——"

"You thought because I had written a book that I did not know how to do anything else," she answered. "I know it is a way men have of thinking about us; yet you would consider it rather odd if I were to express surprise at your being able to shoot, or skate, or row, or do anything else that does not lie strictly within your province as a literary man."

They drifted soon into one of their long talks, and Churchill forgot, till after he had said good-bye, that he had given no adequate reason for his being there at all.

"I was in town, and thought I should so much like to see you," he had said at first, and after that everything seemed easy.

He went back to his work on the Monday, as in duty bound, but he left his heart safe in Kate Rutherford's keeping, and when the six months were once fairly over the *Mildenham Chronicle* knew him no more.

* * * *

"Only think," said Mrs. Francis Clayton to her husband, some years later, "only think, Cousin Charlie and his wife are coming down to spend Christmas with Aunt Churchill, instead of her going to London as usual. So we shall all see them. Who would ever have thought his marriage with 'Quita' would have turned out so well?"

Mr. Clayton gave a rather quizzical look at the partner of his days.

"That is the dear cousin you once regarded with rather more than cousinly affection," he said, with mock gravity. "I verily believe there was a time when you hated 'Quita.'"

"I don't know about that," said Mrs. Lottie, with a toss of her head. "But I am very sure there was a time when you hated Charlie Churchill, you foolish, foolish Frank!"

"And why so foolish, may I ask?" inquired the minister.

"Because you might have known—if you had had a grain of sense, you would have known—that I cared for Charlie only as a cousin, and never thought one word about him when you were by."

The Reverend Francis smiled incredulously.

"I do not know exactly what a lady means when she says that she cared for a man 'only as a cousin,'" he answered. "But I can't help thinking it was a happy thing for us all that 'Quita' drew him away from Mildenham just when she did; and I believe both you and Churchill had a lucky escape."

"Escape! Whatever do you mean?"

"Precisely what I say," returned Mr. Clayton. "But run away now, and leave me to write my sermon in peace."

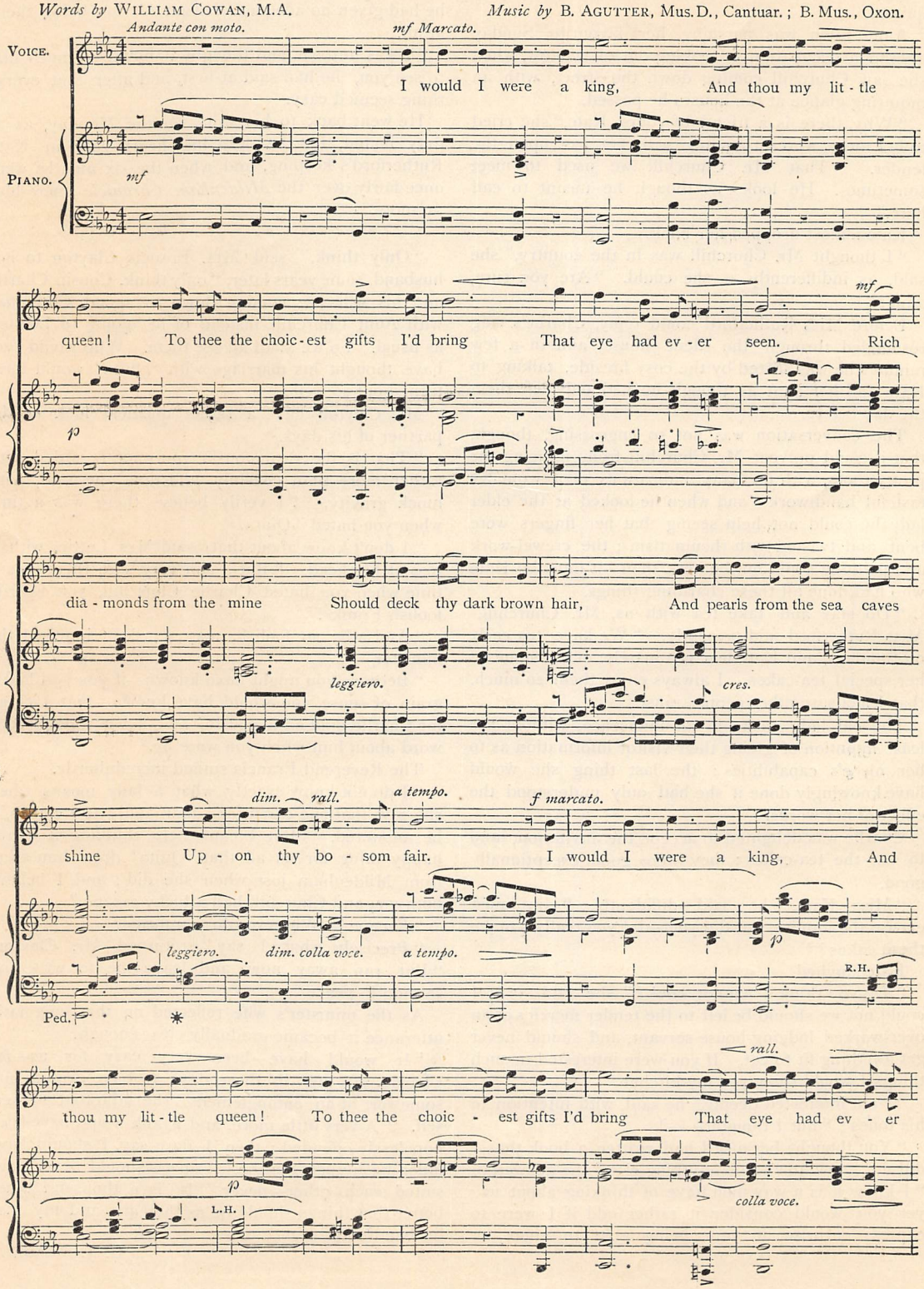
As the minister's wife reflected on that enigmatic utterance it became gradually clear enough.

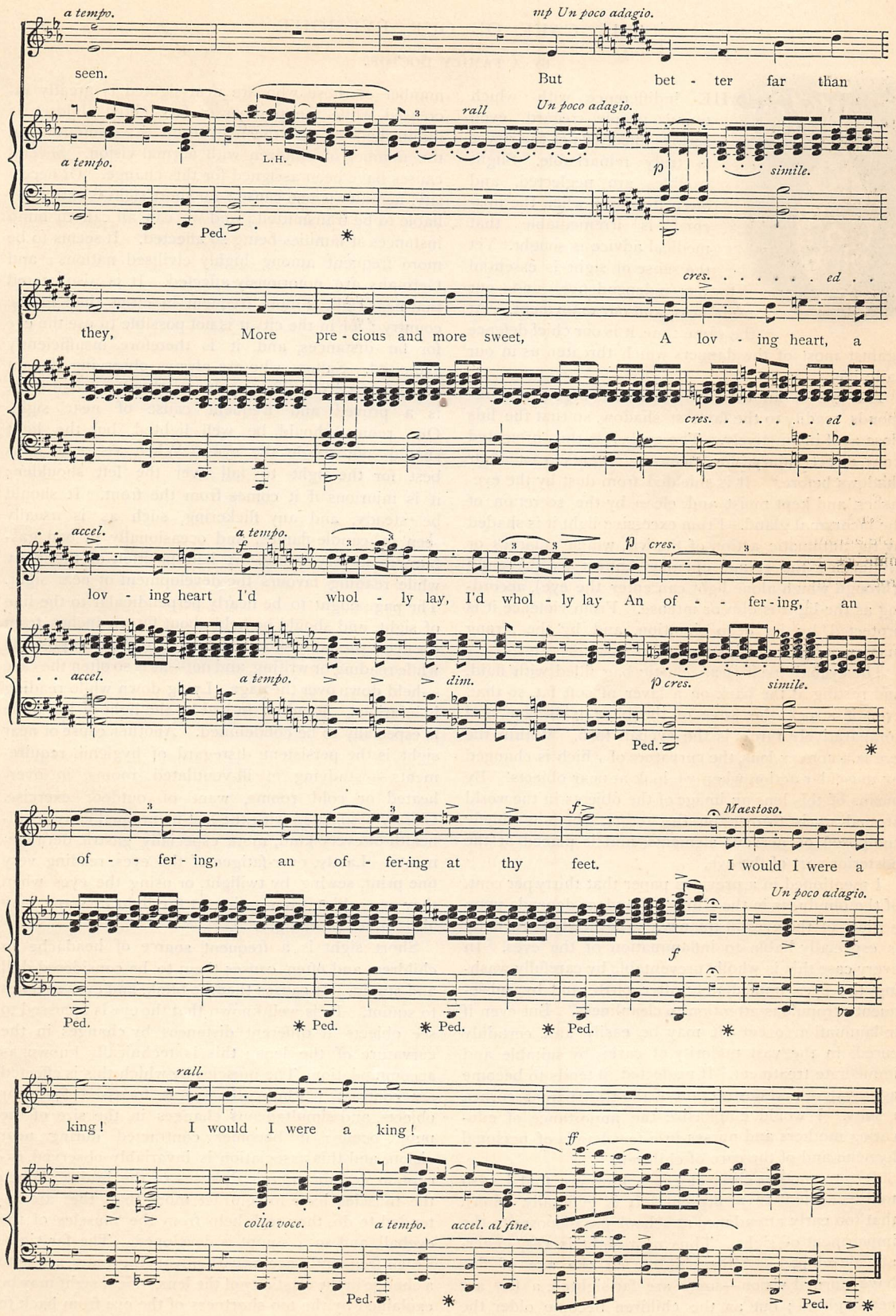
"It would have been very easy for us—for Charlie and me—in those days, to have drifted into some sort of an entanglement," she admitted to herself. "A very little more, and Frank would have been hopelessly offended; then, I dare say, I should have fallen back upon Charlie. But we should never have suited each other—never. It is a thousand times better that things should be as they are, and my wise husband is right once more."

C. J. BLAKE.

I would I were a King!

Words by WILLIAM COWAN, M.A. *Music by* B. AGUTTER, Mus.D., Cantuar.; B. Mus., Oxon.

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THE CARE OF OUR EYESIGHT.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

THE indifference with which many people regard even serious affections of their eyes is truly remarkable. Slight troubles are neglected, and often it is only when the mischief is irremediable that medical advice is sought. Yet the sense of sight is essential to our independence, and our usefulness, and our enjoyment. At the same time, it is our chief defence against most of the dangers which threaten us in our daily life.

The eye is an extremely sensitive organ, and responds readily to the faintest shadow, so that the lids close as if instinctively. The eyeball is thus protected from direct injury, for "coming events cast their shadows before." It is shielded from dust by the eyelashes, and kept moist and clean by the secretion of the lachrymal gland. From excessive light it is shaded by the automatic action of the iris, which enlarges or diminishes the round opening known as the pupil (through which alone light can enter the eye), according as the light is dim or intense. From violence it is protected by its deep situation, and by the strong masses of bone which surround it.

The eyeball itself is an elastic bag filled with fluid, and resting at the back on a layer of soft fat, so that, even if struck, the force of the blow is broken, and comparatively rarely is the eyeball torn. Within the eye is a convex lens, the curvature of which is changed by muscular action when we look at near objects. By means of this lens an image of the objects in the world around us is thrown on the retina, which is chiefly composed of nervous elements, and is placed at the posterior part of the eye.

I mentioned in a previous paper that thirty per cent. of the blindness in the United Kingdom depends upon neglect of the eyes in infancy. The newly-born baby is especially liable to inflammation of the eyes. In every case this is wholly preventable by carefully washing the eyes immediately after birth, and by subsequent scrupulous attention to cleanliness. But even if inflammation occurs, it may be easily and certainly cured, in the vast majority of cases, by suitable and immediate treatment. If neglected, it tends to become aggravated, and destruction of the transparent cornea results. I would emphasise the importance of educating mothers and nurses in a few details of personal hygiene and of the care of children.

It is to another class of cases, however, that I wish to direct attention at present. It is generally known that too early attendance at school pre-disposes to the impairment of sight. Thus near sight is very generally developed. Most children at the age of five have normal vision—some are far-sighted, a few are near-sighted; but as the children become older the number of those who are near-sighted is greatly increased, while the number of far-sighted children is diminished, so that the final result is a diminution in the number of children with normal vision. Several causes have been assigned for this change. Of necessity, heredity is one cause; for short sight is extremely liable to be transmitted; and we can all call to mind instances of families being so affected. It seems to be more frequent among highly civilised nations; and Germans are notoriously affected. It is also stated that near sight is more frequent in cities than in the country; for in the city it is not possible to use the eye for far distances, and it is therefore insufficiently exercised. Sailors, who are always observing distant objects, are rarely, if ever, short-sighted. A bad light is a proved and frequent cause of near sight. Our rooms should be well lighted, but the light should not dazzle the eyes. When we read, it is best for the light to fall over the left shoulder; it is injurious if it comes from the front. It should be steady, and any flickering, such as is usually seen in candle-flames, and occasionally in bad gas-burners, is very trying. A bad position of the body while reading favours the development of near sight. The page ought to be nearly perpendicular to the line of sight, and should be held about fifteen inches from the eye; the body should be kept as upright as possible while reading or writing, and not—as is so often the case—held down over the page. Lying down while reading is injurious. Reading in bed by the light of a candle is especially to be condemned. Another cause of near sight is the persistent disregard of hygienic requirements — studying in ill-ventilated rooms, in over-heated or cold rooms, want of outdoor exercise. Closely associated with the last-mentioned cause is ill-health of every kind, more especially gastric derangements. Lastly, over-fatigue of the eyes, reading very fine print, sewing by twilight, or using the eyes when they are aching from gazing at fire-light or snow, may also induce short sight.

Short sight is a frequent source of headache in children, and often causes them to be considered dull and stupid. It causes them to blink, and even at times to squint. It is well known that the eye is focussed to see objects at different distances by changes in the curvature of the lens; this is technically known as accommodation. The muscles by which this is effected are contracted when the eye is focussed for near objects, and simultaneous changes in the size of the pupil occur; it becomes contracted during near vision, and this association is invariably observed, except in certain organic diseases of the brain. When the muscles have to contract more than they are intended to do, they seek help from the muscles of the eyeball, and so a squint is developed. The far sight, which frequently occurs with advancing years, is due to a change in the elasticity of the lens. Near sight may be explained by the too-shortness of the eye from back to

front, so that the two defects are not due to any similar causes. A third defect of refraction is known as "astigmatism." In this case the eye cannot focus at the same time two lines at right angles to one another; for instance, it cannot see all the sails of a windmill at the same time. Headache and aching of the eyes are the main symptoms.

It is comparatively easy to compensate for these errors by means of spectacles; but we frequently see people — especially middle-aged people — striving to avoid the use of them. This, perhaps, is due to a feeling that it involves a confession of infirmity and approaching decay; and so they endure discomfort and strain their eyes over work and reading in a manner painful to see. It is always better to recognise the inevitable, because when suitable glasses have been obtained the process of degeneration becomes practically stopped, while in the other case the strain on the eyes very rapidly intensifies the evil.

The general adoption of the pince-nez is not to be commended; for the glasses are not kept parallel to the eyes, and the spring pinches the nose so as even to leave permanent marks in some cases. It is always wiser to consult an oculist than to accept from an optician a pair of glasses on your own responsibility. Wrong glasses do more harm than good; and though the initial cost may be greater by consulting an oculist, the ease and comfort obtained is incomparably greater, and well repays the increased outlay.

Everybody should know how to deal with such a simple matter as the extraction of foreign particles from the eye. It is rare for one to make a railway journey of any length without seeing somebody get a particle of grit or cinder in his eye; and unless this is carefully and promptly removed, a great deal of suffering is caused, and the eye may even be disabled for a time, owing to the inflammation which is caused. The best thing for removing these particles is a camel-hair brush. If this be not at hand, a silk handkerchief, or even a soft fine linen one, will serve, a corner of it being rolled up to form a point. On no account should such a thing as the point of a pen-knife or other similar instrument be used. Many people do use these; but even when they remove the particle from the eye they are liable to cause great and injurious irritation.

The first thing to do is to ascertain which eyelid the particle lies under—supposing that it is not visible. That eyelid should then be drawn back by means of the eyelashes until the particle is seen, when it is carefully removed by the brush, or whatever is used. If it be necessary to look under the upper eyelid, a good plan is to lay a round body, such as a lead pencil, over the upper part of the lid, and then draw the eyelid over it, by means of the eyelashes.

When there is great pain, it is difficult to manipulate the eye. On this account it is usual to apply a little cocaine, which for the time deadens all feeling. This, however, should only be done by somebody familiar with such drugs.

Children may often be seen rubbing their eyes. This should not be allowed, as it is a bad habit, and if persisted in may injure the eye to some extent. It may be done in consequence of the eyes smarting by reason of the light being too glaring, or the eyes may be slightly inflamed and painful. Attention should always be paid to indications of this sort.

It is unnecessary to consider diseases of the eye in this paper. It may be said, however, that it is always worth while to seek advice whenever a defect of vision is noticed; for in the beginning it is often possible to prevent extension of the trouble, which, if allowed to continue, might possibly end in loss of sight.

THE TAILOR.

AN INDIAN TALE, BY ARTHUR MILTON.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

ONG, long ago the city of Hakimpur was very famous. Its fame had grown great because there were two very wise men who lived there. To be more correct, I should say that most people thought them very wise. They both said that they had done, and could do, very wonderful things in curing people of terrible sicknesses. They were doctors. The name of one of them was Mitha Khan, and the name of the other was Majusi.

I am sorry to say that these two great men did not love one another. It is not often that great men, or even doctors in the same town, do love one another. I am afraid they were really jealous of one another. Now, Mitha Khan and Majusi treated their patients (if you can call it treated) with very different kinds of medicine. The one always gave sweet and pleasant medicine, while the other made up stuff that was horrible to taste, even worse (tradition says; but it is tradition only) than the powder that bears the name of Gregory. Each of these famous men claimed that his prescription had more efficacy than even a box of the most famous pills. But each said of the other's medicine very different things. Majusi used to say when he was in a confidential mood—

"I tell you what it is, sir: I know for a fact that there is nothing but sugar and water in that quack's physic."

While in a similar mood, Mitha Khan, shaking his

"HE POURED A FEW DROPS FROM THE BOTTLE INTO HER MOUTH" (*p.* 680).

head sadly, would say, "If you want a little false strength in your body, but twenty years taken off your life, you go and drink that murderer's poisons."

Now, as I am not a doctor, I cannot enter into an argument about their assertions. I can only tell you that the people of the whole city were divided into two parts: one the supporters of Mitha Khan, the other the supporters of Majusi. Possibly the following narrative will enable the reader to decide upon the merits of each one.

The sun was setting and the shadows were lengthening in the city of Hakimpur. The main bazaar, or street, was rapidly becoming thronged with busy crowds. Men who had been at work indoors all day were returning home for their evening meal; others were coming in from the country to see their friends and buy provisions; travellers, who had to march during the night to avoid the heat, were preparing to start; camels were protesting and groaning at the loads that were being placed upon their backs; women were beginning to issue forth to draw water at the wells; in fact, it was just the time in the evening when an Eastern city seems to wake up from the sleepy state in which it has lain all day.

Just in the most crowded part of the street there was a tailor, named Nabi Bakhsh, sitting cross-legged upon the platform which he was pleased to call his shop, busily stitching away at a lady's dress; for in that country women's clothes as well as men's are made by tailors. This man, Nabi Bakhsh, was the best tailor in the whole of Hakimpur.

The dress upon which he was at work attracted the attention of numbers of passers-by, and very frequently he had to answer questions concerning it. Many times he had repeated his words—

"Yes, it is a fine dress: it is for a great lady, the wife of the king's chief adviser. She ordered it to be embroidered in this fashion. She wishes to have it in time for her daughter's wedding, which will be celebrated in about ten days from now."

While he was engaged in making these explanations

to the people in front of him, a man pushed his way through the crowd. The tailor recognised him as a carpenter, by name Ghulam Kadir, who lived next door to his brother in another quarter of the city.

"Welcome!" he said, ceasing from his work. "What news? Is all well?"

"My news is not very good," answered the carpenter. "Your brother is very ill with fever, and the doctor says that someone must sit up with him all night. I have been with him for some hours now, and I can stay through the first watch of the night. Can you come then and relieve me?"

"Most certainly I will," said Nabi Bakhsh; "and I will bring my work along with me, to keep me from falling asleep. What doctor is attending him?"

"Mitha Khan," replied Ghulam Kadir. "He came to-day, and gave him some light cooling medicine. He said the fever ought to leave him in two or three days."

The tailor shook his head, and added—

"I hope it will be all right, but I do not much believe in the sugar and water treatment."

"Well, we must do what we can for him," said the carpenter; "we must not quarrel about the doctors. But in our quarter we are all firm believers in Mitha Khan."

So saying, he went away, and in due course Nabi Bakhsh tied up his bundle and walked off to his sick brother's house to take his turn in sitting by him and attending to his wants.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

NABI BAKHSH, on entering his brother's room, found him asleep. So he gently pulled out his work and began stitching away in silence. It was the same dress that was so much admired by the loiterers round his shop in the street.

As he looked up from his work he noticed in a corner of the room a great big block of wood which seemed to be shaped something like a human being, and he often wondered as the night went on what it could be intended for. He did not, however, move about the room to examine it, for fear of disturbing the sleeper.

Towards morning the sick man stirred. He woke, and recognised his brother. The tailor gave him his medicine. After this the patient seemed inclined to talk a little.

"How long have you been here, brother?" he asked.

"I came at the beginning of the second watch of the night," answered the tailor. "Ghulam Kadir needed to go and rest then, and I relieved him in watching you."

"And you are doing your work, I see," said the sick man. "What a very fine dress that is. The embroidery is rich and elegant."

"Yes," Nabi Bakhsh replied; and then he entered into those explanations which we have already heard in the bazaar.

"Ghulam Kadir also employs himself while he is watching by me," continued his brother. "He is very fond of carving images, though it is not to my mind a good occupation for a Moslem. There is that one standing in the corner which he has just begun."

Saying this, he pointed to the block of wood which had attracted the tailor's attention.

"I wondered whatever you had got there," said Nabi Bakhsh.

"Ghulam Kadir says," added the patient, "that he once had a cousin the most beautiful girl that ever was seen, and he is amusing himself trying to carve her likeness in wood. He says he wants me to know what she was like."

"Now, no more talking," said Nabi Bakhsh, as he saw his brother show signs of exhaustion. "You must take all the rest you can."

The poor man was undoubtedly very ill. The tailor thought as he looked at his wasted form and heard his delirious ravings when the fever was at its height that the watching would have to be kept up for many a day yet. And so it turned out. The two or three days spoken of by Mitha Khan, the doctor, passed, and still there were no marks of improvement. The two men kept up their nursing and watching, relieving one another by turns.

Ghulam Kadir worked away at his image as he watched, and under his skilful hands the block of wood gradually began to look like a most beautiful young woman. So much was this the case that the sympathy of the tailor was roused, and he said to himself—

"Really, the poor thing ought to have some clothes."

And so he set to work as soon as he had finished the dress for the Prime Minister's wife, to make one exactly like it for the image which was always looking at him from the corner of the room.

Days lengthened into weeks; the work of both the carpenter and tailor was finished. Very beautiful this lifeless woman looked. They called her Moti, which means a pearl, because she looked very lovely, with her clear-cut features and handsome dress.

But now that these two men had finished their work, they began to think more than they had before how very long the poor man's illness was lasting. At length one day, when the carpenter came to relieve Nabi Bakhsh, the latter said—

"My friend, we have watched long. My brother, instead of gaining strength, seems to have steadily lost it. I said at the beginning that I did not believe much in Mitha Khan's treatment. I now propose that we consult Majusi."

"Well," was the answer, "I suppose I ought not to make any objection. The doctor I trusted does seem to have failed; I agree to trying your man."

On hearing this, Nabi Bakhsh went away at once to the house of Majusi, and begged him to come and see his brother.

And so Mitha Khan's great rival in the city came to see the sick man. But on entering the room, the first thing that attracted his attention was not the patient, but the beautiful Moti in the corner.

"Why, what a lovely woman!" he exclaimed.

He heard her whole history, how she was the result of Ghulam Kadir's and Nabi Bakhsh's faithful watchings.

Then Majusi turned to the sick man and examined him. This done, he said—

"You have called me in to see this sick person. He has been in other hands for many weeks, and has received no benefit. I can cure him. He has but to drink this, and he will be doing his work again in the space of an hour."

As he spoke these words he held in his hands a small bottle containing a black fluid.

But here an unexpected difficulty arose. The sick man had no notion that Majusi was to be called in to see him, and Mitha Khan, during the long illness, had told him so many horrible stories of his rival, that had he been consulted he would never have consented to see him.

As it was, he was fully persuaded that the bottle contained some dreadful poison, and so he buried his face in the pillow and steadfastly refused to have anything to do with the new medicine.

"Paghal!" cried the doctor, "think not that I am going to waste my time with your childish moods. Drink this, or I go, and you die!"

"Well," he continued, relenting, "you have suffered a great deal and so I will make allowance for you. See here: I will show you the power of this medicine, and then you will take it readily enough."

Majusi then walked across the room to the corner where Moti was standing, and poured a few drops from the bottle into her mouth. The image at once seemed to come to life. She blinked her eyes, her throat moved as if swallowing the liquid. She yawned—which was not polite, especially as she forgot to put her hand before her mouth—then a smile played over her lips, and she walked towards the sick man's bed.

"Here," said the doctor, addressing the woman, "take this and give him his medicine."

Moti took the bottle thus offered, and the patient, struck with astonishment, meekly drank from her hand what he had so persistently refused a few moments before. The result was what might have been expected. The patient at once seemed to have regained his health.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

BUT this history does not end with the recovery of the sick man, nor with the victory of Majusi over Mitha Khan. A very serious difficulty now arose.

It so happened that all the men who have been spoken of—the carpenter, the tailor, the doctor, not to mention the sick man himself—were either bachelors or widowers. Each one of them wanted a wife. Now, when they saw the lovely Moti living and moving among them, every one of them fell in love with her. Each one, too, seemed to think he had a special claim upon her.

The carpenter said—

"Of course she is mine. I made her. Without my skill she would not have any of that beauty which you all admire."

"Nonsense!" replied Majusi. "What is your work to mine? Her life is the greatest gift of all, and I gave her life. She is mine. You are a blockhead!"

He might have addressed that remark to Moti, you would think, but it really was meant for Ghulam Kadir. The tailor did not wrangle as the others, but he looked things unutterable. He merely said—

"I think I have some claim to be considered."

"You!" shouted both doctor and carpenter together; "what have you got to put forward? You only gave her a few rags."

"Well," the tailor mildly suggested, "I propose that we go and submit the case for decision to the kazi."

The kazi was the judge.

To this proposal, after a little more wrangling, they all agreed, and forth they went. It did not seem to strike any one of them that Moti herself could have anything to say in the disposal of her own hand and person. They took her with them, however, as the article in dispute, in order that she might be handed over to one of them.

When they came into court the kazi asked each one of the men to give his account of what had happened, and to state on what he considered his claim to rest. There was no possibility of any disagreement in the narrative, as the facts were perfectly clear. After having heard each one, the judge did something that none of them had expected. He turned to Moti, and asked her her opinion as to whose claim was the best.

She answered, without any hesitation—

"Kazi Sahib, you have heard truly all that has happened. It only remains to be made clear who of the three men is to be my husband. Ghulam Kadir, the carpenter, it is true, made me. But what is form without life? I was but a block of wood when he had finished his work. He could never have done anything more. I should say he has no claim. The doctor, Majusi, at first sight seems to have a greater claim, because he gave me life. But, Kazi Sahib, I maintain that what seems to be a good gift is not really good unless other gifts are added at the same time. What should I have done if I had been but the shape of a woman, with life and nothing more? I could not have moved away from the corner of the room where they placed me. The doctor's gift would have been a downright injury if another gift had not been given. I ask you, Sahib, what is man without clothes? Your own heart of hearts tells you that clothes make the man. But if this is true of man, how much more of woman? Nabi Bakhsh (and here she glanced at the comely tailor) has given me the priceless gift, and he will continue to give me such things as make woman all that is to be desired. His claim is the only one worthy of consideration."

Her pleading was so reasonable and earnest that the kazi took no time to think over his decision.

"The woman," he said at once, "belongs to Nabi Bakhsh, the tailor."

The marriage was performed the same day.

It is only fair to add that the supporters of Mitha Khan have endeavoured to cast doubt upon the whole of the preceding story. They say it was invented in order to increase the fame of Majusi.

But a fair sifting of evidence seems to point to its truth. For in the kazi's office at Hakimpur there is a fragment of an old document which appears to have been a record of this judgment.

Hence I suspect this may have been the source from which a great English philosopher drew his opinions.

PYROGRAPHY UPON GLASS: A NEW ART.

PYROGRAPHY—better known, perhaps, by the humbler name of "poker work"—is by this time well established in popular favour; but a new departure in the art has been made of late which proves that an immense variety of fresh effects is yet to be gained, and that there are many novel uses to which the work has yet to be applied. Until the last few months wood was the only material that had met with any success as a foundation for poker work, and even with this the scent caused by the burning and the unavoidable fumes have proved an objection to many sensitive workers; while those venturesome enthusiasts who have tried the art upon leather and kid have found cause to repent them of their zeal.

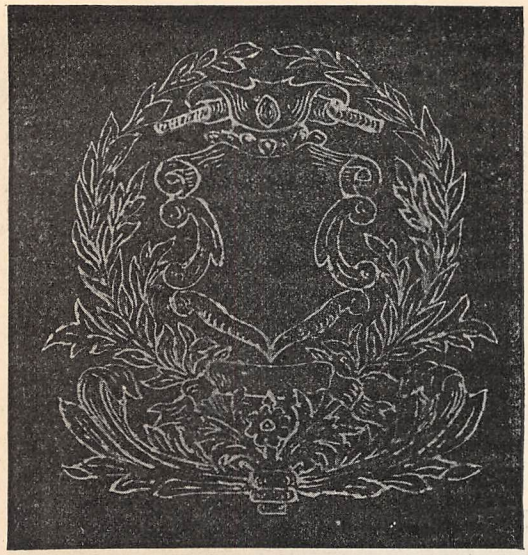
At last glass has been taken as a foundation for pyrography, and its very freedom from the disadvantages possessed by wood—to say nothing of leather—will do much to secure the popularity of the work. In the first place, there is no smoke and no smell, and in the second place, there is no trouble of tracing the design upon it; and this will be found no small recommendation in the eyes of an inexperienced worker. It is easily understood that a "point"—as the poker is called—that is intended to make an impression upon so hard a surface as that of glass, must be considerably hotter than one used to scorch a design upon wood. Hence a special point is sold for the purpose. This may be obtained from Messrs. Abbott Bros., of Southall, who are the originators of the work, or from any of their agents. A point that has been used upon wood will not make a clear outline upon glass, and it is therefore advisable to invest in one of these new pokers, and to keep it solely for glass work.

Most "poker" artists are acquainted with Messrs. Abbott's Vulcan machine, which comprises a bottle of benzine with tubes, bellows, and point all complete; but there appears to be much difficulty in getting the benzine of sufficiently pure quality to do its work well. So widespread is this difficulty that, on the occasion of a visit recently paid to the factory, I was told that machines had been returned from all parts of the kingdom as faulty, but, when tested, it was proved to be the benzine and not the machine that was of inferior quality. To remedy this a clever little contrivance is now sold, to be attached to the neck of the bottle of spirit, and which connects it with the tubes in the usual way. By means of a tiny tap fixed to this connection, an additional supply of air can be had when

HERALDIC DESIGN FROM ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF LORD SHREWSBURY.

the strength of the benzine is too great, and the air can be shut off when the spirit is not sufficiently powerful to get the point to the degree of heat required. When needed for glass, the platinum point should be nearly at white heat, and should glow like an electric lamp in miniature.

The design chosen should be clearly drawn with a fine pen or pencil upon white paper, so that, when placed flat on a board, or on the table, it is seen clearly through the glass when this is laid upon it. It is very important that the side of the glass upon which the etching is to be executed should be quite dry, clean, and free from grease. It is a good plan to rub it thoroughly with a piece of rag dipped in turpentine



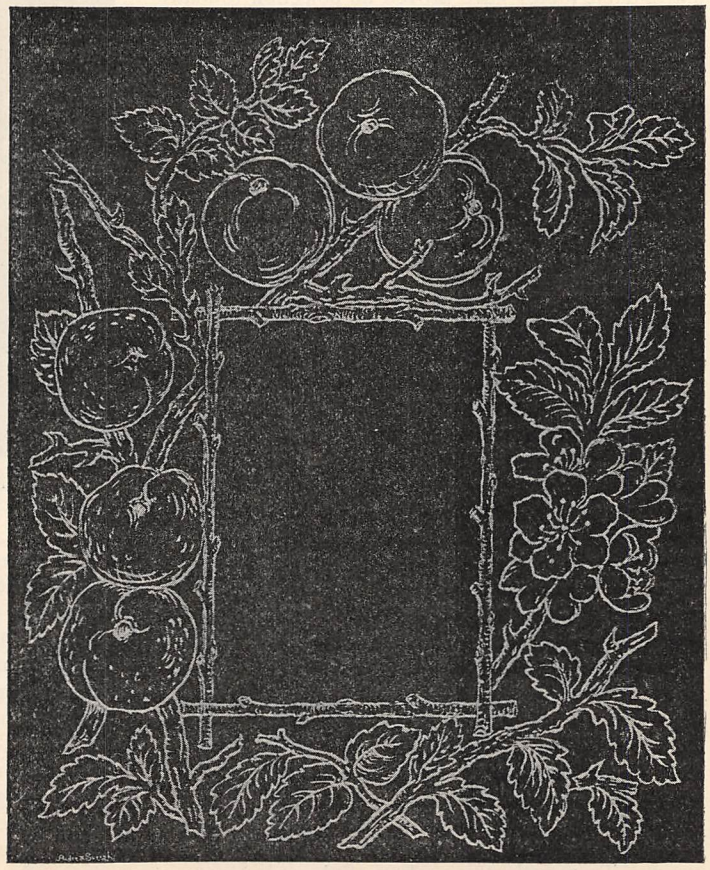
HERALDIC DESIGN FOR HOUSEHOLD GLASS.

before beginning operations, and it should, even after that, be polished with a leather. Also, it is advisable to keep a piece of stout paper or cardboard under the hand when at work upon the upper portion of the design. In choosing a sheet of glass, care should be taken not only that it is good in quality and free from flaws, but that it is at least an inch larger all round than the design to be reproduced upon it. If necessary, it can be cut to any special shape required after the drawing is finished. The reason for this is that the heat occasionally causes the glass to split at the edges.

Yet another advantage of glass as a material upon which to practise pyrography is that there is no trouble involved in shading or in varying the strokes beyond the ordinary outlining and stippling. A decided and regular pressure is needed to get a clear outline, the heat being kept uniform by the steady working of the bellows with the left hand. Tiny splinters of glass fall out in every direction over the surface as the point pursues its course, but they are soon blown away, and the artist need have no fear of her eyes unless she is working furiously and, I may add, carelessly. Although the work is especially easy of execution, there should be no excuse for slovenly performances, and a false stroke, once made, can never be remedied. The effect of the heat should be to trace the outlines in frosted glass, as it were, upon the clear material, and these outlines should stand out all the more sharply owing to the absence of any "grain" to turn them aside in the slightest degree. The frosted effect is not considered sufficiently clear for small and intricate designs; but, by taking the blade of a sharp knife, and by scraping the work with it rather vigorously, the particles of the surface of the glass which produce the frosted look fall out, and leave the device standing out in fine, even lines upon the material, the result being not unlike engraved glass.

For this reason the work is well suited for execution upon tumblers, wine-glasses, decanters, and, indeed, household glass of any kind. Heraldic designs—such as those on this and the preceding page—are particularly successful; the design illustrated forms part of the armorial bearings of Lord Shrewsbury, to whose order Messrs. Abbott recently constructed a screen decorated with this new pyrography. When etching upon wine-glasses, or anything of the kind, the advice above given against carrying the design too near the edges must not be forgotten.

A convenient article to practise upon is one of those inexpensive photograph holders which consist merely of a sheet of glass laid over a card, the two being held together with a brass clip, and supported at the back by a "rest" of the same metal.



DESIGN FOR PHOTOGRAPH FRAME.
(*By Mr. Haité.*)

The design shown on page 682 is by Mr. Haité, the well-known designer for "poker work," and as there is very little fine etching about it, the veriest tyro should find it well within her powers. This style of pyrography has been adapted to mirrors by working at the back and having the glass silvered; but I scarcely think that the progress we have lately made in artistic matters will allow us to decorate a surface which loses all its utility by being thus treated. A far greater success is likely to be achieved by utilising the frosted designs upon the lower panes of glass windows through which the outlook is an eyesore. Rather an elaborate device carried out in this simple manner will effectually cloud the glass without interfering much with the transmission of light.

The fashionable screens, of which each panel is divided into two portions, afford an excellent opportunity for the display of skill in this direction. The lower part of the panels is usually filled in with brocade or embroidery, but the upper division is generally much curved, and is provided, very often, with nothing more ornamental than a plain sheet of glass, which, owing to its inconspicuous appearance, is apt to become soon broken. This is not so likely to happen when the glass is covered with an appropriate design in "poker work." Amongst the hundreds of thousands of articles made of wood by Messrs. Abbott to meet the demands of the amateur artist, are many of these screens; and their elegant shape, when well decorated, renders them no mean addition to the furniture of any room. Many experiments have been made in painting, staining, and gilding the outlines produced on the glass, but at present no one trial has met with sufficient success to exclude all other decorations. The roughened outlines "take" enamel perfectly, and they may be gilded with equal facility. Should a mistake be made, or the effect be unsatisfactory, the paint can be removed by washing the glass over with turpentine, and the etched design will be left uninjured.

The following method of decorating the engraving is quoted from an article by Mrs. Maude, who is an authority on the subject:—"I first, with some of Winsor & Newton's Renaissance gold paint, one shilling the box, put a layer of gold entirely over part of the design, taking care to fill with it all the etched lines. A pad of soft rag, slightly damped with turpentine, removed most of the gold from the flat surfaces between the lines, and an ordinary paper stump, with a rag over it dipped in turpentine, cleared away the rest. It was now a fine gold tracery in the clear glass, and upon reversing the plate, it appeared to be in relief upon the surface, although really only showing through from the other side. Of course, any other lustra colour could be used instead of gold. A thick coat of ivory cloisonné enamel, laid on very carefully, so as not to drag the gold from the incised lines, gave a fresh effect of ivory and gold from the other side, and rendered the glass opaque."

Thus treated, the engraved glass could be mounted very effectively as panels for small doors, and it would also answer extremely well for finger-plates. For fireplace screens it is a good plan to make a movable back of stout cardboard covered with gilt or silver paper, plain or fancy, arranged so that it is held in position with small brass buttons (to be had from any dealer in fretwork requisites). By varying the colour at the back of the glass, the screen may present many different effects, according to the tone of the general decoration of the room.

To such workers as are possessed of a fair amount of ingenuity and originality, the fact that glass pyrography is as yet little known or developed will invest it with an additional charm, and their achievements will be all the more appreciated from the knowledge that at present, at any rate, they will not see replicas of their favourite productions in the drawing-rooms of their acquaintances, or at every bazaar they may chance to visit.

Ellen T. Masters.

HOW A WILDERNESS BECAME A GARDEN.

AMONG THE CARNATIONS.

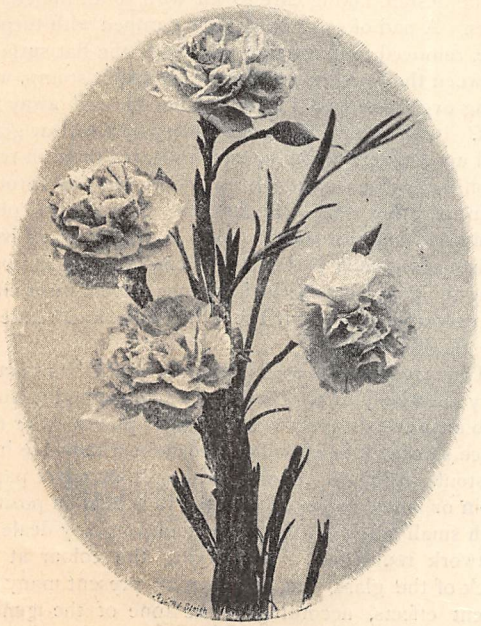
AN August bank holiday had come round once more, and our two gardening friends—or shall we call them rivals?—eagerly availed themselves of a day's quiet at the back of the house, among the flowers that were now in all the glory of their bloom. And knowing as we already do of them, that "the lines had fallen unto them" in suburban places, and that their "heritage" was therefore, more or less, a smoky rather than actually "a goodly" one, the morning's garden discussion, which took place in the murky threatening of a thunderstorm, that only finally developed itself as the outlines of a smoke canopy, not unnaturally opened up the subject of what was best adapted for growth in a suburban garden under such conditions.

"Had we not better," said Charles, in an early stage of their debate, "find out what class of flowers is least affected by the presence of smoke, and devote our attention more particularly to it?"

"Very good," said John. "And now for an apt illustration: A few days ago I was going through a large nursery, only a few miles from here, and was watching a man layering some picotees, and he presently said: 'You should go in for plenty of these, Mr. Smith, for they don't mind the smoke so much as

other things; though, of course, sir, we all know that a clouded and impure atmosphere dims the freshness of the petals of any flower.'"

"I certainly mean to have some," said I, "for we have been little more than a year in our new house, and there are still, of course, very many things that we have not as yet stocked our garden with."



A YELLOW SEEDLING.

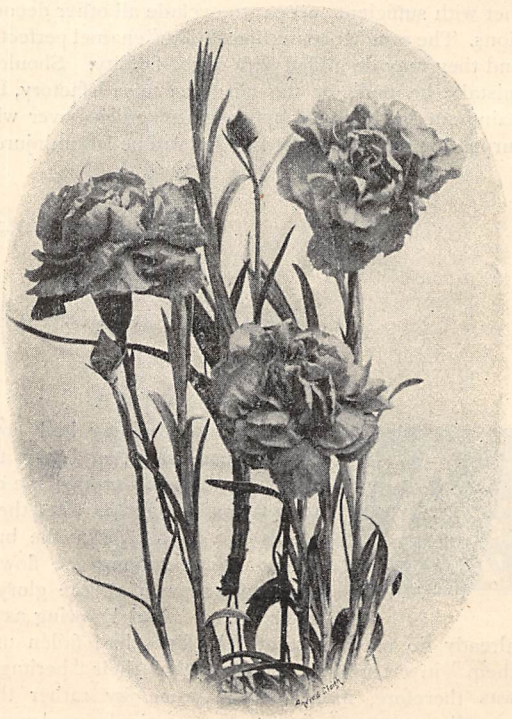
"Then I dare say," said Charles, "as you are fresh from your talk with the nurseryman about carnations and picotees, you have plenty to say about them; so suppose you begin at once?"

"Well," interposed John, "I had best retail to you all I learnt on the occasion.

"To begin then at the beginning, I will tell you what the nurseryman said about the best soil in which to grow carnations: 'Cut the top turfs from a good loamy pasture, some three or four inches thick, and then lay all up in a heap, and allow both the grass and the roots to rot together. Your heap should be turned over and disturbed and chopped about every four weeks, and all the while every grub and wire-worm should be carefully destroyed. In fact, the wire-worm may be called the most deadly enemy of the carnation, and no quarter must therefore be given to it. This, when well decayed for a year, should—when we are potting our plants for blooming—be mixed with a fourth part of well-decayed manure, and some silver sand. But when we are merely potting our young plants in the autumn, we do not wish to excite growth in them, at that time of the year, unduly; and as we only then want to keep our young plants in health, we should then give no vegetable matter or manure when making up our compost.'"

"Perhaps," interposed Charles, "you have said enough as to the soil, John; but tell me, how did your friend at the nursery describe the interesting process of layering the carnations? For, as I know that this is about the time of year for the operation, I should like to know more about it."

"Good, Charles, and we may describe the process of layering carnations as almost the taking of their cuttings. Well, layering should not be undertaken until the bloom is quite on the wane. First then, strip or cut off the leaves along the stem of your old plant, *except* at least the *top four* or *five pairs:* then with a small and sharp knife make a cut nearly half-way through the stem, at about two inches below the lower leaves that you have left on. Make your cut from the under part below a joint, and cut as it were *upwards* and *towards* the *leaves*. The whole of the slit part must be then pegged down under the surface of the soil. And, by the way, the soil itself, just where you are going to peg down, should have been previously loosened and made readily friable and pulverised, and a little silver sand mixed with it. Give them then a good watering—sufficient to settle the earth, and the mysterious Dame Nature, about whom we think we know so much, whereas we *really* know nothing, will do the rest. As for the pegs, birch or old fern leaves will do very well. Early in August, perhaps, the whole layering process should be completed, and indeed very often it can be carried out in July; but it will probably be some six weeks before the pegged down portion has properly struck. And I think I ought to have said that the bit which has the appearance of having been



CARNATION ("MRS. REYNOLDS HOLE").

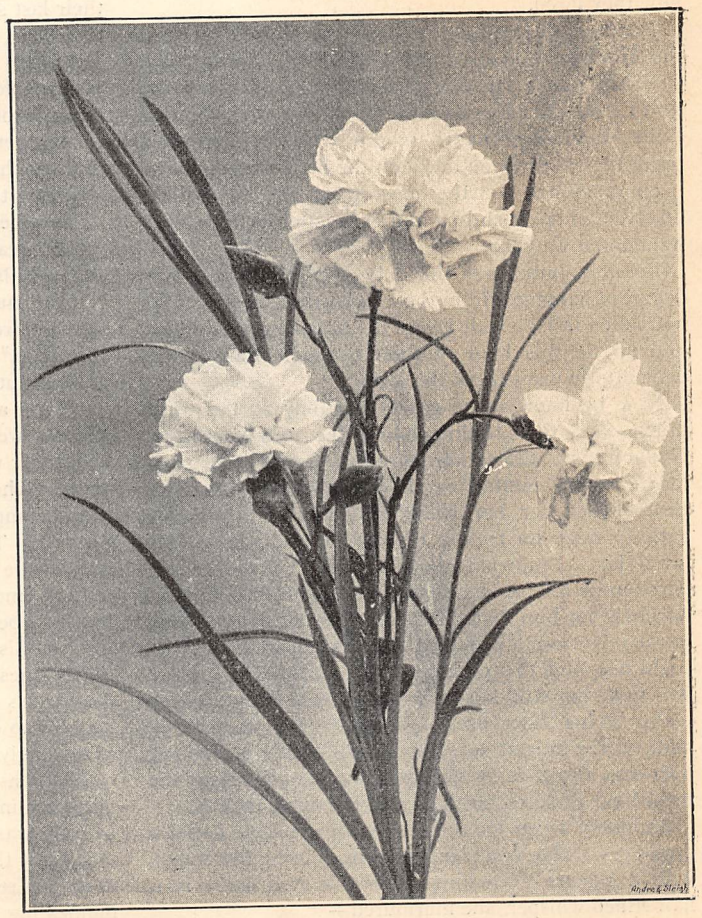
separated as it were from the main stem by the knife, should first be cut *square* at the bottom, before the pegging down. The layers when once properly rooted can be taken off and potted, say in pairs and in five-inch pots, placed in a frame and not exposed to much sun until they have struck further and stronger roots. Your layers, or your young seedlings if you have raised from seed, when stowed away in their winter quarters may have plenty of air in good, open or mild weather, but will want protection, of course, from all heavy rains, frost, and east wind. Sometimes, too, seedlings are more tender than the old plants, but a little frost would of the two certainly do your plants more harm than a good long and settled damp. Up to the end of March, little treatment of your young plants will be necessary, beyond a removal of any dead or yellow leaves, and giving air at all times when the weather will at all admit of it. In April you may begin potting the plants into their blooming pots, and later on in the same month you can also bed out some of your plants that you intend to bloom in the open garden, choosing a fairly sheltered situation and having some quite decayed manure forked in amongst the top soil. Seed of the carnation may be sown in June in large pots, and as later on the bloom stems shoot up, they must be tied quite loosely to sticks for support.

THE METHOD OF LAYERING.

"And here might be given the names of a few popular favourites, some of them certainly old ones, though their beauty each year is always new and fresh to us. Such, for example, as the Old Clove, or a white flower, the Gloire de Nancy, can be had reasonably enough. Or here, again, are a few of more modern date known as the Souvenir de la Malmaison. Of these, perhaps, the Lady Middleton or Madame Warocque, the former a striped flower, the latter a fine scarlet, may be had at 3s. 6d. each, while other specimens, such as the Fine Blush and the New Pink, can be had for a considerably less sum. Other carnations strongly recommended are the Dr. Foster and "Mayor of Nottingham," both purple flowers; or scarlet ones such as the Dreadnought and Dan Godfrey.

"Of picotees may also be named Ganymede, Nymph, and Morning Star, the two first being purple-edged, and the last rose-edged. Border carnations in good variety can readily be had for from nine to eighteen shillings a dozen. Still more old-fashioned ones can, of course, yet be had of the scarlet bizarre class, or of the purple, scarlet, or rose-flake.

"And we might revert again before concluding to the diseases and troubles which beset the carnation in its career. The wire-worm must wholly be got away from the soil before it can possibly be used, so that it is well to go constantly over the compost during its long process of decay. And then again in dry springs, such as that of 1893, the red spider often makes its appearance, when a careful sponging will benefit the plants; but the ordinary green-fly can, we know, easily be got rid of by fumigation. Altogether then, the carnation is a plant that wants a good deal of attention all the year round."



WHITE CLOVE CARNATION.

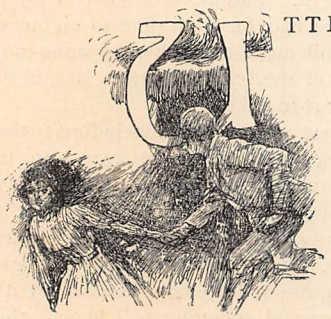
RUHA.

A TALE OF ADVENTURE IN THE MAORI WAR.

By L. FROST RATTRAY, Author of "Such a Suitable Match."

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

IN SUSPENSE.



UTTERLY exhausted, the younger Matherleys lay down on the fern-beds which James Pitt and Percy hastily extemporised for them, and, having eaten a little of the food that they had brought with them, fell asleep.

Nellie, though very weary, was far too anxious to close her eyes for a moment. The thought of her absent parents, possibly in danger, haunted her, and she longed to return to them and share their fate. It was some comfort, however, to know that Gerald had gone back to see how they fared.

James was exceedingly desirous of finding out what the Hauhaus proposed doing next, and whither their fanatical desire for vengeance on the settlers would lead them. But he was afraid to venture far, for fear some wandering Maori might discover him, and bring the whole troop down on the little party.

So in silence for the most part, and in extreme dejection of spirit and painful exhaustion of body, they waited and watched.

Possibly James was the only one who derived any degree of happiness from their awkward situation. He had fallen in love with Nellie the moment he saw her, and up till this hour of their common danger had been utterly unaware of the fact.

Now he knew, as he gazed stealthily at the white drawn face, the bleeding hands, the torn shoes—for Nellie had not thought of her strong boots in her care for the others' comfort in their hasty toilet—that his heart ached for her sufferings in a way differing entirely from its feeling of pity for the others. He loved her. But what about Gerald? Was she rendered more anxious because of his absence? Was she watching for him that she kept her strained eyes fixed in the direction in which he had disappeared? James could not solve this problem. He could only look at her with his story of love and devotion written so plainly in his honest eyes—whence all trace of cynicism had, for the time at least, vanished—that had the girl been less absorbed in her own painful reflections, she must have noticed the change in her companion.

Suddenly a new look of terror sprang into Nellie's grey eyes. She laid her hand on James Pitt's arm, with a gesture entreating his whole attention. In a half-stifled whisper, she murmured—

"Was that a cry?"

They all listened attentively. Percy rose to his feet, but James pulled him down to a stooping posture. Twilight was rapidly enveloping the trees and scrub in its friendly shade, and affording a better chance of concealment from an approaching foe.

"There it is again," breathed Nellie.

James was listening with an intentness that surpassed even the nervous girl's keen attention. Did not the life so precious to him probably depend on his alertness?

He seized the little hand that still clutched his sleeve.

"Be brave!" he whispered.

She looked at him assentingly, though her lips refused to utter a word, for the cries were yells now, and she shook in every limb.

"It is the Hauhaus!" James said.

The little ones still slept. It would be cruel to wake them, but Nellie said to herself that they were sleeping their last sleep. These dreadful savages would surely find them, and would ruthlessly tomahawk them.

As this gruesome idea took possession of her, she was unable to restrain a moan, and Pitt promptly put his arm round her, and whispered words of hope and encouragement. It was not, he reflected grimly, a time to think of the absent Gerald and his possible objection to the proceeding.

Then he spoke to Percy, taking care that his words did not reach Nellie's ear, to add to the mental agony she was already enduring.

"We must sell our lives as dearly as possible. Is your gun ready?"

"Quite," answered the boy laconically, his face stern and resolute.

Nearer and nearer came the sounds. Evidently the Maoris were confident that no enemy whom they could fear was within sound of their shouts and fierce cries. They seemed to be taking no precaution in this triumphal progress from one ruined house to another. The mad thirst for blood was upon them, and for the moment all else seemed forgotten.

Percy moved a little nearer to the sleeping children, kneeling beside them, with his hand on the trigger of his gun, his eyes intently fixed in the direction whence the savages seemed coming. James was on one knee by Nellie's side, his whole attitude that of a man who is going to defend with his own life someone he values exceedingly.

The tense feeling, every sense on the alert, every nerve strained, each heart beating with painful anticipation, was peculiarly trying, and was manifested mostly by their silence. They dared not speak, they could not relieve their over-wrought feelings by communicating their impressions to one another. The situation was almost unendurable.

Then the children woke, and Nellie cuddled and consoled them, though all her comforting had to be done by mute gestures.

Nearer, and still more near. Would the Hauhaus keep to the little track up the gorge, or would anything divert their attention to the raupo swamp?

Where was Gerald? Had he reached the parents in time to warn them to keep still? Or—but even Pitt could not allow himself to dwell on the awful alternative.

"They have stopped," breathed Percy.

James set his teeth, and grasped his weapon more firmly.

"Keep quite still, all of you," he said.

A few minutes of agonised suspense; then a renewed outbreak on the part of the Hauhaus.

"They have met some of their friends," whispered James. "You can hear their shouts of welcome, '*Haere mai! Haere mai!*'"

"Can it be the Ngatiruas? If so, where is Ruha? Probably she has tried to warn us."

The noise, apparently still distant, was borne with terrible distinctness on the clear evening air. The fugitives, though they had in actual distance walked a long way from the track, were in reality not more than a couple of miles off it, as they had wandered in a circle, the high scrub and fern quite preventing them from having any clear idea of their route as they forced their way through it. Hence, they naturally imagined the Hauhaus had left the track, and were in pursuit of them.

Nellie wondered why they had ever been foolish enough to leave their peaceful English home and risk their lives in this manner.

Percy was bitterly lamenting that he had not persuaded his father to send the family to Auckland, when he and the other two young men would have been free to go out bravely, and help to fight these savages, instead of cowering here like rats in a hole.

And James was coolly calculating how many Maoris two plucky white men would be able to destroy before they were overpowered by their numerous assailants.

The sounds of welcome still proceeded. Then it became evident that a *korero* (talk, council) was to be held, which meant more suspense and anxiety for the little party.

"They are not coming this way," James announced, after listening for a few moments. "I think I shall try and creep close to them, and find out what they mean to do. Anything is better than this wretched inaction."

But this proposal evoked a storm of suppressed remonstrances. Percy said it was a useless risk. He might be killed, and the Hauhaus might search the swamp, rightly guessing that he was probably not alone. Nellie turned a pair of imploring eyes on him, and begged him not to desert them, appealing thus to his pity and honour. So he yielded, and the suspenseful waiting and watching began once more.

Then there came a welcome break in the monotony of the evening. There was a sudden silence amongst the Hauhaus—or rather, a cessation of the louder sounds which had hitherto reached the Matherleys, followed by extra bustle and noise.

Nellie felt as if she could hardly breathe. Were they scattering to search for fugitive Pakehas, or were they going on with the Ngatiruas to their pah?

"They are leaving us," said James.

Nellie's white face flushed with suddenly renewed hope. Then, as the terrible strain of the last hour or two relaxed, she swayed slightly, and would have fallen back among the fern, had not James, who was watching her, flung his left arm round her.

"She is dead!" cried Percy, who had never known his sister to faint before.

But she soon revived, and an earnest consultation was held as to their next move.

Acting upon James Pitt's advice, they all went nearer

"THEY ALL LISTENED ATTENTIVELY" (*p.* 686).

to Ngatana. Then he left them, and made his way to the large station so lately occupied by a prosperous settler, his family and farm hands.

James was thankful he had not brought the others with him, for ghastly indeed was the sight that met his eye—so horrible, in fact, that he never willingly referred to that night.

He found some provisions in the stone dairy which had escaped the flames, and had not attracted the attention of the Maoris. He was also successful in getting an axe and a tarpaulin. Then he hastily removed some of the worst traces of the work of the Hauhaus, and, leaving all his spoil in the dairy, returned for the Matherleys.

It was bright starlight, and they easily followed him to this place of comparative safety.

They were very hungry, and gladly made a hearty meal of some of the provisions. Then James left them, taking the tarpaulin and axe with him : the one for an extempore stretcher for Mrs. Matherley, the other to cut down poles to sling it upon. He wrung all their hands when he departed, holding Neilie's last, and certainly longest.

Percy insisted upon Nellie trying to get some sleep whilst he watched; then they would change places, and he would take the rest he was so little used to going without.

So it was settled, and silence fell on the little party.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

GERALD IN DANGER.

THAT night-watch was one which Nellie would certainly never forget. Above her gleamed the cold, unsympathising stars. At her side, on the hard floor, slept her sister and brothers. Through the slit which served for a window on one side she could see the paddock, which, to her excited imagination, was every now and again peopled with a dense mass of yelling Hauhaus. From the other apology for a window she could see the still smoking remains of the house. *What* the smoke concealed she fortunately did not know. The situation was horrible enough without that.

Then her thoughts flew to her parents. Where were they? Nellie pressed her cold hands against her throbbing temples. She must not, dare not, think of them. And Gerald ; what had become of him? She felt inexpressibly lonely now that James had left them, and an agonised dread filled her as she pictured him suddenly surprised by straggling Maoris ; the brief, ineffectual struggle, and then—— ! Ah ! it was too terrible. Nellie resolutely turned her mind from such awful thoughts, and repeated some of the many hymns she had learned at her mother's knee.

And so, without further mishap, the weary night dragged its slow length along, until the welcome daylight reluctantly—so the heart-sick watcher thought—appeared in the east, and Percy and the others awoke.

Meantime, Gerald Trender was not enjoying a comfortable night's rest, either.

After he had plunged into the stream, he had only a dim recollection of what passed until he returned to full consciousness, and found himself a prisoner in one of the whares of the Ngatirua pah.

He fancied he had received a blow. Then he believed Ruha's father had interfered to save his life, casting over him the famous Maori *tapu*, which in this case meant that Gerald belonged to Tai Haruru, and could be touched by no one else.

"I suppose I am a prisoner?" he groaned, as he raised himself to a sitting posture. "I wonder what time it is? And, most of all, I wonder what has been the fate of the others?"

Gerald drew out his watch. It had stopped. He tried to wind it, but still it would not go, having been injured by water and a fall.

Gerald groaned again. This time he succeeded in attracting someone's attention. A musical and most welcome voice outside murmured his name.

"Gera, Gera, d-e-a-r."

"Ruha," he replied, speaking very softly, "Ruha, child, is that you?"

"Yes, Gera, it's your child Ruha. Are you wanting to eat?"

"Dreadfully!" the young man returned, becoming suddenly aware of a very natural hunger.

"*Taihoa*" (wait), Ruha said.

She was away a long time, and Gerald began to fear she had been intercepted in her charitable work of providing the prisoner with provisions.

At length he again heard the gentle—

"Gera."

Very promptly he answered her, and she asked him if he could put his hand through the raupo wall.

This, after some trouble, he succeeded in doing, for the raupo whare is composed of a ti-tree frame, woven in and out with the raupo reed, which is again securely fastened with flax. They are, of course, liable to be set on fire by an enemy ; but a fortified pah is always well watched. In this pah there was a strong outer palisade of ti-tree tied with toro-toro, and skilfully constructed earthworks. A second and similar palisade formed an inner wall, as it were, so that the pah, situated on a rocky slope, with dense bush behind it, was well calculated to hold its own against a European attack.

For the Maoris, who possessed pluck and bravery, and developed occasionally wonderful strategetic skill, were greatly under-rated by the British troops, as the latter found to their cost very frequently throughout the Maori wars.

The food Ruha had brought consisted of kumeras—a native sweet potato—and pork. She disappeared immediately, telling him she would come again at night, and bidding him remain quiet all day.

It was easy to say this, but Gerald found it very hard work to sit there inactive whilst stirring scenes were going on all around him. Ruha had whispered the information that the Ngatiruas, with their new Hauhau friends, were going out that afternoon on an expedition against another English settler's house, but Ruha could not tell him which it was.

"ALL DAY GERALD ALTERNATELY TOSSED AND MOANED" (*p.* 690).

All morning he chafed and fumed, and in the afternoon, peeping through a hole he had cut in his whare prison, he saw the Maoris dancing their curious war-dance.

Gerald had never seen it before, and gazed almost fascinated, as he watched the tattooed naked bodies, bending, swaying, jumping from the ground, all in perfect time, their tongues protruding, the whites of their eyes showing; then the fierce yells as they worked themselves up to a tremendous pitch of excitement, singing in rough chorus the famous war-song. And, brave as the young Englishman was, he felt that unless he were well armed and well supported he would not care to encounter that threatening throng. He sincerely trusted that nothing would occur to recall the Pakeha prisoner to their minds.

Apparently he was quite forgotten, for presently the whole tribe departed on their terrible mission, leaving some few old men and stalwart women to guard the pah.

Gerald's impatience now reached its climax. Surely he could make his escape. Was he to be kept a prisoner by a few old men and a good many active-looking women? He took a long survey from his chink in the raupo.

Though his gaolers were women, he saw that they were not to be despised; they might even prove better warders than the men. He sighed, and reluctantly resolved to wait for Ruha. Now she came into sight. Gerald's eyes followed her eagerly. She laughed and talked with the other women, carefully avoiding any glance in her Pakeha's direction. She seemed bright and merry. Had she quite forgotten her teacher? He did not think so, and longed for the chance of a few words with her.

How pretty and graceful she looked, even when she squatted on the ground, *à la* genuine Maori. And how different from the dark, tattooed, slenderly-clothed figures around her. She seemed so out of place—a little tame pigeon amongst a crowd of hawks; for the young man could not fail to note that many suspicious looks were cast upon her—that she was never left

alone. On some pretext or another, one of the women invariably kept beside her all the afternoon.

Gerald grew very fidgety as he watched these manœuvres. Clearly Tai Haruru did not altogether trust his daughter, and had left instructions with the willing female portion of the tribe to keep an eye on her.

Dusk came. The warriors were still away. Ruha had disappeared, and Gerald looked in vain for her in the light of the fire kindled to prepare a feast for the expected triumphant war-party.

Suddenly a great shouting was heard. The women flung open the gates to welcome the returning victors, uttering yells and cries of welcome and congratulation.

In the midst of the tumult, Ruha opened Gerald's door.

"Quick, Gera!" she called. "No speak. Come with me."

She held out her hand, which he promptly grasped. Then she shut the door, and led him behind another whare, close to the open gate. Here she waited a moment, watching her opportunity.

It came at last. The fire flame was suddenly darkened by an injudiciously large application of wood. In the semi-obscurity, favoured by the general confusion, Gerald and Ruha made a dash for the open gate, got safely through it, then, guided by the Maori girl, ran for their lives down the slope.

Ruha, of course, knew every step of the way, and, but for her help, Gerald would have come to grief several times. Unfamiliar as he was with the neighbourhood of the pah, he would probably have wandered back to it in the darkness but for his protectress. She speedily struck into the bush, fearing an immediate pursuit. On, on they went, not daring to pause until they had put a safe distance between themselves and the Hauhaus.

After some hours' hard travel, they reached a gully in the forest. Ruha, breathless from her exertions, explained that she knew a cave somewhere near here where they would be quite safe, as she was sure none of her tribe were aware of its existence. The old Maori who had shown it to her one day was dead, having bade her keep the secret.

After some search Ruha failed to find the cave, and as it was nearly daybreak, they decided to wait where they were, and look again for it when there was more light.

Gerald was obliged to own himself quite worn out. He had been severely bruised in his encounter with the Hauhaus, and this, added to his previous sleepless night and late rough scramble, made him thankfully sink down amidst the fern, and quickly drop into a doze.

As soon as it was light enough, Ruha left him, and began a search for the cave. At length she found it, and, returning to her weary companion, woke him, and begged him to come to a place of greater safety.

Gerald at first refused to stir. He felt stiff and ill, and said he didn't care if the Maoris did catch him. But at length he yielded to the girl's entreaties, and dragged himself, half-supported by Ruha, to the cave. The girl had prepared a couch of fern, and Gerald threw himself down on it, and was soon fast asleep.

Ruha carefully pulled the overhanging creepers together at the entrance to the cave, and induced some ferns, trampled by the Pakeha's heavy footsteps, to stand up again, then sat down by Gerald's side, too anxious to sleep.

Suddenly the terrible recollection came over her that her Pakeha was *tapu'd*, and she had touched him! What would the *tohunga* (priest) say? And what would happen to herself?

She drew a little away from the sleeping man, then recalled how Gerald had laughed at the *tapu* altogether. But she could not completely shake off the unpleasant conviction that she had greatly fallen from her high position as a chief's daughter by allowing her hand to rest in that of a *tapu'd* person. But then, the European in her triumphed to a certain extent. She would take all possible care of her Pakeha, but she would not go near him until she could get some friendly *tohunga* to remove the *tapu*.

All day Gerald alternately tossed and moaned and dozed. Ruha ventured out and got him some water in her hat, which she sprinkled over his face, carefully keeping at a sufficient distance, to avoid touching the *tapu'd* man.

When night came he was quite unable to continue the journey. Ruha dug up some fern-roots, and tried to induce Gerald to eat them. But he could not manage a mouthful. He was getting very weak, his diet of water not being sufficiently nourishing.

Ruha was in despair, and the third night set off to find food or friends for the sick man. Before she left him, Gerald held out his hand.

"You have been very good to me, dear child," he said. "Don't run any risks for me. Good-bye, dear."

Ruha forgot the *tapu*. She stooped and kissed his lips.

"Good-bye, Gera, d-e-a-r," she said, and vanished in the fast-gathering darkness.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

THE LAST OF THE ADVENTURES.

JAMES PITT'S heart beat fast with apprehension as he approached the spot where he had left Mr. and Mrs. Matherley. He whistled softly an English air as he crept up the cliff, then paused and listened for a response. At first there was none, then he went on a little further, and whistled again. This time he caught a faint echo of his tune, and ventured on a gentle call. Guided by Mr. Matherley's answer, he found the devoted pair. Mrs. Matherley was alive, but very much exhausted.

She gladly drank some of the milk James had brought from the dairy, and declared she was now sufficiently rested to resume her journey. With many a halt, the two brave men carried her to the remains of Mr. Bruce's homestead, reaching their destination soon after sunrise.

There was little fear of the Hauhaus paying Ngatana a second visit, and the party remained there in strict seclusion for two days. James had, meantime, captured Gerald's horse, and produced a cart from some hitherto undiscovered hiding-place. It was proposed to make a start at dusk on the following night.

About two o'clock in the early morning of that day, Percy, who was on guard, detected a figure stealthily making its way from the protecting bush across the open paddock towards the dairy. He instantly roused Pitt, who was close to him. As the figure came nearer and advanced into a patch of moonlight, they saw that it was a woman.

Pitt crept a little way from the dairy, saying softly—

"Ruha?"

The figure uttered a glad cry and came swiftly towards them. Then she poured forth a piteous appeal for help for "Gera," describing him as death-sick.

James asked if a horse could be got to him, and Ruha said it could come pretty near.

Provisions were very scarce, but fortunately, two of the scattered cows had been found, and a bottle of milk was soon prepared by Percy, whilst James got the horse ready. Then he and Ruha set out. The girl's knowledge of the country enabled her to guide her companion by the easiest route. When they reached the foot of the gully—or gorge, as it really was—they tethered the horse, and proceeded on foot to the cave. It was very dark now, and even Ruha had to call softly to Gerald, that his voice, weak as it was, might direct them.

James was very much concerned at his friend's state, and he and Ruha had great difficulty in guiding his tottering steps to the spot where the horse was tied.

It was broad daylight when they reached Ngatana, and the Matherleys had an exciting tale to tell. A party of Hauhaus had actually been near the homestead, but they had evidently retreated again when they saw the ruined houses.

Gerald was very ill all day, seeming hardly conscious of his surroundings, and only brightening up when Ruha approached him.

James felt an added weight of responsibility rested upon him now, and he was most anxious to get the whole party away from this dangerous neighbourhood.

As soon as he thought it prudent he harnessed the horse, and assisted Mr. Matherley to lift his wife into the cart. Then Gerald was put in, his head resting on the lady's lap. Ruha, lithe and swift of foot, went as a sort of advance guard. James led the horse, and the others followed, Mr. Matherley and Percy bringing up the rear.

The cart was well filled with fern and flax, but the drive was indescribably rough, even after they left the paddocks and ventured on what was politely termed a road.

"Can you bear it, dear?" Mr. Matherley asked his wife several times, and she always conjured up a cheerful tone in which to answer—

"Perfectly well."

Gerald never spoke; only when a worse bump than usual threw him against the side of the cart he would utter a low groan.

They stopped soon after the sun rose, and left the road, taking shelter in some thick scrub, through which the horse and cart were forced with difficulty. The place had once been cleared, and though much overgrown, was, therefore, not wholly impassable.

Late in the afternoon they had a terrible fright.

Ruha was prowling about, being very uneasy because of the defenceless state in which Gerald was, when she heard the approaching tramp of feet.

She hastened back to the little camp, filling them all with consternation as she related her tidings.

The men looked to their weapons, the non-combatants were placed under the cart, and their defenders took up a position in front of it. Ruha crept to within a few feet of the road to reconnoitre.

Very anxiously the little party awaited her further report, and intense was their relief when she came back with the joyful words—

"English soldiers!"

James and Percy hastened out to meet them, and explained their unfortunate circumstances. The leader of the band at once offered the Matherleys an escort to Hamilton, where they would have no difficulty in finding other parties bound, like themselves, to Auckland, as the settlers were becoming thoroughly alarmed, and were taking refuge in or near the large towns.

Hamilton was reached in safety, and here the Matherleys were fortunate enough to procure a more comfortable conveyance for the two invalids.

Their further journey, though eventful enough, contained no important adventures.

Ruha, of course, remained with them. She dared not face her tribe after running away with a prisoner, and one, too, over whom her father had cast the sacred *tapu*. She had utterly lost caste amongst the Ngatiruas.

House-room was procured with difficulty in Auckland, and the party was divided. The ladies had a roof to shelter them, but the men were thankful to get even a tent.

James Pitt nursed Gerald night and day, and Nellie's whole time was taken up with her mother, whose condition, after all she had undergone, was pronounced very critical by the medical man in attendance.

Ruha, debarred from waiting on her Pakeha, devoted herself to the invalid lady, and learned many a lesson in English ways and manners during the weeks that followed their arrival in Auckland.

When Gerald was declared out of danger, James left him to the care of Mrs. Matherley and a decent old Irishwoman, whose cottage was close to the tent. Percy was already waging war against the Hauhaus, and James volunteered his services.

Before leaving the town, he went to see Mrs. Matherley. She was decidedly better, and was able and anxious to see him.

"I feel we owe so much to your kind care and devotion," she said sweetly.

James had fully intended to say something about her unselfish and brave conduct, but somehow compliments, however genuine, seemed out of place, and he could only murmur that he had tried to do his duty.

"And you are going to try and do your duty again," she said. "I need hardly tell you that we wish you all success, and hope earnestly to see you back soon, safe and well. Do we not, Nellie?"

Miss Matherley had been much engrossed with some mending for one of the boys—for they were all decidedly short of clothes—and did not at once answer.

"SHE HASTENED BACK TO THE LITTLE CAMP, FILLING THEM ALL WITH CONSTERNATION AS SHE RELATED HER TIDINGS" (*p.* 691).

Mrs. Matherley glanced from her daughter's absorbed face to the weather-beaten manly visage, whose eyes were bent wistfully on her irresponsive, downcast countenance.

"Nellie," she said suddenly, "I have not a reel of white cotton left. Will you go out and get one for me, dear?"

"If you'll allow me, I'll go with you," said James, quick to seize the opportunity of a few words alone with the young lady. "I'm a good judge of cotton; I really am."

Nellie glanced at her mother, and, reading assent in her eyes, left the room to get her hat.

James turned to Mrs. Matherley.

"You are good enough to think I have been of some slight service to you," he said abruptly. "Well, I am going to demand *utu*."

"*Utu?* What is that?"

"It is the Maori equivalent for payment. Mrs. Matherley, I want an awfully large reward. Nowadays," with a touch of his old cynicism, "nothing is done without the expectation of *utu* in some form or another."

"You are wronging yourself. Well, what is the reward?"

James fixed his eyes significantly on Nellie, whose pretty figure was just then framed in the doorway.

The mother smiled, and sighed.

"I wish you both a pleasant walk," she said. "Nellie, tell Ruha to come and sit with me whilst you are away."

What the two young people said to each other did not transpire ; but James departed in search of fresh adventures with a light heart, and the girl he left behind him was an April picture of tears and smiles.

He was amazed at the courage and bravery shown by the Maoris, especially in their plucky defence of the Ngatirua pah. Chance brought him into contact with Ruha's father, Tai Haruru. The fight was raging hotly all around then, and the old chief had performed several feats of valour, to the great encouragement of his followers. With uplifted tomahawk, he rushed at James, who hesitated as he recognised Gerald's friend and his own. But a well-directed bullet from an English soldier brought Tai Haruru to his knees, then he rolled over, and James fancied he was dead.

He bent down and called the old chief by name, asking him if he had any message for Ruha. The dying Maori's eyes lit up for a moment.

"Tell Gera to take care of her for ever," he said, and died as a good warrior should, with the din and the shouts of battle sounding in his ears.

Some of the tribe saw him fall, and, regardless of the hail of bullets, dragged him to a place within the last palisade, the first being already demolished by the white troops.

But after a brave, though ineffectual, resistance, the Ngatiruas were defeated. Their fort fell into the hands of the invaders, and James had time to pay a hasty visit to Norton's Clearing and his own home.

The house at the former place was in ruins, and great injury had been done to the fences and crops.

Pittsburg had escaped with very little damage, whilst Gerald's home was untouched, though the Hauhaus had evidently passed through the grounds.

When James returned to Auckland, at the conclusion of the war, he found that Gerald was almost as strong as ever, and had been grumbling greatly at not being allowed to have at least one battle with the Maoris.

Ruha was quiet and seemed unhappy, and Mrs. Matherley, who had recovered wonderfully, partly guessed the cause.

During the past few months she and Nellie had taken great pains with the girl's education, and she now suggested that Ruha should go to school for a year, after which she was to come and live with them.

Gerald, whom James declared was Ruha's guardian, by the terms of Tai Haruru's last words, agreed to this plan.

He preferred to explain the arrangement to the girl himself, and did so when, one morning, he found her alone in the straggling garden.

"I want to talk to you, Ruha," he said, as he sat down beside her on the bank under the shadow of a tree fern.

"Ah, Gera!" she answered reproachfully, "you never talk to me now hardly at all."

"Ruha," he began coaxingly, "wouldn't you like to become a nice, clever young lady?"

Ruha shook her head.

"It's quite hard work, Gera. Too hard, you know."

"But to please me," he pleaded, taking one of her hands in his. "Don't you care to please me, Ruha?"

His tone was more tender than he was at all aware of ; his glance eloquent ; his touch persuasive.

Ruha forgot her lessons in English formalities and decorum. She disengaged her hand with a rapid movement, and flung it round Gerald's neck, pressing her face to his.

"I love you, Gera," she said simply.

The young man was a little taken aback. He owned he was very fond of Ruha, but he had always fancied his affection for her was purely fraternal. He certainly owed her his life, but he had never said to himself in so many words that he meant to acknowledge his indebtedness by making her his wife.

He looked across the harbour, placid and smiling in the sunshine, sky and water as blue as the usual Italian ideal. He intended to live in this beautiful country ; why not, then, take a daughter of the land to be his wife?

He turned and looked at Ruha. How gentle and affectionate she was! And yet she had sufficient spirit and strength of will to prevent her sweetness from ever becoming monotonous.

Gerald suddenly made up his mind.

"Ruha, will you be my wife, and live with me always? and I will take care of you and work for you."

Ruha was not yet fully emancipated from the Maori ideas with respect to women.

"I will carry all the loads, Gera," she declared. "I can work well if I like."

Then he told her she must go to school first, and learn how to become an Englishman's wife.

Her love and devotion for Gerald conquered her objections to this plan, and when Gerald and James returned to their homes, Ruha was at school, and Nellie was preparing her trousseau.

The Matherleys returned to Norton's Clearing after the house had been re-built and all traces of the visit of the Hauhaus cleared away.

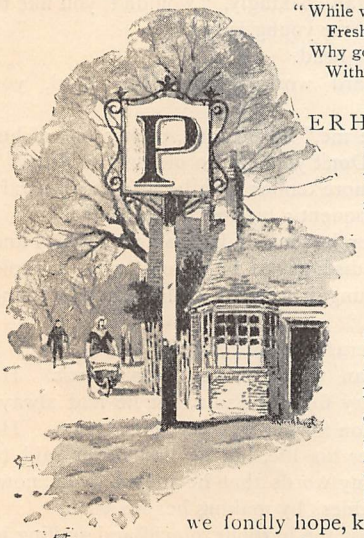
James and Nellie were married soon after, and peace, gentle peace, smiled once more on the settlers in the Waikato.

How Gerald married, and how he took his bride for a trip to England, and what his parents said to the pretty Maori-English maiden, do not come within the limits of this story.

THE END.

BETWEEN TWO WATERS.

BY A MODERN RAMBLER.



The White Hart 1779.
Hawkswell.

"While we find God's signet
Fresh on English ground,
Why go gallivanting
With the nations round?"
—KINGSLEY.

PERHAPS I ought rather to say three waters, as we sometimes caught distant glimpses of the Thames.

The other two waters were the Crouch and the Roach—the former known chiefly as defining the situation of Burnham-on-Crouch, the latter, we fondly hope, known only to ourselves in its upper course. Of course, we except the dwellers on its banks from this audacious expectation, but, as far as the ordinary tourist is concerned, we have found no one who is acquainted with the River Roach.

"What's that place?" ask the friends who turn over our sketches.

"How did you find it out?" they next inquire.

We almost feel as if the spot were an invention of our own, and that we ought to take out a patent for it.

Modest people hesitate to ask for definite information; sketchers and fishermen, in this crowded country, are often shy of revealing their favourite nooks, like the ladies who decline to give the address of a clever dressmaker.

It does not really matter, for it is much more amusing to find out a place for yourself. Instead of asking your friends, consult a map—a good big one: Lord Salisbury's excellent advice should never be forgotten.

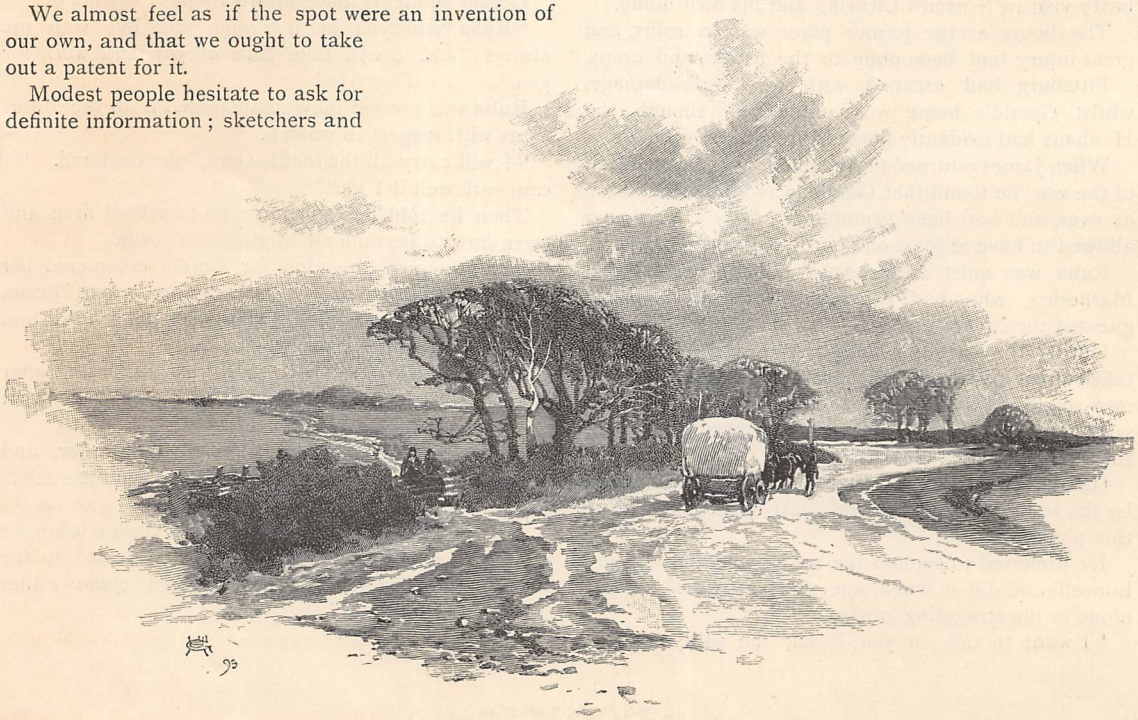
Hill or plain, marsh or moorland, sea-coast or river-bank, the little black dots and lines become wonderfully interesting, when you mean to go and see what those symbols represent.

Whatever place you choose, you are sure to find something beautiful or interesting in the neighbourhood—it is difficult in England not to find both; and the distances between the places are so small that, if the first one does not suit you, you can take the next train and go on to another.

There is a pleasant sense of adventure as you start off to visit the spot you have chosen, and compare the reality with the imaginary picture you have formed of it.

Our destination was a little range of hills in the south-east corner of Essex, to which a newly-opened railway line gave easy access.

Two little towns, Rayleigh and Rochford, lie at either extremity of the range, and a railway runs along the foot of the hills on their northern side. There is



"AT THE TOP OF THE FIELD, OVER A LOW STILE, WE FOUND OURSELVES IN THE MAIN ROAD" (*p.* 695).

a station at both the townlets, and a third station between them, lying among the fields of Hockley.

For some inscrutable reason, the fare from London to all these stations costs the same modest sum of two shillings and twopence, so we vindicated the commercial spirit of our race by getting the longest ride we could for our money, and early one April morning we took our tickets to the little town of Rochford.

At first we thought we had drawn a blank.

The little town looked uninviting in a drizzling rain, and my companion—who is fastidious, though she thinks she is not—declared that it was "sordid."

The Village of Hawkwell.

A hasty view of the surrounding country revealed none of the beauties which I felt certain existed, and which I later on discovered, to the delight of my unbelieving companion.

Even the interesting old church and a picturesque manor-house, half hall and half farm, did not reconcile her to the place; so we agreed to shelter in the railway-station, and take the next train back to Hockley.

The weather had cleared a little when we again got out of the railway carriage and looked around us, wondering how our second venture would turn out.

Two or three new railway buildings, houses for station-master and porters, a country road, with a curious dilapidated-looking building on one side of it, a field or two, bounded by hedges and studded with hedgerow trees, made up the prospect.

A porter directed us to the village, and raised our spirits by sending us through the fields.

The field path was charming, running slant-wise across a green pasture, which sloped gently upwards in gracious curves, and a lark was singing overhead.

At the top of the field, over a low stile, we found ourselves in the main road, along which a high-laden hay waggon was slowly making its way.

After a moment's consultation, we decided to turn to the left, and walked between the budding hedgerows up a gentle hill.

Three minutes brought us to the crest, and then we both stopped short and looked at one another.

"That's exactly what I want," said Anna.

I may as well give my companion half, at least, of her lawful name.

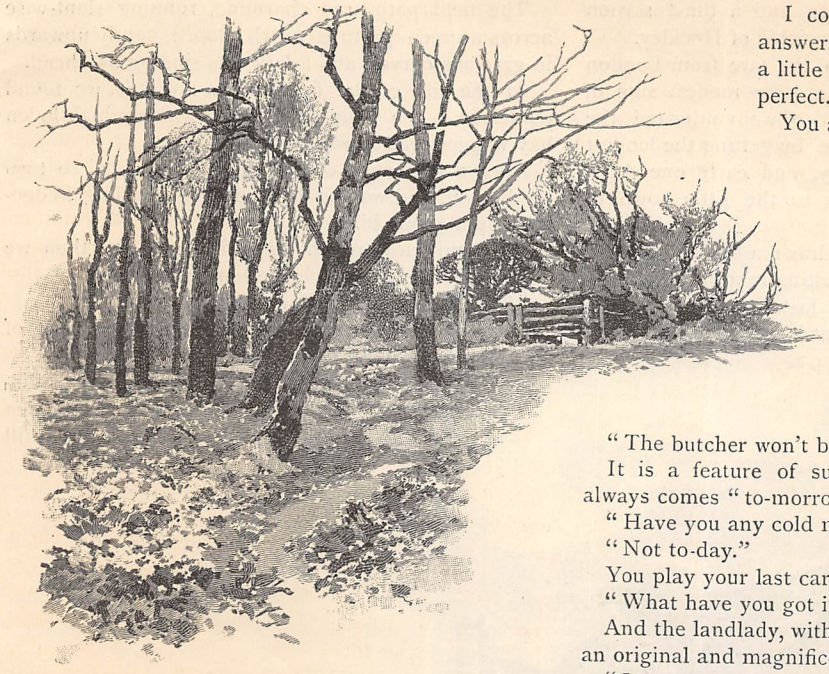
A long white road lay before us, which disappeared some fifty yards ahead in a sudden dip, to reappear as a delicate streak of light, till it vanished once again in the shadowy recesses of a mass of tufted green.

On our left hand a little row of wooden houses ended with the village inn and its old-fashioned sign-post. On our right lay a horse-pond, shaded by fine old trees; and a scanty sprinkling of cottages on either side of the grass-margined road completed the street of Hawkwell village.

But the beauty of the scene lay above these nearer objects.

Seen from our little eminence, the far-off country unrolled itself in misty shades of endless blue: that exquisite tint which gives a hint of something beyond the actual prospect, and lends it the charm which hope bestows on life.

"I don't like to leave it," said Anna, "for fear it should change before we come back again. It seems too good to last."



"WE WANDER ALONG THE PRIMROSE-BORDERED PATH" (*p.* 698).

Half-way down the village road—you could not call it a street—we had heard of a house where there were rooms to let.

We found a little parlour, lined with varnished wood, and with window and door opening on to the narrow strip of garden which parted it from the road. There were two white-curtained bedrooms above, small, but delicately clean. We took them at once—rather taking away their owner's breath at the same time—and we left her to make the afternoon tea while we went back to the station to look after our luggage.

You can generally find accommodation in an English village, though you must sometimes employ a little persuasiveness or firmness, according to the nature of the case.

If there does not happen to be a lodging, you can make one.

The villages are scantily peopled nowadays, alas! and if you go the right way to work, you can generally hear of somebody glad to earn a little money by taking in a lodger who does not give too much trouble.

The chances are you will be far more comfortable in such a lodging than in the ordinary village inn.

In tourist neighbourhoods you may find little country hotels, which live by their visitors and make them comfortable.

At Porlock and at Aberaron, at Church-Stretton and in the Forest of Dean, I have found civilisation and good cooking at very moderate prices, but in breaking new ground, the village inn is to be avoided if possible.

I know beforehand the exact course which events will take in such places.

I could supply all the landlady's answers to my own questions. It is a little comedy in which I am word-perfect.

You arrive, tired and hungry, after much tramping across the country, or a long day spent in and out of railway carriages, and having taken your room for the night, you next inquire about some food.

"What would you like?" asks the landlady, as if you had only to choose.

"Can you get me a chop or a steak?"

"The butcher won't be here till to-morrow."

It is a feature of such villages that the butcher always comes "to-morrow."

"Have you any cold meat?"

"Not to-day."

You play your last card.

"What have you got in the house?"

And the landlady, with the air of one who is making an original and magnificent offer, replies—

"I can get you some ham and eggs."

I am afraid to say how many times I have rehearsed this little dialogue, and watched for the inevitable ending with which it is bound to conclude. There is only one variation to the monotonous theme: sometimes, as a great novelty, instead of offering you ham and eggs, your landlady will proffer you a dish of eggs and ham. Even if you are not sinfully luxurious, this style of living palls at last, and it has not always the merit of being cheap.

You are a troublesome visitor. You require a table-cloth for your meals, or you don't like Swiss milk in your tea. You are bewildering and unintelligible. You may be no better than themselves, in which case it will be a pity to have treated you with too much deference. On the other hand, you may suddenly develop an acquaintanceship with the neighbouring squire, which may rouse feelings of remorse for not having treated you better or charged you more.

"*Why* didn't you tell me you knew him before?" said one of my many landladies when I asked her for a messenger to carry a note to a local magnate.

The tears almost stood in her eyes, and there were depths of reproachfulness in her tones.

You deserve to pay for your eccentricities, and you had better submit cheerfully to your fate, unless you can avoid it by avoiding the inn altogether.

For preference, I like a lodging which has been inhabited by the village curate. Your landlady will have acquired a deferential tone, and be accustomed to surround the good gentleman with certain little attentions, which will be passed on to you, in spite of your inferior merit.

Failing the curate's lodging, you may be very comfortable with the retired servant of a "good" family. She will be able to "place" you in five minutes, and know your exact position in the social scale.

It really matters very little whether she is right or wrong in her estimate. The important thing is that she should place you somewhere—that being the condition of easy intercourse with the average English woman.

I have always found perfect honesty in my rural hostesses. I use that term advisedly, for they generally regard you as somewhat of a guest.

Unlike the landlady of the inn, they have time and leisure to be interested in you, and we find they can manage our housekeeping much better than we can manage it for ourselves.

Anna is apt to go off sketching in the morning, and forget that she will want dinner when she comes back again; while I am a little nonplussed—say, on a Tuesday morning—at being told—

"The butcher *sometimes* comes round here of a Friday."

It is a great relief when the village woman takes the command of the situation. She knows where to go for a fowl or a rabbit, she can find the eatable butter or the young vegetables, she likes to exercise the little patronage afforded by your custom, and can conduct a delicate transaction according to the strictest rules of rustic propriety.

My own assurance would be quite unequal to approaching the respected vicar of a country parish with a view to dealings in gooseberries and cauliflowers. Yet during one happy summer in Wales all our fruit supplies came from the vicarage garden. Like neighbouring potentates, we had no personal transactions, but employed ambassadors, in the persons of his housekeeper and our landlady, who carried on negotiations to our mutual satisfaction.

The village woman of the eastern counties is often clever, and strikes one generally as having more brains than her partner—a silent person, who puts his best energies into guiding his plough or minding his "beasts," and rarely develops conversational powers till he arrives at old age.

An outsider is struck by her cleanliness. I have seen cottage homes where the virtue verges upon the heroic. She can vie with her neighbours of Holland on the one hand, and with her cousins of New England on the other. The latter spring from the same source as herself, and the Jane Fields and Amanda Pratts of Miss Wilkins's pathetic tales are near akin to the Essex and Suffolk village folk.

It was from this race that the Pilgrim Fathers drew the religious enthusiasm which formed the backbone of their enterprise.

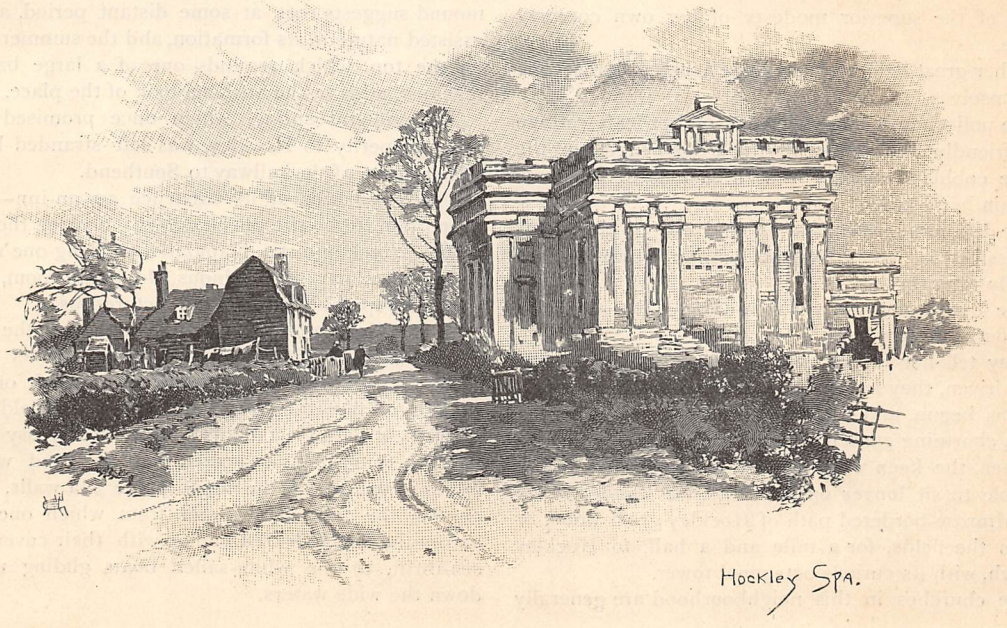
If you learn to know these outwardly quiet and unromantic-looking peasants, you will be startled at the vividness of their inward life, and you will understand how their forefathers faced the Marian persecutions—exceptionally severe in Essex.

Where the brooding imagination of this people is fostered by solitude and a monotonous life, it will sometimes become strong enough to overpower the senses, and the inward thoughts will clothe themselves as outward sights or sounds.

Sitting in lonely cottages, by the light of a half-starved fire or the soft glow of the evening sky, I have listened to strange tales of apparition and vision—sometimes beautiful and sometimes terrible, but never failing to be impressive.

As the teller of the story, a homely figure with toil-worn hands and earnest face, describes her strange experiences, you almost see the vision which she has seen, or hear the voices which she has heard, calling to you outside the cottage door.

By other firesides you hear other stories of the



ROCHFORD HALL.

village life ; you see the people from their own standpoint, and may get glimpses of their primitive code of morals—pitifully lax on some points, on others comparing favourably with that of the world outside.

My companion sees the brighter side of the village life. The children cluster around her easel ; they bring her flowers and stand as models, and tell her that they could not make pictures like hers, "not if they tried ever so."

This gratifies her, as she is used to small French critics, who declare they could paint as well as she does if they only had a paint-box like hers. She is proud of the superior modesty of her own country-people.

To her great delight, the village accepts her as one of themselves.

The policeman's wife steps out of her leafy cottage for a friendly chat across the thick box-hedge, and the village cobbler interests himself in making the paste to strain her boards.

The labourers who pass in and out of the fields address her as "young woman" with grave civility and friendly remarks—

"Be it mapping now you're a-doing ?" or—

"You work very hard."

They tell her of the pasture where the cows have been driven, they let her know when the sheep-shearing has begun, and a flower is sent to her as a sign that a charming garden is ready for her brush.

When the keen wind from the east makes it impossible to sit longer out of doors, we wander along the primrose-bordered path of Hockley great wood, or across the fields, for a mile and a half, to Hockley Church, with its curious octagonal tower.

The churches in this neighbourhood are generally placed on the highest available ground, and are often at some distance from the rest of the village.

Some of them, like Canewdon and Prittlewell, are landmarks for miles around ; and at Maldon there is an old church with a triangular tower : the only example I have ever met with.

Besides its church, Hockley is distinguished by a remarkable elevation, called Plumburrow Mount, from which a bird's-eye view is obtained of the surrounding country. The River Crouch is the chief feature in the scene, but prettier views can be had of it a little lower down the hill. The appearance of the smooth green mound suggests that, at some distant period, art has assisted nature in its formation, and the summer-house on the top, which reminds one of a large bathing-machine, adds to the artificial look of the place.

The mineral spring, which once promised fame and prosperity to Hockley, was left stranded by the construction of the railway to Southend.

The only traces of its existence are an inn—out of proportion to the size of the village—bearing the name of Spa Hotel, and the dilapidated building one notices from the railway—the ruinous old pump-room, which looks disreputable rather than picturesque.

But fashion and new buildings would spoil the charm of this neighbourhood, which consists in its simple rustic beauty and the freedom with which one can roam in all directions—through the endless field paths, with their happy accidents ; down the grassy roads, with their sparsely-scattered cottages and wayside ponds ; and along the tops of the sea-walls, which confine the tidal rivers, and from which one looks across the flat, indented banks, with their covering of sea-thrift, to the white-sailed boats gliding up and down the wide waters.

When we come home in the evening we find the village men are playing quoits upon the tiny Hawkwell green, and half-way down the village road a father is teaching the game to his boys upon a patch of wayside turf.

The game is kept up till it is too dark to see any longer. One wishes that it were always May, and that the cheerful spring would never cease to breathe over the land.

We are told of sufferings from the winter's cold, when the little wooden cottages are a poor protection from the icy winds ; and we cannot but think that if the butcher's cart were a more frequent feature in the village life the men would look stronger, and the women would not lose their early bloom so soon.

The children, however, seem healthy enough, and Anna is captivated by two tiny creatures with fair hair and mottled arms, their red frocks peeping beyond the white edges of their pinafores, who are just big enough to toddle about the village, holding each other by the hand.

With some trouble she prevails on them to stand for her, but barely five minutes have passed before the smallest toddler is overcome with shyness, buries his face in his sister's skirt, and breaks forth into lamentations, which require to be pacified with many chocolate-drops.

It is best to try and catch hurried sketches of the children before their unstudied grace stiffens into awkwardness, under the consciousness of being looked at. Only one little girl was able to stand this ordeal, and she was so anxious her baby should be "taken" that she forgot to think about her own *pose*.

If you want a change from the village, a twopenny railway fare takes you to pretty, clean, little Rayleigh, with its air of genteel prosperity, on the one hand, or to old-world and melancholy Rochford on the other. Another twopence franks you on to Southend, a pretty watering-place, in spite of the somewhat plebeian character of its attractiveness.

But here one touches on well-known ground, and my last words must be for the less visible beauties of Rochford. The old Hall, of course, is well-known to the visitors at the watering-place, and the obliging caretaker who shows you over gives you her own version of the history of England and the fate of Anne Boleyn, whose mother, Lady Rochford, once owned the hall.

She also gives us roses off a great tangled bush in the courtyard. In shape they are like large single wild roses, but in colour they are of a vivid golden yellow, such as we do not remember to have seen elsewhere. We cannot learn how the flowers came here, and please ourselves with fancying that Anne Boleyn may once have gathered such roses and worn them in her hair or on her dress.

As I began this sketch in April, I may be asked how I have already reached the time of roses ; but while business often called me away to town, my companion stuck faithfully to her village, and lured me back again and again to this soft land of spreading fields and waters.

It was in one of my walks beyond Rochford that I lighted upon the River Roach, and introduced my unbelieving comrade to its beauties.

She forthwith fell a helpless victim to its charms, and moved to Rochford to be within easy reach of the wide Dutch-looking landscapes, where the distant boats seem to be sailing through the green meadows, and the little river-side harbours offer their unique combinations of seafaring and agricultural life.

It is a country you leave with regret and return to with pleasure, and after months of London life you may get as complete a change in rambling around an Essex village as you will find in Swiss hotels or German baths.

E. CHAPMAN.

THE BRIGHT-EYED STRANGER.

BY W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE.

NEVER before had I felt so unutterably lonely ; the rattle and roar of the express as it hurried North grew wearily monotonous; the rain streamed down the carriage windows, and the wind dashed against them in heavy gusts ; and I was alone in the compartment. It was difficult to believe that it was Christmas Eve ; somehow Christmas is not Christmas without snow and frost. I was on my way home to spend a few days' holiday with my people, who dwelt in the far north of England.

The miserable lamp burnt dimly, and I soon wearied of my reading. Laying down my book, I took out my watch, and was annoyed to find that it had stopped. This completed my discomfort ; not that there was any real necessity for me to know the time, but I wanted to know it simply because I could not, and this added to my irritation. I peered out at the blackness ; we flashed through a dreary little station, and I saw the lights of the village through the rain-mist ; then I heard a church clock striking. Should I be able to hear the whole of the chime ? I knew it must be near midnight. One ! Two ! Three ! The sound of the bell did not diminish as we rushed on. Ten ! Eleven ! Twelve ! Thirteen ! ! The bell rang on ! What was it ? On we tore through the darkness, and still on and on rang the bell, still distinct, growing louder, ringing more slowly. It sounded like a passing bell or a toll for a funeral. It was

uncanny! Still on and on it rang. Would it *never* stop? Was it reality, or a dream? I stuffed my fingers into my ears, maddened by the sound, and involuntarily closed my eyes. Now I could no more hear it. With much hesitation I dropped my hands; I heard the bell no more. But as I opened my eyes, I saw that I was no longer the sole occupant of the carriage; opposite me sat a stout bright-eyed little man, who was

He knew where I was going as well as who I was! A cold shiver crept over me as I stared fascinated at him, he looked so like a goblin as he sat there; but—pooh, nonsense! I must be dreaming! But no, it was all too real even for the most real of dreams; I was face to face with a mystery. I did not feel comfortable.

He laughed, but his laugh died away in a shivering chuckle.

"'DO SHUT THAT WINDOW, MY DEAR SIR'" (*p.* 701).

gazing intently at me. He looked pallid with cold, though wrapped in heavy furs, and I could only see a portion of his face, as his neck was swathed in a monstrous comforter. But his eyes fascinated me, they gleamed so bright, and looked so straight into mine. How had he come there? *What* was he?

"It is a cold night, Mr. Beach, is it not?" he said softly, addressing himself to me.

How did he know my name?

I was—confess it I must—too frightened to reply.

"It *is* cold. Don't you wish you were by the warm fireside at Helmhurst?"

"It *is* cold. Don't you find it so?" he repeated.

"Very," I answered, almost in a whisper.

His bright eyes sparkled as he noted my trepidation.

"Nearly as cold as that winter's night when you were lost on the fells, and were only just found in time to save your life, eh? You remember that?"

Remember it! How could I forget it? But—how did *he* come to know of it? It happened years and years ago, when I was quite a boy, and yet this—man knew all about it.

"Nearly as cold as that winter's night," he went on,

"when you went out to catch the poachers in the Valley Wood, eh? You remember that?"

Yes, I did. But how did he know all this about me? What was he? Was I going mad? Was it all some hallucination? I shut my eyes, opened them again; there he sat, still smiling, still gazing at me with his bright eyes, that seemed to twinkle with suppressed merriment as he watched my bewilderment.

For I was bewildered—and amazed. *What* was this strange being who had so mysteriously appeared, who knew all about my past? Creepy tales my old country-bred nurse had told me when a boy flashed across my mind: tales of goblins, and ghosts, and nameless horrors. And then—that horrid tolling bell! Of that too I had heard. It meant death to the hearer.

I tried to laugh and shake off the horror that was fast paralysing me; what a mockery of a laugh! My lips were dry, my teeth chattered, the hair seemed creeping on my head.

The little man laughed again as he watched my terror, and his bright eyes twinkled the more.

"Do you recall," he asked again, "the old oak room that is haunted at Helmhurst? Do you remember the night you spent there—before it was closed—when you saw—or dreamed that you saw—all manner of strange things, and how you roused all the house with your scream? Do you remember how you used to sit and dream in the woods all day, thinking that you would be a poet, and make the world echo with your songs? You little dreamed that you would settle down as a steady-going London merchant, a lonely old bachelor, with no illusions left, no more dreams of fame, but only fortune to console you, eh?"

I could stand it no more; I must get away from this—man—with his glittering bright eyes, where I cared not, stay I could not. I jumped up, let down the window; death lay that way. A miserable choice—death or the—well, I knew not what.

"Do shut that window, my dear sir. I shall perish of cold."

I shut it, and sat down again.

"You are anxious to get to your destination? By the bye, can you tell me the time?"

I did not answer.

"You seem disturbed; you look afraid, of what? Of *me?* Surely you are not afraid of *me?*"

How he chuckled as he asked me if I was afraid of *him.* I was—but could not speak. Besides, he knew almost more about me than I did myself. What was the use of telling him what he already knew?

"Afraid of me? He! he! he! My dear Will, you used not to be in the old days; I distinctly remember your bullying me upon occasion."

What was coming next? I wondered. There was something familiar now in the voice, even in the look of my tormentor.

"Bullying *you?*" I gasped.

"Yes, me—me, Arthur Mayhew."

"Arthur Mayhew? Arthur—tell me—how did you come here? What are you?—what—Is it a dream? Why——"

"A dream, no! A reality, of course. I'm your old boy-chum, Arthur, back unexpectedly—even to myself—from the States. I got in at ——, where the train stopped, while you were asleep, and have had a very amusing time bewildering you."

"But—how did you know me?"

He pointed to the place where my bag was stowed away, with my name painted on the side.

A comedy of errors. All's well that ends well.

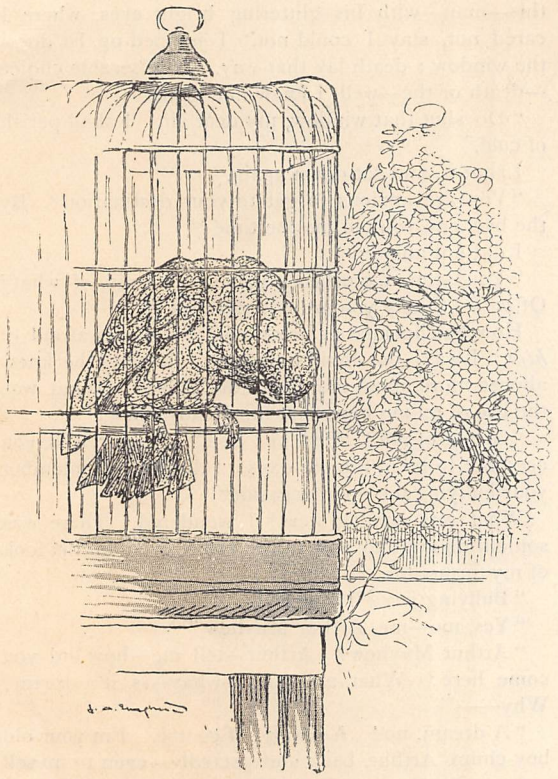
ANIMAL JEALOUSIES.

BY ALEXANDER H. JAPP, LL.D., F.R.S.E.

WHAT animals can be deeply affectionate, that they can devote themselves wholly to a master or mistress, implies that they can be victims of jealousy. Of course, the most striking developments of jealousy are to be found among the animals brought most closely into contact with man in his domestic and social life—cats, dogs, and birds—but others, such as horses and cows, can show it very clearly on occasion.

Everyone knows how certain wild animals—deer notably—fight for the females, and this is only one form in which individual jealousies are made subservient to the range of purposes Mr. Darwin classed under two laws, which he named "Natural Selection" and "Survival of the Fittest." Some of the illustrative instances we shall give, our readers will, we think, regard as very curious and suggestive in several ways.

Only the other day I stood in front of a good-sized aviary belonging to a friend of mine, in which were many birds—parroquets, love-birds, canaries, etc. I was greatly taken with the appearance of a young mealy canary-bird, with a dark red crown, and I could not help showing my admiration of this pretty specimen by chirruping and tweeting to it as well as I could. It soon understood what I meant, and came quite close to the wires, eyed me with careful regard sideways and, having satisfied itself that I meant



"HE CAME ROUND AND CONDESCENDINGLY SMOOTHED DOWN HIS FEATHERS."

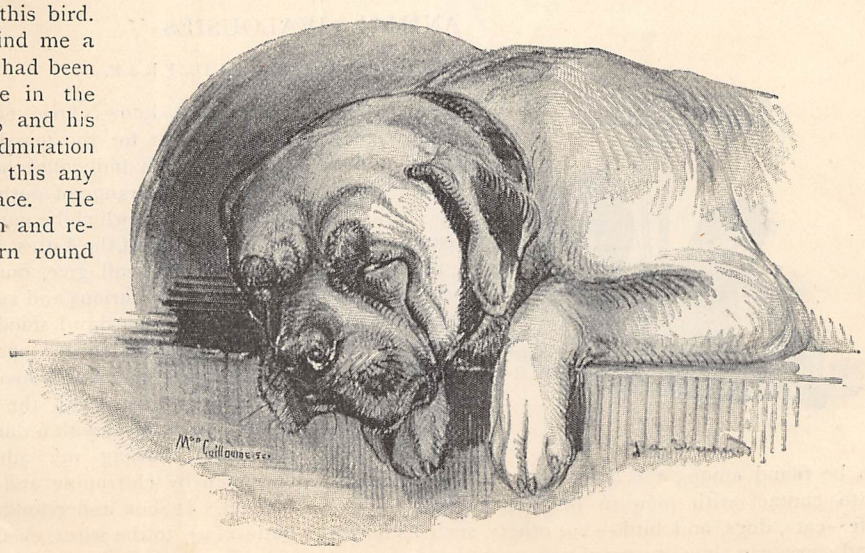
kindly, began to "tweet-tweet!" in return, and we were soon engaged in a nice conversation, in the intervals of which my little mealy turned his tiny figure from side to side as if to show off his points to me, while the tail went flirting up and down in such a way as betokened the utmost pleasure. But this was too innocent to continue long, and soon the idyllic peace was destroyed by a duet of protest against my attentions to this bird. Just a foot or two behind me a grey parrot in his cage had been placed on a little table in the shade of leafy branches, and his desire for attention and admiration was too strong to allow this any longer to go on in peace. He began to cry and scream and require that I should turn round and talk to and admire him. "Here, here! Pretty Poll, pretty Poll! Scratch Poll! Here, here!"—the aspirate so treated that it sounded more like "Year, year!" So the parrot demanded; while a much larger and older canary came down from a branch in the aviary and thrust himself near to me, and "tweet-tweeted!" turning on me his black eye interrogatively.

I wished to see how the triangular battle for my suffrage would end, and so I continued to pay all my attentions to the mealy. This in a few minutes became too much for the big, handsome canary, which seemed to say plainly, "Put off your time admiring that small slip of a creature. Look at me! I am double his length, and a bright yellow Norwich, with fine crest, and superior in every way."

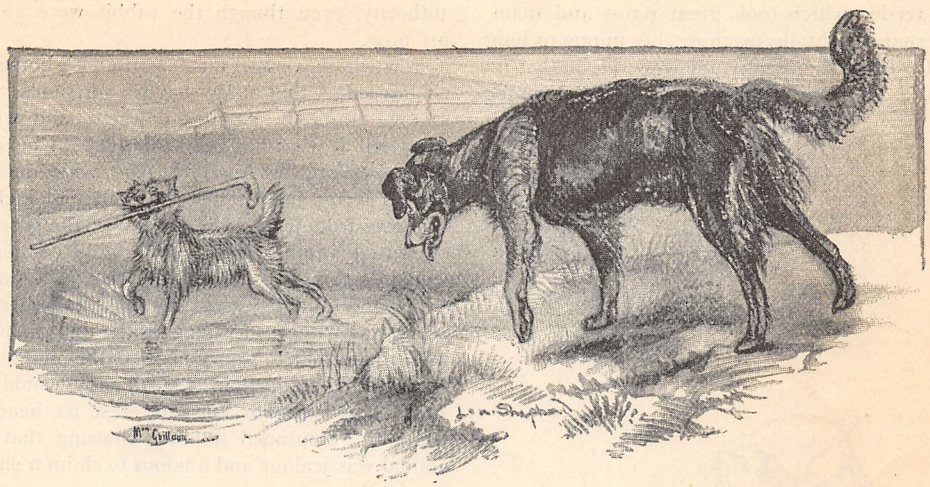
I did not take any notice of him, and suddenly he dashed at my pretty little mealy with open beak, making it fly up and disappear in some crevice of the roof, while the grey parrot behind me got angry, threw out its ruffled feathers, and screamed with impatience, chagrin, and disappointment. I turned round then and talked to Poll and tried to soothe him, but it was some time before he came round and condescendingly smoothed down his feathers at last, patronisingly asking me to "Scratch Poll!" and putting his head close to the wires to enable me to do so. After a little of this I turned round and cast a sudden glance at the aviary, but the big-crested Norwich still stood on the place my little mealy had occupied, and the little mealy was not to be seen. Was there ever a clearer case of jealousy, or a case which would more have prompted one to say how like human nature in certain aspects are these birds?

No one who has had pets can long have missed tokens of this passion in which, in so many ways, the "lower brethren" resemble men and women. How one dog will come and nose about and try to push aside another, and move himself nearer to his master to get all his attention and patting! Only the sense of discipline keeps the one dog from flying at the other in such circumstances, and sometimes, indeed, discipline does not suffice.

Miss F. P. Cobbe gives a good illustrative instance in an article, "Dogs which I Have Met,"



"THEY NOTICED SOMETHING SUSPICIOUS IN THE LOOK OF THE MASTIFF" (*p.* 703).



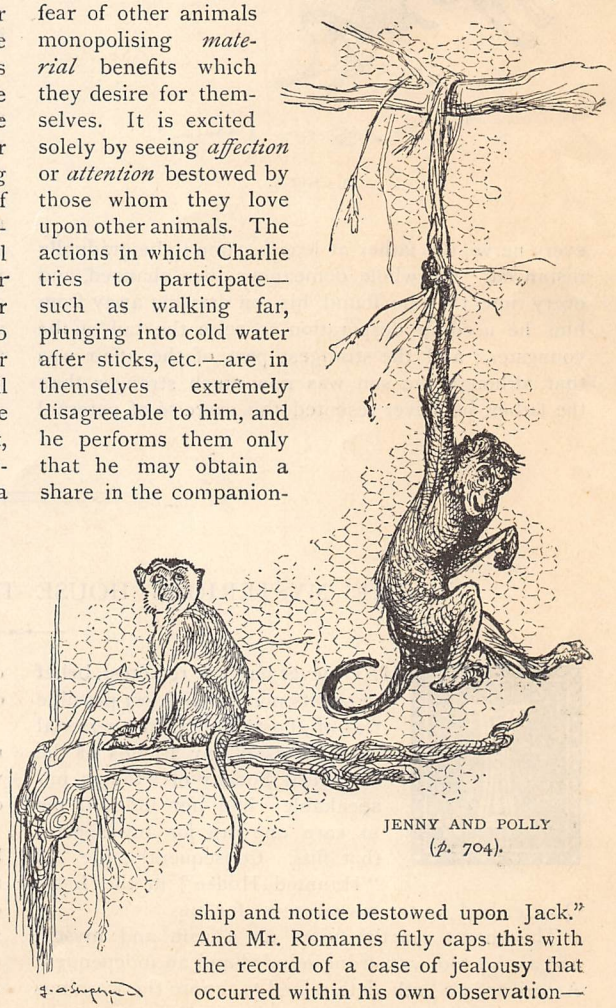
"GROWN OLD AND NOW WALKED WITH DIFFICULTY."

in the *Cornhill Magazine* for December, 1872, to this effect :—

A hardy mastiff had for long occupied sole place in the affections of the family, when a little toy terrier was introduced, on which, of course, caresses were lavished. What was the surprise of the members when the little toy terrier disappeared, and at the same time they noticed something suspicious in the look of the mastiff. Search was made for the terrier without result, but on the third day a servant, going near to the coal-hole, heard a faint whine and moan of anguish. Looking in, there was the toy terrier imprisoned, lying helpless under a heavy weight of coal and dust, and utterly unable to extricate himself or even to move his limbs. None could tell whether Leo, the mastiff, had actually enticed the terrier into the cellar and scratched coals over him, or whether this had chanced by accident; but Leo had, at all events, carefully abstained from giving any assistance to his tiny companion, and Miss Cobbe adds that, under the old Egyptian law, which punished as murderers in the second degree men who witnessed a murder and did nothing to prevent it, Leo would have been severely chastised. He had yielded to jealousy and acted, under the feeling, as men and women are apt to do in determining to rid themselves of rivals in the affections of those they love.

Mr. Romanes, in his "Animal Intelligence," has quoted from Mr. A. Oldham an account of the conduct of a dog, Charlie, who had grown old and now walked with difficulty. When a Scotch terrier was brought to live in the house and was treated with much favour all Charlie's old vigour revived, and he exhibited agonies of jealousy, spending his life in following, watching, and imitating the terrier. Several times he started with a party, but, finding that Jack was not present, turned back. Though before he had eaten nothing but meat, he tried to eat any food given to Jack. If Jack was caressed he watched for some time and then whined and barked.

"Such jealousy," adds Mr. Romanes, "seems to me a very advanced emotion, as it has passed beyond the stage when it may be supposed to be caused by a fear of other animals monopolising *material* benefits which they desire for themselves. It is excited solely by seeing *affection* or *attention* bestowed by those whom they love upon other animals. The actions in which Charlie tries to participate—such as walking far, plunging into cold water after sticks, etc.—are in themselves extremely disagreeable to him, and he performs them only that he may obtain a share in the companionship and notice bestowed upon Jack." And Mr. Romanes fitly caps this with the record of a case of jealousy that occurred within his own observation—



JENNY AND POLLY
(*p.* 704).

that of a terrier which took great pains and manifested paternal delight in teaching his puppy to hunt rabbits. In time the puppy outgrew his father in strength and fleetness, so that, in spite of straining

A CHECK.

every nerve, the father at length came to be gradually distanced. His whole demeanour then changed, and every time that he found his son drawing away from him he used in desperation to seize the tail of the youngster ; and the strangest part of the affair was that, although the son was now much stronger than the father, he never resented this exercise of paternal authority, even though the rabbit were close under his nose.

Few who have had much to do with horses will not acknowledge that they have sometimes met with strange traits of jealousy in them, and will not be surprised at what has been told by M. Cheville in the *Lyon Médical*, for April 18, 1875. He declared that he had seen a mare refuse her food and kick her stall to pieces from jealousy. Whenever the groom coaxed or petted another horse, her stable companion, she would do this. He also stated that in a stable where a cow and a donkey were confined together a curious scene was witnessed whenever the dairymaid came to milk the former. No sooner was the maid seated on her milking-stool than the donkey would leave its stall, come close to her, and rest its head on hers while she continued milking, showing that the poor animal was jealous and anxious to claim a share of her attention.

Dr. Andrew Wilson, in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for April, 1883, tells that amongst the ingenious experiments of his monkeys was the feat performed by "Polly," a little macaque, of utilising the bars of the perch as a gymnastic pole, round which, in company with "Jenny," she used to spin like an acrobat. More ingenious still, he says, "Polly" used to twist the straw of her cage into a rope, which she attached to one of the projecting bars of her perch, and then, seizing the extemporised rope, would swing round and round after the fashion of a roasting-jack, evidently enjoying the recoil of the straw as a means of continuing her amusement. A more difficult feat, he remarks, was that of "Polly," in her imitation of an acrobat, in a backward spring. Jumping forward from the perch to the side of the cage, she sprang backwards, and in an instant regained the perch. "Jenny" watched this performance with interest, and essayed to do it, but her attempts were clumsy and unsuccessful, and she could not disguise her disappointment and her jealousy of "Polly's" superior performance.

THE MYSTERIOUS HOUSE IN THE LATIN QUARTER.

I HAD never had the remotest belief in spirits nor the slightest possible fear of ghosts, and all the personal experiences of my friends of the Psychical Society of "things unspeakable" had not induced me to care one rap for any spectre that flits. Consequently, the old "Haunted House" in the Latin Quarter had no terrors whatever for me.

The rooms exactly suited my cousin and myself, and as she, too, was strong-minded and an independent American, we both determined to ignore the warnings of our anxious friends, and to locate ourselves in this desirable spot before the winter.

We arrived in Paris late one evening, and the next morning, before it was fairly light, we were on our way to the studio where our "cours," or class, was conducted.

Who that has had any experience of French student life does not remember the dire discomfort of every first morning of the model—the hurried toilet by candle-light, the coffee luke-warm, drunk standing, the roll hastily tucked away into muff or pocket, to be eaten on the way? The Artists' Quarter at 7.30 a.m., in the uncertain light of an early winter's day, is a

curious sight indeed on Monday mornings. Half the people in the streets, it seems, are carrying either paint-boxes or portfolios. Many are shivering, and not yet quite awake, but all are striding along with a like anxious haste. It is pleasing to sacrifice half a Sunday night's rest through fear of oversleeping—and so losing first choice of place at the studio—and then

twelve o'clock, when the class finished; and then, after lunching at a "Duval," we hurried on to the other side of the river to see the "Volney" Exhibition of modern French artists. A walk on the "Boulevard des Italiens" and half an hour's wait for an omnibus to take us back to the Latin Quarter—oh, that aggravating system of ticket-numbers, where dexterous

"SHIVERING FROM HEAD TO FOOT . . . I CLUTCHED HARD AT THE PALINGS" (*p.* 706).

to arrive there, breathless, with half a breakfast and a whole headache, only to find that the model has not yet arrived, that the stove will not act, that the room is full of smoke, and nothing can be done till the fire has been put out and the workmen have overhauled the "tuyau." Yet Monday morning always brings with it the same intense excitement.

On this particular Monday morning, our first in a Paris studio, the model, the pose, the possible capabilities of our fellow-workers, the prospective visit of the great Professor, engrossed all our thoughts till

jumping on is, alas! unavailing!—brought us home none too soon for dinner, and by the time that was over our night's rest was the chief thing that occupied our minds. Nevertheless, the British spirit of exploration was strong within me, and I announced my determination not to retire until I had, at any rate, taken a turn round the tempting-looking garden.

By way of expostulation, I received only a sleepy, "Hurry up, then, for I'm tired some; and wear my gums and that shawl too, for your wrap don't amount to a row of pins."

STATUE OF INGRES, BY ETEX (*p.* 708).

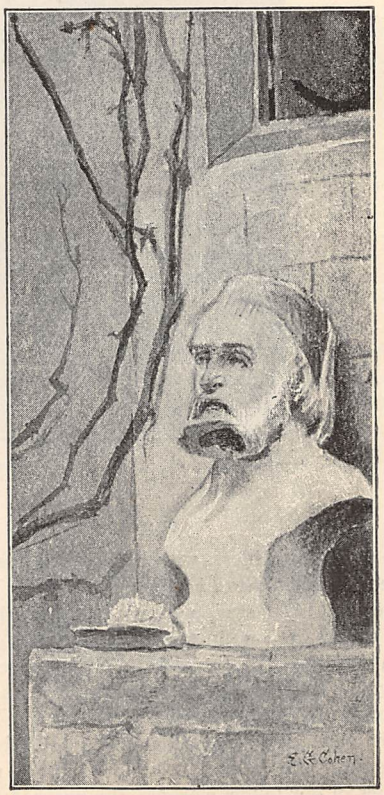
It was the typical French garden, with, in the middle, the usual picturesque, if somewhat damp and dilapidated, "pavilion," where the students "most do congregate"; but in the moonlight the defects were not noticeable, and the roof stood out in pleasant irregularity against the changing sky.

I leaned over the fence which railed off the inner garden and watched the play of the moonbeams—idly at first, but soon some dark object, conspicuously placed in the middle of the largest flower-bed, riveted my attention.

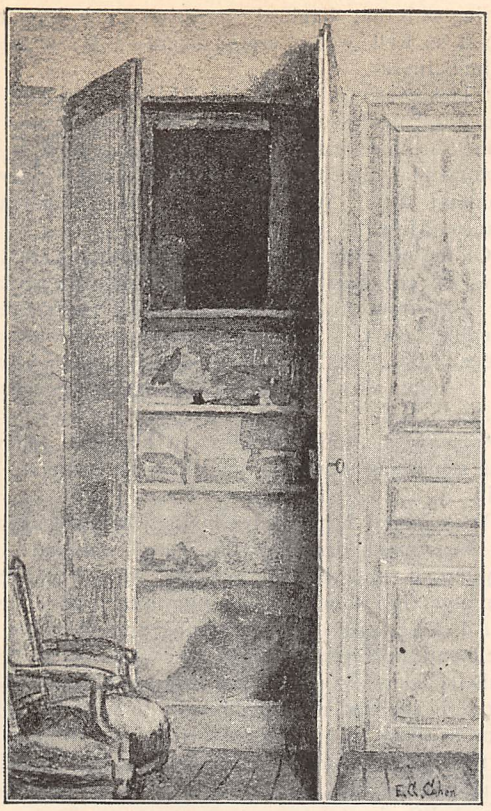
It was impossible to make out what it was, shrouded, as it happened to be, in dense shadow, but the moonlight had already begun to touch the far corner of it, and in two minutes my curiosity would, I was confident, be gratified. I could not take my eyes off this mysterious thing, and the longer I looked the more fascinated I became. Suddenly the moon burst out from behind a cloud, and then—oh horror! surely my eyes deceived me!

Shivering from head to foot, though the night was not cold, I clutched hard at the palings and gazed breathlessly before me. Could it be?—yes, it was beginning to assume, in the full light, a human shape—a girl's. The beautiful head was on the ground, and supported on it, in mid-air, hung the emaciated shoulders, and above them nothing remained but the bare backbone. I could not move, but closed my eyes, only immediately to open them again and note the thin stream of blood which oozed from between the parted lips. The murder had been committed this very night, then, and this must be some poor misguided creature, the boon companion of those riotous Frenchmen. Why, the slashings of a pugilistic German student were nothing beside this atrocity. I turned my head away from the sickening sight, but this time my eyes encountered a spectacle at my very feet quite as gruesome, if not as heart-rending, as the other. A human skull grinned up at me from glaring, moonlit eye-sockets, and close by a foot and some mangled fingers forced themselves upon my unwilling sight. Then, and not till then, did it flash across my mind that this was the "Haunted House," and that I was receiving a punishment for my incredulity. A feeling of utter revulsion possessed me, and, leaving my hold of the railings, I hid my face in my hands and ran up the garden towards the house. My flight was soon stopped by an obstacle in my path, and tripping up over it, I found myself clinging on, as if for dear life, to some solid body, which on closer inspection proved to be a soldier lying on the ground.

What could he want in our garden at this time of night? Had *he* any connection with the murder? Hastily disengaging myself, and without a thought of apology for so unwarrantable a familiarity, I made another rush for the doorway, but was somewhat dismayed at finding that the whole of my little performance had been quietly watched by an elderly gentleman seated near by, who was looking at me with dignified remonstrance in his very attitude. What



"MINET'S STAIRCASE" (*p.* 708).



THE SECRET CHAMBER IN MARSHAL SOULT'S CUPBOARD (*p.* 708).

were all these people doing in our garden at night, and would my trembling limbs ever take me up that flight of steps? I had nearly gained the doorway when a wild yell close behind me made me turn my head, and I saw flying through the air a tiny creature, blacker than night, with yellow eyes shining, and carrying with his hands and feet the head and shoulders of a stalwart warrior. He disappeared as quickly as he had come, and, holding my breath, I stumbled up the stairs and into our room.

I double-locked the door and gasped out, in as near a scream as a stage-whisper will admit of—

"Katherine, not another night do I stay in this dreadful house! It is *haunted*. There has been murder here, and I've seen horrors!"

I almost hated my cousin for her indifference as she grumbled out—

"Horror fiddlestick! If you ain't the queerest girl! Why, I'd a notion you were too sensible to believe in such stuff. Come to bed right away, and don't be a goose."

"Hush!" I whispered. "I can't disbelieve my own eyesight. You go down into the garden now, and then see what you'll say."

"What nonsense to dream of prowling around at this hour! Not that any American would be afraid of your murders, or your ghosts either!"

"Then I dare you to go this minute!" I cried; and before I had time to repent she was half-way downstairs.

I waited what seemed an eternity, and, listening intently, heard first the sound of a faint scream, and then retreating footsteps.

I unlocked the door. There was no need to ask any questions; her white face and the horror depicted on it sufficed.

"Great goodness!" was all she could say at first. Then we fell to comparing horrid notes, and only persuaded ourselves at last into sleeping by the solemn vow that the morning's light should find us ready to depart from such revolting scenes.

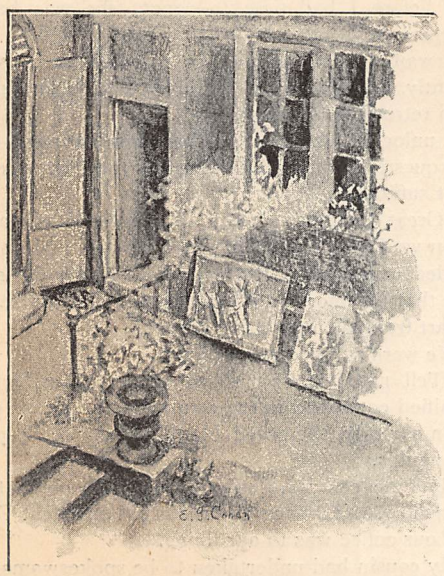
We were as good as our word.

"Tell madame we wish to speak to her," was our dignified command to the astonished Marie, as, setting down our tray, she gazed blankly at our ready-packed belongings.

Madame entered, smiling, and, with characteristic French gestures, sincerely trusted, in excellent French, that our coffee was to our liking.

My cousin had undertaken to be spokeswoman, and in good plain American—the purest language of all

THE MYSTERIOUS STAIRCASE (*p.* 708).



ORIGINAL SKETCHES FOR THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE.

English-speaking peoples, according to her account—informed our landlady that the coffee was "first class," but we could not consent to remain another hour beneath her roof. Madame was moved first to tears, and afterwards, when the explanation came, nearly to losing her temper.

She insisted that we should both accompany her, then and there, into her cherished garden, where only beautiful things were ever permitted. We declared we had seen enough to last us a lifetime, but when our hostess declared that in that case the "concierge" should not "descend" our trunks, we reluctantly followed her. She made straight for the middle flower-bed, and there we found—a head, it is true, but, to our amazement, only that of a beautiful statue, upside down. A cigarette had been stuck between the lips, and someone had converted the shoulder-piece into an umbrella-stand for the time being.

It was just those bad students, madame informed us, nothing more. They treated the casts scattered about the garden with no more respect than they did anything else, photographing themselves with these in their arms in every possible attitude.

"But the stately gentleman?" said my cousin doubtfully.

"And the soldier," I added.

Madame pointed towards the steps, and there, gazing with that dignified expression which I remembered so well, was a seated figure—a statue of the painter Ingres.

"This house and garden once belonged to Etex the sculptor," madame explained, "and Ingres was for some time his master. There on the ground is the Commandant Herbenger, and there by the window is Lambert Bey. We call him 'Minet's Staircase.' Minet! Minet!"

On her ordering the cat indoors, away the creature flew, up the bust and over the forehead—already furrowed from constant use—and in at the staircase window. So this was the strange passage through the air that I had seen, I meditated; but my train of thought was interrupted by madame's cheery voice:

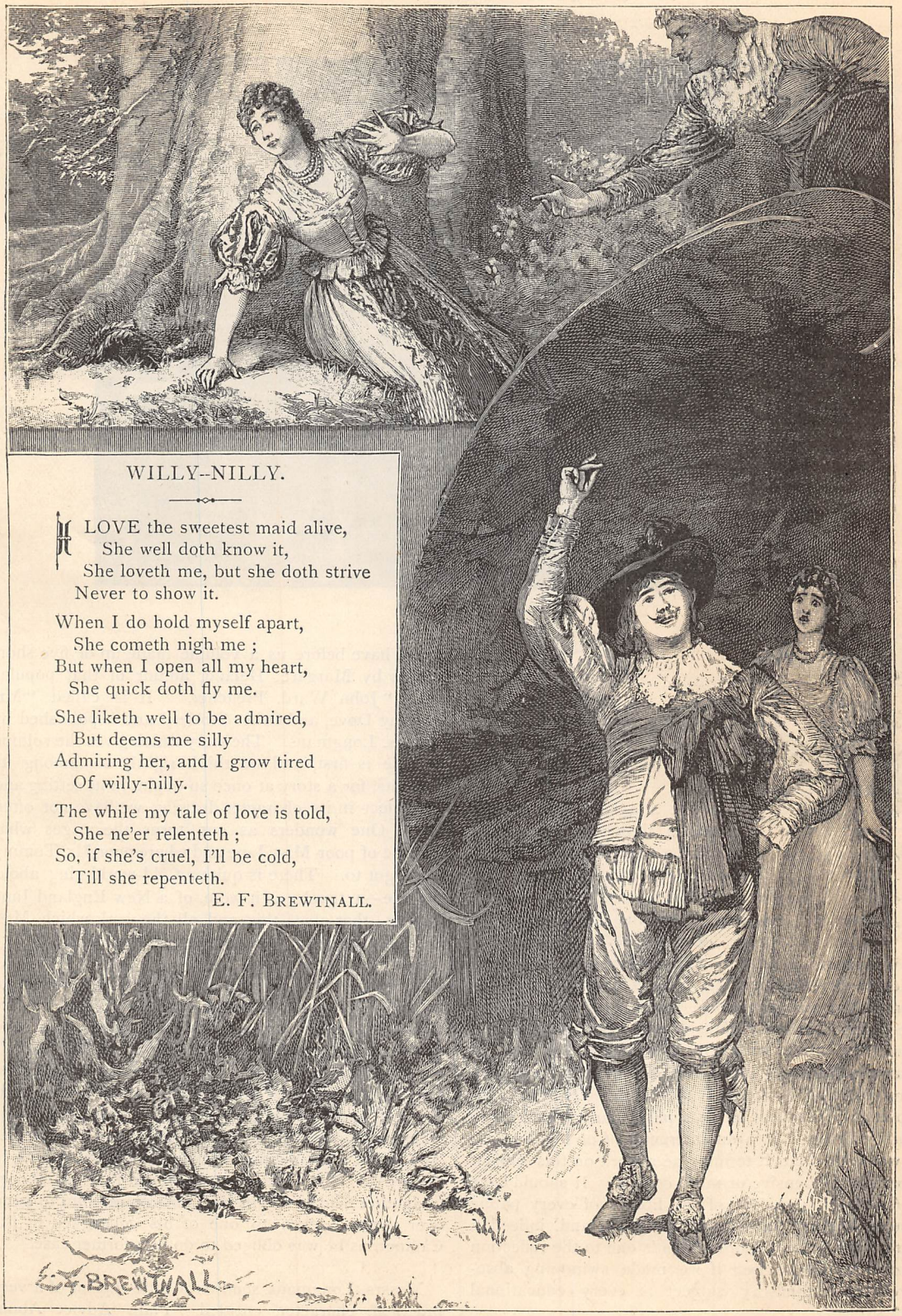
"There is nothing curious out here, but you will find something indoors if you will come with me," she said.

We followed her into the house, where she showed us the strange details of the ghostly stairways, the mysterious underground passages, the unexpected turnings, the quaint doors leading to the catacombs.

All these were most interesting, and still more so we found the Secret Chamber, discovered by madame, quite accidentally, only a year before, and the window, formerly boarded up, and brought to light but a few months since. The doors of the cupboard which shut in the Secret Chamber were of most exquisite design, hand-painted, and had once been the property of Marshal Soult.

But madame wanted us to go out in the garden again, for she had omitted to show us the work for which Etex was most celebrated. There, lying under the kitchen window, we discovered his original designs in plaster of "Peace and War" (for the Arc de Triomphe), overgrown with moss and gradually sinking into the sod. There were also numberless designs for tombstones, and in the far corner quite a collection of busts and moulds of every description. Altogether it had never been our good fortune to come upon such a combination of the queer and the quaint as the whole place presented, and it was with sincere regret we learned that everything was destined to disappear shortly to make room for a pile of flats. However, we could not help marvelling that it had been allowed to stand unmolested so long. Unmolested much longer it certainly would not be, for the work of demolition was to begin in April, and soon there would, alas! be no stone left of "The Mysterious House in the Latin Quarter."

E. G. C.



WILLY-NILLY.

I LOVE the sweetest maid alive,
She well doth know it,
She loveth me, but she doth strive
Never to show it.

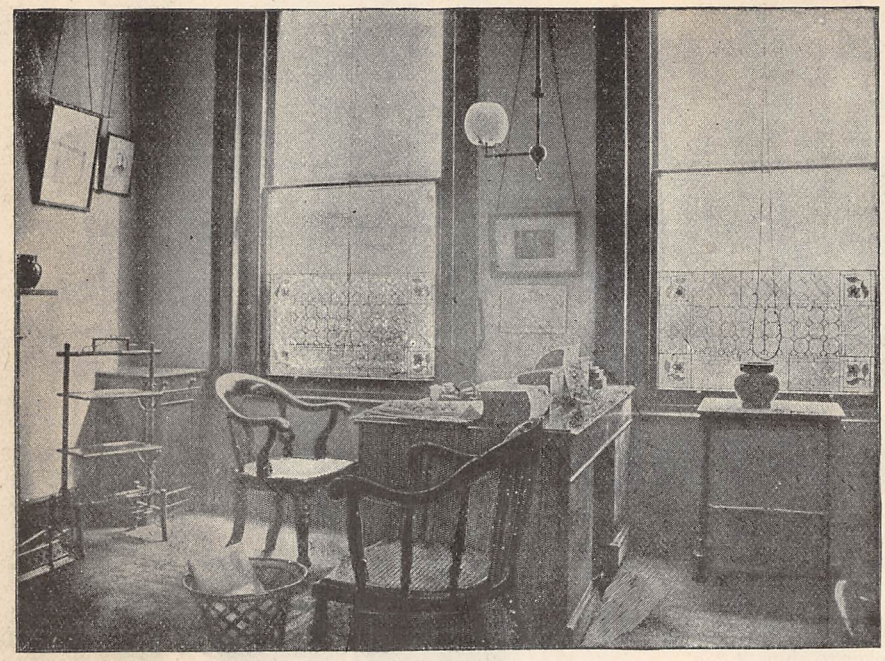
When I do hold myself apart,
She cometh nigh me ;
But when I open all my heart,
She quick doth fly me.

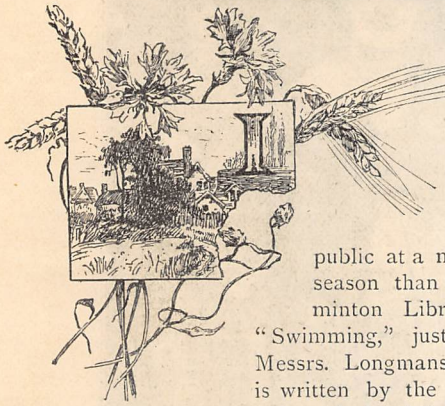
She liketh well to be admired,
But deems me silly
Admiring her, and I grow tired
Of willy-nilly.

The while my tale of love is told,
She ne'er relenteth ;
So, if she's cruel, I'll be cold,
Till she repenteth.

E. F. BREWTNALL.

A GOSSIP FROM BOOKLAND.



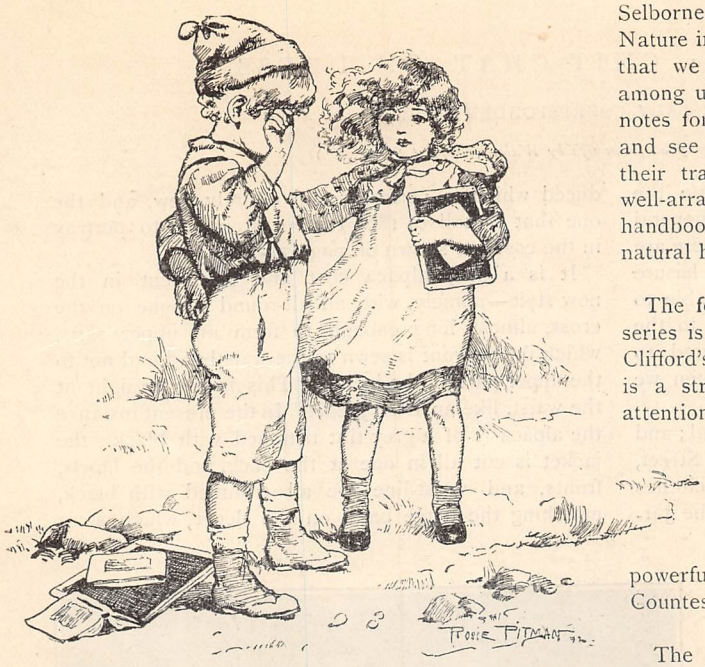


IT is not often that a book which is issued as one of a series comes before the public at a more appropriate season than does the Badminton Library volume on "Swimming," just published by Messrs. Longmans. The volume is written by the honorary secretaries of the Life-Saving Society, and presents a most complete survey of swimming—its history, its teaching, and its practical application to the saving of life. Indeed, the chapters on life-saving and its subsidiary rescue-drill could hardly be more complete than they are. As in former volumes of this series, the illustrations are a very valuable portion of the work. They are so thoroughly practical in this particular volume as to really convert it into an instructor of no mean value. It would be difficult to imagine a work on this subject more comprehensive or more concise. It should have a place on the shelves of the library of every public school, whether for boys or for girls; and, indeed, a perusal of its pages almost leads one to the reflection that it would be well if we made swimming absolutely a compulsory subject in every educational course.

We have before us a volume made up of five short stories by Margaret Deland, author of that popular story "John Ward, Preacher." It is called "Mr. Tommy Dove, and Other Stories," and is published by Messrs. Longmans. The story which gives the volume its title is first, and we think rightly so, among its contents, for a story at once so quaint in its setting and so perfect in its character-drawing we have not often seen. One wonders as one turns the pages what became of poor Miss Jane and where poor Mr. Tommy Dove got to. There is quite an old-world ring about the tale—a touch, as it were, of a New England Jane Austen—that gives this, and all the work which Mrs. Deland gives us, a freshness that is irresistible.

Mr. John Morley's editorial labours in connection with the "Twelve English Statesmen" series are rapidly coming to an end. Messrs. Macmillan send us the eleventh volume, which is Professor T. F. Tout's monograph of "Edward I." It is, of course, as statesman rather than as king that our author regards Edward, and he makes a good and strong case for his inclusion in the list of "Twelve English Statesmen." The editor's volume on Chatham is announced as in the press. It is sincerely to be hoped that his labours in another field of service will not compel him to hand over the task even to one of his colleagues in the Cabinet, as he was obliged to do in a former case.

Messrs. Longmans send us a little reprint of a very practical character, entitled "Plain Advice About



CHUMS.
(*From "Little Folks."*)

Life Insurance," by Mr. A. J. Wilson. Of course, the subject dealt with is not only a complicated one, but one upon which there is room for considerable difference of opinion. We cannot expect that all our readers will take Mr. Wilson's view of the subject; but it is one which certainly ought to be put before us, and one which he gives very weighty reasons for considering.

Mr. Stopford Brooke's address to the Irish Literary Society upon "The Need and Use of Getting Irish Literature into the English Tongue" has been reprinted by Mr. Fisher Unwin in a very taking form, which ought to secure for it a circle of readers much wider than the reports of the address in the daily papers have given it. The movement, of which this work is typical, is one of the best fruits of a nationalism with which everyone who values the influence of folk-lore and tradition can heartily sympathise. It is interesting to find an Irish question upon which all politicians can agree, and to which all thinkers can contribute, without fear of racial or religious difficulties.

What a charming book is Mr. George Milner's "Country Pleasures," which has just been re-issued in Messrs. Longmans' Silver Library! At a time when we are all of us thinking of the great naturalist of Selborne and his love of the country-side and of Nature in all its forms, it is pleasant to be reminded that we have still good and thorough naturalists among us with observant eyes, and making careful notes for the guidance of others of what they mark and see in the changes which the seasons bring in their train. Parenthetically we may say that this well-arranged little work might almost serve as a handbook of quotations for speakers and writers on natural history.

The fourth volume of Mr. Fisher Unwin's novel series is made up of a new edition of Mrs. Kingdon Clifford's story, "Mrs. Keith's Crime." The story is a strong one, which attracted a good deal of attention when it was issued in another form, and can have lost none of its interest now. Another of Mr. Fisher Unwin's series which has a new recruit is the Pseudonym Library, to which Mrs. Waugh has contributed a translation of a very powerful and realistic German story, "The Two Countesses."

The midsummer volume of *Little Folks* (Cassell & Co.) will be read with interest by young readers from cover to cover. Stories by L. T. Meade and Henry Frith, and shorter stories almost without number, are accompanied by pretty verses, attractive pictures and papers, which are not without their instructive side although brightly written.

TWO LITTLE RUNAWAYS.
(*From "Little Folks."*)

WHAT TO WEAR: CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.

BY OUR LADY CORRESPONDENT.

(With Illustrations photographed from life by Walery, Regent Street, W.)

WHEN August comes, we celebrate the advent of St. Grouse in the general holiday month of the year. There are few people who either lead leisure lives or work with their brains who are not able to get away at this particular season, therefore in the accompanying illustrations I have endeavoured to show costumes suited to all the occasions when we are enjoying ourselves away from home.

Tailor-made garments are, of course, essential; and Messrs. Benjamin, of Ulster House, Conduit Street, have always been famous for useful travelling clothes that combine fashion and grace with utility. The garment in the accompanying illustration shows a most useful skirt with four bands of braid; the bodice is made with a cape, and there are full puffs to the sleeves. It needs but little description, so faithfully is it delineated here.

A jacket and waistcoat are what almost every woman wears; but it is not everybody who is able to get one really well cut, as in the accompanying sketch on page 713, which also emanates from the firm of Benjamin & Son. It has, as you see, a silk-lined revers, and the sleeves are fully gathered on the shoulders. The waistcoat is of the newest cut, double-breasted and pointed slightly at the waist. It can, as occasion requires, be replaced by shirts or blouses which are so much worn this year.

Linen dresses of almost every hue have been the fashion all the summer long, but in travelling they have this drawback—that they are apt to become too quickly soiled, and it is a capital plan to replace them with some more substantial material: but in the country and on the river there is nothing so pretty as the white duck which has been used for the jacket in the illustration on page 714. The front is cut loose, the back close-fitting, and the lapels seem to form a portion of the large frilled collar, which turns down from the neck, and is so cleverly cut that it has a sufficient fulness to rest comfortably over the top of the sleeves, and thus proves becoming to the shoulders. It can be worn with a duck skirt and blouse, or, indeed, with any skirt; and in the present instance is accompanied by a cream-coloured straw sailor hat, having a band of pink and cream ribbon round the crown, and a small bow on the left side. This emanates from the firm of Messrs. Redmayne & Co., Bond Street.

Every year some one garment is introduced which is perfectly and entirely new, and the one that signalises 1893 I have attempted to portray in the costume shown on page 715.

It is a grey alpaca coat and skirt cut in the new style—namely, with an all-round basque on the cross, almost long enough to form an upper skirt, which in the front is sewn to the waistband and not to the upper part of the jacket. This is cut straight at the waist, like an Eton jacket. In the present instance the alpaca is of a grey tint trimmed with black; the jacket is cut all in one at the back, and the lapels, fronts, and waist-line are all trimmed with black, matching the triple band on the sleeve, which is cut

A USEFUL HOLIDAY COSTUME.
(By Messrs. Benjamin, Conduit Street, W.)

full, and high on the shoulders. The shirt is of soft black silk with a frill in the centre. The hat that accompanies it is made of black chip slightly bent at the side, with a few flowers under the brim and a bunch of roses outside in front, supplemented by feathers and Chantilly lace.

After a good deal of personal experience in summer travelling, when the weather is hot, I am inclined to think there is no material like alpaca. It throws off the dust, stands any amount of knocking about, and is light and cool. It is not so durable as tweed, nor will it stand the same amount of hard wear; but tweed is not always bearable when the barometer is high. One word of advice, however, I would give to those who are starting for the Continent, bent on much walking, and that is, to wear either silk or woollen stockings, the latter preferable, for silk soon runs into holes; but whichever is chosen, they should be well soaped on the inside with a piece of hard, dry, yellow soap, which prevents the feet getting rubbed or sore.

The illustration on page 716 is of a pretty new blouse made in pink and green shaded serpentine silk, with cross-over fronts, the ends passed to the back, brought round again and tied together in a bow at the side. They have the high fashionable collar, the sleeves puffed at the top, and the triple cross-way bands at the wrist. The hat which accompanies this blouse is a cream chip, having at the edge a bordering of fancy straw trimmed with green and pink chiffon interspersed with pink roses and green wreaths.

Collar Bands.

I want specially to draw your attention to the band that encircles the throat of this blouse, to which, of course, it belongs; but women this year have been having a number of such collar bands in different colours and materials made to attach to their dresses. It is only the very best dressmakers who are able, it would seem, to make a deep collar band set round the throat if sufficiently high, but these detachable bands get over the difficulty. They are constructed of a cross-way piece of material, which, with the turnings-in, should be cut six inches across, the edges tacked down inside. The exact size round the throat must then be ascertained, and the material cut sufficiently long, so that when the ends are gathered perpendicularly into the depth required, the tiny piece that is left when the band is hooked together forms a sort of fraise down the centre of the back or front; for, of course, it becomes a matter of choice where you fasten it. In our sketch the join is hidden by rosettes, which is an admirable plan, but not so agreeable to the wearer as the mode I have been describing. Bands of this sort, made of white, pink, or any other coloured chiffon, or green or red velvet, give a dressy appearance to the throat at once, and are a vast improvement to the toilette.

Sleeves.

When the London season began this year an attempt was made to introduce broad, full sleeves having a sloping effect, but they proved so unbecoming that,

NEW DOUBLE-BREASTED WAISTCOAT AND JACKET.
(By Messrs. Benjamin, Conduit Street, W.)

though we have abandoned the egregiously high shoulders of last year, we still show a predilection for height. I have noticed that home-made blouses were often defective, as regards the sleeve, when made of soft silk or other thin material, because they at once became limp, and utterly refused to stand up according to regulations; but when a blouse came home from a very good dressmaker, I found this was obviated by inserting inside the sleeve a little frill of black silk. I can tell you exactly how this is made. A piece of silk is cut out in notches at the edge; it is ten inches long and four and a half deep, gathered into a band at the top four and a half inches long, and so sewn into the armhole. It makes all the difference in the world in the set of the blouse, and it is so simple that anybody could manage it.

Jacket Bodices.

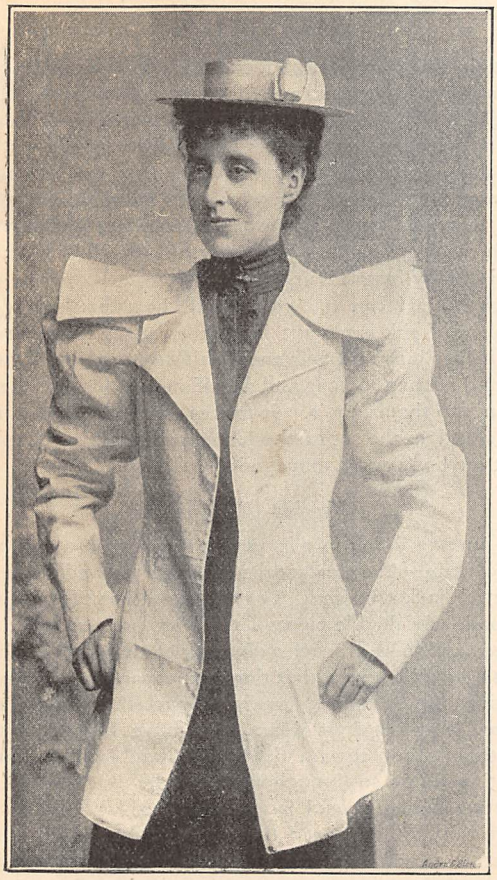
I am now going to ask you to turn your attention once again to the alpaca dress on page 715 and the new form of jacket bodice. You will note that the basque is made of a double piece of material, both cut on the cross; and there are such a diversity of modes of making these jacket bodices, that during the many gay gatherings of the season I have paid special attention to them. For out-door wear, capes have been done to death, but they remain the fashion, and will, I think, continue to do so throughout this year. But there is a pretty make of useful jacket which will be so much worn this autumn that I think you ought to realise it. There is either no seam at all at the back, or there is only one down the centre, and it is made full, the fulness being gathered beneath the waist-belt, which

sometimes encircles the waist, but more frequently ends under the arm, or is passed through a slit there and is hooked under the open front. The vest, as in the jacket in the illustration on the opposite page, is cut on the cross at the back, but in front it is generally on the straight. The fronts do not meet, but turn back with revers, either allowing the front of the dress to be visible, or there is a deep fall of lace or silk, the fulness of which is kept in by the belt; or, for smart occasions, an embroidered vest, such as white cloth worked in gold, is to be seen. But for country wear and for travelling this sort of jacket will be found invaluable, and stylish-looking to boot.

There are also many jacket bodices which are worn indoors and out of doors besides. Some of the newest of these have a triple flounce at the waist, about five to six inches deep, cut on the cross, not very full but overlapping each other, and generally edged with black baby ribbon or velvet. It is a style which is particularly attractive for light-coloured shot-silks and crépons. The fronts are turned back with large lapels, but are cut to the figure, and below these are shown three large buttons on each side of the waist in a perpendicular row.

These buttons are a matter of much importance in Paris. Many of them are exquisitely painted with the beauties of the period of Louis XV. and XVI., others are made of repoussé silver or finely-cut steel; but they are mostly the size of a florin.

Among the other revivals from the time of Louis XV. there is a similar jacket which has a short double cross-way flounce at the back, but it ends under the arm, the fronts being cut straight at the waist-line. When this is made in the shot and striped silks now so fashionable, it really is exceedingly pretty.



WHITE DUCK JACKET.

(By Messrs. Redmayne, Bond Street, W.)

Skirts.

Englishwomen have refused to adopt the over-full skirts, but they have taken kindly to the extinguisher shape, and both double and treble skirts are worn; while many of the black, grey, and shot grenadines are made with a full gathered flounce sewn to the waist, which is really a basque, and nearly reaches to the knee. It is edged with bands of satin ribbon alternating with lace insertion let in to the material. The flounces, which come from the knee in one depth to the hem, where they are edged with a gathered flounce, are certainly a new and well-worn style. The severely plain skirts are out of date.

Trimmings.

The one form of trimming this year which has been most fashionable I can recommend as not costly, viz., the insertions of a heavy make of cream lace. The usual width is from one inch to an inch and a half. At Ascot and other large fashionable meetings I saw a number of dresses which had horizontal rows of this sort of lace carried entirely up the skirt and bodice. The latter was made full, and black grenadine especially displayed bands of this sort round the hem of the skirt and round the capes, and black lace of the same nature was used on shot and chiné silks. One of the newest ideas is a sort of over-skirt of black lace, or rather black net, worn over a complete shot or check skirt, the over-skirt being frequently of just the same thin materials which a year or two ago we should have considered only suitable for ball-gowns.

The very hot weather we have had this year has caused chiffon and mousseline de soie to be almost universally worn. Many white chiffon dresses have been made up for day wear over a thin silk, and a great many bodices of light green colour, plain pink, or shot-silk have been covered with accordion-pleated black chiffon, falling also over the sleeve, and sometimes drawn in at the wrist to a band, for the Bishop form of sleeve has been a new fashion.

Lace.

Lace of every kind is worn for day and evening dresses. The marriage of the Duke and Duchess of York has given a great impetus to the Honiton lace industry, and, curiously enough, morning dresses have been trimmed with rare Old English, Flemish, Spanish, and Italian Point. Not only have these been employed for the capes and braces on the bodices, but they have been festooned on the skirt, and I would strongly advise women who have any

store of lace by them to look it up, and to use it without stint, for they will never have a better opportunity.

Pockets and Bags.

Without doubt our sex will go through any amount of inconvenience if they can only be in the fashion, and this is illustrated forcibly by the daily inconvenience they endure in finding their way to their pockets. It could hardly be imagined that anyone would think it reasonable to place a pocket, containing a purse and keys and all the odds and ends that civilised beings are apt to want, beside the placket-hole, which can only remain permanently closed by a button or a hook and eye that fastens across the pocket, leaving no room for the hand; moreover, it becomes absolutely necessary for the wearer of such a dress to rise before she can obtain access to this pocket.

It is not surprising, therefore, that a great many women who have anything to do should carry bags; and a novel one has of late been patented by a member of our aristocracy, which contains four divisions, one reserved for a purse, and another for card-case and notebook. When the bag is opened the purse cannot be reached without undoing an intermediary barrier, thus rendering it absolutely thief-proof. You often see fashionably-dressed women carrying a velvet or brocaded reticule. These are made sack-shaped, with a heading drawn in with ribbon strings, by which they are suspended to the arm. A pretty little bridesmaid's dress found the greatest favour with the young people, from the fact that in front of the skirt a similar pocket had been sewn, so that the small hands could easily find it; and they at all events had the comfort of being able to reach their pockets on the instant.

GREY ALPACA TRAVELLING COSTUME.
(By Messrs. Redmayne, Bond Street, W.)

Cotton Gowns.

For the benefit of those who make their own dresses I will describe a simple style of cotton gown. It is a plain skirt with three bands of coarse lace insertion round the hem, a full bodice back and front, with a pointed belt edged with lace, and below it a deep flounce sewn on to the bodice and forming a basque, also edged with lace insertion. The sleeves have a full puff to the elbow, and are narrow to the wrist. There is an all-round cape on the shoulders, edged with lace, which opens in front and is sewn to a collar-band. It is not, however, movable.

In Paris some decided double skirts are worn, one over the other, and the upper one is frequently arranged at the back to open down the centre, the fulness forming a cascade at one end, tucked over the belt and not under it.

Fichus.

We have associated the name of Marie Antoinette with one of the most picturesque additions to our gowns that we have had for many years. These are made in lace, of a piece of the material, and of chiffon just frilled and crossed in front, tying at the back in a large bow. It depends much, of course, how these are put on; but even with a little care they cannot fail to be graceful.

Underlinen.

We always run our fashions to death, and now all kinds of underlinen appear to be trimmed with the Pierrot frills, which are almost a quarter of a yard deep, and are put on as full as possible. Some are edged with lace, others are embroidered in a colour. We are outliving many prejudices, and one of these is the general objection to coloured underlinen. The very prettiest nightgowns with these new frills are made in pink French cambric muslin (that washes well), also in light blue and heliotrope (which do not).

Petticoats have deeper lace frills than of yore, and I have come across a capital novelty in the "Extenda" petticoat, which is made in colours as well as in white. It has what appears to be a wired cord

A NEW BLOUSE.
(*By Messrs. Redmayne, Bond Street, W.*)

run in from the hem to the waist at the back and to the knee in front, that has the effect of keeping the skirt of the dress out well.

Dress Ornamentation.

A new dress trimming has come into vogue. Satins with brocaded stripes have these severally cut up and divided, and then embroidered in gold and tinsel threads, when the bands thus made serve to divide bouillonnées or are placed horizontally on the skirt. They are also introduced as a heading to lace braces on bodices. It is an idea that is likely to be greatly enlarged upon as the Season advances, and I am inclined to think that amateurs might profit by the notion and carry it out themselves at home, only they must be careful to obtain good metal threads, or the result will be by no means a success.

Epaulettes are being formed of two straight frills edged with an inch-wide galon, and these very often match the yoke in colour, mostly in contrast to the bodice. For example, a fawn-coloured gown of some woollen material would be made with a pink silk yoke and pink silk epaulettes. The rainbow chiffon, in bright and brilliant tones merging into each other, is being employed on light silks and satins for morning fête dresses with the most excellent result. For example, a light pearl-grey satin would have a deep flounce of this round the feet, and braces on the shoulder, the upper portion of the sleeve covered with flounces of the same.

Veils.

A novel idea in veils attached to bonnets is that they should be made of very thin spotted tulle, arranged in longitudinal pleats which, apparently, meet towards the mouth. The description sounds as if the features might be obscured, but this is not the case ; indeed, the face is shown to greater advantage, but it requires skilful treatment.

Coloured tulle veils, with black or white spots, were being sold in large quantities in London during the July sale-time, and at very reduced rates, possibly because they have not proved a success ; and I would advise anybody who had an idea of wearing a violet spotted veil to see the effect of it on a friend before they apply it to their own use.

Colours.

Green is one of the most fashionable day-colours this year, and it has proved a very excellent accompaniment to black. Many black grenadines, crépon and satin skirts have been worn with green bodices covered with kilt-pleated lisse. Dinner-gowns in light green satin have been bordered with rouleaux of darker green velvet, and the tender tone of the willows has been a great favourite for full dress. The bodices made of brocade, in contrast to the skirt, have shown very wonderful amalgamations. Eminence, which is the brightest of pink purple, has been worn as an accompaniment to both light green and pink, and light yellow satin has formed the groundwork to bunches of floral sprays, of every colour under the sun.

Cool Gowns.

The linen dresses have had such a great success that it is by no means wonderful that several varieties have been introduced in them. For a long time they were made all on one model—a plain skirt and an open jacket-bodice. Now the skirt has been retained, but in lieu of the jacket a silk blouse is worn and a linen cape cut on a new principle, namely, in three decided frills as full as it is possible to have them, the upper one cut up on the shoulder. These have a great element of simplicity.

Travelling Cloaks.

People who are travelling will find that they cannot dispense with a useful and comfortable travelling-cloak. Some of the newest are made in fine cloth, principally of fawn or beige colour, with a flounce at the foot, which is cut on the newest principle, namely, of a rounded piece of material, so that it is scanty at the head and extra full at the lower portion.

Coats are by no means out of date, whether the term is applied to a sort of ulster or to a three-quarter cloak, or to a long double-breasted jacket. The latter are distinguished by broad revers, from behind which rises a wide deep collar. This gives the necessary breadth on the shoulders, which is the inexorable law.

The best mackintoshes for keeping out the rain must display the indiarubber at the back, unless they are lined with silk.

THE GATHERER:

AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF INVENTION, DISCOVERY, AND SCIENCE.

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.

The Chainstitch Looper.

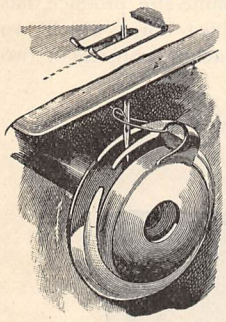


FIG. 1.

A well-known firm has lately introduced a new and ingenious "chainstitch looper" for doing chainstitch work on their lockstitch sewing machine. It is very simple, as illustrated in Fig. 2, and can be a family machine, thus enabling it to do the work of an "embroiderer" as well. The change can be made in a moment by the sempstress, and consists in substituting the "looper" for the ordinary case with a bobbin inside. The larger illustration (Fig. 1) represents a sewing machine with the looper in its place.

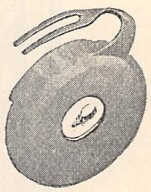
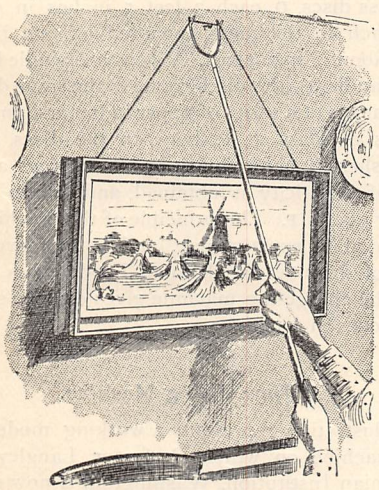


FIG. 2.

A New Picture Hanger.

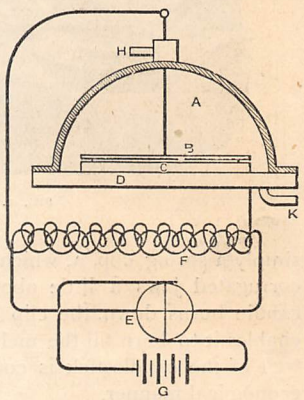
Our engraving shows a light metal fork, similar to a hay fork, which has been brought out for hanging pictures in a symmetrical and convenient manner. It enables high pictures to be hung or adjusted to a nicety without trouble by an unskilled person.



A NEW PICTURE HANGER.

Copying Coins by Electricity.

At a recent conversazione of the Royal Society the Rev. F. J. Smith exhibited a new process for copying coins, which bids fair to have a useful application. The coin or medal forms one plate or metal foil of a condenser, the other foil being an ordinary copper sheet or plate. A dry photographic plate, or simply a bromide paper, is sandwiched between them, and the foils being connected to the poles of an induction coil, the electrification of the foils for even a fraction of a second affects the photographic plate so as to imprint an image of the coin or medal in it, which is developed in the ordinary way. The best results are obtained by conducting the operation in an atmosphere of oxygen gas under a pressure of two atmospheres in a bell jar. The figure shows the arrangement of the apparatus, where A is the bell jar; B, C, D, the coin, dry plate, and copper plate; E, F, and G the commutator, induction coil, or transformer, and the battery; H and K the inlet and outlet for the oxygen gas. The explanation of this novel process, which is called the "inducto-script," and originated in the "breath figures" of Möser, Riess, and Karsten, is that the electric charges cause a bombardment of metal particles on the photographic plate and a resulting chemical action. The principle is therefore somewhat like that of Bain's chemical telegraph, in which metal particles from the style mark the chemical paper passing under its point.



The Scotographoscope.

This invention is designed to enable lecturers to demonstrate with chalks in a darkened room. It consists of a box with a lamp inside, and one end is made of a ground glass on which the ordinary chalks will mark. The light behind it makes the chalk lines quite visible. The device is due to Mr. Carus-Wilson, and will be useful to travelling lecturers.

The Tallest Tree.

The highest tree in the world, so far as has been ascertained, is an Australian gum tree of the species *Eucalyptus regnans*, which stands in the Cape Otway Range. It is no less than 415 feet high. Gum trees grow very fast. There is one in Florida which shot

up forty feet in four years, and another in Guatemala which grew 120 feet in twelve years. This corresponds to a rise of ten feet in a year, or nearly a foot per month.

A New Candle Grip.

The little device which we illustrate is useful for holding a candle in the candlestick whatever its size, from about an inch in diameter to a mere taper. It is

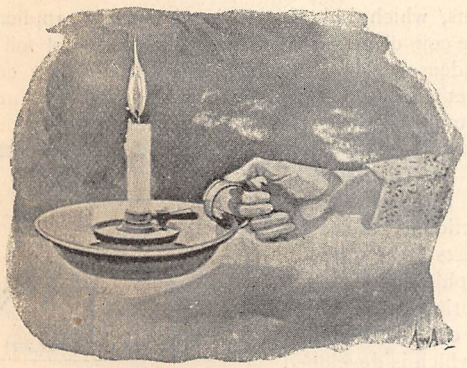
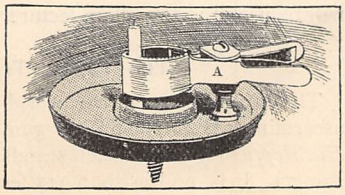


FIG. 1.

simply a spring clip, A, which holds the candle in its corrugated jaws a little above the socket. As the candle burns down, the clip closes on the wick and enables it to burn till the melted tallow in the socket-well of the candlestick is consumed in a cleanly and economical manner.

A Curious Glow.

At a recent meeting of the Physical Society of London, Mr. E. C. Rimington showed a novel experiment, which has attracted much attention in electrical circles. It is well known that beautiful glows are produced in tubes of rarefied air and other gases when the electrical discharge from an induction coil is sent through them, and Messrs. J. J. Thompson, Tesla, and others, have excited glows in such tubes without sending a discharge through them, but simply by placing them in the electrified field or space between the poles of an electric machine giving a discharge rapidly, varying in direction, and of high "potential" or "pressure." Mr. Rimington finds that he can elicit a glow in a small vacuum tube by simply twirling it between his finger and thumb close to a rod of glass or ebonite electrified by rubbing it with flannel. The light takes the form of a double fan, and in some of the experiments of a ring. The tube is merely a piece of straight glass tubing 5 inches long, with a bore similar to that of a spirit thermometer, and a bulb at each end. A T-piece or projection allows it to be exhausted by an air pump and then sealed, besides forming a pivot on which to turn it. The experiment may be regarded as showing the direct transformations of mechanical energy into light.



A NEW CANDLE GRIP.—FIG. 2.

A New Influence Machine.

Mr. James Wimshurst, the well-known inventor of the "influence machine" for generating statical electricity by induction in much larger quantities than the old frictional machines of the same size produce, has recently brought out a modified form which we illustrate herewith. The new machine consists of two

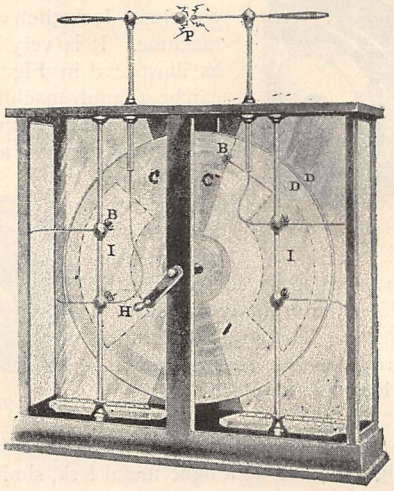
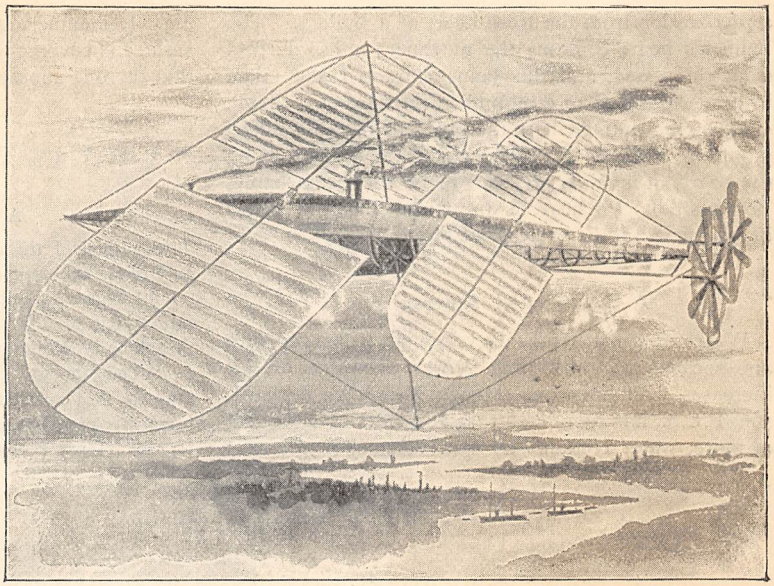


plate-glass discs, D, each 3 feet 5 inches in diameter and $\frac{1}{4}$ inch in thickness, mounted on one boss and spindle about $\frac{3}{4}$ inch apart. When the spindle is turned by the handle, H, the discs rotate in the same direction, and by means of a series of paper inductors mounted on crescents of glass, C, C, between the discs, and fine wire brushes, B, B, for collecting the charges, a copious supply of electricity is obtained, and led to the discharging points, P. The principle of the machine is too complicated to explain here, and is moreover still a subject of dispute. With small Leyden jars to accumulate the charge the machine gives electric sparks of 3 to 5 inches in length.

A New Flying Machine.

Our illustration represents a working model of the flying machine on which Professor Langley, of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, is now engaged. It is intended to carry passengers, and bears some resemblance to a dragon-fly or, better still, a flying fish. The body is shaped like a mackerel, and the backbone is a tube of "title metal," or aluminium-steel. It is 15 feet long and 2 inches in diameter. Ribs of aluminium and steel are employed to give the framework sufficient rigidity. The engines are located in the head of the fish, and are of the double oscillating type. They weigh 60 oz. in the model, and develop one

horse-power. The boilers, four in number, are of hammered copper, and weigh 7 lbs. each. They occupy the middle of the fish, and instead of water they are fed with a volatile hydrocarbon, which vaporises at a low temperature. The fuel burnt is refined gasoline, which is stored in a tank, holding a quart, at the tail of the fish. Before it enters the furnace the gasoline is vaporised by passing through a heated coil of piping. The propeller consists of twin screws capable of being adjusted at different angles to allow of steering. The body of the fish is isolated with asbestos to prevent loss of heat. The wings, or aeroplanes, consist of aluminium-steel frames covered with China silk. The pair in front are 42 inches wide, and 40 feet from tip to tip. They can be adjusted at different angles. A cross-piece, or tubular mast, runs through the body of the fish, like a truss, and stays of aluminium wire tie the whole apparatus together. A good deal of secrecy has been preserved by the constructors for obvious reasons, but sufficient is known to make the result of the experiment a matter of great interest in scientific circles.



A NEW FLYING MACHINE.

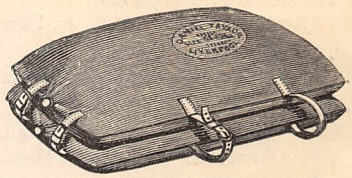
A Life-Saving Pillow.

The ordinary berth pillow, or bolster, has been arranged as a life-belt, and the device is now adopted on the Cunard steamers *Campania* and *Lucania*, as well as other vessels. Our illustration shows the double pillow and the mode of attaching it to the person. Each half is a series of air chambers covered with stuffing of hair or feathers, to make a soft head-rest, and the buoyancy of the belt is fully three times that required by the Board of Trade. As the belt is easily put on and always at hand, it is calculated to inspire confidence in the passengers.

A LIFE-SAVING PILLOW.—FIG. 1.

Magnetic Pulleys.

Mr. Edison has applied magnetic attraction to augment the adhesion between a belt running on a pulley and thus prevent the belt from slipping. The neck or gorge of the pulley is made of iron and magnetised by the electric current, while the belt is rendered capable of being attracted by pieces of soft iron attached to it. As the slipping of belts on pulleys is very wasteful of the power transmitted by the belt, the new device is likely to have a future in industrial machinery. We may add that a French shipbuilder is now making a tow barge in which the tow chain is attracted to the drums or pulleys over which it passes by magnetism in order to increase the friction of the chain. The method is similar to that of Edison, the gorge of the drum being magnetised by electricity.



A LIFE-SAVING PILLOW.—FIG. 2.

Cardine.

According to the principle of medicine followed by the Brown-Séquard School, every organ of the body takes from the blood the nutriment it requires and that only. If the blood is unable to supply it, the organ languishes, and hence the new treatment by communicating to the blood through the skin or stomach those elements it requires to feed a weak or diseased organ. Thus in the case of weak or failing heart a new remedy has been applied by Dr. Hamilton, of New York. It is called "Cardine," and is

a preparation from the fresh heart of a bullock. The bullock's heart contains the nutriment it has derived from the blood, and this being extracted and taken in proper doses (5 or 6 minims in the case of cardine), supplies the nutriment to the blood of patients suffering from weak heart. The results in strengthening the hearts of invalids are said to be very remarkable. Perhaps bullock's heart as an article of diet may also be beneficial on the same principle.

A Submerged Atmosphere.

Water at great depths is very highly charged with air, because the absorbing power of water for air increases with pressure. Hence Mr. A. G. Richardson, F.C.S., has calculated that at depths of 1,380 feet or more, water contains its own volume, or more, of air. Remembering that three-fourths of the earth's surface is covered with water, we are led to conclude that there is another atmosphere below the real one.

"A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A CABINET MINISTER."

A CORRECTION.

THE author of the above paper, which appeared in our July issue, writes as follows:—

"I regret exceedingly that, owing to misinformation, I stated that Mr. H. H. Fowler had been in the habit of preaching in Wesleyan chapels.

"This, though it was written in absolute good faith on my part, is a mis-statement. The late Sir Robert Fowler frequently preached, and occasionally in Wesleyan chapels; but Mr. Henry Fowler has never done so.

"RAYMOND BLATHWAYT."

PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

AWARDS.

THE Editor has much pleasure in publishing the Awards in the following Competitions. The results of each have been very gratifying (with the exception of the Musical Competition) both in the number of competitors and the quality of the work. The Editor hopes to publish the successful MSS. and Photographs in due course.

FOUR-PART STORY COMPETITION.

The First Prize of £50 is awarded to
Mrs. CURRY, Holy Trinity Rectory, Merrick Square, S.E.

The Second Prize of £40 to
Miss PHILIPPA M. LEGGE, 45, Friar Gate, Derby.

The Third Prize of £30 to
Miss E. TURPIN, Forestdene, Magdala Road, Nottingham.

Commended:—

Name.	*Address.*
H. DALZELL...	Hign Barnet.
E. S. HUTCHENS	Andover.
S. ST. JOHN GARD	Dudley.
N. M. MARRIS	Birmingham.
E. C. MATTHEWS	Wandsworth, S.W.
E. POLAND	Maida Hill, W.
L. FROST RATTRAY ...	Auckland, New Zealand.

BALLAD COMPETITION.

The First Prize of £5 is awarded to
J. M. WAGSTAFF, 24, Cheyne Court, S.W.

The Second Prize of £4 to
MARGARET CRAVEN, Rocklands, Plumgarths, Kendal.

The Third Prize of £3 to
CHARLES OWEN, 21, Tin Street, Featherstall Road North, Oldham.

And an Extra Prize of £2 to
ALICE E. HEWITT, 253, Cleethorpe Road, Grimsby.

HONOURABLE MENTION is accorded to:—

Name.	*Address.*
M. E. OWEN SNOW ...	Banff, N.B.
J. W. CHAMBERS	Cury, R.S.O.
J. ARMSTRONG	Hay, R.S.O.

Commended:—

I. HEBBLETHWAITE ...	Boston Spa.
M. E. KENNEDY	Clonskea.
L. DICKINSON	Branston.

PHOTOGRAPHIC LANDSCAPE COMPETITION.

The First Prize of £5 is awarded to
GEORGE E. BRYANT, 2, York Place, Cheetham Hill, Manchester.

The Second Prize of £4 to
MARTIN J. HARDING, 4, Lexden Gardens, Shrewsbury.

The Third Prize of £3 to
T. W. NETTLESHIP, Harworth Place, Bawtry, Yorks.

And an Extra Prize of £2 to
S. FRANCIS CLARKE, 8, Upgate, Louth.

HONOURABLE MENTION is accorded to:—

Name.	*Address.*
H. NICHOLS	Solihull, Worcs.
H. WRIGHT	Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Commended:—

V. C. BAIRD	Broughty Ferry.
S. S. SHEPHERD	Bradford, Yorks.

MUSICAL COMPETITION.

The Judges report that no MSS. of sufficient merit were received to justify the award of the First and Second Prizes; but

The Third Prize of £3 is awarded to
J. MOUNTFORT, 3, Grosvenor Villas, Coventry.

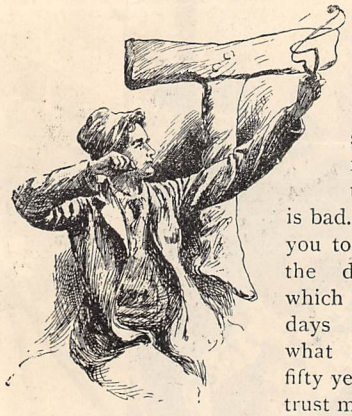
Commended:—
A. P. SPENCE, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

A CLUSTER OF ROSES.

(*Drawn by* PERCY TARRANT.)

CHICK.

"SO WE HID AWAY UNDER A SAIL."



THE story is a simple one, and it is true. I don't mean to say that such things happen now. I own, too, that my memory is bad. I would not ask you to take my word for the details of events which happened forty days ago, but about what occurred forty or fifty years back you may trust me.

I would appeal to the only other person who saw it, but he has got so far down the hill in front of me that I have quite lost sight of him for the present; and call as I may, my voice will not reach him.

Chick and I were boys then: he was fifteen, and I was two years older. We saw no harm in taking Jan the ferryman's boat after sunset, for no one down in Tormouth would hire it then. So we hid away under a sail in Peter Davey's *Pride of the Tor* until such time as Jan should have ferried over his last passenger from the Denness side, and gone quietly home to supper.

The ferry crosses at the narrowest part of the river, just where it sweeps round a deep shingly bank, before running straight out to the low sandy bar—just at the place, in fact, where Peter Gurney and the rest of them hauled in twenty-one salmon with one cast of the net.

We were just inside the bank, in calm water, with the tide swirling past us, boiling and hissing over the shallows as I have seldom seen it do elsewhere.

But though the river was grinding its teeth, everything else was perfectly calm and peaceful, except, perhaps, Chick and myself. We enjoyed it

"HE DRESSED AS A FISHERMAN" (*p.* 724).

immensely as long as his pocketful of greengages held out ; and then we began to wonder what on earth was keeping Jan over at Denness.

There lay his boat, but we could see no signs of him. He might be in the porch of the "Three Fishers," hidden by the honeysuckle ; not that Jan went there very often. In this respect, as in many others, he differed from most ferrymen whom it has been my lot to know. He did not belong to Tormouth, but none of the good people who talked about his past knew in the least where he had come from. A few facts only about him were certain. There were few as handsome faces in the West country (I was inclined to prefer Chick's), and no finer, lither, more enchanting figure. He dressed as a fisherman, in a blue jersey and loose red cap, which always looked neat and new, and carried himself with a dignity and grace which called forth the admiration of many a stranger crossing the Tor. I can see now that he was not a gentleman, so far as that term implies culture and a trained mind. He was quiet, dull, and passive. It was well, so thought Chick and I, that he was handsome, for he had few other qualities to recommend him. We never liked him, and I believe that we were right. Boys are, on the whole, very fair judges of what is worth liking.

Still we waited, and neither passenger nor Jan appeared.

"By Saint Henry the Eighth," Chick remarked presently, "this is as dull as I can stand!"

He rose in the boat, and then slowly lowered his head and shoulders backwards until the former was on a level with the back of his knees.

It was a favourite attitude of his, and was intended to represent the figure of his patron saint, to whom he had just made reference.

Suddenly he straightened with a gasp, and announced that he was going to have a shot.

I suggested the possibility of spoiling all our plans for the evening's entertainment.

Jan was probably watching his performance from the inn windows.

"No," said Chick; "he's right away at the foot of yonder nodding copse, and I'm going to have a shot."

He lay down in the boat again, and took from his outside coat pocket a stout catapult and two or three beautifully rounded pebbles, of which he always appeared to possess an unlimited stock.

"Now," said he, "you see that thing that looks like a bottle, standing on the seat of our friend Jan's boat. I've a notion I'd like to see whether it's a bottle or not."

Up came the catapult ; he took scarcely any aim, but sent his stone right through the neck of the bottle. So great was the force of the shot that the bottle did not move ; but the neck was gone. It was a wonderful weapon, this of Chick's, and he used it with almost incredible skill. He carried it everywhere, and was always using it.

I have seen him kill a rabbit where it sat, yet he never seemed to use his power cruelly. He had a smaller and lighter weapon for projecting small shot.

It was a favourite amusement of his to saunter round those parts of the town which were much frequented by dogs. You didn't see him shoot, but dog after dog suddenly started and yelped, as unable as its owner to distinguish the enemy.

That evening Chick was in fine form. With but little effort he hit the chains and ropes which moored the smacks and bigger craft to the harbour buoys, and set the vanes on the mast tops spinning, or shot them clean away. What astonished me most was not the accuracy, but the force of his shots. I began to understand the story of the ruddy shepherd lad and the swaggering Philistine giant.

I should have liked to have seen Chick confronted with such a foe. My opinion is that he would not have

"'HE'S JUST HANDED HER INTO THE BOAT'" (*p.* 725).

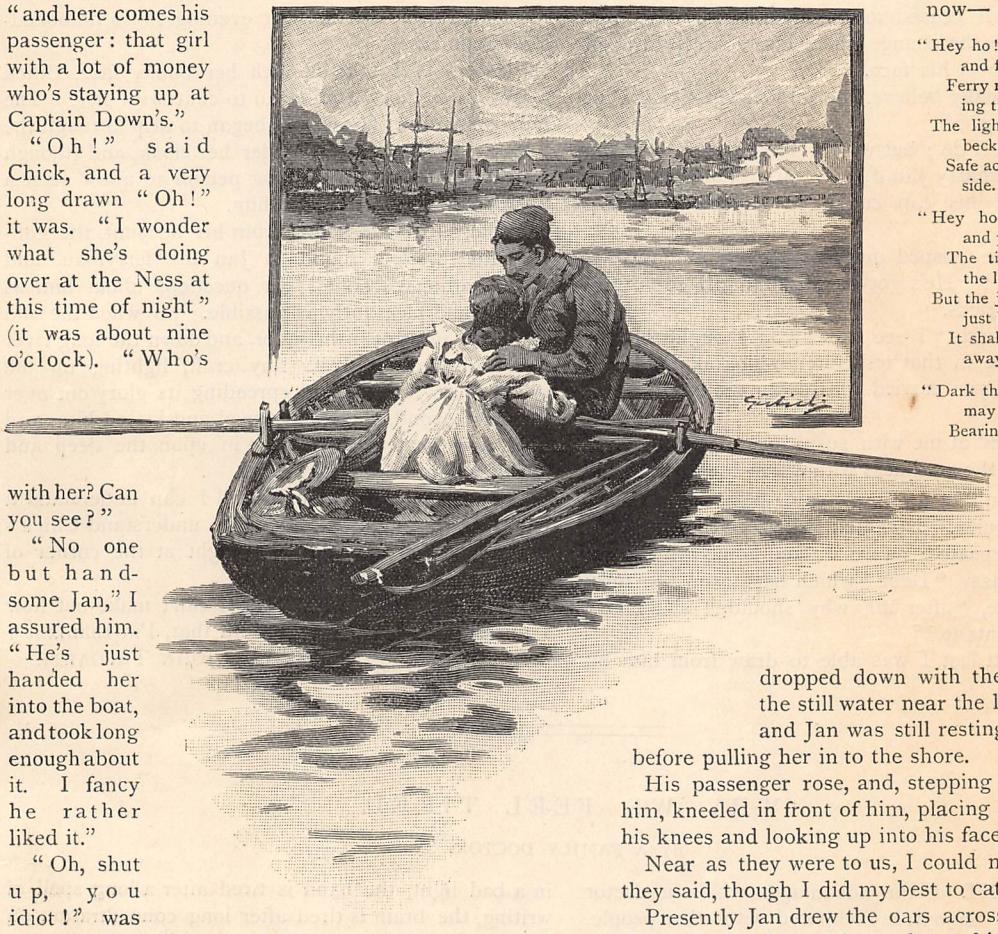
come off second best. That thought was just passing through my mind when Chick fell flat in the boat beside me and drew the sail close over him, leaving me room enough to peep over the side.

"Here he comes!" said he. "I see the emblems of beauty upon him!"

Chick always talked nonsense of this sort, except in class. There he had learned to keep his mouth shut and go to the bottom.

"Yes," I said; "and here comes his passenger: that girl with a lot of money who's staying up at Captain Down's."

"Oh!" said Chick, and a very long drawn "Oh!" it was. "I wonder what she's doing over at the Ness at this time of night" (it was about nine o'clock). "Who's with her? Can you see?"



"JAN STROKED BACK HER HAIR AND GENTLY KISSED HER FOREHEAD."

"No one but handsome Jan," I assured him. "He's just handed her into the boat, and took long enough about it. I fancy he rather liked it."

"Oh, shut up, you idiot!" was the rather startling rejoinder. And then—

"I say, don't you think that we ought to see that she gets safely home?"

"What on earth do you mean? We've to get up to Combe Cockles and back, and it will take us all our time against the tide."

"Well, but there's that nasty dark bit of road half way up to the hall, and I don't think a girl like that should be out in the dark alone."

A girl like that, I suggested, could take care of herself, being at least six years older than Chick; and my heart was still set towards Combe Cockles.

Chick had withdrawn from under the sail, and was watching intently the progress of the boat.

Jan was pulling slowly up stream, under shelter of the great bank in the middle of the harbour, so as to be able to drop down on the tide to the landing-place close to which we were lying.

His passenger had taken off her hat and, sitting back in the stern, was singing softly, keeping time to the oars. The evening was so calm, and everything but the tide so still, that I could hear every word of her song, and I remember them even now—

"Hey ho! ferryman young and fair,
Ferry me over the swirling tide;
The light in thy cottage beckons thee there,
Safe across to the other side.

"Hey ho! ferryman fair and young,
The tide runs swift to the lonely sea;
But the joy of my life has just begun,
It shall not sweep thee away from me.

"Dark the current of time may curl,
Bearing our lives to the unseen shore:
But with thee I sail till our sail we furl,
Leaving the sea for evermore."

The ferry-boat had dropped down with the stream into the still water near the landing stage, and Jan was still resting on his oars before pulling her in to the shore.

His passenger rose, and, stepping lightly up to him, kneeled in front of him, placing her hands on his knees and looking up into his face.

Near as they were to us, I could not hear what they said, though I did my best to catch the words.

Presently Jan drew the oars across the boat in front of him, leaned forward, put his hand on the girl's head, stroked back her hair and gently kissed her forehead.

A loud singing swish at my very ear made me start; but I saw Jan's red cap skim ten or fifteen yards through the air and drop into the water, while Chick, catapult in hand, sank noiselessly down in the bottom of the boat, his face, buried in his arms, resting against me.

I saw this, and looked out again over the river.

The boat had grounded on the shingle, and Jan was stepping into the water to pull her farther in. He made no attempt to recover his cap, and did not appear to notice anything peculiar in its sudden disappearance.

I did not watch him longer, but turned to Chick. There he lay, but the idea that he must be dead was

soon dispelled, for I felt him trembling, and heard him give vent to a great sob. Then I did a not very boyish thing, which it has always pleased me to remember. Putting my hands on his head, I turned it to one side, leaned down till my cheek touched his, and said in his ear, "Chick, I never dreamed of this; but you hit what you aimed at."

He raised his head quickly, his eyes were wild with fear; and I added, "Why, you carried that cap away so clean that he never noticed it was gone."

I have never ceased to be thankful for those few words, and for the change which I saw sweep through his eyes and over his face.

"Do you really believe," he said slowly, "that I hit what I aimed at?"

"Of course I do; but what I want to know is why she shouldn't marry Jan if she wants to, and how your knocking off his cap could be expected to stop it?"

"Jack!" he gasped out, not very grammatically, "he's a witch! He's got round that girl some way by his gipsy tricks."

"Oh!" I said, "I see now; you thought that his spell might be in that red, foreign-looking night-cap of his, and if you carried that away the spell would be broken."

Chick looked at me with suspicion. He must have seen through the readiness with which I accepted such an explanation, but he simply said—

"Yes, of course. I wanted to break—the spell!"

"But," I repeated, as we walked home arm in arm across the grassy "Dene" which separated the town from the shore, "after all, why shouldn't she marry Jan if she wants to?"

And then at last I was able to draw from him bit by bit the story of what he, poor boy, regarded as his wrongs.

He told me that, the evening before, he had gone out blackberrying in the lane that climbs straight up the hill above the Ness. A shower came on, and he took shelter under the trees by the old sun-dial which some quaint person has set there, at the point from which you look down on the river's mouth and the town beyond.

One other person fled there from the rain: the young lady who spoiled our evening in so unlooked-for a manner.

Pleased, as I take it, with her bonny face, Chick forgot his shyness, and began to chat with her. The rain came down faster, and began to drip through the trees. She drew the lad under her cloak, and (though Chick was generally the last person to allow such a liberty) put her arm round him.

So far as I could gather from his account, the conversation worked round to Jan the ferryman, and Chick had answered all her questions about him as politely and pleasantly as possible. So when the sun burst out again over the moor, and down the long river to the harbour and its tiny craft, lighting up the breakers on the bar and spreading its glory out over the sea beyond, she had stooped and kissed him, and light, new created, had shone in upon the deep and formless void of the boy's heart.

It was all simple enough, and I can understand it now; but that night I could only understand Chick's last remark as we said good-night at the corner of the street in which he lived.

"By Saint Hal and the six, I can't make out how I missed that shot! but, for all that, I'm thankful I did."

JOHN TREGARTH.

WHY WE FEEL TIRED.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

ONE of the advantages which a doctor enjoys, as compared with other people, is that of being able to see minute differences and appreciate fine distinctions. This is a result of his scientific training; and whereas most people talk as though there was only one kind of "tiredness," which is infallibly cured by simply going to bed, he distinguishes many kinds.

When a man on a holiday has done a steady tramp of twenty miles, he says he is tired as he sits down to a substantial supper, and no doctor who heard him say so would consider it a case demanding his attention. But if a man finds, in the middle of the morning, that he is tired and languid and unable to give close attention to the work he has hardly begun, that feeling becomes a symptom of some disorder which may require prompt treatment.

Again, we hear of the eyes being tired after working in a bad light, the hand is tired after a long spell of writing, the brain is tired after long concentration on some difficult subject. We have only one word to express all these different feelings, and it is to show upon what the differences depend, that I write this paper.

Let us first consider the ordinary healthy tired feeling due to a day's hard work. The body is a machine for doing work, and it obtains the energy to do this work by burning up (or oxidising) the food, just as a steam-engine gets the energy which pulls along a train from the burning (or oxidation) of coal. We cannot push the analogy very far. The food is not directly burned up, as if it were so much fuel. It is subjected to many and elaborate changes. It is first dissolved by the action of the various digestive juices, and then passed into the blood. By the blood it is carried to the liver, where much of it is profoundly modified, and various new substances are carried to the different parts of the

body, including the muscles which we are now especially considering, as it is by means of them that we do "work." In the muscles the food is gradually built up into a complex substance (probably closely resembling living matter), and the muscle is then ready to do "work." Oxygen is brought to it from the lungs, and the complex body is burnt up. Various products result, just as when we burn coal. In the latter case we get gas, smoke, tar, and various other substances. When the muscle does "work," we get first a large quantity of gas (carbonic acid gas), also an acid (which is very probably closely allied to the acid in sour milk), and a number of other bodies. These substances (waste products, as they are called) are carried away by the blood. When the muscles work for a considerable time, two things happen. First, the material by which work is done is used up faster than it can be again manufactured; and secondly, there is an accumulation of the waste products in the blood. And for these two reasons we begin to feel tired, and if rest be not taken we get more and more tired, until finally we become exhausted.

The feeling of tiredness is Nature's method of indicating that we have done enough work, and need rest. If we persist in working, it is by an exercise of conscious effort—by will power—and excessive fatigue is induced. The impure blood affects the nervous system, and after a while it will affect it injuriously, causing headache and sleeplessness, and other symptoms of extreme fatigue. Therefore, we see overwork really acts as a poison. If when the muscles become tired rest is taken, the waste products are gradually got rid of by the lungs, kidneys, and skin. All living things require rest—plants as well as animals; and during rest two processes go on. There is a formation of new plastic material, as it may be called, by means of which work is to be done, and there is an excretion of the worked-out matter, which hinders the full activity of the body. I may mention another danger of over-fatigue. The minute organisms which cause many diseases, as scarlet fever and other fevers, always seize most readily on a body exhausted by overwork. Various explanations of this fact can be given, but it is enough to say here that exhaustion greatly lessens the resisting power of the body to disease.

We are now in a position to understand more clearly the various tired feelings which do not result from active useful exercise of the various organs, but from disorder or disease. They depend either upon an excess of waste products in the blood, or upon an insufficient supply of store material which supplies the energy for doing work. If anyone feels tired early in the day, the feeling may be due to a variety of causes. He may not have slept well. We never rest so completely as when we are asleep. It is obvious that the muscles of the limbs are then almost completely at rest. The heart, lungs, brain, and other organs have their activity greatly lessened, so that there is opportunity for them to build up the material by which a new day's work is done; and at the same time (as there is only a small production of waste products) time is given for the removal of the products of activity. But if sleep is absent, broken, or disturbed, these healthy processes are only incompletely performed, so the new day is begun with a balance against us, and speedy fatigue results. Again, the healthy nutritive processes of the body may be disturbed, and the waste products which fatigue the muscles and brain may be formed, not as a result of bodily activity but of a disordered state of some organ. Indigestion is the most frequent cause of lassitude and chronic weariness. The food may be insufficient or improper. The body cannot possibly do its work without an adequate supply of nutritious suitable food; and if the food is deficient, so also will the work done be deficient, and the body will soon become exhausted. Everyone knows how important it is to begin the day with a good breakfast. No work is so exhausting as that done before breakfast. Serious work of any kind should never be attempted before the first meal is taken.

Another kind of fatigue is local fatigue—fatigue of particular organs or muscles. The most important muscular structure in the body is the heart. It is always at work, day and night, and it requires care if its work is to be well done. It snatches a brief rest in the interval which ensues between each two beats. This interval is lessened by great exertion, by worry, by various emotions; and if these are prolonged, they tend to exhaust it and cause disorder. The prolonged exertion which is demanded by what are called feats of endurance, fatigue it unduly: and athletes are very frequently affected after a time by a weak heart. We may instance the disordered heart which results from prolonged exertion on a bicycle. Record-breaking and long rides against time are stupid, wasteful exertions. They are frequently punished by subsequent ill-health, and therefore tend to bring into disrepute a form of exercise which, wisely practised, is deservedly popular and healthful. This leads me to mention another mistake that many people make. When the summer holiday is taken, the benefit which ought to be derived from it is often lost. Men who have been, for the previous eleven months, leading sedentary lives, suddenly embark on all kinds of physical exertion. Mountain climbing, long walks, and other forms of exercise are indulged in by those quite unfit for them, and the holiday is spent without any benefit accruing. Positive harm may result. For those who live in towns and take very little exercise in their daily life, the change and rest of a quiet seaside place, with as much out-door life as can be managed, is sure to do good. Bathing, boating, and walking, in moderation, are forms of exercise which almost everybody can enjoy with benefit, and the body is thereby rested in the fullest sense of the word. Unaccustomed exercise soon leads to fatigue, and if this be persisted in, the holiday may result in the ill-health due to over-fatigue —the very evil it was hoped to avert.

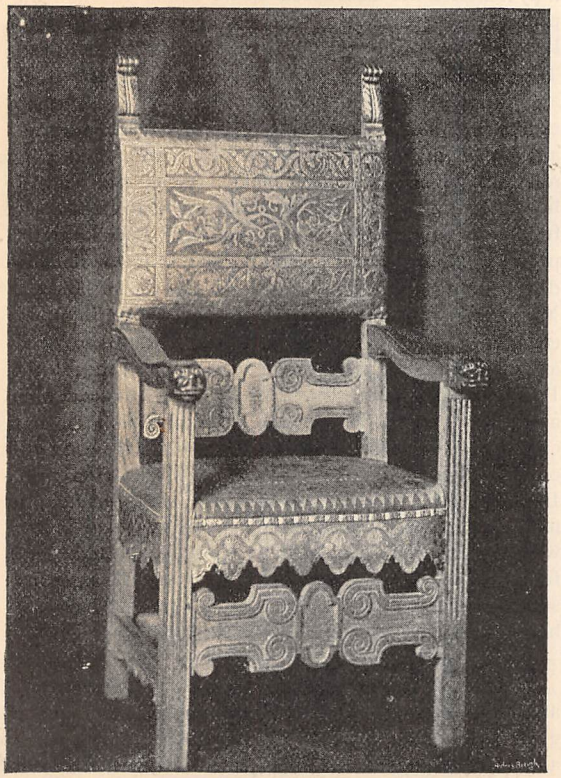
In modern times there is a tendency to overwork another organ—the brain. Many people fail to see the great distinction between hard work and overwork, and fancy that there is danger in any work which demands great mental activity. Mothers especially are apt to fancy that close attention to lessons at school involves imminent danger of brain fever,

insanity, or premature death, and are only happy when their darlings are at play. They are making a serious mistake. Mental exercise is good for young and old, and freedom from it means either arrest in development or decay. I do not refer to very young children, who are best out of the schoolroom; but mental exercise is as necessary for older children as the physical exercise involved in any game, as tennis, cricket, rowing, football, etc. It is only excess which is harmful. Trying to do six months' work in a week is the cause of "breaking down," not six months' steady work. And those who are familiar with school and university life know that it is not the steady workers who break down, but those who attempt to get through arrears of work under the stimulus of a rapidly-approaching examination. The causes of over-fatigue of the brain in older people are similar. It is impossible to emphasise too strongly the fact that deliberate patient effort with due regard to the maintenance of bodily health, results in more work—and work of better quality—being accomplished, than results from sudden and spasmodic fits of industry at high pressure.

The treatment of fatigue consists in rest, which must sometimes be long continued. Change of scene is often desirable, and even change of occupation (temporarily, at least) may be necessary, more especially for the recovery from certain forms of local fatigue involving a particular set of muscles. For recent physical over-fatigue, much benefit is derived from a hot bath. The feeling of fatigue is at once diminished and recovery is hastened, as the bath tends to expedite the removal of the waste products by producing free action of the skin and kidneys.

Lastly there is a feeling of weariness which is due to altogether different causes. I refer to *ennui*, which arises from satiety and an incapacity to be entertained. It is almost a disease. Those who suffer from it are irritable, their memory is defective, they lose their power of application, they are restless and dissatisfied, they are always tired. They have neither employment nor useful occupation. The treatment of this form of weariness is very simple. The tonic required is neither quinine nor iron—nor any other drug, in fact. It is work.

LEATHER WORK, OLD AND NEW.



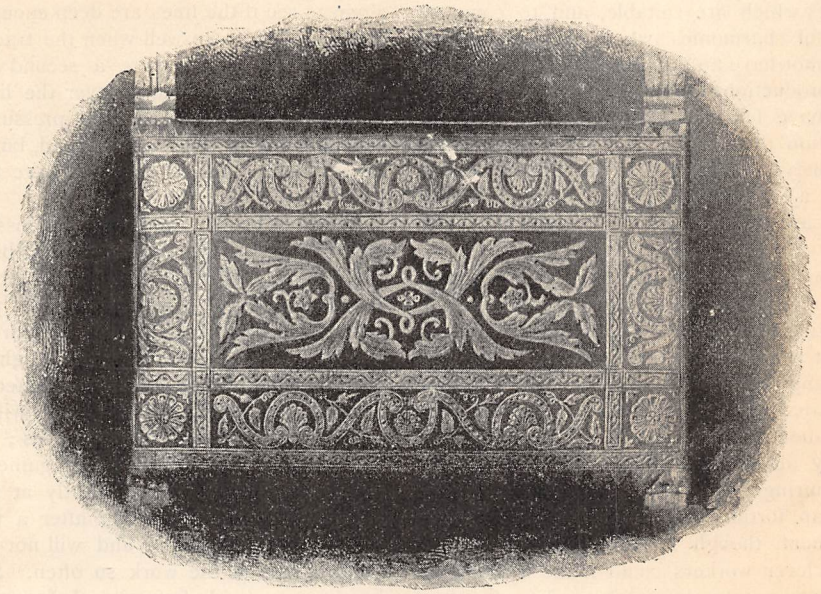
CHAIR IN SPANISH LEATHER WORK.

(*Photographed at the Chiswick School of Arts and Crafts, Bedford Park, W.*)

THERE is but a limited number of antique specimens of the beautiful decorative art, known as Spanish leather work, in England. A few country houses can boast of some panels on their walls that have been treasured for generations; but, as a rule, the English know very little of the charms of the old art work, which there is a decided inclination now to revive amongst our artists here. South Kensington Museum includes in its delightful hoard of examples of the productions of foreign artists some panels of furniture richly tinted. There is a lovely curtain which in its best days must have been a perfect gem of decorative colouring. It dates from the sixteenth century, and time has mellowed the many hues that were laid with so lavish a hand. Subdued in tone as it is now, its noble owners, could they see it once more, would hardly recognise it as the same brilliant curtain that hung in their castle, but for the coat-of-arms that forms the centre decoration. This shows a lion rampant on red ground on half the shield; on the other half are roses, with three stars above on dark ground. The foliated pattern which surrounds the shield is mostly wrought out with gold and silver, relieved with touches of red on a ground of very dark green. It is a fine bold design, with free curves, which show a master hand. Many of the gold portions of the design are diapered.

Totally different in effect is a furniture panel with pale green ground, the decoration consisting of diapered scrolls and medallions of gold, red and dark blue. On another panel is a rococo scroll and flower

pattern. Cupids and birds are occasionally introduced on leather panels, but the simple foliated patterns with interlaced bands or with medallions satisfy artistic taste best. Nevertheless, there is a little panel shown which will please many; it is elegant rather than massive and handsome. The ground is white, well covered with gold designs of Cupids, birds, pomegranates, and flowers. An example of seventeenth century work has a ground of gold basket-work with many-coloured flowers trailing over it; the flowers are slightly conventionalised, but this panel is not one which we should care to see reproduced.



BACK OF THE CHAIR.

(Photographed at the Chiswick School of Arts and Crafts, Bedford Park, W.)

When we turn to the collection of Florentine leather work, we find some splendid designs. Waved and interlaced ribbons are very general. The decoration oftentimes consists of a pattern with repeats, surrounded with broad border. This is the case in a charming panel with red ground. Medallions are formed on it with wreaths of bay-leaves, two bows meeting at each junction. Enclosed by the wreath is a vase with flowers, conventionalised almost beyond possibility of classification. Only three flowers spring from each vase. The pattern, done in blue, gold, and silver, is repeated continuously over the large space. Another pretty pattern with repeats is of twisted ribbons forming diamonds. These have grounds alternately of blue and red, the design in each being of the contrary colour. A second design, light and delicate, fills in the intervening spaces.

A quaint piece by a Florentine artist shows four young boys holding scrolls. Stiff wooden-looking birds—parrots among the number—with plumage of all the hues of the rainbow, are set at regular intervals on the panel, whilst pines, black and white grapes, and other fruits complete the design, and somewhat lessen the formality. Conventionalised tulips and roses make a pleasing subject, with diapered ground of different patterns.

The Florentine work reminds one of fine Persian carpets, allowance being made for the difference in the style of design; the medallions, the borders, and

DETAIL OF THE CHAIR SEAT.

(Photographed at the Chiswick School of Arts and Crafts, Bedford Park, W.)

the "repeats" recall memories of mosque carpets and beautiful old shawls; the designs, however, are much more free, and not so stiff.

This brief description of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century pieces will be useful in helping readers to choose subjects which are suitable, and to compose some successful harmonies when they commence work. All cannot have an opportunity of seeing these highly-prized productions of men who were masters of the art, so I have felt that it would not be wasted space to mention them. We may learn from them that it is a fallacy to imagine that the employment of many colours is a necessity; the most beautiful amongst them are those in which the fewest colours are seen.

I hope that no one will choose a very large panel to begin upon. It is a great pity to put ourselves in the way of getting disheartened at starting, and leather work, easy as it is in its first stages, cannot be accomplished at cycling rate. Most amateurs, though slow workers compared with professionals, do not like work which is long about. There is a little failing to which they are nearly all subject: impatience; they tire of anything requiring continued application. Well, leather work can, fortunately, be set aside at any time without detriment, though it cannot be done in a hurry. Only clever workers could make a living by it alone, and they, not by the great number of pieces, but by getting a fair price for the comparatively few they would be able to execute.

A small panel, which may be used when finished for the decoration of a cabinet door or for a fire-screen, is an excellent thing to commence on. I will first show how this is to be embossed, then how to colour it. The same process will be followed in carrying out all the designs illustrated. I will give suggestions for the colours to be used in these later on.

Having chosen a good piece of leather—calf answers best for the generality of articles—at a leather manufacturer's, place it on a wooden table or board. You will need also a few of the steel tools sold for leather work by artists' colourmen; these are of different shapes. A burnisher costs 1s.; a plain wheel, 1s.; a beveller, 4d.; and punches about 4d. each. Mark out on the leather the size of the square you intend to decorate, but leave a margin beyond. This can easily be cut off partially afterwards if it is too wide, but some margin is wanted for mounting. Sketch the design to right size on drawing-paper, and get it quite correct before proceeding further, as mistakes on the leather cannot well be rectified.

Arrange the design so that it may all come perfectly within the square; no tips of leaves or scrolls should be hidden by the mounts when it is fixed in the door or screen. It may be composed of a foliated pattern with surrounding border; or it may be an arrangement of conventionalised leaves radiating from a boldly drawn centre. When the sketch is completed, take it off on tracing linen. The leather must be slightly damped; for this, use a sponge and water. Next take the tracing, and place it on the face of the leather square; fasten it at the top corners with pieces of gummed paper.

With one of the tools, or a style, or a wheel, follow out all the lines of the tracing, using sufficient pressure to mark the leather. Raise the tracing now and again to see if the lines are deep enough for you to be able to follow them well when the tracing is removed. The leather may require a second damping. The tracing being finished, go over the lines which need it with a tool; still, on the pressure you give the strength of the lines will depend, but they need not be very deep now, as they will have to be all re-done later.

Turn the leather, and start embossing. Press out with the tool—fruit, leaves, flowers, birds: in fact, all the design. All must not, of course, be equally raised in a fruit or floral design, though set patterns may be of uniform relief throughout. When Cupids or birds are introduced, they will be in slightly higher relief than the subordinate scroll or foliated pattern which accompanies them. Beginners will not be rash enough, let us hope, to try figures; these should be left until some proficiency is gained. The leather should be turned over constantly at first, to see how the embossing is going on; after a time the worker will get more used to it, and will not need to examine the progress of the work so often. Should the piece be put on one side for a time before the embossing is completed it should be covered with a damp cloth. Look at it well from a distance every now and then; you will be surprised to find how different then is its appearance to what it was when you were poring closely over it. Very possibly you will find the relief is much lower than you thought. Articles that will be seen from a distance should be in higher relief than those close at hand; and the same holds good for large articles in contradistinction to small. The relief admissible on a wall panel would be in barbarous taste on a book cover. Petals of flowers and leaves will be more embossed than their stems. When, as in one example I have mentioned above, vases form part of the design, they are not strongly embossed; if they were, they would make the decoration of questionable taste; vulgarity must be avoided at all costs. I doubt if the vases I speak of are in more relief than the flower petals. In decorative work, we fail if we strive to give naturalistic effects.

When the embossing is ended, place the leather face upwards again, and go over all the outlines, to strengthen and burnish them. The tool is used with the upper edge leaning slightly inwards, and it bevels the leather. All the curves should be perfect, the outlines showing decided and firm handling of the tool. The work is now ready for the colouring, but for this a silver ground must be prepared with a good deal of care, that the lacquers may look as brilliant as possible when they are laid on.

Silver-leaf is used for the ground. This is sold in books. One containing twenty-five small silver leaves costs sixpence. The price of gilders' tips, without which the silver cannot be laid, ranges from threepence

to eightpence. A gilder's tip is simply made of one thin row of hairs set in a wooden handle, shaped like a "flat-wash" brush. Several sizes are made. If we attempt to touch the leaf without one, it will be useless; when it comes in contact with the finger it cannot be removed without being torn and crumpled up. When silver has to be cut to shape, a gilder's cushion will be needed. The leaf is turned out of the book on to the cushion, then cut to a convenient size with a gilder's knife; it is next picked up with the tip, and transferred to the article which is being silvered. A dabber with a flat top is yet another requisite which cannot be dispensed with by the leather worker who follows this mode of colouring his panels.

The whole of the leather is now coated with gold size. This must be left for a short time until it will take the silver well; this state is technically known as "tacky." The silver is now, with the tip, laid on until the whole of the design and ground is completely covered, the dabber being used all over the surface, to make it adhere evenly. Leave it again for a while, and then burnish it with a burnisher until it is as bright as you can possibly make it. The brighter it is the better the coloured varnishes will show on it; for to make them brilliant the ground must be shining beneath.

The coloured varnishes are sold in bottles at one shilling each. A few to commence with are sufficient, but as many as three dozen are made. The list includes orange, violet, rose, blue, green, crimson, and

PHOTOGRAPH FRAME IN SHEET LEATHER WORK.

gold of two shades, the one pale, the other a deep tint. The former is the colour of Australian coins; if we want a rich old gold, we can use two tints of the deep gold. For laying on the lacquers, use fitch or camel-hair brushes. Be sure the silver ground is quite dry before you commence, and remove all dust

MIRROR IN SHEET LEATHER WORK.

from it. Hold it before the fire, but at a good distance off, that it may get slightly warm, then apply the lacquers very thinly with the brushes. If you fancy a silver ground for your piece of work, you must get a bottle of colourless varnish, and give the silver a coat of this, to preserve it from tarnishing. In the old pieces the ground is generally coloured. Red, blue, dark green, all make effective grounds, and they throw up the coloured and gold and silver designs well. A gold ground can be produced by laying a coat of gold lacquer over the silver. Rich colouring is a characteristic feature of the work, and a background of deep tint is a great aid in securing this; still, the old workers sometimes chose pale tints, and for certain pieces we may do the same with advantage.

A gentle heat, after the lacquers are applied, is advised, but the slight warming, as before, must be done carefully. This is to make them adhere well, and also to harden them; they only take a few minutes to dry.

After they are all laid, the work is complete, but it is better not to use it at once, more especially if it is anything likely to be handled or rubbed against when in use. There is no after-varnishing required, as in oil painting, because the colours are already incorporated in the varnish.

A rich effect is gained by diapering portions of a design. Sometimes it is a scroll which has a small pattern stamped on it. When a design is founded on floral and leaf forms, the diaper is seen on the large foliage, and even two diapers on the same leaf are occasionally seen. For these, punches are sold of different patterns. One may be like a tiny watch

spring ; another of square within square. The stamping is done by holding the punch in the left hand, with the diaper on the face of the leather, and tapping the top of the punch with a mallet. The ground may be stamped instead of the design ; but to my mind the diapered design looks richer.

The uses to which we may put our work are many. A room might be gorgeously decorated with a black oak dado having panels of Spanish leather let in, and frieze to correspond, the door being also panelled with the same. But this is a very ambitious scheme, and we may be well content if, after some practice, we can show a tall four-fold dining-room screen as the result of our labour. Many small pieces of furniture may be enriched with leather panels ; chairs may be upholstered with our work. A simple plan is to decorate two panels, and have them mounted on an oak folding chair ; this is by no means a costly affair, and yet it is charming and uncommon. For smaller work, I may mention caskets, blotters, book-covers, newspaper cases, and all kinds of frames and photo boxes.

Some forty years or so ago sheet leather work was an art fashionably followed by English ladies, and quite recently it has been again taken up. Most of the modern examples are mounted on dark-coloured or black velvet, but we can hardly say this plan is satisfactory. Articles composed entirely of leather are preferable ; not only is the effect more pleasing, but they look fresher. Velvet catches all the dust it possibly can, and it is difficult to brush it so constantly as is necessary without disturbing the leather decorations, and the interstices between the leaves and tendrils seldom look quite speckless. Leaves, flowers, stems, and berries are cut out of a sheet of skiver or basil. It is best to work from Nature, taking a spray of passion flower, for instance, and copying it as nearly as may be in leather. This will decorate a frame charmingly ; if used on a bracket, the leaves and flowers must be arranged more closely together.

It is necessary to damp the leather with salted water before the veining and shaping of the leaves and flower petals are done. A fine tool, or even a knitting pin, is used for veining and marking. Take a natural leaf, lay it on the leather, cut out its form exactly, next damp the leather copy, veining it accurately, and then mount it on fine wire, covering the stem with soft leather. There are many inexpensive tools of different shapes for moulding leaves to the desired forms, but a great deal can be done with the fingers in giving them natural-looking curves. Little wooden moulds are sold, and, when covered with leather and wired, they serve for various kinds of berries.

Some workers use no wire at all. They cut the stems and leaves in one piece, then double the stem so as to make it look round from the front view ; they pinch up the leaf at its junction with the stem, and tuck a tiny bit of it in at the back of the stem, this gives it the appearance of growing from the stem.

When a flower has to be added to a spray, it is fastened in place with light brown thread. The backs of leaves and flower petals are sometimes stiffened with glue or coaguline. Then, again, some workers, when the veining and shaping is finished and the leaves are dry, brush them over with parchment size.

To give an idea how flowers are made, take a passion flower. First cut a circle out of the leather, then shape the petals, but do not separate them entirely ; keep the circle still intact at the centre. The cut must only reach about two-thirds of the way from the edge of the circle to its middle. There will be five petals on this circle. Now repeat this again on another of the same diameter. Make a little round hole in the middle of each for the stem to pass through, then take a much smaller round of leather and strip at the edge like a fringe. Form the stamens from a still smaller circle, then the pistils. Slip the rounded stem through the three circles, letting it rise about half-an-inch above them. Into this half-inch slip the styles of pistils and stamens, which should be first touched with coaguline. Stiffen the back of the petals, and let the flower dry.

To fasten the sprays to wooden brackets, or to photo frames, small steel pins without heads are best. Avoid all varnish ; it makes the work look like a bad imitation of carved wood.

It is easy to think of many novel ways of treating sheet leather work. For instance, a frame could be covered plainly with leather on which an incised pattern had first been executed (or the incising can be done after covering if preferred), and a spray of flowers or hops thrown across one side. On the lid of a box covered with heliotrope leather there might be a spray of tan-coloured flowers, and the edge could be finished with a row of tan-coloured berries or buttons. For this purpose button moulds will serve. A frame, bought ready covered in antelope skin, could be decorated with a spray of tan flowers slightly tinted with architects' inks. There is no end to the ideas that crop up if once we take up thinking of adaptations from other kinds of art work, so we leave our readers with the advice not to let their work run exactly on the old lines, but to endow it with the charm of novelty of treatment.

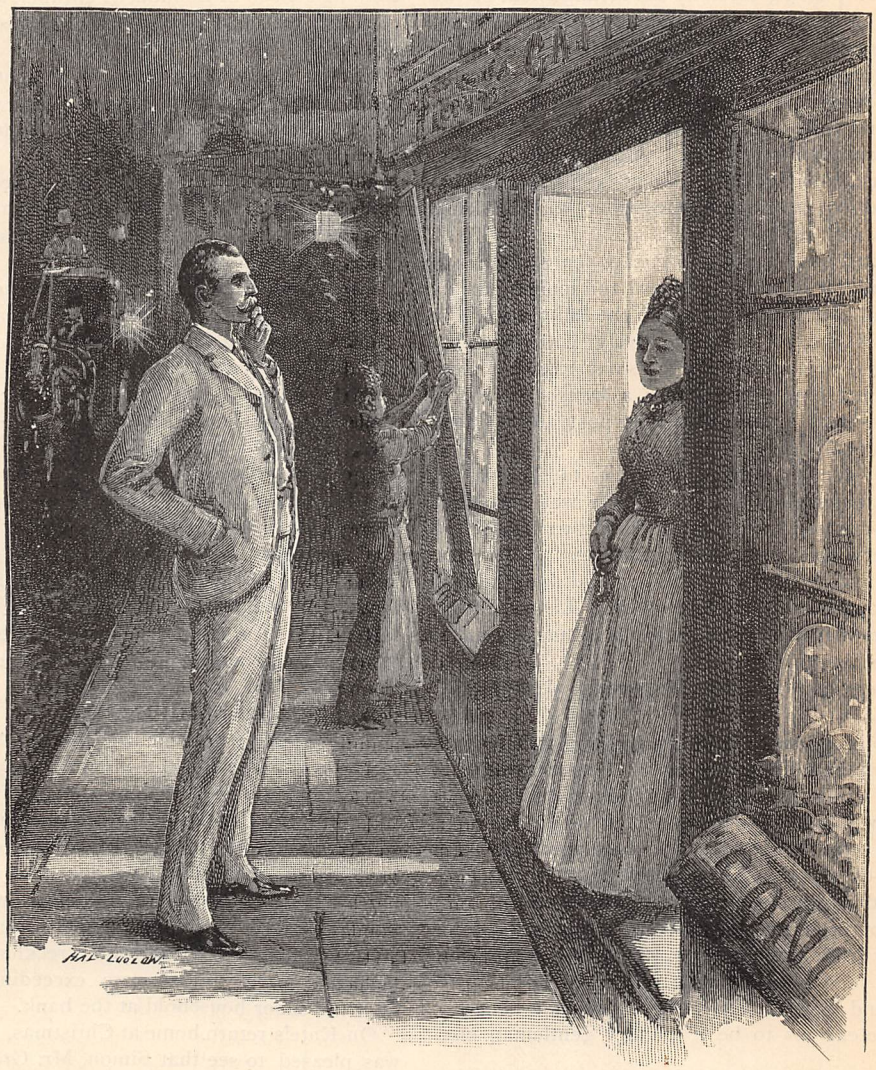
E. CROSSLEY.

SO VERY COMMONPLACE:

A ROMANCE OF THIS WORKADAY WORLD.

Part I.—THIS WORKADAY WORLD.

"Teach thy necessity to reason thus:
There is no virtue like necessity."



"HIS EYES TRAVELLED UPWARDS TO WHERE THE LAMP GLOWED IN THE SITTING-ROOM" (*p.* 734)

CHAPTER THE FIRST

THE NEW SHOP.

"Every why hath a wherefore."

COLESFORD, a small garrison town, was possessed of undoubted advantages. Did it not boast of an endowed school for boys, a high school for girls, and last, though not least, a new confectioner's?

"Smiths" had served their turn, and they had made plenty of money in their dingy old shop, but "Gatti's" was to be altogether a different affair, and "Gatti from Gunter's" was announced in large blue posters.

The proprietor was a tall handsome man, with a grave and dignified expression that seemed somewhat out of place in the confectioner's shop, which was fitted up in true foreign style.

It was considered a conclusive proof that Gatti was not English when, in a moment of great provocation,

he was heard to storm in Italian. The public had thenceforward no doubt that his confectionery was what it claimed to be—foreign.

It was the evening of the first of February, and Mrs. Gatti had just announced the result of the first day's takings to her husband with measured satisfaction.

The clock struck eleven, and the shop-boy went outside with the shutters. His mistress followed, giving him some directions, and her husband stood on the pavement, noting carefully the arrangement of the windows and the painting of the name over the door. His eyes travelled upwards to where the lamp glowed in the sitting-room, and warm curtains were drawn across the nursery windows.

The street was very quiet. Most of the lights were out and the shops shut. A policeman tramped heavily past, wishing them "Good-evenin'." Then a cab rattled by, and the confectioner and his wife turned to watch it.

The lighted shop seemed to attract the attention of its occupant, for he leaned forward and looked out.

Gatti, tall and sombre, stood in the full glare of the window. His wife—as distinctively English as he was foreign, of middle height, stout and fair-complexioned, her cap a little awry, a bunch of keys in her hand—leant against the door-post and glanced towards the cab.

Suddenly the keys dropped noisily to the ground. When Gatti picked them up his wife was sitting on one of the crimson velvet sofas, looking very pale.

"It's very cold," she said, shivering. "Come in, Carlo, do, and let the boy lock up. We don't need to stand star-gazing at our time of life. Listen, Carlo," she said, as they went upstairs to the sitting-room; "I have something to tell you."

"Another time," murmured her husband sleepily.

The cab drove on down the street, and pulled up at the "Town and County Bank." The manager let himself in by the private door and entered his study.

He threw himself into his arm-chair with a sigh, and lighted his pipe. He was a tall, clean-shaven man, with light blue eyes and a harassed expression that contrasted oddly with his pompous appearance.

Mr. Thompson was ambitious, and considered his position as bank manager unworthy of his capabilities. His great idea was to make money as speedily as possible, and leave Colesford, in order that he might air his pretensions to be a country gentleman elsewhere.

To this end he had been saving for years, and now he was just beginning to think of investments which the share lists termed "judicious."

He was divided between economy and display. To further his social ambition, a good appearance must be kept up and his position maintained. His only son, Bob, should have been sent into the army, but here economy stepped in, and Bob became a farm pupil at Broomhill—Mr. Gray's place. This gentleman was Chairman of the Bank Directors, and was a very good friend of the Thompsons. His own two sons, Nat and Simon, showed no inclination for country life, so, being pleased with Bob's frank face and capable ways, he offered to take him for a year without premium—an offer which Mr. Thompson was glad to accept, as the director was a wealthy Quaker, and a man of much influence in Colesford.

The manager's eldest daughter, Kate, a clever girl, begged to be allowed a year at Newnham or Girton; but though her father felt that this was the right thing for her socially, he nevertheless sent her to a teachers' training college in London, as cheaper, and more likely to afford her a good appointment afterwards if she did not marry.

"Even the prime minister's daughter may teach nowadays," he said to her; and Kate, who wanted to get away from the perpetual atmosphere of worry at home, assented silently.

Life ought to have been fairly free from money troubles for the Thompsons, as the manager's salary was liberal, the bank house rent-free, and the family small.

Unhappily, as both girls knew to their cost, it was not. Their mother was not a good manager, and on Nelly, the second daughter and the housekeeper, fell the burden of her careless ways. Mrs. Thompson was one of those pretty, happy-go-lucky women who seldom worry about anything—a temperament which is apt to make a good deal of worry for other people.

It was from her father's perpetual grumblings at the household expenditure and irritable comments on his family's extravagance that Kate was so glad to escape. She began her work at the training college in London the autumn previous to the opening of the new confectioner's shop in Colesford. The college course lasted two years, and her certificate would be a guarantee that, whether she had anything to teach or not, she would, at any rate, impart it by the newest and most approved methods.

Kate enjoyed the life on the whole, though she fretted a good deal at the dinginess and loneliness of her boarding-house, which was situated in a very uninteresting district near St. Pancras. The educational lectures were excellent and interesting, and the teaching in the practising school was amusing, if exhausting. Her first term, therefore, was not in the least dull, and she speedily found a friend in a Scotch student, Maggie Dunbar, whose reckless mimicry and perpetual high spirits were exceedingly refreshing after the sober household at the bank.

On Kate's return home at Christmas, Mr. Thompson was pleased to see that Simon, Mr. Gray's eldest son, omitted none of those little attentions he had been in the habit of paying her ever since she could be considered to be grown-up. Indeed, he had gone so far as to excite in the manager's breast a hope "that there might be something in it." Kate had known the Grays all her life; and though she did not get on with Dorcas, the only daughter, who was a demure little thing, fond of cut-and-dried rules and conventional to the very core, yet Simon and Nat, the second son, Bob's friend, had always been her playfellows.

Nat was not a university man, like Simon; neither had he his brother's good looks, fluent conversation,

and attractive manners. He came and went from Colesford regularly. He was a timber-merchant in London, and was only to be found at Broomhill at the end of each week.

When the blue posters announced "Gatti from Gunter's" Kate was hard at work in London, it being almost the middle of her second term, and the manager on entering his study this cold February night found a letter from her on the mantel-piece. He took it up, but did not read it. As he sat smoking he recalled the figures of the confectioner and his wife.

"I knew it must come some time," he said to himself heavily, as he rose and put out the lights.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

COLLEGE LIFE.

"If all the year were spent in playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldom come, they wished for come."

"HURRY, Kate! you'll be late," called out Maggie Dunbar one Monday morning, nearly a week before Mr. Thompson received his daughter's letter.

Kate hastily inscribed "Egg and Cocoa" on the "dinner slate," and ran upstairs just in time for roll-call.

Maggie usually had a budget of gossip for Kate's entertainment on a Monday morning. On Saturdays the students did not go to college, and Maggie and her brother, who lived in lodgings at Canonbury, generally managed to find out some delightful way of spending their holiday.

"I wish," said Kate, as the girls sat chatting in the dinner-hour, "that middle-class people were not so commonplace; there is nothing picturesque about the middle of anything."

"Nonsense!" said Maggie. "The middle-class has all the virtues of both extremities. It must be the best."

"Perhaps it has the virtues of neither; it is quite as likely; and then, there is such a lot of it. I hate being jostled and hustled as I come in to the City every morning to college."

"I don't; I love it!" declared Maggie enthusiastically. "See what liberty we have! Lady A. and the Honourable Miss B. are not allowed to go to college, nor to have the inestimable advantages of our beloved Principal's instructions on the art of teaching the young idea how to shoot."

"They go to Cambridge, and that is much better. It is all very well for you; you have your brother with you: and Saturdays, when he is home, you can go out together, and so on. But I have to spend all my holidays in the boarding-house with the Misses Skinner, and you can't think how horrid it is!"

"No wonder you are always so blue on Mondays, poor dear!" said Maggie. "Suppose you come to us next Saturday to early dinner, and if it is fine we will go out?"

"Oh!" said Kate, her eyes brightening. "That will be delightful, if you are sure your brother will like a stranger coming."

"Mac always likes what I like; he is in capital training," said Maggie. "Why, he helps me often with my work if I am behind-hand. You ought to have seen him doing the illustrations for my last Physiology lesson on the heart. The landlady said it looked as 'nateral as life,' though I don't know where she could have seen anything but a sheep's heart. Then one of Mac's friends came in, Mr. Franks, and he thought it was a *map!*"

"Well," laughed Kate, "this morning, as I was hurrying up Cheapside, I dropped some of my books, and a gentleman picked them up for me, and out fell my lesson on the 'Goose' with the *picture!* And he was rude enough to smile; he very nearly *laughed.*"

"What did you do?"

"I should like to have stamped my foot, but I did not. I took it hastily ("snatched it," murmured Maggie), muttered something, and went."

"Kate, you missed an opening for a romance, I feel convinced. You will be certain to see him again. What was he like?"

"Oh, nothing to look at—not a bit interesting, tall and lanky."

The bell rang for Criticism lesson, the weekly ordeal of the students before the Principal and the "Pope" (the infallible critic), a grave and imposing "light" in the educational world. The girls trooped in, and the victim began. After Maggie's criticism, into which she wickedly dragged several of the Principal's favourite quotations, to the secret delight of the students, the Principal dissected the lesson in clear and cutting tones, and the "Pope" gently anointed the wounds thus inflicted with the healing oil of commendation.

Monday was always a long and tiring day, and Kate was not best pleased at having to wait for Maggie, who appeared in no way subdued, though the Principal "had been speaking to her."

It was a bitter, bleak night, and Kate shivered as she made her way to the Misses Skinner's genteel residence. The street was dull, the old ladies disagreeable, the house cold, and she felt generally depressed. Therefore she was more pleased than she would have thought possible when a card was brought to her after dinner, and she found Nat Gray waiting in the drawing-room. Perhaps she would have been still better pleased if it had been Simon. Nat was a very homely young man in Kate's eyes, but Simon was intellectual. Greek and Latin were not unknown to him; Mental and Moral Philosophy were a mere nothing in the grasp of his powerful intellect; while doubtless in Psychology he could have given points to Herbert Spencer himself.

But Nat would be just come up from Colesford, as it was Monday, and perhaps she would hear some news of Simon and of her own people.

Nat gave her a lovely bunch of flowers from the Broomhill conservatory, and he felt quite rewarded as Kate pinned some chrysanthemums into her dress.

"Is there any news?" she asked, smiling.

"Lots," he answered briskly. "First, Dorcas has sprained her wrist."

"Well, you need not look so cheerful over it. How did she do it?"

"Out riding; horse pulled, I suppose."

"*Dorcas riding!* Why, who persuaded her?"

"Bob, I believe."

"Well done, Bob! What did she say when she sprained her hand? I suppose she had some nice little proverb or sentiment ready?"

"Shall I go on with the news?" said Nat, not noticing her remark about his sister. Kate felt a little ashamed of her sarcasm.

"There's a new confectioner's in High Street instead of old 'Smith.'"

"What fun! Is it a good one?"

"What a prodigy!"

"Well, of course, he gets his Italian from his father. His mother's English enough, though. And the odd thing was he asked Bob how your father was. His mother used to live in the same village, he said, when she was a child."

"Quite romantic!" commented Kate. "I shall certainly look out for the Byronic young confectioner when I get home."

"When will that be?" asked Nat.

"Not till Easter, I suppose. I want Nelly to come

"'WELL,' HE SAID, . . . 'DONT YOU THINK I AM BIG ENOUGH TO LOOK AFTER YOU?'" (*p.* 737).

"Try," said Nat, smiling, and holding out a box filled with elaborate sweetmeats.

"Ah!" cried Kate, as she munched away with much satisfaction, "I shall go there when I come home. Gatti," she said, looking at the name. "Why, they must be foreigners."

"They are. The man looks like a count, and his son like a young Lord Byron."

"How do you know?" asked Kate, more interested in her chocolate than in its maker.

"He came over to Broomhill about one of Spot's pups. It seems he knows a good dog when he sees one," said Spot's owner, with pride. "Bob and I got talking to him; he knows no end, has travelled a lot, and speaks French as well as Italian like a native."

up and stay with me the week-end when we have mid-term holiday; it is so awfully dull here when I am not working."

"It's a perfect hole!" said Nat indignantly, glancing round the chilly, cheerless room. "Can't you do better than this?"

"Nelly shall make representations to father. I want him to let me leave, but I don't know where to go."

"Oh, by the way, I have an idea; and this is my third piece of news. It seems we have a cousin in London who is coming to spend all her holidays with us this year, as her people are just gone out to India. She's studying Art, or some fad or other, and boards at the West End somewhere. That might do, if she is not too blue."

"It sounds possible," said Kate. "Why don't you go and see her?"

"No, thank you! No Art students for me! Dorcas can give you her address, any way."

"When Nelly comes up, we are going to see the 'Sights,'" said Kate.

"Do you never go anywhere now?" asked Nat commiseratingly.

"Whom could I go with? I don't know a soul in London."

"You could go with me, couldn't you?" asked Nat quietly.

"*Well!*" said Kate. "I think I will get a shawl; it's cold," she added feebly, feeling unequal to any more explanations till she had had a good laugh.

When she came downstairs again, Nat was leaning against the chimney-piece, which was covered with a perfect menagerie of dogs, mice, and cats, of all ages and sizes.

"Take care!" cried Kate, as he was about to sweep off a whole family. "You are too big for this room."

He was a tall, upright man, and he towered above Kate as she stood beside him. He had a pleasant face, with strongly-marked eyebrows, shrewd brown eyes, and a determined mouth. His expression was variously termed resolute or obstinate.

"Well," he said, smiling down upon Kate, "don't you think I am big enough to look after you? You can look on me as a sort of brother, you know, to be made use of, can't you? You would only have to drop me a line if you wanted anything."

"It is very kind of you," said Kate, amused and a little embarrassed, "but I should not like to trouble you like that."

Nat rose to go, looking rather offended. He considered he knew Kate well enough to be allowed to be of service to her.

"See here, Mr. Gray," she said hastily: "when Nelly comes up, perhaps you will take us to the Tower. But mind, you will have to get up the history for me; I am far too lazy."

"We will leave out the Tower," said Nat promptly. "Hampstead doesn't want any history, does it? We'll go for a walk on the Heath. There, now, you can't object to that. Every Tom, Dick, and Harry—oh—er—I mean——" he stammered, catching sight of the expression on Kate's face as she imagined herself "keeping company" with Nat Gray on Hampstead Heath—"I mean—you know— we often go for a stroll at home on Sunday."

"A stroll round the farm with Bob—yes. Good-night," she said, laughing, but without committing herself. "It was very good of you to come. It is nice to see someone fresh."

"Even if it is only Nat Gray, eh?" he said, smiling rather grimly.

"Well," said Kate, as she went back to work, "I did not think he was sharp enough for that. Now, if it had only been Simon!"

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

A NEW ACQUAINTANCE.

"All this day an unaccustomed spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts."

IT was a dull grey morning when Kate set out for Canonbury to visit the Dunbars, and she was afraid there would be no Saturday excursion.

"Ah, here you are!" said Maggie briskly, as Kate entered the little sitting-room, and found herself shaking hands with the gentleman who had picked up her lesson on the "Goose."

"I think we have met before," he said, smiling. "I hope the lesson went off well?"

"Your brother picked up some of my papers for me that I had dropped," explained Kate; "but I don't think he ought to have looked at them," she said resentfully.

"I own that my powers of observation were not cultivated by object-lessons in my youth," said Mr. Dunbar, with a capital imitation of Maggie's blandest manner; "but even with my disadvantages I can hardly fail to recognise a goose when I see one."

"You never told me anything about it, Mac. Why did you not ask me which of the students it was?" said Maggie.

"I knew it was Miss Thompson," said Mac quietly, as he began to carve.

"So *that* is why you were so anxious for me to invite Kate?"

"I cannot be so rude as to say that I was not anxious to meet Miss Thompson," said Mac; "but I think you will remember that it was your own suggestion to give the invitation."

"What a prig!" thought Kate, as she studied him.

Macdonald Dunbar was a tall thin man of about thirty years of age, who spoke in a somewhat pedantic manner, and with a decided Scotch accent. The spectacles did not hide his humorous brown eyes. The hair, which he wore brushed straight back from his high forehead, looked as colourless and washed-out as his inefficient moustache. But he had the air of being shrewd and intellectual, and, in an indefinable literary sort of way, distinguished—the sort of man to carry a Greek text about with him, and to quote Chaucer at a moment's notice.

Kate heard, with a slight sense of disappointment, that he was only a clerk in the London and Scottish Bank. She was too ignorant to know the immense difference between a small provincial bank and a great London centre, and she had never thought of the clerks in her father's office as gentlemen.

After dinner they decided it was not inviting enough to go out, so they sat round the fire roasting chestnuts. Kate and Mr. Dunbar put two down together, and they roasted in harmony and accord, and were done at the same time.

"It's an omen," said Maggie, with Scotch superstition, glancing slyly at Kate as she pulled them out.

Kate raised her eyes half unconsciously, and looked wistfully at Mr. Dunbar, as if she would fain read the future, and discover whether they were to be friends or not. He answered her with a gaze as intent as her own,

and she felt suddenly as if they had met before, and that their lives would, in some way or other, be united.

It grew dusk, and Kate listened while the brother and sister talked. How cheerful it was after the Misses Skinner's conversation and the dull Saturdays she usually spent! She felt too sleepily happy to do more than make a sarcastic comment every now and then on Maggie's extravagance, or to meet Mac's brown eyes with a smile of comprehension as they sought hers.

As the short day closed in, the firelight glanced on her flushed cheeks and dark eyes. She was not so plainly dressed as Maggie, and she looked very charming as she leant back in the depths of the big chair which Mac had given up to her.

"Did I ever tell you about the lovely time we had at Arran last summer, Kate?" asked Maggie presently.

"Maggie wanted to talk to all the fishermen on Metaphysics," interrupted Mac; "and I know she discussed Mental Science with a shepherd, because I heard her. The joke was, he knew more about it than she did."

"Don't believe him, Kate. I just ran wild and enjoyed myself. We had a house that stood just seventy-six steps above the high road! Two elderly people built it to retire to when old age comes upon them. But I should advise them to get to the top of the seventy-six steps first, and wait there for old age," said Maggie dryly.

When they had finished laughing, Kate said reflectively—

"I should think it must be horrid to be old! Fancy feeling shrivelled"—she stroked her own soft cheeks pensively—"and being bent, and wearing spectacles, and all that!"

"There may be other reasons for wearing spectacles," said Mr. Dunbar demurely, turning so that the firelight fell full on his glasses.

"Oh!" said Kate, a little embarrassed; "why do you wear them?"

"'The better to see you with, my dear,'" said he, quoting Red Riding Hood.

"But you don't see with them," said Kate, blushing slightly. "You look over them. Let me see you without them."

He laughed and drew them off, but Kate found the nearer gaze of the brown eyes disconcerting, and she turned away her head.

"Mac is handsomer without them, isn't he, Kate?" asked Maggie.

"Don't put in the comparative, Maggie. Miss Thompson has not got as far as the positive of 'handsome' yet."

"Well," said Kate slowly, "I have not had much time yet——"

Then she remembered how she had described Mr. Dunbar to Maggie when he picked up her papers for her as "not a bit handsome, tall and lanky," after only a momentary glance.

Maggie began to laugh; she had remembered too. But Mac, though certainly not vain, felt, for the first time in his life, mortified at the poverty of his personal attractions, and relapsed into silence.

After an early supper he accompanied Kate to the omnibus. Those that went "through," were full, so she jumped into one which stopped half-way.

"Good-bye," she said, as it came up.

But Mr. Dunbar followed her.

"Oh, don't trouble to come!" she protested. "I know my way quite well."

"Do you think I should let you change all by yourself, and at the 'Angel,' in Islington, of all places?"

"But really it is not in the least necessary," protested Kate, feeling still more uncomfortable as she saw him pay her fare. "I shall not like to come and see Maggie if you are to be troubled in this way. Besides," she added hesitatingly, "I don't like anyone to do that for me—pay, I mean—except my own people. Please don't."

"Are you always so independent?" he asked, smiling.

"I *hate* anyone to pay money for me," she said irritably—"especially strangers."

"Ah!" he said, slowly stroking his moustache. "If you so much wish it, you may give it to me back again."

Kate stared. Uncertain whether to take him at his word or not, she slowly pulled out her purse and handed him the twopence, feeling far more uncomfortable than before. "I never believed he would have taken it," she said to herself; "no *gentleman* would."

He took the money from her, and wrapping it in an envelope, wrote a word on it in pencil.

"What are you doing?" asked Kate, feeling impelled to ask, though almost sure the answer would be disagreeable.

"I have written 'Wages' on it," he answered. "It seems to be the only price at which you will allow my services. I ought to have remembered that there is a great difference between a clerk and a manager's daughter."

"You must not speak to me like that," said Kate in some agitation, as he helped her out of the omnibus, and they drew back into a doorway out of the traffic to wait. "It is not fair of you. You know it is nothing to do with position. If it were, should I visit Maggie when you are there? I cannot bear to be under a money obligation; perhaps if I knew you better it would be different. But you only said that to make me feel uncomfortable."

"Forgive me," he said gently. "I ought not to have said it. But I did not understand your refusal of so common an attention. You will let me keep the offending pennies, in token that you have pardoned me?"

"I am afraid Maggie spoils you: you always seem to get your own way," she replied, smiling with some difficulty. Poor Kate always found it hard to be angry with dignity, as the tears had an unfortunate propensity to gather just at the wrong moment.

They parted friends, and Mac kept the pence.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

KITTY.

"Do you not know I am a woman? When I think, I must speak."

Mr. Thompson was rather surprised when he read Kate's letter describing Nat's visit, and asking leave to change her rooms. In spite of his daughter's representations, he would not have consented to incur the extra expense of Mrs. Wesley's more select boarding-house had it not been recommended by the Grays. He was fond of his children as a man is fond of a hobby, until he finds it is costing him too much; and Kate's college course was beginning to be more expensive than he had expected. She came home for the mid-term holiday, and it was decided that she should move to Mrs. Wesley's on her return.

"I am afraid," said Dorcas primly, when Kate told her, "that my cousin is not allowed to see gentlemen visitors."

To which Kate tersely replied, "I am glad of it, for they waste time which I can ill spare."

Of course Dorcas repeated this speech to Nat, who was already disappointed at having lost his chance of taking Nelly and Kate to see the "Sights"; and he resolved that he would not go near the boarding-house; "not if they begged him to."

It was the beginning of March when Kate went to Harleigh Gardens, Bayswater. A round-faced, good-natured-looking widow lady bustled out into the hall to meet her, saying cheerfully, "Come in, my dear, come in; I am glad to see you. Now, never mind the cabman: I will pay him; he is sure to cheat you: they always do. Now, Eliza, mind what you are about; don't scratch all the paper off the walls with that box! Come into the dining-room, my dear, and get some tea; you must be half frozen, in spite of that warm cloak; you'll excuse my saying what a pretty one it is, my dear. Kitty, my dear, you'll see that Miss Thompson makes herself at home while I look after that box, else we shall not have a scrap of paper left on the staircase."

All this Mrs. Wesley rattled out at a breath, and Kate was amused to observe that even the most uncomplimentary remarks were made with a beaming countenance.

"And how did you leave my worthy cousin Dorcas?" asked Kitty, as she handed Kate her tea. "You've just come from that good little town of Colesford, I think?"

"Are you Miss Armstrong?" asked Kate in astonishment.

"At your service," said Kitty, with a mock curtsey.

"Dorcas called you 'Katherine!'"

"Ah! but she had not *seen* me," laughed Kitty.

Kate smiled. It would be impossible to call her Katherine. She was a little thing, slight and round, though not very short: one of those dainty maidens you cannot help calling "little." She was very pretty, but decidedly mischievous; and Kate wondered what the demure Dorcas would think of her. "If," thought Kate, "the Quaker girl calls *me* frivolous, what will she not think of Kitty, whose very studies are confined to music and painting?"

At dinner she saw the other inmates of the house. With the exception of a Browningesque student, they all seemed very merry. She, however, ate her dinner and listened to Mrs. Wesley's amusing comments on Eliza and the cook with a gloom that nothing could dispel.

"Do you like being here?" asked Kate, as she and Kitty went to their room that night.

"Oh yes! it's very jolly, on the whole. We do just as we like: I even have a latch-key; and Mrs. Wesley is the dearest old thing. Only mind," whispered Kitty, looking mysterious, "have you any secrets?"

"No, not that I know of. Have you?"

"Sometimes; just on purpose. Mrs. Wesley loves secrets, and she loves still better finding them out. If you want to win her heart, you just tell her everything you can think of, and make her promise not to tell. She won't enjoy it if anyone else may know."

"What a shame!" laughed Kate. "You are making fun of her."

"Am I?" asked Kitty, opening wide her blue eyes with an expression of innocence a child in the Kindergarten might have envied. "I am very fond of her. Nevertheless, I'll give you a box of chocolates (good ones, mind) if I don't retail you all your choicest secrets within thirty-six hours of the time you confide them to Mrs. Wesley."

"Go to bed," said Kate. "You will be taking away my character next; and I have none to spare."

"I can quite believe it," retorted Kitty, as she retired to bed.

During the remainder of the spring term Kate was a frequent visitor at Canonbury on Saturday afternoons; and though the way back to Bayswater was longer than to her previous lodgings, she did not now dispute Mr. Dunbar's right to see her safely home.

The girls travelled down to Essex together at Easter. Kitty, who had seen none of her cousins, was determined to take them by surprise.

Simon Gray, however, was at the station to meet her. He had accompanied Bob; if his cousin were not there, Kate would take it as an attention paid to her, and nothing would be lost either way. Simon was a tall slim man, with fine dark eyes, curly hair, and features so regular as to be almost pretty—a fault which was not redeemed by his "lady-like" voice and languid manners. He dressed well, and as he was waiting till something worthy of his exceptional talents should turn up, he had plenty of leisure. He believed that he combined the accomplishments of the worldling with the clear-headedness of the Puritan. About their moral qualities he did not trouble himself. Vice was vulgar, and he was a gentleman.

"How do you do?" said Kitty sweetly to Simon, as the young men came up. "I suppose you are Nat? I have heard so much about Nat."

Now, Kitty knew perfectly well that this elegant young man could be none other than Simon, about whom she had heard a good deal more than she had about Nat.

"For the present I am afraid you must be content with Simon—but a poor substitute for Nat," answered

her cousin, with a mock humility which Kitty was quick to note.

"Kitty, this is Bob," said Kate eagerly, introducing her tall brother; and Kitty smiled on him so graciously that Simon was affronted.

When Kate asked Nat how he liked the "Art student, and if she was too blue," he replied that he would have been beforehand with Simon "had he known!"

Altogether, Kitty's coming created a considerable commotion in the old farmhouse, and Mr. Gray declared Broomhill had not been so cheerful for years.

As for Dorcas, she gave up trying to understand her, and determined to regard Kitty as an inexplicable but inevitable fact.

One morning, after the whole party, including Kate and Mr. Thompson, had exhausted the delights of the Colesford Poultry Show, they proposed an adjournment to Gatti's.

The manager's excuses of business were not listened to.

It was the most crowded hour of the day, and the shop was filled with the fashion of Colesford. Gatti himself found places for Mr. Gray's party, and the order for ices was given. Presently Mrs. Gatti stepped forward, saying, "Have you all you want, sir?"

Mr. Thompson made a sudden nervous movement, that knocked down a plate with a crash.

"Oh dear!" exclaimed Kate; "I am so sorry!"

"Never mind, miss; there's no harm done. Don't you trouble, sir," said the woman, as Mr. Gray stooped to pick up the pieces.

"Never mind, *miss*—don't you trouble, *sir!*"

The words rang in the manager's ears.

This stout red-faced woman, with the big apron and the coarse hands, who had addressed Mr. Gray as "sir," might if she pleased come up to him and call him "James," might shake hands with him, or even kiss him, might sit down beside him on the velvet sofa as his equal, before the eyes of all Colesford.

He fancied he saw the director's stare of amazement, Simon's cynical smile at his expense, and Kate's horrified eyes.

He pleaded an engagement, and hastily left the shop.

"Where," whispered Kate to Nat, as they sat eating their ices, "is the Byronic young confectioner?"

"He's much too good for this sort of thing, isn't he, Bob?" answered Nat, in a low voice.

"Who? Young Gatti? Why, yes. Did not you know, Kate, he wants to come into the bank as foreign correspondent, and so on?"

"He? A confectioner's son? What *is* father thinking of?"

"Hush! don't talk so loud. He's very smart, I can tell you. He told me his mother was going to write to father about it. He is very keen on it," said Bob. "He looks quite gentlemanly, you know, and being a foreigner, it's different."

Kate felt disgusted. Fancy this young Gatti and Mr. Dunbar being classed together as "bank clerks"! She was half inclined to ask her father about it, but the matter escaped her memory, and when she did see the "Byronic young confectioner," as she called him, it was too late to ask her father anything.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

THE ORPHAN'S LETTER.

"I have no other but a woman's reason:
I think him so because I think him so."

THE Easter holidays were over, and Kate had settled down to work once more.

Mrs. Wesley announced her intention of giving a party when the "Friends'" yearly May meeting should begin, in order that she might invite Kitty's cousins, the Grays, who would then be in London as usual. The chief ornaments of the party, in Mrs. Wesley's eyes, were, of course, her two sons, John and Joseph—two inoffensive, bashful youths, who were in business in the City, and came occasionally to the boarding-house. They adored the flighty Kitty, and were allowed to see her far too often for their peace of mind.

The Dunbars were also to be invited, and Kate found an opportunity of informing Mac of his good fortune in this respect one morning shortly after her return to college.

She was waiting to cross at the Mansion House when Mr. Dunbar came up and relieved her of the books she was carrying.

"What a weight for you to drag about!" he said, as they slowly walked along the busy streets towards the college. "It must be fearfully noisy for you here. How do you manage to teach, with all this uproar going on outside the windows?"

"*Your* work at the bank is nothing to it," said Kate. "We have to make ourselves heard above the roar of the traffic, and above the noise of half-a-dozen other teachers all speaking at once in the same room, in which there are about a hundred children. We have to maintain discipline, remember the lesson—of which we have no notes—and teach scientifically."

"What is the result?"

"The result, so far as I am concerned," laughed Kate, "is a speechless condition of exhaustion, flavoured with a deep disgust for the noble art of instruction, and a vehement desire never to hear another word about education as long as I live."

"No wonder you need some relaxation," said Mac.

"We are going to have some, in the shape of a party; and a wonderful party it will be, as you will see, for both you and Maggie are invited."

"I accept with pleasure," he said, smiling, as he bade her "Good-bye."

Kate was anticipating the evening with some amusement. What a shock it would be to Simon's self-love when he saw that she had already accepted as her friend a man so much less attractive than himself! For there was no doubt about it: she and Mr. Dunbar were very good friends already.

Nat would, of course, be as devoted as usual, and he might be useful in showing Mac that she was not

in the least dependent on *him* for either attention or admiration, as not only Nat, but also the handsome Simon, might be counted among her admirers.

But before this great event took place, Maggie suggested that Kate should spend a few days with her at Canonbury, as Mac had to leave London on business.

He returned home, however, at the end of the week, and on Sunday afternoon he announced that he had an important letter to write.

Both girls offered to help him with it—an offer which he declined, as he said it was only prompted by curiosity. So his sister left him to struggle with the task, while she went to speak to the landlady.

"It is appalling," he said presently to Kate. "The Young Men's Class supports a Hindoo orphan with an utterly unpronounceable name. It is our pleasing privilege to be allowed to write to her in turn; and it is my turn now," he said, with a sigh that would have amused the orphan probably if she had heard it. "She sends her 'best love' to us *all*. If I had it alone, I might feel some pride in it, but to share it with Franks," he said, in deep disgust, "is unspeakable!"

"Oh, oh!" laughed Kate, "how delicious! Do let me write it! Why don't you ask her for her photograph? Just think how envious the other men would be!"

"An inspiration!" said Mac. "Let me seize it."

He began to write rapidly, and Kate watched him, shaking with laughter, and consumed with curiosity to read the letter.

"Oh, let me see it!" she exclaimed, in a tone which would have melted the heart of even an examiner.

"Don't disturb me!" said Mac, with a forbidding wave of the hand. "I will read it to you in all the glory of its completion. You forget I have to advise her for her good, and it requires care not to make a hash of it, especially with you watching me."

Kate waited a little longer, but at last she sprang up, and went and looked over his shoulder. He pretended not to notice her, but in reality he could only think of the lovely laughing face so near his own. He had taken off his glasses while writing, and a sudden movement swept them to the ground. As he stooped to pick them up, Kate seized his letter and danced away with it to the window.

"Oh, I say, Miss Thompson, please don't read it!" he said, looking disturbed, and advancing to take it from her.

Kate put her hand behind her, and said, with a pout, "Why may I not read it? You said I might."

"I have altered my mind. Besides, I did not say you might read it yourself."

"Oh, do let me!" she said, in a distracting tone.

"I don't think you would care to read it," he said confusedly. Kate pursed up her lips, and for all answer turned her back and began to read.

Then he bent over her and held her hand fast, once more asking her for the letter. Kate's fingers only closed more firmly over it; she did not feel at all inclined to submit, though she was a trifle abashed at finding herself a prisoner at such close quarters. Thinking it was only obstinacy that made him persist, she determined to try once again to get her own way.

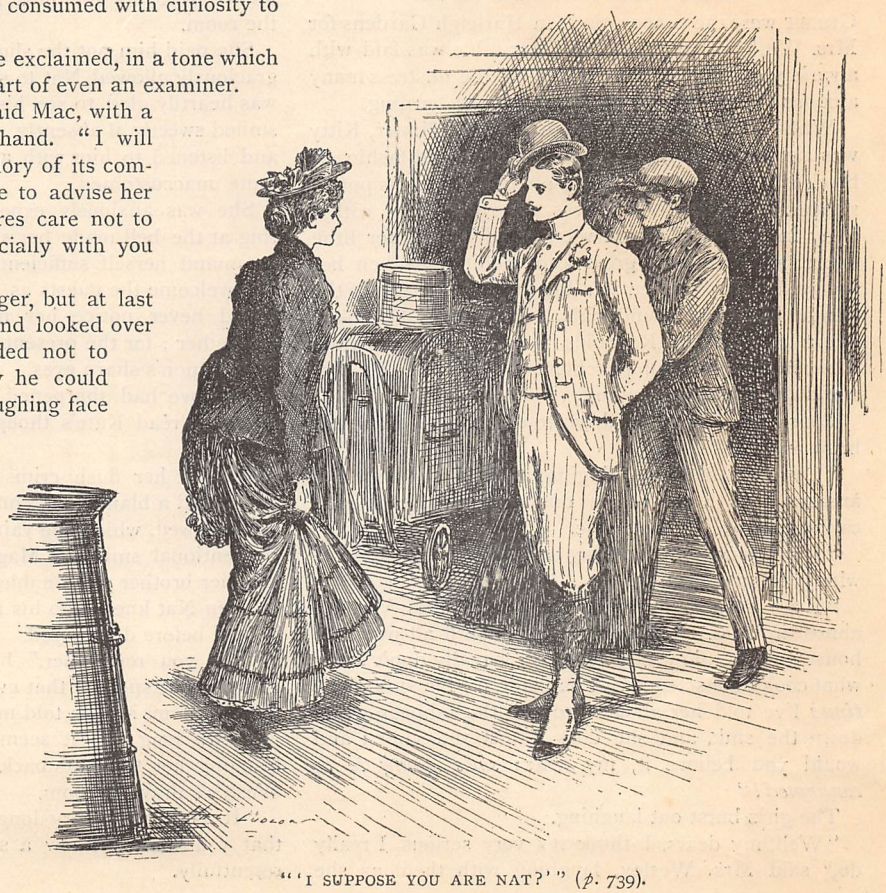
So she turned her face up to him as he bent over her, saying, with all the persuasiveness she was mistress of, "Do let me read it—Mac!"

Then she had the grace to blush; for however she had spoken *of* him, she had never spoken *to* him as "Mac."

He gently unloosed her clenched fingers, and put the letter in his pocket, still keeping her a prisoner. Then he smiled, and asked her if she was not ashamed of herself.

"Not a bit," said Kate boldly, but without looking at him.

"You can't look me in the face and repeat that,



"'I SUPPOSE YOU ARE NAT?'" (*p.* 739).

Miss Kate," said Mac, feeling very much inclined to shake her.

"Oh yes, I can! Why not?"

He waited, but she did not raise her eyes.

"Well, why not?" he repeated, smiling.

"It was your fault," she said, trying to defend herself by putting him in the wrong. "You said you would read it to me. Come, begin."

"You can't hear it," he replied.

"Why not?" she persisted.

"It is a love letter!" he said slowly, wondering at himself for telling her, after all.

"*A love letter!*" she said, with a wail of disappointment. "Oh! *why* didn't you let me see it? I have never seen one."

"Ah!" he said with satisfaction, "I am glad to hear it."

"Who was it to? You began to write to the orphan, you *said!* Who was it to?" she repeated, raising her eyes.

He looked at her without answering, and she blushed rosy red.

"Let me go!" she said, bewildered.

The orphan did not get that letter, and Mac passed his turn on to Franks.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

MRS. WESLEY'S PARTY.

"For what I will, I will; and there's an end."

GREAT were the preparations in Harleigh Gardens for Mrs. Wesley's party. The supper-table was laid with a variety of dainties, which had cost the mistress many anxious hours and the cook much heart-burning.

When the girls sat down to an early dinner, Kitty was already dressed for conquest in an old-fashioned black silk gown, with a long train and enormous puffed sleeves. The low bodice was almost covered with a filmy lace "fichu," which was folded across her lithe figure, and tied in a great knot behind. When her red-gold hair was piled in a big knot on the top of the slender head, and bound with a blue ribbon, she looked like a Sir Joshua Reynolds beauty. The contrast between the youthful mischievous face and the old-world dress was bewitching.

Poor Mrs. Wesley sat down to dinner with a clouded brow and flushed face.

"Can you smell anything, my dear?" she inquired anxiously of Kate, as an ominous smell of boiled cabbage pervaded the house.

"I can smell the cooking a little," answered Kate, with polite moderation.

"I am sure I don't wonder," said Mrs. Wesley, almost in tears. "*Anyone* could smell it all over the house; and to-night of all nights! I really don't know what cook's conscience can be made of, I'm sure. The *times* I've told her about throwing the cabbage-water down the sink, and she does it just the same; and would you believe it, my dear: *she's going to be confirmed!*"

The girls burst out laughing.

"Well, my dears, I think it's very serious, I really do," said Mrs. Wesley, laughing with them as she wiped her eyes. "She never does remember; and if she does not mind her catechism any better than she minds me, I'm sure I don't see what good it will do her."

"Oh, Mrs. Wesley!" gasped Kate, still breathless from laughing. "I should tell the bishop, I'm sure he would wish to know."

But as soon as her sons arrived Mrs. Wesley forgot her troubles, her only anxiety being whether Simon Gray, that elegant, if languid, young man, might not cast her "boys" into the shade. But Kitty allowed John and Joseph to devote themselves to her as usual, one at a time, thereby reducing him who was left out in the cold to a state of jealousy bordering on distraction.

She took no notice of her cousins, save to nod to Dorcas. Nat, with an eye to future invitations, proceeded to make himself as agreeable to his hostess as possible, and was rewarded by overhearing her pronounce him, "a very worthy young man!"

Kate looked handsome to-night. She had not that indefinable quality of picturesqueness which at once distinguished Kitty from everyone else in the room. But her rapidly-changing colour, and the subdued emotion in her eyes, made her face look full of possibilities, and rendered it strangely interesting.

Nat could not take his eyes off her; and Simon, seeing Kitty engaged, proceeded in his lordly way to secure Kate as the next most attractive woman in the room.

She paid him not the slightest attention, though she graciously allowed Nat to sit beside her, and for once was heartily glad to see his honest manly face. She smiled sweetly, if absently, at him every now and then, and listened to him with a patience to which he was quite unaccustomed.

She was anxiously expecting her friends. Every ring at the bell made her start, and she could hardly command herself sufficiently to pour out the coffee and welcome the guests as they arrived. But as Nat would never notice her nervousness, he might sit beside her; for the present she would rather be away from Simon's sharp eyes.

But love had sharpened Nat's eyes long ago, and he could read Kate's thoughts better even than Mac himself.

He saw her flush crimson when Maggie entered, and noted a blank look come over her face when no one followed, which she vainly tried to disguise with a conventional smile as Maggie informed her hostess that her brother was unable to be present.

Then Nat knew who his rival was; that he had one he had before discovered.

"Do you remember," he began, watching Kate closely as he spoke, "that evening I came to see you in the old rooms? You told me I was too big for them."

"How long ago it seems," she said, with a sigh, bringing her thoughts back from Canonbury to Mrs. Wesley's drawing-room.

"It is not so very long ago; you told me *then* that you 'hardly knew a soul in London,'" he said resentfully.

"Well," said Kate, "I didn't; and I don't now."

"Oh yes, you do," he said hotly. "You snubbed me for offering to take you out, though I had known you all my life; and now you are willing enough to go with someone you had never seen two months ago."

"I don't understand you," said Kate, trying to be dignified; but she was too angry to succeed.

"I saw you coming out of St. James's Hall last Saturday, after the concert," he answered firmly.

"Oh!" said Kate blankly, colouring as she thought of all that had happened during her visit. If he was angry now, what would he have said if he had seen her at Canonbury on Sunday afternoon? And then her conscience asked her what Maggie would have thought, too.

"Well?" said Nat, watching her.

"Suppose I do go to a concert, Mr. Gray," she said, losing her temper: "I don't see how it concerns you."

"I dare say you don't," he replied curtly. "But have you any objection to telling me who you were with?"

Kate's pride was up in arms. "*Objection*" to saying she had been with "him!"

"None in the least, Mr. Gray," she said, in her iciest tones. "I went with one of my college friends, with whom I was staying at the time."

"Who was the man?" said Nat grimly.

"The man," repeated Kate scornfully, "was her brother, Mr. Dunbar. And now, if you have quite done cross-questioning me, I think I will go and speak to my friend," said Kate, with a distinct emphasis on the last word.

"I had better have held my tongue," said Nat gloomily to Kitty, as he confided to her that Kate had quarrelled with him. But it did not comfort him much when she agreed with him.

Kitty favoured her cousin's suit, so that they were the best of friends, much to Simon's bewilderment, who could not believe it possible that she should prefer Nat to himself.

And Kitty, divining this, determined to pay Simon out for his conceit. Finding that he was entertaining the sprightly Maggie, she moped in a corner, turning over the leaves of an album, and refused to look at all happy till he came to take her down to supper.

"Have you been enjoying yourself, Kitty?" he asked condescendingly.

"Pretty well, Simon," she answered, with a portentous sigh.

"Ah!" he answered, bending his handsome head a good deal nearer to her than there was any need of. "I am afraid we have spoilt you, Kitty. You are always the first at home, eh?"

"Oh! you must not think so badly of me as that, Simon. I know you have other people to talk to besides me; still——"

"Still what, Kitty?"

"N—nothing—" said Kitty, turning her head away.

"Tell me, Kitty," he said peremptorily.

"Don't be cross, Simon," said Kitty, with a pout as if she were going to cry.

"Cross! Kitty?" he said, in a low voice. "What a little mouse you are! Come, tell me."

"I thought you might have taken more notice of me than of that Scotch girl, whom you never saw before to-night."

"Did you want me, Kitty?" said Simon, intoxicated by this new and bewitching shyness.

"Yes," she answered. "I wanted to ask you something, Simon."

So, after an immense amount of coaxing and many fears that he would not like her to ask, she stammered out: "I do so want you to ask Kate's friend, Mr. Dunbar, to go with us to the Academy to-morrow. I have heard so much about him—and I am just *dying* to see him!"

"Was that what you wanted me for, Kitty?" asked Simon, outwardly calm, but inwardly raging.

"Yes," said Kitty in a meek voice, casting her long lashes demurely down, secretly filled with delight that she had got such a lovely "rise" out of Simon, and longing to tell Nat, who would enjoy it as much as she did.

But Simon, too mean-spirited to forgive a joke against himself, thenceforward cherished a secret grudge against both Mr. Dunbar and his cousin.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

THE BETROTHAL.

"She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won."

KITTY was not destined to meet Macdonald Dunbar at the Academy, although a party was arranged in which he was included. Bob was in London at this time, and on the Saturday afternoon after Mrs. Wesley's party, he and Kate, together with the Dunbars, set out for Hampstead, as, despite Nat's tempting offer of his escort, Kate had never yet seen the Heath.

They rode on the top of a tramcar the whole way; and at first the April sunshine seemed as fresh from their airy perch as from the meadows at Colesford. But presently Kate became aware that her fellow-passengers were smoking enough to poison the most Arcadian breeze. She knitted her brows and looked rather disgusted as she heard the boisterous laughter round her. Mac smiled teasingly at her when she frowned, but as he loomed large between her and the objectionable merry-makers, she said nothing, feeling only a strange sense of satisfaction that he should take care of her.

Down among the hawthorn-trees and the gorse they found a quiet spot, where they sat till it grew cooler. Then as they strolled across the open fields, Mac and Kate found themselves alone under an old tree, out of sight of anyone but the birds who sang to them and bees that hummed round them. The warm scented air fanned their cheeks, and over Kate crept that sweet melancholy, so near akin to joy, which Spring's perfect days awake in some hearts.

She smiled to herself as she thought of her refusal to go to the Heath with Nat; yet she had not found it impossible at another's request. She glanced shyly at Mac, wondering if he would be elated if he knew of his success and of Nat's failure. But as she

found he was looking at her, she turned away her head, and tried to think of something sensible to say.

"What were you thinking of? Of other occasions when you have been here?" asked Mac, with what seemed to Kate an almost uncanny divination of her thoughts.

"I was thinking how I had refused to come here."

"Whom did you refuse?" he said inquisitively.

Kate demurred. Should she tell him or not? She made a pretence of refusing; it was good to see how earnest he was in obtaining his answer, and sweet to yield when he grew peremptory. Simon's polite requests had never pleased her half so much.

"It was Nat—Mr. Gray," she answered slowly.

"Why did you refuse? You came to-day."

"Maggie and Bob are here," said Kate, colouring.

"It would not matter if I were here or not?"

Kate turned away her head, lest he should read the answer too plainly.

"Kate!" he said softly, leaning forward; "Kate!"

She trembled, but did not look up. There was a tiny red spider crawling up a blade of grass, and she wondered if he would have time to get to the top before Mac said anything more.

He hesitated even then. She was very young, she was very impressionable, and they knew but little of each other. Would it not be better to wait? Then as he saw her ill-concealed nervousness, the shy lips and downcast eyes, he thought it might be long again ere he found her so gentle and approachable, and he resolved to risk everything. Who could think of wisdom with such a charming face beside him? He would teach her to love him; "'twould be an easy task, surely."

"'WHAT WERE YOU THINKING OF?' ASKED MAC."

He sprang to his feet and looked round. Kate rose too, chilled by his sudden silence, and thinking he was going.

As she timidly lifted her beautiful brown eyes to his, he turned to her with a quick smile, and held out his arms.

"Kate!" he said once more.

And Kate, only half understanding, went to him.

"Did anyone ever kiss you—before?" he said, presently bending over her.

"What a question! I wonder what you will ask me next?" said Kate indignantly.

"Give me a kiss, darling?" he asked boldly.

"Certainly not! No, indeed!" said Kate severely,

and then blushed crimson and hid her head, afraid of what might be coming.

"Do you love me, little one?" he said, going on with his questions.

"I—I suppose so," said Kate unsteadily.

"You *suppose* so?" he repeated.

"Or—I should not be—here," she said indistinctly.

He laughed tenderly, and made her sit down. "Don't you think you might be a little more explicit, Kate?" he asked.

"Do you really love me, Mac?" she said, looking at him wistfully. "It seems so strange that anyone should love me. I am not remarkable or pretty, like Kitty."

"I have not seen Kitty," he replied, smoothing her hair, "but I dare swear she would not be half so fair in my eyes as little Kate."

"But I am not little at all—only beside you. I like you to be tall," she added, with a sigh of satisfaction.

"Is there anything else you like about me?"

"I think you are perfect," she said simply, looking fairly at him for the first time since he had taken her in his arms.

Mac's face changed. "Kate, my darling," he said slowly, "I am not good enough for you. You must not think of me like that. It makes me afraid to hear you say you love me."

"I shall not be able to see your faults for love," she answered tenderly. "But now you must tell me one thing, even though I have no business to ask it," she said, with a touch of her old independent manner.

"Oh!" he said; "if you are going to put me in the confessional, Kate, I had better cry 'Mercy!' at once."

"You say you love me—no, you need not kiss me—I will take it for granted. Do you think it is because you really l—like me, or because you wanted to make me care about *you?* You wanted to make me acknowledge that your will was the stronger, didn't you?

"You are partly right, little witch; I see you will always find me out. But I loved you, sweetheart, ever since the first evening I took you home, and you were so unkind to me."

"Poor boy!" said Kate. "Have you the twopence still?"

"Look!" said Mac. She would have taken it, but he demanded a ransom, and she refused it. "I shall keep it till you redeem it. I think my will is the stronger, after all," he said, laughing.

"Only because I love you so; you have absorbed all my will into yours," said Kate, with a happy smile.

"Prove it," he whispered, "and give me a kiss of your own free will."

"No, no!" said Kate inconsistently, drawing back.

"Ah! you are a little flatterer, like all women. You say far more than you mean."

"I—I *won't* be told that I am like other women!" said Kate hotly. She coloured, hesitated; he watched her, smiling. Then she kissed him, saying, with something like a sob, "What have you done to me, Mac?"

Kate was very silent as they rode home. The western sun gilded the prosaic streets, but not more brilliantly than the new love-light in Kate's eyes. No longer did she complain of the noisy laughter, now louder than before, nor of the strong tobacco, though it was as nauseous as ever.

Mac asked her what she was thinking of, but she looked at him beseechingly, saying, "Don't ask me, Mac." Then, fearing she had been a little ungracious, she slipped her hand into his under cover of the shawl that lay on her lap, and his warm strong grasp made the change in her circumstances seem more real to her than aught else could have done. She looked at him from time to time with a look of ineffable content in her wistful eyes which he would not have exchanged for anything in the world.

Kitty was in bed when Kate went upstairs. She sat down beside her, saying nervously, "I want to speak to you, Kitty."

Kitty rubbed her eyes sleepily, and looked at her; then she sat bolt upright, and said sternly: "Kate, you are engaged!"

"Why, how did you guess, Kitty? I am sure I hardly ever spoke of him to you."

"*Eben*," answered Kitty emphatically, giving Kate a vehement embrace, which was returned with such vigour that Kitty cried, "Have mercy, Kate! I am not Mac."

"To think I have never seen him, Kate! Who knows," she added teasingly, "if he had seen *me* first?"

"I am not afraid," said Kate softly, with shining eyes. "But, Kitty, tell me—a girl is much more likely to tell the truth than a man——"

"Much," said Kitty promptly. "I quite agree with you, though I don't know what you are talking about."

"Could you—do you think—" said Kate slowly, "anyone could call me nice-looking—sometimes, at any rate?"

"What a position!" groaned Kitty. "If I do not speak her fair, and it comes to the ears of *him!*"

"Oh, Kitty!" pleaded Kate, very much in earnest, "don't make fun of me. I do want to be pretty *so badly*, Kitty."

"Well?" said Kitty judicially, turning Kate's face to the light, "when you hold yourself up, and don't look as if the world were a desert drear——"

"Oh, Kitty," said Kate, "stop! How can you? You are incorrigible!"

"Let me finish. You have splendid eyes when you open them; and as to your smile—it simply sends the unfortunate Nat into the seventh heaven. What effect it may have on '*him*' I can't say."

Kate smiled. "I don't think I can be so very plain, Kitty—because, you know '*he*' doesn't think so, I know."

But Kitty only laughed at her, and told her to go to sleep.

Kate turned to the motto for the day in her birthday book with a superstitious feeling that it might be an omen. And she read:

"But a good heart, Kate, is the sun and moon, or rather the sun and not the moon; for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly."

"He simply is the rarest man in the world."

She kissed the senseless book. Oh! foolish child!

END OF CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

Words by MATTHIAS BARR.

Andante con moto (♩=56).

Music by GERARD F. COBB.

VIOLIN. *p* *legato e espress.*

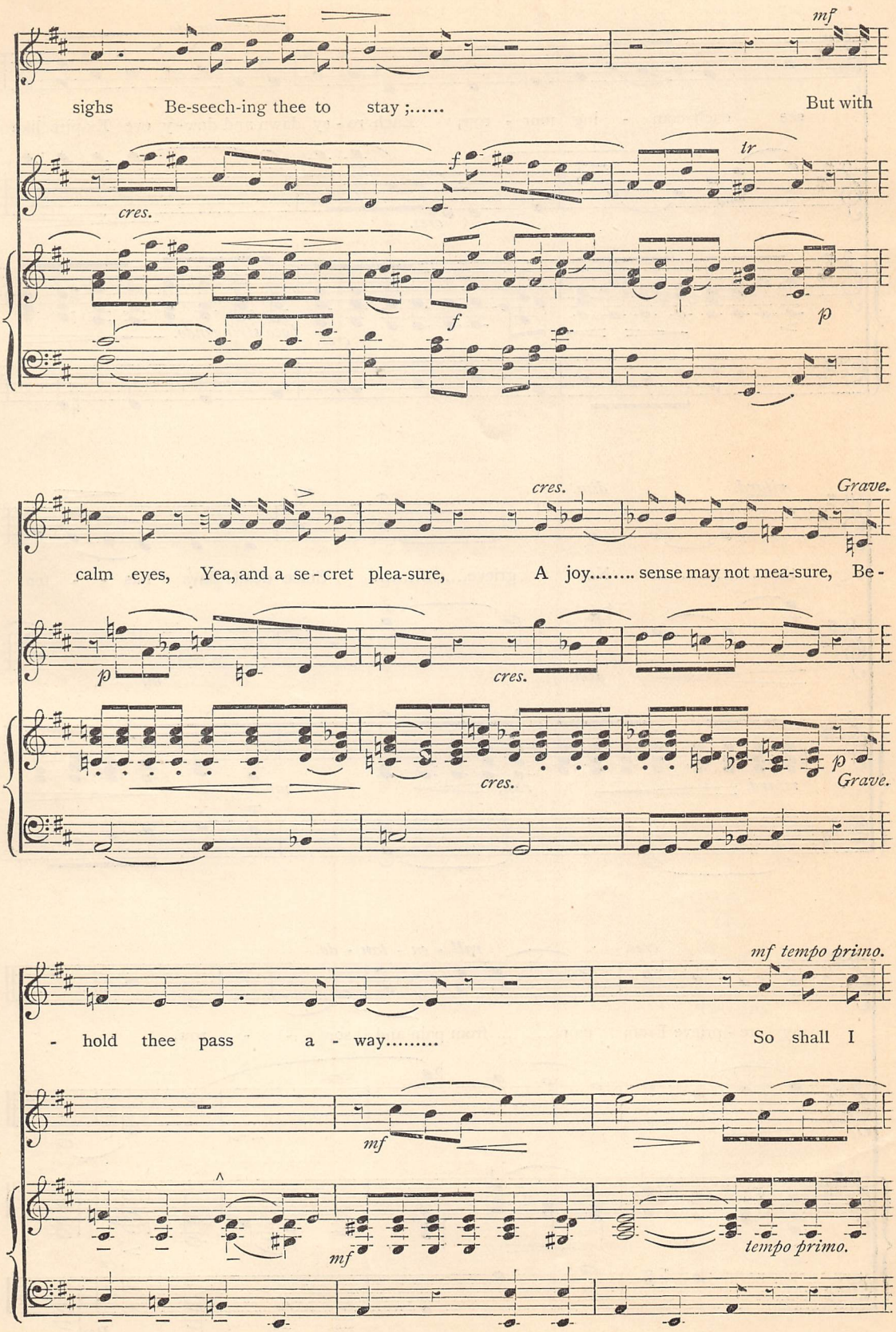
PIANO. *p legato.*

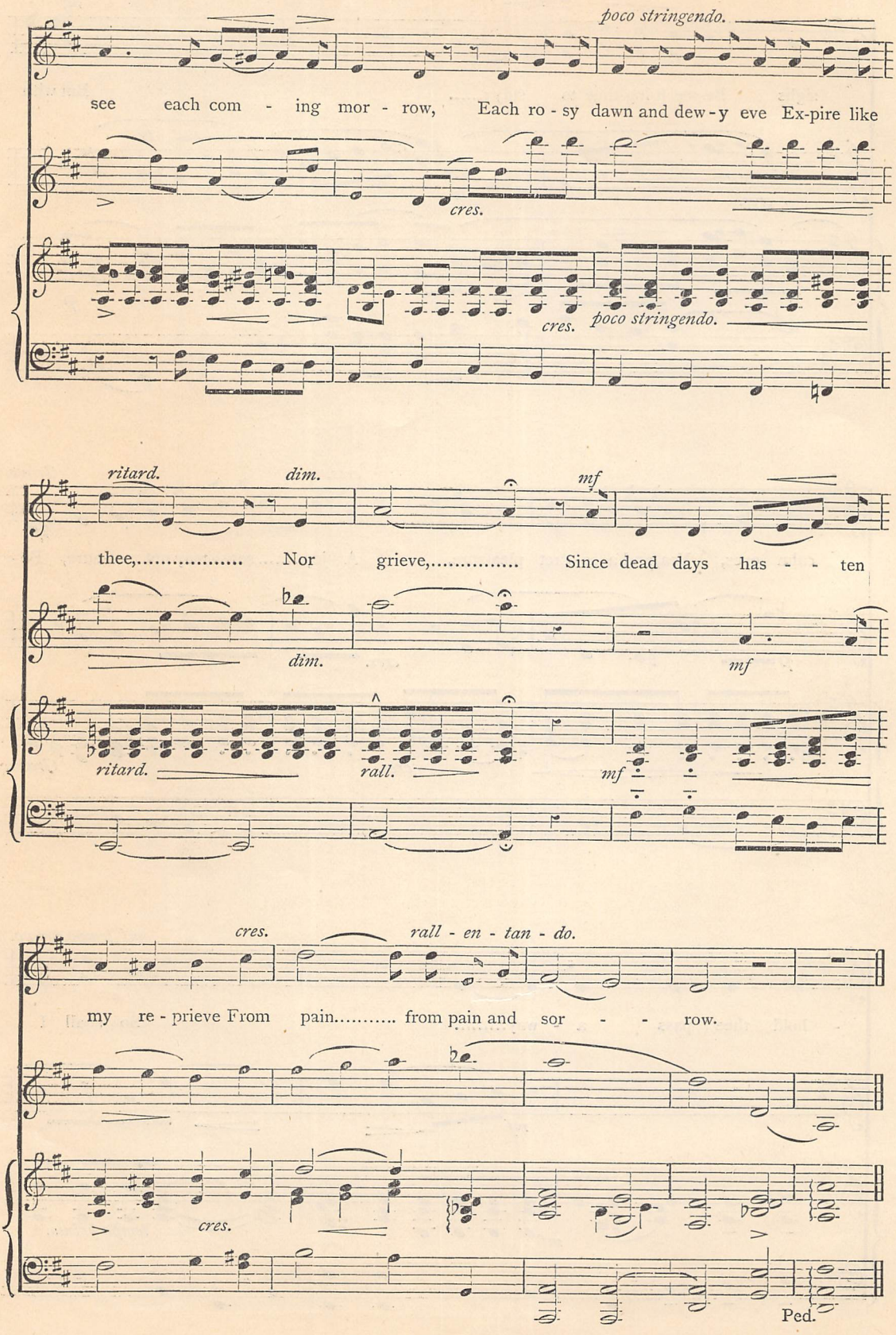
VOICE. *Tranquillo, ma con espressione.* *p* *poco cres.*

Ah, dy - ing day!..... I weep not thy de - cay,..... Nor send thee

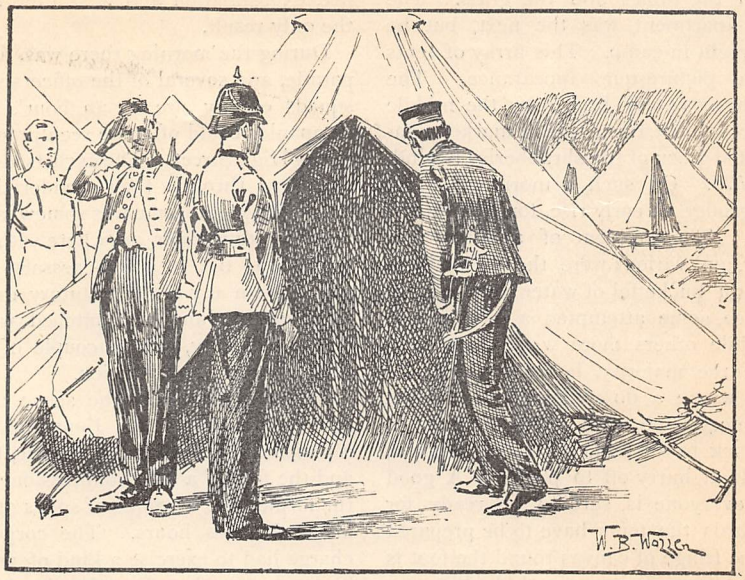
p

p *poco cres*


mf
sighs Be-seech-ing thee to stay ;..... But with
cres.
f
tr
f
p
cres.
Grave.
calm eyes, Yea, and a se - cret plea-sure, A joy..... sense may not mea-sure, Be -
p
cres.
cres.
p
Grave.
mf tempo primo.
- hold thee pass a - way..... So shall I
mf
mf
tempo primo.


poco stringendo.
see each com - ing mor - row, Each ro - sy dawn and dew - y eve Ex-pire like
cres.
cres.
poco stringendo.
ritard.
dim.
mf
thee,..... Nor grieve,..... Since dead days has - - ten
dim.
mf
ritard.
rall.
mf
cres.
rall - en - tan - do.
my re - prieve From pain..... from pain and sor - - row.
cres.
Ped.

A WEEK IN A CAMP.



THE ORDERLY OFFICER OF THE DAY INSPECTING THE TENT.

THE summer term was over. A cloud of examinations had come and gone, and the only speck upon the horizon was the prospect of a *vivâ voce*. Oxford was looking its best, and ready to face the ordeal of Commemoration. Preparations for numerous amusements were in progress, and the quadrangles in the colleges were decked with flowers of every hue. The city was thronged with fair visitors, the streets were gay with parti-coloured dresses, while the shady banks of the river Cherwell formed a charming background of green to the visions of beauty which passed along in punts, canoes, and dingheys.

Such was the scene of fascination which one hundred undergraduate volunteers—myself among the number—found the heart to quit, in order to spend a week under the canvas in her Majesty's service. Our camp had been pitched on the top of Headington Hill, a slight eminence within a couple of miles of Oxford. All personal luggage having been transported earlier in the day, on falling in at headquarters we were drawn up in companies, and marched four abreast to the top of the hill. After arrival, the first step was to appropriate a tent. The War Office had been kind enough to reduce the minimum of occupants to three for each tent; so after piling arms within our own lines, several of us made for a tent, and took possession. The next thing was to secure our sleeping apparatus. Each man was allowed to have a waterproof sheet, a pair of blankets, and a mattress and pillow, which had to be filled with straw from a neighbouring stable. To every tent a lantern was served out, with a pail and bucket. Having secured these necessaries, we set to work to arrange the tent. The beds were laid out, the lantern was swung from the cross-bar of the pole, and the rifles fixed to a second bar, with the butts upon the ground and our belts hung round them.

When all these preparations had been completed, we found it was time for mess. Falling in by companies in the "High Street"—an open space running between a couple of the lines—we filed into the marquee, where all meals were served. The officers had a table to themselves, and the men sat at their company's quarters. Each table furnished two orderlies, who had to wait on the rest, and be content with a colder meal. It is needless to add that all were in uniform.

Later in the evening I strolled round the encampment before turning in. Close to the marquee was the orderly tent, distinguishable by its flag. Here the commandant for the day left his directions; here letters were posted and received; here did the officers at times congregate to meditate on the advisability of a court-martial. By the side of the marquee stood another tent of some size. This was the canteen, where anything in the way of cigars, cigarettes, and cyder, liqueurs, lager, and lemonade, strawberries and cream could be obtained for cash. The proprietor did a roaring trade, and was assisted at

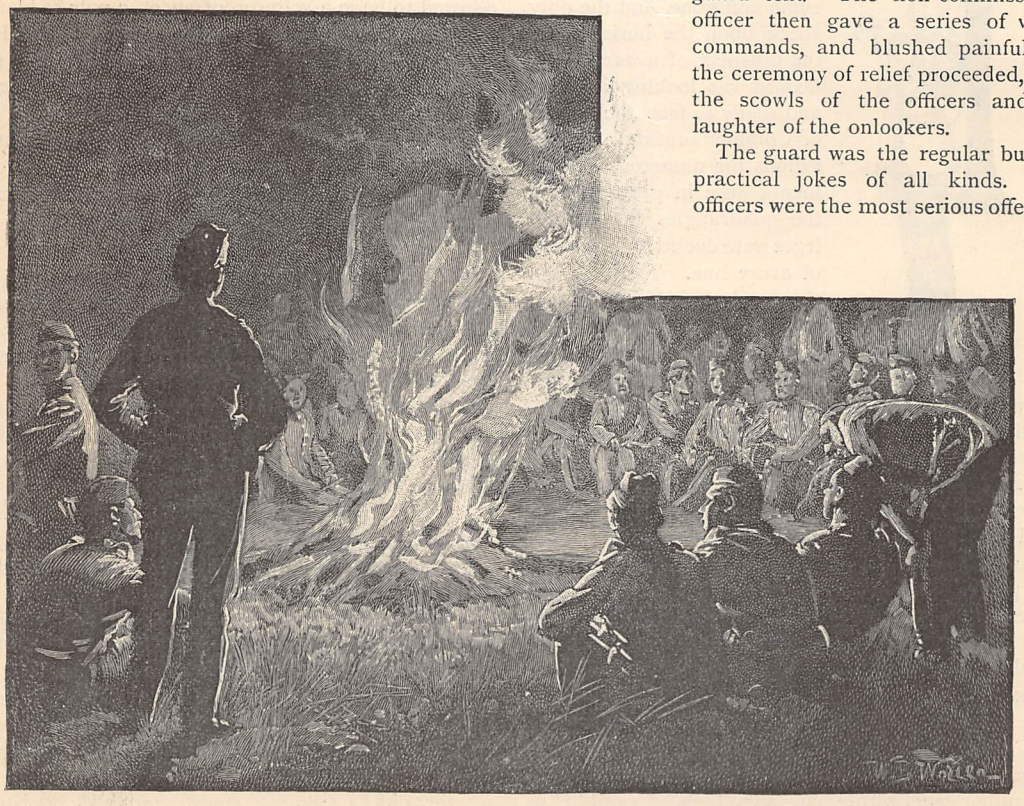
times in his laborious task of serving by an energetic volunteer. Beyond the canteen came the reading tent, where various newspapers and periodicals were tossed about upon the tables and the grass. The colonel's sleeping apartment was the next, but he did not spend the night in camp. This array of tents presented quite a picturesque appearance. The regularity of the lines was only broken by the middle street, and the snow-white canvas was in marked contrast to the variegated green of the shrubberies behind.

Reveillé! Reveillé! On such a morning as the first no one could grudge an early rise, for the sun was shining gloriously. The problem of ablution now faced the volunteer, and various were the methods of solution. Fetching a bucketful of water from a pump behind the marquee, some attempted a bath in the government tub, while others more wisely were content with a wash; the majority, however, adjourned to the shrubberies, where a dozen larger vessels had been placed, and negotiated with some difficulty a complete bath. Back to the tent, uniform is donned, boots put on, and all hurry off to parade. A good hour's drill, and everyone is sure to be ready for breakfast. Afterwards the tents have to be prepared for inspection. The fringe of canvas round the foot is loosened and reefed up. Paliasse and blankets are rolled and folded, helmet and belt cleaned and polished, and all miscellaneous articles concealed from sight. The inspecting officer comes bustling round, and detects a blanket folded wrongly, a blank cartridge on the ground, with a box of biscuits and a newspaper protruding from a heap of towels. But a dignified expostulation and a still more dignified salute is the only result.

During the morning there was, as a rule, a battalion parade, and several of the officers were willing to take squads of any size for an hour's drill. One or two companies could often be seen practising physical drill in the High Street. The cyclists also from time to time would go through their wonderful evolutions. After lunch, the programme was somewhat similar. The men were free to wander anywhere within the precincts of the camp, but it was necessary to get leave to be absent from any of the statutory drills. The grounds in which the camp was pitched were of considerable size and beauty, and a couple of tennis-courts were once or twice in requisition.

The guard tent was the scene of some excitement and much amusement. Four men were on watch for a period of twelve hours at a time, three being privates and the fourth a non-commissioned officer. Each of the former had a couple of spells of sentry duty, which lasted for two hours. The corporal or sergeant in charge had to exercise a kind of general control, send in a report to the officer for the day, and see that the sentries were kept at their duty and properly relieved. The relieving of the guard was a more complicated matter. Twice every twenty-four hours the new guard fell in, and was marched up to the guard tent. The non-commissioned officer then gave a series of wrong commands, and blushed painfully as the ceremony of relief proceeded, amid the scowls of the officers and the laughter of the onlookers.

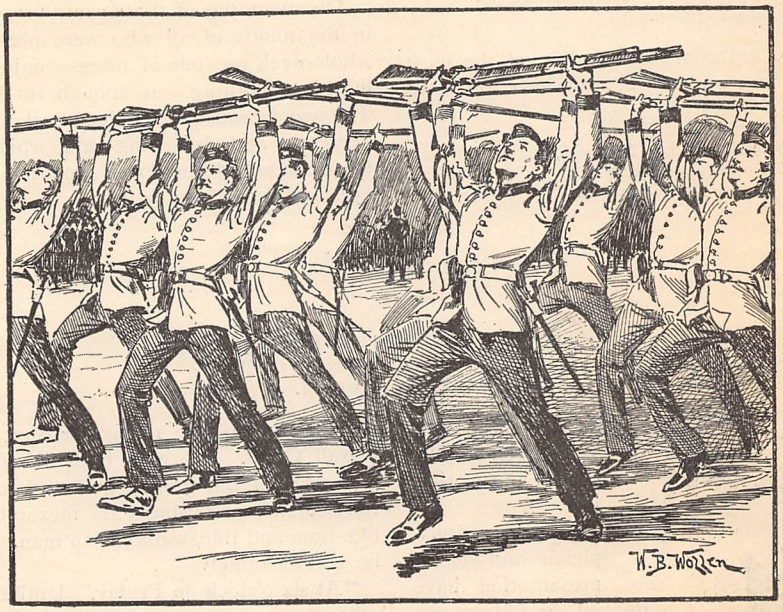
The guard was the regular butt for practical jokes of all kinds. The officers were the most serious offenders



THE CAMP FIRE.

in this respect. They would induce men to attempt to elude the sentry, or to try to pass without a swagger-stick. On one occasion four officers actually leapt into the tent with drawn swords, and captured the entire guard. But there were other methods of rousing the watch. It was easy to fabricate some kind of alarm, and till the very end the guard seemed marched back in triumph, and found that our only casualties were one officer, who had been raked by a volley from his own men, and one private, who had bashed his head on the butt of his own rifle.

One of the afternoons was devoted to athletic sports. There were some dozen events on the programme, including a three-legged, a sack, and an obstacle race,



PHYSICAL DRILL.

incapable of drawing a distinction between what was true and false. One night it was induced to turn out by the shouts of two men who thought it only fitting that a guest, whom they were escorting to the gate, should be saluted with honours. The guard, however, thought otherwise, and started in pursuit; but a prolonged chase ended in the complete discomfiture of the pursuers. A shot or two fired from a neighbouring shrubbery on another occasion caused it great perplexity. In fact, the whole camp turned out, and did not realise for some time that the attack was that of a single individual.

We had, however, one genuine night attack. The cyclists had slipped away unperceived, and the order "Lights out" had just been given, when intermittent shots were heard about a quarter of a mile away, followed by a small volley. In a moment all was confusion. Some of us had not yet undressed, and were thus able to form part of the advance guard. Twenty rounds of ammunition were served out, and we doubled out to pour a volley into the obnoxious bushes. Two more companies came up to the relief, and in extended order we gradually drove the enemy back. The firing died away; it seemed that the foe had fled. But a volley on the right rear showed us we were mistaken. It was only, however, a parting salute, and a few shots from our rifles produced a deathly silence. We

a cyclist display, a physical drill competition, and a tug-of-war. The earlier part of the afternoon was gloriously fine, and a large number of visitors came up from Oxford to see the sight. The proprietor of the grounds, who was also the colonel of the corps, held a large garden party, and the medical officer was seen walking about in uniform. A capital band also appeared, and remained to discourse popular music during mess. Several of the events caused great amusement, especially the sack and obstacle races. The manœuvring of the cyclists was extremely pretty, though they attempted to occupy attention for too long a time. The physical drill, however, seemed the favourite with the spectators; four companies entered, and the swinging of their rifles and the stamping of their feet were performed in excellent time.

But perhaps the most characteristic feature of the week was the camp fire. When mess was over, one would stroll into the canteen, light a cigarette, and walk across to see the guard relieved. One had hardly returned to one's tent to see that all was ready for the night, when a bright glare appeared at the end of the camp, and the whole of the corps was quickly gathered round it. A shallow ditch had been dug in a square of about fifty feet, and within this the fire was lit, while the ridge which had been piled up outside formed a capacious seat. A fatigue party went

off to fetch the piano from the marquee, while any superfluous energy found an outlet in throwing fuel on the fire. The tongues of flame cast a ruddy light upon the whole circle; and as the evening wore on, shouts arose for various songs, and seldom did the challenged dare to deny the call. For an hour or more the place resounded with the shouts of the chorus. Many an old friend was heard again—again, and again, and again,

"For when I was single my money did jingle;
I long to be single again."

Scotland and Ireland contributed some of the most popular ditties; and on several occasions we heard that

"Phairshon swore a feud
Against ta claan McTavish,
Mairched into ta laand
Ta murrder an' ta raavish."

And we were told that

"Some taalk o Boneyparrty,
An' some about aicarrty,
Or ainy ither parrty
An' commong vou portay vou."

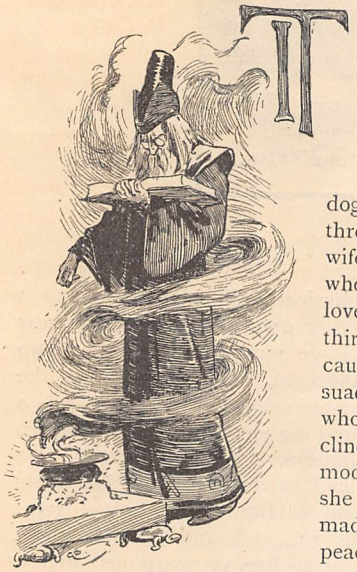
Other favourite songs were "The Tarpaulin Jacket," "The Costermonger," "John Peel," and many more; and the entertainment closed with the National Anthem.

The memories of these camp fires will long be fresh in the minds of all who were present. In fact, the whole week was one of intense enjoyment. Rain did fall, but nothing was enough to damp our spirits. The way in which we trudged back on the last day in overcoats and drenching rain, whistling and singing till we reached the town, would have cheered the eyes and ears of any patriot.

ERIC.

THE MYSTERIOUS PAINTING.

BY C. N. BARHAM.



IS no secret that I am, unhappily, one of the world's unfortunates.

Undeserved suspicion and misrepresentation have dogged my footsteps through life. Since my wife—the only being whom I ever really loved — deserted me thirteen years ago, because, being over-persuaded by my brothers, who unfeelingly declined to supply my modest requirements, she believed that I was mad, I have known no peace. Those who were once my friends now shun me as if I were a leper, and declare that I am a base perverter of the truth; while the vicar considers that I am a rogue, if not a vagabond.

Why is this?

Simply because I have been permitted to penetrate within a veil behind which others cannot pass, and to see and hear things which they are unable to receive. The mystery of the ages is clear to me, the secret of the past is an open vision, and I commune with shadowy forms when and where I will. My superiority to others is the head and front of my offending. It is as great a hardship to be born before one's time as behind it.

On my way to Ludgate Hill, shortly before ten o'clock one Wednesday morning early in May, I met Cecil Saunders, the rising barrister, at the corner of Foxall Court. We were both brimful of intellectual conversation, but had no time to discharge ourselves: the demands of business are inexorable; for the City, like time and tide, waits for no man. As we separated he said meaningly—

"At six o'clock on Friday. Until that day and hour, adieu."

It was the day for our annual gathering.

Time sped on as if upon wheels in which other wheels had been cunningly secreted, and we assembled punctually at the hour appointed.

There were thirteen of us: men who were comparatively young in years, but matured in wisdom. It was an ill-omened number for a dinner-party, more especially for one which was to be held upon the most unlucky day of the week. It was even more singular and ominous that we actually included among us representatives of no fewer than thirteen distinct callings. At the risk of being wearisome, I will enumerate these. They were the Church, the army, the navy, the bar, the medical profession, the banking interest, and the Nonconformist ministry; the others who were present were a country gentleman, a public schoolmaster, a traveller, a solicitor, an actor, and a musician.

Yet we met after the manner of men of the world, not one of us turning pale or feeling afraid when we realised the grotesque gruesomeness of the situation.

The unreasoning tyranny of days and numbers possesses no terrors for those who, having outgrown and discarded the childish garments of Western superstition, love to bathe in the pellucid waves of Eastern light. As disciples of one whose bodily presence was at Lha Ssa, but whose astral form was frequently in our city, who felt within ourselves the controlling and compelling influences of previous incarnations, we gladly yielded to the will of a master mind. Did not that

"THERE COULD BE NO MISTAKE; WE ALL SAW IT" (*p.* 754).

mind grasp the fulness of the meaning of the spirit of the world, from those far distant times when diners-out wore togas, and knew not the charms of cabanas, to these degenerate days of stove-pipes and claw-hammers?

The large red-brick low-roofed house of many gables, at the corner of Goosegate, in which we met, was both historically and scientifically interesting. Here, in years gone by, had lived a learned brother of the Rosy Cross, who had acquired the secrets of his cult in the land of the setting sun, where vegetation, ocean reptilia, and imagination ceaselessly contend for the palm of greatness. This *savant*, having enriched himself by the cunning process of transmuting a peculiar black powder into gold, had ended his career, as a guest of the reigning sovereign, in the stately pile of Holloway Castle. There was also a ghost located in one of the upper rooms, which, like Pat's father's spirit of purgatorial fame, was half within and half outside of its inherited abode. This, however, was only in evidence during the run of the Christmas pantomimes.

The dining-room, large, lofty, and magnificently appointed, was wainscotted with old oak, the work of men who had lived and laboured for posterity. The high, dark, finely-carved mantel-piece and the massive doors were constructed of the same solid English wood; so was the furniture. The windows, which were of the French fashion, were heavily draped with curtains of crimson cloth; while a silver candelabrum, which was suspended from the ceiling, and contained thirteen wax candles, illuminated the apartment. The appearance of the whole was so solid and sombre that there could be no suspicion of the existence of trap-doors, sliding panels, dark cupboards, secret passages, or craftily-concealed wires to render the tricks of any impostor easy to perform. These facts must be remembered. They intensify the mystery.

An unscientific divine, unconsciously tilting at his own profession, has asserted that there is no mystery without a trick; and that if investigators will only examine phenomena with sufficient care, they will be sure to discover the wire-pullers.

Here, as will be presently shown, was a mystery; but where was the trick?

The expansive and artistically splendid ceiling immediately riveted our attention. It was covered with a magnificent fresco, the colours in which, mellowed by age, were unlike anything to be seen elsewhere upon earth, except, it may be, in the hidden sanctuaries of the ancient Incas, of Peru. This work was reputed to have been executed by other than human hands, and its fantastic loveliness invested the tradition with some considerable degree of probability.

The four corners of this extraordinary production of art were respectively filled with vivid representations of the occult temple worship of Phœnicia, Egypt, Babylon, and India. Within these, high above the massive frieze, which was decorated with the figure of a gigantic python, tail in mouth, ran a broad circle of flowers, conspicuous among which was the lotus, emblematic of Nirvana, still beautiful, although darkened by smoke and the lapse of years. These were not only natural in appearance, but actually filled the apartment with their odour. A second and inner circle, in which human beings, animals, temples, altars, groves, and the *above all of earth* who inhabited Olympus, were depicted, representing, in all their weird beauty and splendour, the ancient Grecian mysteries.

But it was in the centre of this superb work of art that the interest culminated. Here a group of heroic human figures, far exceeding the proportions of life, looked down upon the mortal ants, who from time to time gathered around the heavy oaken dining-table. A tradition was current that if the central personage in

this group could be made to speak, he would reveal the secret history of the house.

The dining-table, which stood firmly and squarely upon legs which were innocent of those modern abominations known as castors, literally groaned beneath the weight of silver and cut glass which had been provided to do honour to the occasion.

The fire leaped and crackled in the open grate, extending a warm welcome to the thirteen guests.

The knives had been crossed upon the table, salt lay spilled upon the Turkey carpet, while the loaf had been placed upside down upon a small side table.

There was nothing to indicate whether it was intended that we should dine *à la Russe* or in the good old English fashion. The appearance of the waiters would decide this knotty point.

There is no time so difficult to fill satisfactorily as the few minutes which elapse, at a dinner, between the assembling of the guests and the commencement of the repast.

The soup thaws the ice of conversation, the fish swims in the tepid waters of small talk, the skirmishers of wit stalk forth with the poultry, the heavy artillery of politics thunders over the joint, and across the walnuts and the grapes men feel all the glowing geniality of brotherhood, and rejoice that one touch of nature makes the whole world kin. But until the soup appears, barbarism is triumphant.

If this is so with the bovine and humdrum frequenters of society, how must it be with intellectual devotees, who, scorning low pursuits, reverence the odic power of Isis, and adore the mystic flame which streams from the hands of Siva?

Meanwhile the conventional constraint so affected us, that, although every person present was known to every other, conversation flagged. This may have been because hungry men, even when they are philosophers, seldom talk.

Punctually as the clock struck six we took our places at the festive board.

But no waiters appeared; and as the minutes sped on, the company glared at one another—as was only to be expected under the circumstances. Then, as we sat silent and expectant, an extraordinary thing occurred.

It was so strange, so un-English, that I hesitate to record it, lest my traducers should discover in my statement further justification for their charges against my veracity. Yet, as there are occasions when men must not shrink even from martyrdom, so now I feel that it is necessary for me to tell the thing that was. I do not create the facts of the case; I simply relate them.

"THEIR BROWS WERE BOUND WITH GARLANDS" (*p.* 755).

In the light of the thirteen candles, the central figure on the ceiling was seen to move with a slow but decided action.

There could be no mistake; we all saw it.

As we gazed spell-bound upon the phenomenon, the enormous mouth opened, displaying the huge dark-gapped remains of what had once been a fine set of teeth, two of which would have rivalled those of the notorious William de la Marck. Then the dull eyes opened widely, and looked down upon us with a fixed stare which penetrated to the very depths of our souls. It was not so much a rude act of impertinence as it was the cold unfaltering gleam of a binary star.

The sensation which this created in all of us, as we afterwards discovered when comparing notes, was worse than disagreeable; it was painful. There was magnetism in that cold relentless glance; try as we would, it was impossible to look away from those basilisk eyes. The fluttering oriole, when it is

fascinated by the cobra, is not more helpless than we were beneath the spell of that uncanny painting. But this was as nothing compared with that which immediately followed. The figure must surely have been possessed with a devil.

The old masters mixed their colours with brains; but the designer of this ceiling must surely have mixed his pigments with some familiar demon which he had both the power and the art to bind. The picture, if such it really were, slowly extended a huge flabby hand, and waving it, with a rhythmic monotonous motion, threw down a mysterious invisible something, which, whether it were influence, force, or spell, affected us in an indefinable, unaccountable manner.

I felt as if a hand had seized my temples with an iron grasp, and, after opening my head and extracting all the blood from my brain, had infused into every nerve-cell some subtle benumbing ether. The immediate effect of this was to take away my sense of individuality, so that I watched even those succeeding events which most nearly concerned myself with a dreamy unconcern, which was, and is still, altogether inexplicable.

As I watched the figure, I observed that it proceeded, with the same passionless precision, to grasp the outer or floral circle with its right hand, crushing a lotus-leaf in the act.

Suddenly a long-drawn, sonorous snore startled me.

The noise caused me to look around.

I was astonished at what I saw.

My companions were leaning forward upon the table, as if overcome with drowsiness. Their eyes, which were open, were turned upward and inward; while their faces, no longer beaming with intelligence, wore expressions of fatuousness, wholly indescribable.

As I raised my head a shower of rare flowers, few or none of which are common here in England—such as are indeed seldom to be met with in the choicest hothouses—fell upon the table, and upon the heads of the guests.

Then the thick heavy lips which guarded the great cavernous mouth wreathed themselves as if for speech, and a single word fell upon my ears.

It was—

"Awake!"

Was it objective or subjective?

Who shall tell?

The sleepers sprang to their feet, and, to their consternation, discovered that their brows were bound with garlands.

The brows of all, that was, but one.

That one was Mayune.

None of us liked that man.

He was the fly in our pot of ointment: the one gross ingredient in our spiritually reasonable feast.

Yet he always formed one of our number.

Why Mayune had been permitted to join the inner circle, I never knew.

Nor do I to this day.

The uncrowned one was a Hindoo by birth, a high-caste Brahmin, who, after having qualified at Edinburgh for the medical profession, had, like so many other members of a liberal profession, gravitated to London, where he occupied chambers in the Temple. Having abandoned the faith of his fathers, those builders of nations, without embracing, instead thereof, any one of the fragments of a shattered western creed, Mayune derided the gods, and avowed himself an atheist. As such, he ate of the sacred cow, and partook of the grateful but forbidden juice of the grape with the *sang-froid* of an occidental diner-out.

He was even out of sympathy with us, his associates, and denounced our adored cult as a fraud supported by skilful conjuration.

He would sometimes say—

"Those who live longest will see most. The whole thing is a mere shallow trick. Signs, indeed! The gods will have to do something more than merely drop a pack of cards into my pocket before they will convert me."

It was useless for us to argue that our religion was based upon a Divine principle, which was independent of phenomena, and that its members were content to walk by faith, and not by sight.

"Take my word for it," he would rejoin, "those fellows will brag about phenomena as long as it may be necessary for their purpose. Then, when hard pressed to produce some sign in support of their pretensions, they will be ready with a conveniently concocted spiritual communication, declaring that all extraordinary manifestations are inhibited, because the system is of faith, not of works. I have not lived in India for nothing."

Mayune, the sceptic, did not know that truth which makes even the lowliest free: at which he so flippantly pointed the finger of scorn.

For that reason he remained uncrowned.

What power had thus separated him from his brethren?

Even the fall of the garlands appeared less wonderful than this.

During this time we did not lose our hunger.

The table only furnished material for a Barmecidean feast, and this was not to the tastes of men who considered the rarest flowers, miraculously given, poor substitutes for beef and mutton.

But from whence in this eerie house was dinner to be obtained?

The phantom picture was the only seeming living thing discoverable beside ourselves.

While we sat stupidly gazing at one another, Mayune exclaimed—

"If that bloated old imbecile is able to scatter buttercups and daisies about, it would not be amiss if he were to try his hand at getting us something to eat. I have seen bigger things than that done in Madras."

The form frowned as our companion thus spake blasphemy. Its hand clenched angrily.

Perceiving this, we looked expecting to see Mayune fall down dead suddenly.

But to our surprise he remained unmoved.

The malignant scowl slowly faded from the face of the pigment, picture, man, or demon, and the terrible

creature smiled gleefully, as if it were enjoying the situation.

Immediately afterwards the odorous air was filled with particles of golden light, which, falling slowly upon the spotless damask napery, formed themselves into a sentence.

It ran thus—

"Search beneath the sofa, and ye shall find."

I will swear there was neither trick nor artifice in the thing that then occurred.

The ways of the gods are unsearchable.

Each man stared blankly at his neighbour, but not one of us stirred.

To move might be to court destruction.

Then young Paul Herring, who was a cool hand, sprang to his feet, saying—

"Someone must obey this extraordinary order. Who shall it be?"

Even this bold step failed to screw our courage to the sticking point. We declined to listen to the voice of the charmer.

"Very well, gentlemen," he said; "be it so. The post of danger is the post of honour. As Curtius saved Rome from ruin by the sacrifice of his life, so I will preserve you from death by starvation. Mine be the task to ransack the gloomy cellars of the sofa. Stand out of my light, Squire Roots."

As he spoke he fell upon his hands and knees, pried into the recess, and, to everyone's astonishment—not least to his own, drew forth a mighty luncheon basket, which certainly had not been in the room previously, for if it had been, we must have seen it.

The materials for a *recherché* dinner, so mysteriously provided, were placed upon the table as quickly as possible.

Magic must have been at work, for a shower of steel cutlery of the finest Sheffield make, in addition to what had already been provided, fell lightly as snow-flakes upon the board.

This was succeeded by a noiseless downpour of dinner-service, suited to the requirements of thirteen guests. Upon it two broken-hearted lovers, standing upon a bridge which was suspended upon nothing, were depicted; a cruel father stood in the distance, and a weeping willow looked pityingly upon the two despairing ones. This beautifully pathetic scene must have been imagined by the spirit, or force, which so thoughtfully provided the crockery.

Thus catered for, we heartily fell to.

As our spirits revived with the gratification of appetites, we began to lose our apprehensions of possible harm at the hands of the "possessed" portrait. It was evidently beneficently disposed.

But we involuntarily started when the sailor said—

"The spread is first-rate; but I should like to have something to drink."

We felt that such levity was ill-timed.

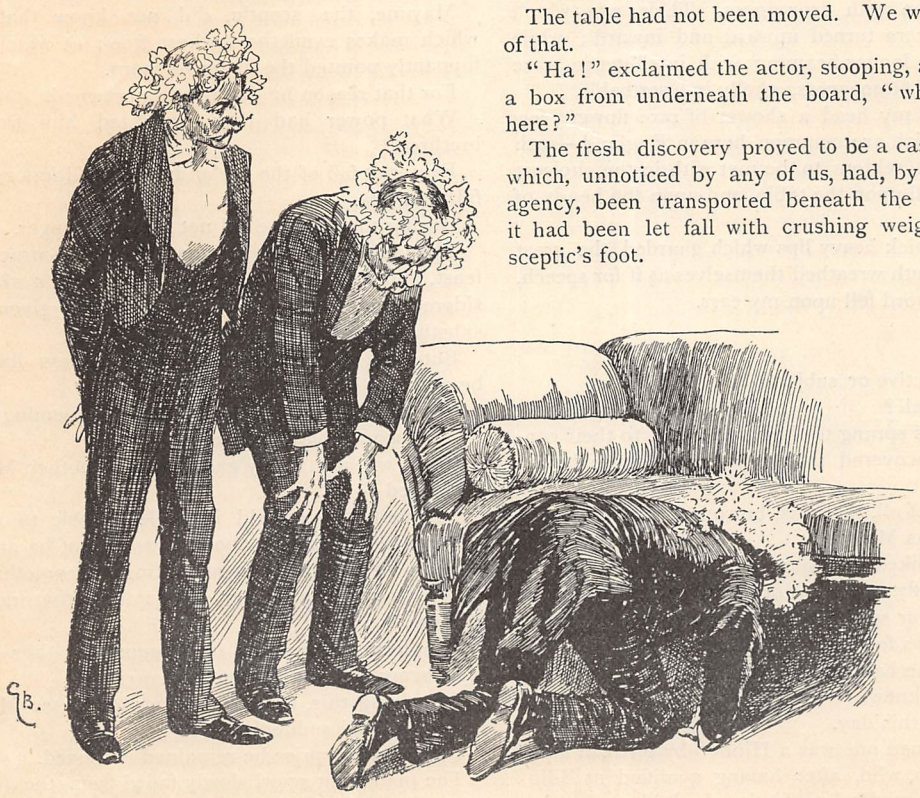
"Oh!" Mayune howled—he was one of those persons who shrink from physical pain—"you fellows have pushed the table on my toe."

We had not done so.

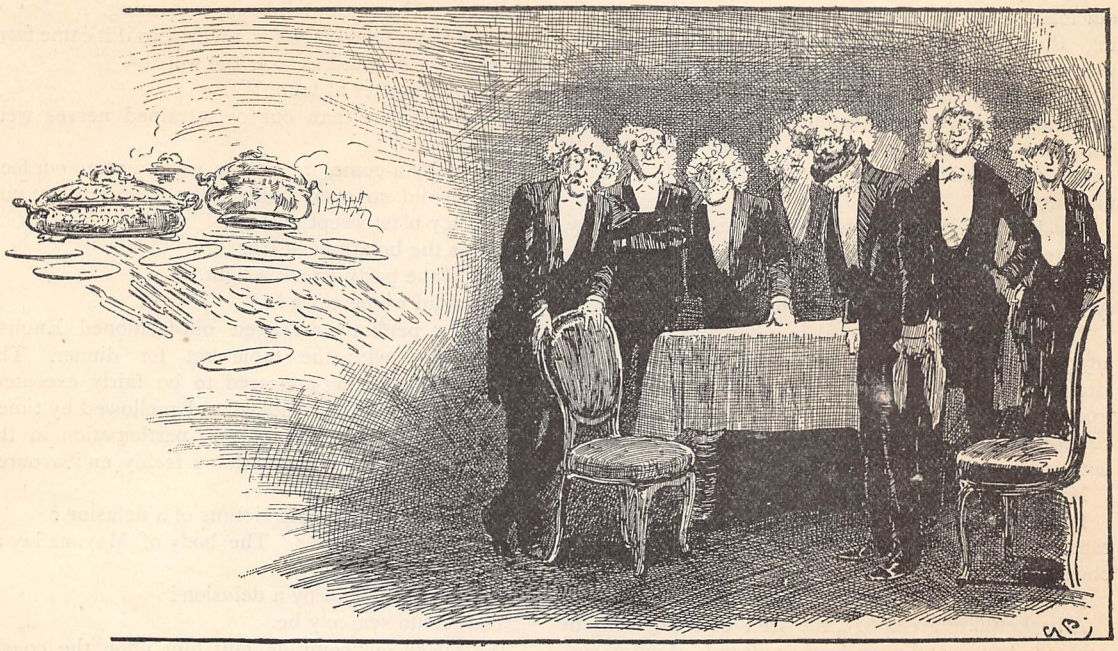
The table had not been moved. We were confident of that.

"Ha!" exclaimed the actor, stooping, and dragging a box from underneath the board, "what have we here?"

The fresh discovery proved to be a case of liqueurs which, unnoticed by any of us, had, by some occult agency, been transported beneath the table, where it had been let fall with crushing weight upon the sceptic's foot.



"HE FELL UPON HIS HANDS AND KNEES."



"THE REMAINS OF OUR FEAST . . . MARCHED OUT" (*p.* 758).

Well was it for us, at that supreme moment, that we were true believers, otherwise we should have died or gone mad with fear. As it was, we ate, drank, and made pretence of being very merry.

"Even Mayune must be convinced that spiritual agency has been at work," someone said.

"Mayune is satisfied that you are all a parcel of fools!" the Hindoo replied sneeringly.

Whereupon a strident voice said—

"Let the infidel Mayune, who is faithless to all things, both English and Indian, feel in his trousers pocket."

We had not spoken. Whose was the voice?

"Look!" exclaimed the traveller, tremblingly pointing to the picture.

We looked upward.

The smile had vanished. The brow was clouded with wrath.

It were surely better to meet a tiger in the jungle, or a Red Indian upon the war-path, than to face an angry painting when dinner, and perhaps even life, depended upon its forbearance.

Mayune, startled out of his imperturbability, rose to his feet, and, thrusting his hands into the left side pocket of his nether garments, drew from thence a crumpled dirty sheet of paper, about the size and colour of a page of a Parliamentary Blue Book, upon which was written, in the Telegu language, the one word—

"Repent!"

This was more than surprising. It was alarming.

The tragedy was deepening.

The ink—or it may have been blood, for it was red—with which that warning word had been written was still wet upon the mystic page.

The hardened unbeliever endeavoured to make light of the awful incident, but he failed miserably. His brown cheek had suddenly turned to an ashen-grey hue, and, notwithstanding a show of reckless bravado, both his hand and his voice trembled as he vociferated—

"This is no devilry, as you fellows seem to suppose! It is Hindoo jugglery, clever, but tricky; and I will either fathom it or die before I leave this accursed room!"

Being impressed with a sense of awe, we sought to dissuade the Hindoo from his insane purpose.

Mayune replied—

"I will discover this trick before I leave, or else die!"

We could have sworn that a voice mockingly repeated the words—

"Leave, or else die!"

But events so hastened on that we had no further time for reflection.

While we yet wondered what these things could mean, the heavy curtains were drawn back without the visible touch of hands, and the French windows flew open, revealing the scenes of night. The stars shone in a clear sky, the houses were darkly outlined, and St. Origen's Church stood in view as sharply cut as a silhouette.

There could be no mistake. Outside all was English, and therefore commonplace.

The mystery, whatever it might be, and whatever was its inducing cause, lay inside the dining-room.

Directly the doors were thrown open, the remains of our feast, with the dishes, cutlery, and spoons arranging themselves in order, from the least unto the greatest, marched out into the night. Whither they went it was impossible to tell, but there was neither crowding, pushing, nor confusion. They proceeded with the measured regularity of an army, as if under the leadership of the strictest of military martinets.

No Parliamentary squad, going into the Lobby to vote for a Bill which its members were unable to comprehend, could have been more docile under their tyrant chiefs than were those dishes and spoons.

The departure of these humble but necessary adjuncts of the *cuisine* was followed by a low sweet strain of wild Oriental music, which seemed to proceed from a distance ; while this continued, a profusion of costly fruits was placed upon the board by industrious, but hidden, hands.

Mayune was not forgotten.

It even appeared that the Hindoo had been especially honoured by the mysterious donor of bounties.

Had he repented in his heart, and been forgiven ?

A basketful of green figs, the fruit cosily nestling in cool vine-leaves and upon feathery fronds of palm, was placed directly opposite to him.

Mayune was particularly partial to figs, although he had more than once informed us that he was superstitious enough to believe that they would some day bring him ill-luck ; as a learned fakir had once said to him—

" Beware of the fig-tree ; O, Mayune ! "

It would have been well if he had remembered the warning now.

But it was not to be.

The web of his fate was woven.

As he stretched out his hand to take of the pleasant fruit, the figs were stirred from below ; then a small viperous body, which we recognised as *Echis carinata*, one of the most deadly of Indian serpents, raised its head above the edge of the basket.

The Brahmin had only time to ejaculate " *Afae !* " the Hindostani name of the reptile, when, throwing itself into a double fold, the serpent, with a stroke as swift as the lightning's flash, struck him fairly between the eyes. The victim fell back, screaming.

As he fell, a female's voice, muffled as if it came from the grave, was heard to utter the words—

" Is your master at home ? "

This was more than our overstrained nerves were able to bear.

Moved by a common impulse, we sprang to our feet.

As we did so every light in the room was put out, and an icy blast swept past us.

It was the breath of death.

One of the party struck a light.

What did we perceive ?

Only a perfectly arranged old-fashioned English dining-room, with the table set for dinner. The figures on the ceiling appeared to be fairly executed, but ordinary frescoes, smoked and mellowed by time ; but, assuredly, innocent of any participation in the occult transactions which I have feebly endeavoured to describe.

Were we the miserable victims of a delusion ?

How could this be ? The body of Mayune lay at our feet.

Had he been slain by a delusion ?

That could scarcely be.

We raised our comrade, laid him upon the couch, and sent for the nearest medical man.

The sufferer was unconscious, and breathed stertorously.

Before the surgeon arrived Mayune was dead.

" It is a clear case of *delirium tremens*, gentlemen," said Galen, after a hurried examination, for his time was valuable.

As he was leaving, he added—

" Of course, as the man was dead when I saw him, there will have to be an inquest, but the inquiry will be merely a formal one."

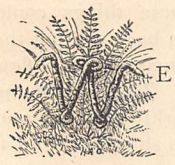
Mayune's death was attributed to *delirium tremens* by the coroner's jury, upon the evidence of the doctor; but we knew well enough that no imaginary blue flames or incorporeal serpents ever yet inflicted two tiny livid punctures between the eyes.

Yet, where was the viper ?

It had disappeared : that is, if it had ever really possessed an objective existence.

LONDON SIXTY YEARS AGO.

BY S. BARING GOULD.



E hardly realise the changes that take place under our eyes, the revolutions in social life, unless we go back to old books or diaries that belong to the period when we first began to look out into the world. Customs with which we were familiar in our childhood are now no more followed, and we forget that they were familiar to us till we light on some description of them as they were, when at once old life rises up before us as seen by youthful eyes, and we are moved with wonder to think that we have passed through such changes without taking more note of them.

In 1825-8 a German named Otto Von Rosenberg was in London. He had good introductions, had an observant eye, some humour, and a ready pencil. In 1834 he published at Leipzig his " Sketches of Modern London from Life," with coloured drawings. The book is now extremely rare and almost completely

forgotten. There are in it exaggerations, but on the whole it is very true, and almost a photograph of London as it was during the first quarter of the present century. As a photograph, unless much touched up, is often not a pleasant likeness, and makes the most of defects, so perhaps does this picture of London. The writer stumbled upon it by accident when turning over a mass of his grandfather's books, that had lain neglected for over fifty years, and having opened it, he found he could not put the book down till he had read it to the last page.

Rosenberg was present at the funeral of the Duke of York, in 1827, and he was in England when Weber died, in 1826. In connection with the last circumstance he mentions an incident not generally known.

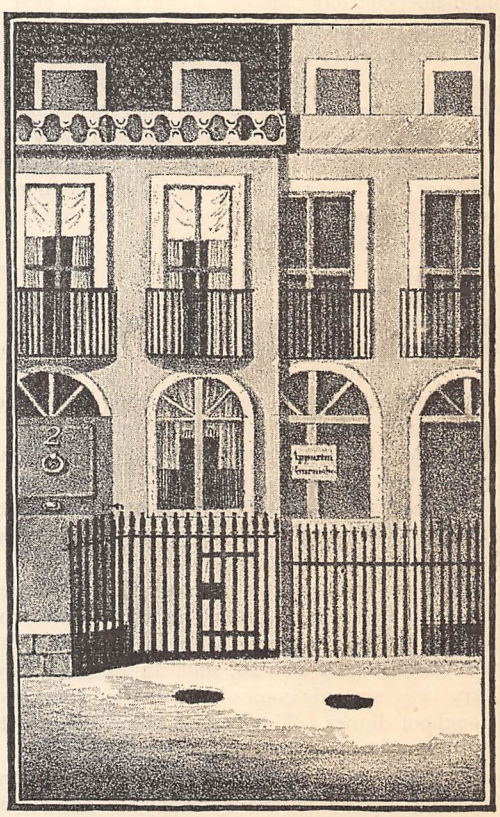
He says: "Weber can, without exaggeration, be called the musical idol of the English people. A few days after his death I was in the Italian Opera, where a concert was being given for orphans, and among other symphonies by Weber, the overture to the 'Freischüts' and his hymn on the death of the King of Bavaria were given. The latter was admirably rendered, and it thrilled through the audience, which at once, moved by the beauty of the music and the sense of loss for the great composer, became profoundly agitated, so that several ladies fainted, and I must confess it, I was myself sensible of some internal emotion. At the close of the piece no loud applause ensued, as had been the case at the conclusion of every other. All the vast concourse in the brilliantly illuminated theatre sat still, and the silence became oppressive. Not a breath, not a word escaped the breast contracted with deep feeling; everyone seemed to be offering by their silence an homage to the departed artist."

An amusing chapter on "Correspondence" shows us how great a transformation has taken place in the post-office.

"At eight o'clock comes the postman's knock: a double knock. A letter which has come from four to six miles distance in London costs the recipient twopence. Every letter from 'off the stones'—that is to say, from outside London—costs an extra penny. This is called the Two-penny Post.

"In sealing a letter, care must be taken to follow the proprieties. It is most uncourteous to seal a letter to a lady with a wafer. Elegant, sometimes perfumed, sealing-wax is employed, and the look of the seal is enough to convey an idea of what is within. The paper employed is small quarto, gilt-edged. These dainty little letters, which in Germany we should, as a matter of course, set down as love-letters, are fastened with little seals on which are allegorical figures, as a dove with a letter in its bill, with the inscription 'Répondez vite'; or a blind man led by his dog, with the legend 'Faithful in adversity'; or a seated hound with this written round, 'When this dog barks my friendship shall end.' But such seals can be employed only by ladies writing to one another, or by a gentleman to a family with which he is intimate. If a gentleman writes to a lady he franks the letter, but this is rarely done between gentlemen. If you are writing to a tradesman or a professional man with an order, you do not frank the letter. When the correspondence is between friends, the letter begins, 'My Dear Madam' or 'My Dear Sir,' but when it is addressed to a stranger or an inferior it is conducted in the third person."

Von Rosenberg goes on to describe what constitutes



AN OLD LONDON HOUSE.

the distinction between a Mr. and an Esquire. The latter, he says, corresponds to the German "Wohlgeboren," but the stranger must be careful not to give this title to a lady.

"The General Post is to be distinguished from the Two-penny Post; the functionaries of the former wear a scarlet coat with dark blue facings. The letter-carrier gives the same rap at the door as does the Two-penny postman, but he brings letters from abroad and from other counties of England and all parts of Great Britain. The post comes in once a day only, between noon and one p.m. Every afternoon the postman goes round about five p.m. with a bell, and all who have letters for the post bring them out, and put them into the bag which he carries for the purpose."

Rosenberg was in London at the time when dogs were employed to draw cars, and he mentions as one of the familiar objects in the streets a man born without legs who played national airs on a clarionet, and

was drawn about by a couple of dogs harnessed to the car into which he was strapped. In connection with this subject, he mentions an anecdote told him by Sir Walter Scott of his own dog Camp.

"Camp," said Sir Walter, "was the cleverest hound I ever had. I taught him to understand a great many words, and I am quite convinced that it is possible to develop the intelligence which exists between dogs and men. One day Camp bit a baker, and I beat him for it, and read him a severe lecture over his iniquity. From that time to his death he winked whenever the work 'Baker' was mentioned, and exhibited profound compunction when what he had done was spoken of. If I alluded to this affair, Camp sneaked away into a dark corner. But if I said 'The baker has been well paid,' or 'The baker did not get angry,' then out of his corner bounded Camp, barking and gambolling. When, towards the end of his life, Camp was too feeble to accompany me on my walks, if the servant said, 'Master is coming down the hill' or 'over the down,' it was enough for Camp, even though the man had given no indication with his hand or otherwise that I was approaching."

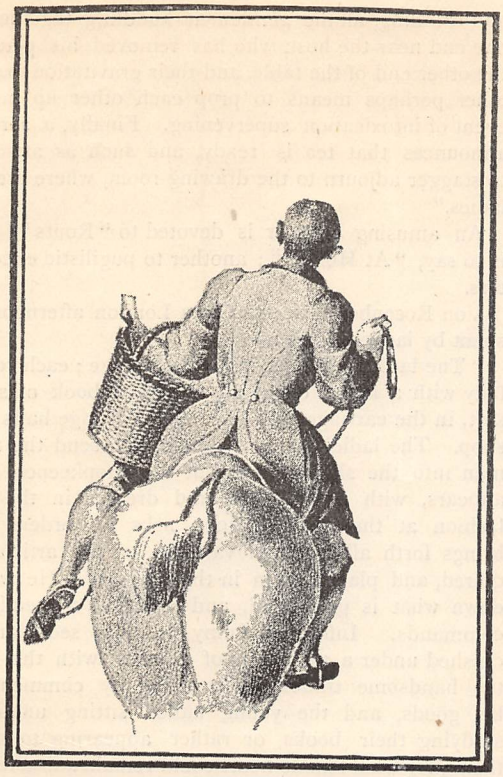
The description of the hucksters, professional beggars, the ballad singers, the butchers' boys, the sweeps, the dustmen, among the sights of the London streets is very true and amusing.

It is, however, when the writer comes to an account of an English dinner party that we notice the greatest change in our national customs.

"Half, or perhaps three-quarters of an hour before dinner the family is assembled in the drawing-room, the elder ladies in immense caps, in turbans adorned with feathers and flowers, and in evening gowns. Every lady not only comes in gloves, but wears gloves throughout dinner. The gentlemen have changed the nature of their ties, and appear in silk stockings and shoes. All take up their positions in a semi-circle, beginning at the fireplace, leaving a gap through which the guests enter to shake hands, and to inquire mutually after each other's health. At each double knock the porter opens the house door as wide as possible. The guest lays his hat and great coat aside in the hall, and draws off the glove of his right hand and retains this glove in the left, which remains gloved. As soon as he reaches the staircase the footman asks, 'Please, sir, your name?' ascends, and the name is announced aloud at the door of the drawing-room. Then come the introductions. . . . When all those expected have arrived, the butler appears, and bows to the hostess to announce that dinner is ready. The hostess gives the signal to form *en suite*. The greatest stranger, or the oldest gentleman present, takes the hostess on his right or left arm, according to the direction of the stairs, so as to assure her to be near the wall. Every gentleman takes his partner. The *arrière garde* is brought up by the giggling and whispering young people of either sex for whom no partners have been provided. At the dining-room door a solemn halt ensues, and the gentlemen bow profoundly as each lady defiles into the room. The gallant knights hang about the door till the master of the house has placed them all, each by his lady. Host and hostess then take their seats at the ends of the table.

"When all are seated, the gentlemen proceed to uncover their left hands. Each takes the piece of white bread from his *serviette*, and lays it beside his plate on the left. In the majority of houses, however, no napkins are provided, and then the gentlemen take up the table-cover and lay it over their knees. On the right side of each plate is a white or blue glass bowl, in which are two wine-glasses of different sizes turned upside down, so that they may be cooled by the water in the bowl. Beside the steel forks, everyone has one of silver, which an Englishman invariably grasps with the left hand. Beside the salt-cellars, of which one occupies each corner of the table, several spoons are laid cross-wise about the table, to be employed during the meal for vegetables and sauces. When the dinner parties are not very large this is the order of the dishes:—On taking one's place at table, a tureen is already in place at the upper end, full of strongly-peppered soup; at the lower end is a sea fish that has been boiled in water, only laid on a napkin and not a dish. In the middle of the board are peeled potatoes and others in their skins, others again mashed, carrots, cauliflowers, asparagus, all boiled in water only, covered with highly-polished metal shining dish-covers. After the master of the house has murmured a grace, and everyone has stooped over his plate, the servants

THE GENERAL POSTMAN.



THE BUTCHER'S BOY.

remove the dish covers. Everyone has his choice: first soup, and then fish, or fish and no soup, or soup and no fish. All the guests are asked what they would like to eat.

"After five or ten minutes have elapsed, during which some mouthfuls have been swallowed, each gentleman, naming another, desires the honour of drinking wine with him. A few years ago only heavy, highly-coloured port, Madeira, or sherry, was drunk. Now intercourse with France has led to the introduction of Bordeaux wine, here called claret, Burgundy, and champagne. The gentlemen who are drinking with each other half fill their glasses, which are now removed from the bowl, stare fixedly into each other's eyes for a moment, bow their heads without bending their bodies, put their glasses to their lips, and swallow a few drops: a few drops only, because at each invitation they are bound to replenish their glasses.

"It is hard for a stranger to note the names of the persons, and without knowing their names, one may not venture to invite anyone to drink. After this 'bitter-bad' ceremony is over, or something serves as an interruption to it, the servants plant before the master of the house a gigantic piece of boiled or roast meat, and before the hostess a fricassee of fowl, duck, pheasant, or rabbit, in a strong peppery brown sauce, or a curry. Most of the vegetables that served for the fish remain on table. The guest is asked which or what he will take, and if a stranger, whether he will have the meat well-done or under-done, fat or lean; but it shows a lack of courtesy in a hostess to ask these questions of an old acquaintance, whose peculiar tastes she is supposed to have taken to heart and to remember. The hostess urges to eat, and endeavours to induce the guests to try other dishes or take additional helpings; and one hears on all sides the assurances, 'I assure you, ma'am, I have made a most excellent dinner.'

"Finally enter the plum-pudding, great and little tarts, creams, and jellies. If anyone desires porter or ale, he asks for it specially of the waiters, and it is served in champagne glasses. Butter and cheese conclude the meal.

"Here I must mention an usage that is somewhat startling, and may be cleansing, but is not cleanly. After the grace, and before the ladies have left the table, each person rinses out his mouth with the water in the coloured glass vessel at his side, and then wipes his fingers in his napkin, if there be one, if not in the table-cloth"—the whole operation is described with terrible minuteness—"then the bread-crumbs are brushed from the table, and everything is removed to the table-cloth, revealing the polished mahogany, which now receives an extra rub, after which dessert is laid on it. Before the host are fresh decanters, with port, sherry, Madeira, and claret, the latter in a peculiarly

JACK-IN-THE-GREEN.

THE THREE DECKER.

formed bottle, bulging, and with a handle and glass stopper. The other wines wear round their necks chains and silver shields, on which their names are engraved. Each decanter stands on a silver base, and is passed from right to left from the host. Every gentleman helps the lady near him."

After an account of the withdrawal of the ladies, the writer goes on to say that then toasts are drunk, the first of which is to the ladies who have just departed.

"Thus from two to three hours are spent in toasting and drinking, all the gentlemen huddling together at one end near the host, who has removed his place to the other end of the table, and their gravitation to each other perhaps means to prop each other up in the event of intoxication supervening. Finally, a servant announces that tea is ready, and such as are able to stagger adjourn to the drawing-room, where are the ladies."

An amusing chapter is devoted to "Routs": that is to say, "At Homes"; another to pugilistic encounters.

Von Rosenberg's account of a London afternoon as spent by ladies is this :—

"The ladies drive out in their equipage; each young lady with a novel, or, at all events, a book of some sort, in the carriage with her. The carriage halts at a shop. The ladies do not descend, but send the footman into the shop to call out the shopkeeper. He appears, with hair frizzled and dressed in the last fashion at the carriage door, asks for orders, and brings forth all kinds of varieties of the article required, and places them in the carriage. He writes down what is purchased, and promises to send the commands. Infinitely funny is it to see mamma crushed under a mountain of drapery, with the only too handsome tradesman standing by commending his goods, and the young ladies sitting unmoved studying their books, or rather appearing to study them; for what female heart could remain uninterested when the matter discussed is fashion and dress, and the shopman possibly young and good-looking?"

The writer describes what is now quite a thing of the past: the chimney sweep's May-day feast, with Jack-in-the-Green and Maid Marian. Such appeared in the London streets as late as 1845, in which year we remember to have seen them in the Strand, but now Jack-in-the-Green is as much a thing of the past as the Two-penny postman, and blue glass dessert bowls, or three-deckers. Von Rosenberg gives a picture of the last of these articles, which astonished him greatly. The author of this curious little book heard Irving and records some of his prophecies, and he likewise tells some good stories of Dr. Abernethy.

HOW A WILDERNESS BECAME A GARDEN.

A TALK ABOUT PANSIES AND VIOLAS.

"I INTEND to persevere," said Charles Robinson one bright September morning, when making a brief survey, in company with his neighbour, of the still lingering summer beauties of his flower garden; "I intend to persevere in giving a preference to those flowers that bloom the longest."

"Very good," replied John Smith, "and I am quite of your opinion, for it is to me often a matter of regret that there are so many gay and almost gorgeous flowers upon which, perhaps, we have been bestowing infinite pains, but which, after all, only favour us with a bloom that lasts but a few days; and in a prolonged and hot season the bloom is still shorter. Take, for instance, one or two popular herbaceous plants, such as the peony and the iris, in the months of May and June: how showy is the scarlet brilliancy of the one or the pale blue of the other; but in a few days' time, under a hot sun, all is over, and we are left for the

VIOLA—DUCHESS OF FIFE.

remainder of the summer with a mass of foliage only.

"Now," continued John Smith warmly, "I object to these sort of flowers, for the only reason that they cumber the ground with foliage only for the greater part of the year, and I beg, therefore, to second your persevering resolution."

"Walking in to business this morning, then," replied Charles, "give me a little lecture on some flower whose property is, with a little care, to afford a bloom that lasts for a considerable time. Such, for example, as the pansy."

"The viola and the pansy be it then," replied John; "but let me get my umbrella and we will start at once on our walk and talk. And," he presently continued, "to make a proper sermon of it, let me treat my subject first of all in a general way; then secondly I will say something, perhaps, of the routine management of the pansy best suited to each month, and lastly I will name a few specimens, old-fashioned and modern ones, and if necessary say something of their prices.

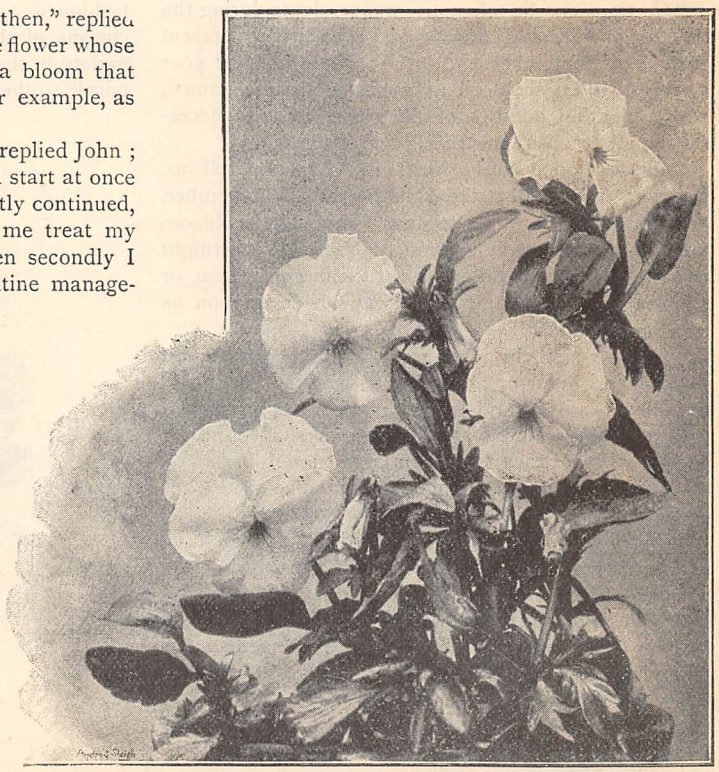
"The pansy then, or *viola tricolor*, is partial to a rich soil. Its true home in the wild state is, of course, the cornfield, as anyone must notice when taking a country ramble with a view to study the home and habits of wild flowers—a very profitable study, by the way, Charles, for us gardeners.

"Still, the viola and the pansy—for, after all, they need a similar treatment—will flourish in a compost that will suit the majority of flowers. Let us, then, make up our compost of, say, one half of loam from turfs that have been allowed to rot in a heap, but from which, of course, all vermin and wire-worm have been got out; one fourth of turfy peat, and the remaining fourth of decayed horse manure. Or, if your ordinary garden soil grows your vegetables and flowers so as to give you a moderate satisfaction, fork among six or eight inches of this, your garden soil, some three inches of leaf mould and rotten dung, mixing them well together, and this will suit your pansies.

"Now, some have recommended that the pansy should be grown in shady situations, but we must remember that the pansy in more open situations is less likely to be troubled by the slug. But while it is also true that the pansy rather objects to a prolonged and scorching sunshine, a little watering with liquid manure during the blooming season will be found very beneficial, and the bloom will be found to come larger and more luxuriant where your plant is grown in an open situation.

"Then, again, by keeping your pansies well earthed up you are always able to take cuttings from the side shoots, and these are preferable to those taken from the top of your plant, for you will find the side shoots more naturally disposed to root, so that they will, of course, strike the more readily.

"Starting, then, from the month of June, in which, perhaps, the pansy and the viola are in the very perfection of their bloom, it is well, in order to prolong the blooming period, to take off all faded flowers and



VIOLA—SNOWFLAKE.

VIOLA—GOLD BRONZE BEDDER.

to allow no seed pods to swell, while in a dry season such as we have had in our early summer this year, watering will certainly be necessary.

"Cuttings can be taken from your plants during the months of July and August, and even in this present month of September. Admirably adapted for your cuttings will be such soil as we have already named, with a plentiful addition of nice silver sand, so necessary in all seasons for striking our cuttings.

"Old-fashioned authorities on the pansy tell us, however, that it will strike from January to December, and that to maintain a constant succession of bloom the plants need but be examined about every fortnight and the side shoots taken off, struck in gentle heat or under a hand-glass, and put into new beds as soon as they have rooted.

"Seed—which, by the way, is often scarce and difficult to obtain of a good sort—can be sown any time between April and July in long pans or boxes, and then carefully watered and afterwards shaded in the early stages of growth. When large enough to handle the young plants can be planted out some six inches apart.

"Seedlings, and even established plants, should be alike preserved from the dangers of frost during the winter. All sowings made from April to June, inclusive, should bloom before winter; and, perhaps, as the custody of all plants that are being protected in our long winter is so very similar, there is but little need to say much of the winter treatment."

"But now, John, name, if you can, a few of the newest varieties, with any of the characteristics of their bloom."

"Certainly I will; here, for example, to begin with, is *Blue Cloud*, a charming viola, white, but edged with blue, a free grower and of a good fast colour, that is capable of standing a season as dry as our early summer has been without being so affected by drought as others; this can be had from the best growers at half a crown per dozen.

"Or here is another, perhaps a little more expensive, known as the *Duchess of Fife*, a pale primrose centre edged with blue.

"*Columbine*, again, may be mentioned as another modern variety, white with a rosy lilac edge, the florescence being large and the price much about that of the one first named, while one other is also recommended, and known as *Neptune*. This fine viola has a purple centre, the uppermost petals being white; this also can be had at half a crown per dozen plants. But a good collection of all the best and modern varieties can be had for about this sum. Many of the old-fashioned ones are still, however, great favourites, and a few of them may be named with advantage.

"Here, for instance, is one, *Tom Pinch*, which boasts of a beautiful white ground and has a dark blue border to the under-petals. Or here is another, known as *Hannibal*, of a pale yellow ground with a broad mulberry band; this is a fine specimen and of about the average size.

"The *Duchess of Beaufort*, again, is one that has the three lower petals of a straw colour and the upper ones purple.

"But where," added John, "am I to begin or to end if I am to name even a tithe of modern or of old-fashioned varieties? Perhaps one of the greatest charms of the pansy is the constant and pleasing variety in the colour, from the darkest plum colour or purple to the palest straw or white. Nor should our

VIOLA—YORK AND LANCASTER.

subject, treated of as it can be here only in the merest outline, be passed over without mention of some of the troubles of the pansy.

"Sometimes the whole plant almost suddenly begins to droop, as if the root itself were the seat of mischief; nor is the cause of this sudden root rot at all properly to be accounted for, but the pansy cannot certainly take care of itself in a drought. Slugs and snails, too, delight in the pansy, while there is a horrible insect that is wont to attack our flowers about the month of May, and which causes the colour to fade: it is known as the *agromyza violæ*, or the pansy fly.

"But finally, Charles, we must not forget that, as this is the first of September, we must take cuttings, not only of the pansy, but of all our whole stock of bedding-out plants, as this operation must not be postponed to the beginning of a possibly early winter."

DAVENANT.

By S. SOUTHALL BONE, Author of "The Manager of Manston Mills."

CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH.

A LATE RECOGNITION.

BY the time that Hawkey had found refuge in Randolph's cave in the cliffs of Portland, memory came to Margaret Drayton's assistance. She was sitting in her own room, pondering Matson's letter, and his conviction that there was no suicide in Hawkey's case. Then her thoughts reverted to the City meeting, at which, with Matson, she had seen him, and immediately the recollection of his face flashed into her mind as identical with their fellow-passenger of a few nights before; and then as quickly did she identify that passenger with the man who had sat at her side that morning.

The identification and its probable results were astounding. Not less so the mortification at such a chance slipping through her fingers. To rush into the dining-room, where the doctor was enjoying his last pipe before going to bed, was the work of a moment; to tell him that he must go off to the post-office was that of the next.

"Why, of all things, now?" he asked.

"Do you know that that was Hawkey sitting on the bench by us while we were talking of him this morning?"

"Nonsense!"

"It was—and more: he travelled in the same carriage with us from Dorchester the other night."

"How was it, then, you did not know him?"

"I told you, if you remember, that I knew his face, but could not think of his name. We must wire to Mr. Matson and Mr. Bax at once."

"Much good that will be. If he heard our conversation he is far away by now."

"I am awfully sorry not to have recognised him before; but it is only right that we should wire at once."

In spite of his assumed incredulity, the doctor saw the importance of the matter, and sent off the telegram that night. The result was seen in the course of the next day, when not only Matson and his detective, Sergeant Polsum, but Mr. Bax and a superior officer from Scotland Yard made their appearance. The solicitor came armed with an order from the Home Secretary to examine Davies, which, nominally, was the extent of his business, though he, too, was as much interested as anyone in finding Hawkey. But the Scotland Yard official was very dictatorial, and made himself exceedingly unpleasant because Hawkey had been let slip.

"It is a thousand pities," said he, "that the young lady did not recognise the man sooner. As it is, he has had two days' longer start, which he has not failed to profit by."

"Depend on it though, if he is anywhere within reach I shall be sure to have him."

But as time went on and he did not "have him," the important official discovered that he had more important business in London, and left, committing the

care of the search to his subordinate, Sergeant Polsum, who, with Matson, remained on the watch. They had followed the clue obtained at Hampton, and had succeeded in tracing Hawkey as far as Winchester. There they lost the trail, and were still hunting for it when Margaret Drayton's telegram reached them, and they arrived in Weymouth only to find the bird flown again, and the several actors in the story looking at each other to know what was to be done next. Mr. Bax somewhat relieved them by saying that if the results of his examination of Davies agreed with Freeland's statement, it was possible that they might be

"Has he any relatives or friends who would help him?" asked the doctor.

"I know nothing of any relatives, but I can answer that he has at least one friend," said Bax, with a courtly bow to Madge. "But for you, he would have had to serve his fifteen years."

Madge flushed scarlet, but the doctor answered, ignoring the suggestive compliment—

"Assuming that he is released, could anything be recovered out of the wreck of his business? You, Mr. Matson, I presume, would know how things turned out?"

"There would be nothing," said Matson gravely.

"'DO YOU KNOW THAT THAT WAS HAWKEY SITTING ON THE BENCH BY US?'" (*p.* 765).

able to get Davenant released without reference to the capture of Hawkey.

Upon this a sort of informal meeting was held at the doctor's to consider a question which would soon be pressing if Mr. Bax's surmise proved correct—namely, what could be done for Davenant in the event of his release. Whatever might be the opinions of others, Madge had a tolerably strong opinion of her own as to what she ought to do. It would be but a cruel kindness to procure his release and then leave him alone with the stigma of prison life upon him to fight his way in a censorious and merciless world. To stop short at this point would be to leave her work only half done. More money would be needed, it was clear; but that was not all; she wanted advice and direction as to how the money should be applied, and how, when he was free, the assistance could be given so that he should remain ignorant of its source.

"Nothing was saved out of the wreck, and even if there had been anything, the bankruptcy is still open, and it would be claimed by the creditors."

"Would your people do anything for him, Mr. Matson?" asked Madge.

Matson flushed to the roots of his hair, but he would not hold out any false hope.

"Not anything," he answered. "In our profession, and with our people, the least chance of anyone. No one from a prison would have the ghost of a chance with Chatsworth and Sons."

"Not even if proved innocent?" asked Madge.

"Your 'people' must all be like Cæsar's wife—above reproach," said the doctor, with a grim laugh.

Madge's recollection of Chatsworth and Sons confirmed Matson's answer, and, with a feeling of depression, she noted what unanimity of pity was combined with such absence of practical help. It was as

if all expected that she, who had borne all the burden up to the present, should bear it to the end. Yet, after all, it was only what the doctor had warned her of; only that success in her enterprise had come to her, as to him, as a surprise, and that the success inevitably entailed further responsibility.

They separated without any practical result. Mr. Bax and Matson went to Portland to examine Davies. His statement, tested by comparison with Freeland's analysis of the firm's history, proved very accurate, and left no doubt that the case was complete. But there was one point which, in Bax's judgment, had not been cleared up. He wished to be armed at all points, and the point on which he wanted more light was that of the motives which had influenced Davies to make his statement. The obvious inference which would be drawn by counsel defending Hawkey would be that it had been made in collusion with Davenant, and that the facts had been supplied by him.

"I had a motive, certainly," said Davies, when he was pressed on this point, "but I don't know that it would do any good or help you if I told it."

"That is for us to judge," said Bax. "If you really wish to help your friend it will be best not to fence with any questions I may put to you. You will be cross-examined on this point, and I want to know beforehand what your answer would be. For all we can tell, it might destroy the value of your evidence."

"I don't think it would. But I suppose you gentlemen can't give a convict credit for a conscience?"

"I should be very sorry to deny it of you, or of anyone."

"Well, then, it happened because I have got a conscience. I found a man wrongly serving a long sentence for a crime which I had committed, and not he; and as it could do me no harm, I saw no reason why I should not do him good."

"And you still say that yours is the true version of the story, and not derived from him?"

"Him!" returned Davies, with some scorn in his voice. "He is a perfect child in the matter. He knows next to nothing about the forgery for which he is sentenced, let alone what happened in his father's time. What he knows now is what I have told him, not what he has told me. No, my motive was to do right, and free an innocent man. He is the only one I care for here, and if I had thought of myself and not of him I should have said nothing. I shall miss him, I know, when he is gone."

"I believe you," said Bax; "and now I may tell you this: we have other evidence which confirms your statement."

"I am glad of that, because you can see for yourself that I am speaking the truth. I am not afraid of any cross-examiner."

This was satisfactory enough; but Bax hesitated. What Davies had said as to the sincerity of his motives satisfied him, and he had been unable to get any more from the convict. What a jury with the cross-examination of a clever counsel before them might think of it was another matter. So he sent up the statement to his partner with instructions to take counsel's opinion on the whole case.

The eminent Old Bailey authority to whom it was submitted confirmed his judgment as to the wisdom of delay. He pointed out that, while the case as a whole was strong, the admission that the two convicts had talked over the matter before the communication was made to the governor was in itself damaging, and would be of great use in the hands of hostile counsel. He also pointed out—but this was not made known to the Hursts nor to Madge—that the circumstances under which the efforts to prove the convict's innocence had been commenced by Miss Drayton were of a somewhat peculiar nature, and were capable of a construction which would favour the idea that she also had been in previous communication with the two convicts. And, finally, he strongly advised that no application for Davenant's release should be made till after the defaulting manager was in custody, and Davies had made his statement on oath.

So the interest again shifted to the search for Hawkey, which up to the present was quite unsuccessful. Some days had passed, and there was no sign or trace of him. Madge's hopes had fallen to zero, and both Matson and Polsum were seriously thinking of giving up the search. Then one night, in a howling south-westerly gale, the Jersey steamer came into harbour with a signal of distress, and medical aid was called for. The doctor, who, with Matson and Polsum, had been watching the storm, speedily answered the call.

"Man with broken leg, sir; badly hurt, I'm afraid," said the captain, as the doctor and Matson crossed the gangway.

Polsum remained on the quay, where he could survey the passengers as they landed.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH.

THE SPIDER IS CAPTURED.

THE doctor and Matson went down into the saloon, where on a couch lay a big, burly man, helpless, and evidently in great pain. He was attended by a companion who seemed scarcely less exhausted than himself, and who, from that or some other cause, seemed unable to give much help, or any but the shortest answers to questions. The wounded man was taciturn, and the doctor naturally turned to the other, whose incapacity, real or assumed, irritated him.

"It is useless to attempt anything here," he said angrily. "We must get him to the hospital as soon as we can."

"No—home," groaned the wounded man feebly.

"He lives at Chesilton," said the other. "I can take a message——"

"Go to Portland!" said the doctor angrily. "As well go to Bath at once. Some of you men look sharp there and rig up a litter."

"I am going to Portland," said the other, "and I will fetch his daughter."

The doctor contemptuously pushed him aside.

"Do anything you like," he said, "so that you get out of the way. You are not of much use here."

The man winced, but did not answer, and seemed anxious to avoid an altercation. By this time the litter was ready, and the injured man was placed on it by the doctor and Matson and carried off on the shoulders of the men. The companion followed in the rear, keeping in the centre of the little crowd, and evidently so anxious to avoid observation that Polsum, who had just entered the cabin, was attracted by it, and mentally took stock of him with no very favourable result.

"You've been after no good on your little voyage. You can't be our man, or I'd slip the bracelets on you in a jiffey," was his mental reflection as he watched him in his corner.

But at that instant Matson said quietly—

"Keep your eye on that man, Polsum. I have a notion he is Hawkey; but if so, he is greatly altered."

"All right. I had the same idea myself, but thought you would have been sure to know him."

"I do, and I don't," said Matson. "But my advice is: keep him in sight, and follow him home. If he is our man we shall find confirmation enough."

"That's just what I'm going to do. The other fellow is safe enough if we want him, but if this one is our man, he's a slippery card, and no mistake. I don't mean to let my eyes off him till I've tracked him home. I shall want your help, too, Mr. Matson."

"Of course," said Matson. "I wouldn't miss being 'in at the death' for something, after all this chase."

They moved off the quay in the direction of the hospital, Matson and Polsum keeping a sharp look-out on the second man. But he made no attempt to get away, and went all the distance to the hospital and into it with the bearers and the wounded man. After that the little crowd, as he had probably anticipated, began to drop off. The bearers had hurried off to the nearest public-house; the doctor was attending to his patient; Matson and Polsum in a dark doorway close by. The stranger came out, looked carefully round, and, seeing no one, started at a rapid pace up the street.

"Now for it," said Polsum. "Are you good for a walk to Portland at this time of night, Mr. Matson?"

"To Portland or anywhere else, so that we catch our man."

He led them through Rodwell and Wyke, along the Chesil Beach, to Portland, and through Chesilton to John Randolph's cottage. Here he knocked, and directly afterwards they saw the light gleam through the open door, saw the figure of a woman draw him in and hastily close it.

Polsum went to the back, while Matson remained in the front of the house. He soon found the loft in which Hawkey had hidden, through a chink in which he could both see and hear what was going on in the room below. The man and woman were talking eagerly—she evidently alarmed and somewhat angry, he speaking in pleading, apologetic tones. He looked haggard and careworn and utterly fatigued. She was cross-examining him as to all the details of the wreck.

"An' zo the boat be gone, you zay, and vaather with his leg broke, too. 'Tis cruel hard, it is," and the handsome amazon burst into tears.

Hawkey, who knew her brave heart, was confounded.

"Well, you know, Polly," he said soothingly, "you will come out better than I shall, after all. You've got the value of the boat, and your father's leg isn't broke for ever—he'll be all right again in a month or two; while I've lost everything—all gone in the boat. And as to your father, he will be better looked after in the hospital than you could possibly do for him here. I saw him safe there before I left him, and promised him to tell you all about him. I ran some risk in doing that, too. I didn't like the look of some of the men about."

"And the least you could a' done, too, Mr. Hawkey. I couldn't think any man so mean!" said Polly indignantly.

Polsum had heard as much as he wanted. He slipped quietly back and down the ladder to where Matson was waiting.

"He's our man," said he. "The woman calls him Hawkey."

"I thought I could not be mistaken," said Matson. "But now, how do you propose to take him? Shall we knock at the door and both go straight in?"

"No; that won't work here. He might get out while the woman kept us at the door. She's as good as a man, that woman; she'd show fight. If not, I'm a bad judge of the sex. No, you go up the ladder into the loft; there is plenty of hay, and you can conceal yourself behind the door that leads down into the sitting-room. You can see and hear everything there. I will give you five minutes; then I will knock at the door, and you must give me what help is needed; or if he is quiet, join me outside."

Matson did as was arranged, and concealed himself at the end of the loft.

"You must bide here a while," he heard the girl say. "You have had your chance and lost it this time, Mr. Hawkey. I bain't going nowheres till I have a-zeen vaather, and know how 'tis going with he."

Then Polsum knocked. Polly hastily pushed Hawkey into a recess in which hung sundry garments covered by an old curtain, and partly hidden by a high-backed seat at the fireside. Then she cautiously opened the door.

"What do 'ee want?" she asked. "Vaather bain't to home."

"I know that," said Polsum. "I've got a message for you, miss, from him. He is in the hospital at Weymouth with a broken leg, but it has been set, and he is doing very well, and would be glad if you would bring him some clean things in the morning to tidy him up a bit."

"Here, come en, will 'ee, and tell I a little more about it. I caan't rightly make it out. Is his leg broke or not?"

"Yes; he is in the hospital at Weymouth."

"How did it happen?"

"That I can't say, but he was brought ashore from the Jersey boat. He had a mate with him, though, but he went off in such a confounded hurry there was no time to tell him anything. Your father wanted to send a message by him, but couldn't, so I brought it instead."

"And very kind of 'ee, too, sir," she answered.

Matson listened with amazement at the string of ready lies on Polsum's tongue, and wondered how the dialogue would end. But Polly was sharp—much sharper than Polsum thought—and she was not to be caught unawares or betrayed into any indication of the fugitive's close neighbourhood.

"Yes, 'a looked en as 'a came hwoam, and 'a told me vaather's leg was broke, but 'a was quite comfortable now, an' I wer not to disturb en till mornen'. 'A was rare tired himself, but 'a had a-promised vaather or 'a would have a-waited till mornen' to tell I."

"I dare say he was," said Polsum sympathetically. "Pray don't disturb him on my account."

"Oh, you needn't caddle about en," said Polly. "'A went hwoam an hour or more agone."

Matson, in his uneasy retreat above, could hardly help laughing at the comedy below: the girl and the detective trying to outvie—outlie would be the better word—each other. But it was no laughing matter to the wretched fugitive beneath.

The talk went on.

"I must be going," said Polsum.

"What on earth is he going to do now?" thought Matson.

"I can't be keeping a lady up at this time of night," continued the detective. "I ought to have been in bed myself long ago."

"Well, many thanks to 'ee," said Polly, "vor comen' in zo late to tell I. If vaather wer to home, I could give 'ee a shakedown along with he. But won't 'ee take a drop of something hot before ye go?"

"Why, thankee, miss, I don't mind if I do," said Polsum, who was prolonging his supposed departure to the utmost.

Polly mixed him some grog, and took care to make it tolerably stiff, but declined to take any herself.

"'Tis not a woman's drink," she said, "nor a man's either, unless he knows when to ztop."

But, for all that, she took care to brew Polsum's grog with a very double allowance of whisky.

She made some tea for herself, and sat opposite while Polsum was sipping his grog.

"My word," said he, "this is strong. I think you must have exceeded my allowance."

"Take a little more water," she said, reaching for the kettle.

But Polsum was too polite for that.

"Allow me," he said, rising, and, taking the kettle from her hand, diluted his grog with a very small addition of water.

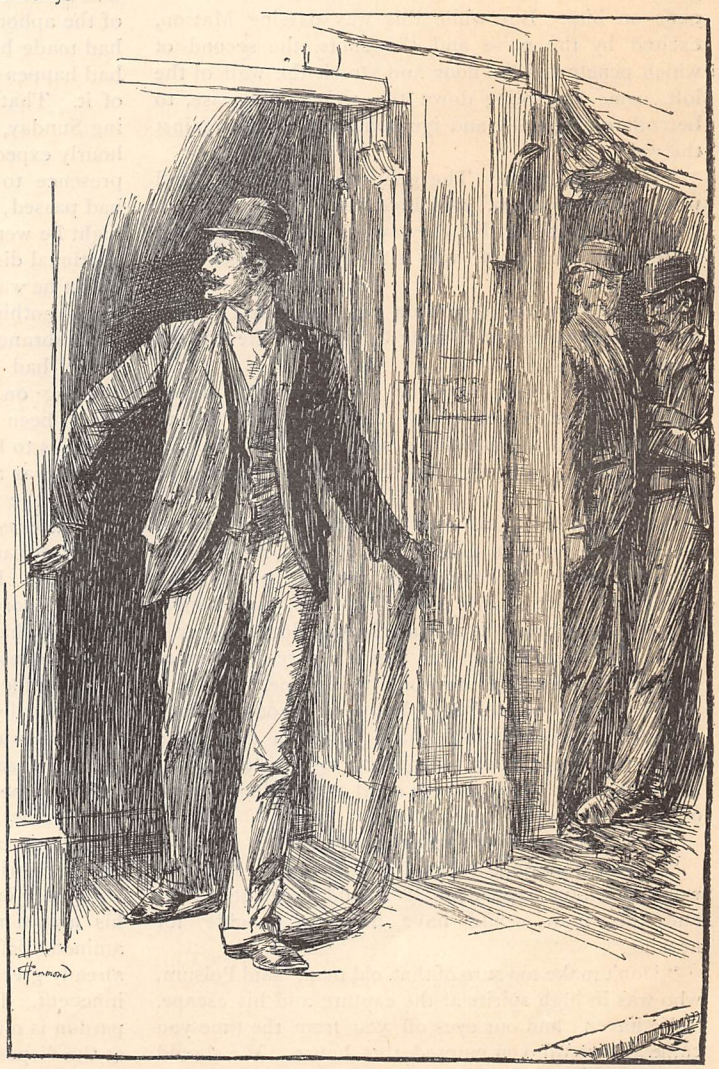
As he replaced the kettle on the fire he caught his foot in Polly's dress and stumbled, or pretended to stumble, for the kettle flew with a straight aim toward the curtain behind which Hawkey stood. A stifled exclamation of pain was heard.

"You've scalded the cat," said Polly. "I expect she was lying on the clothes."

"My word, I never heard a cat speak like that before," said Polsum.

Then he rushed forward and pulled the curtain aside.

"Hullo, my friend, I thought you were fast asleep at home," said he, as Hawkey, dark-visaged and scowling, stood before him.



"THE STRANGER CAME OUT AND LOOKED CAREFULLY ROUND" (*p.* 768).

"What is that to you?" he said fiercely, for he was now at bay.

"Come, Mr. Hawkey," said Polsum, "you had best take things quietly. You are fairly caught, you know, though you have given us a rare chase for it."

"Am I?" said Hawkey, with a savage grin on his features. "Not if I know it."

The look and the words ought to have warned Polsum, for he nearly paid forfeit with his life. As Hawkey spoke a click was heard; a bullet grazed Polsum's cheek and smashed itself on the wall. The detective rushed forward to seize him, but missed his grip, and was gripped instead by his prisoner. Hawkey twisted the revolver round so as to cover his antagonist's head, and the next instant Polsum would have been a dead man, but as he fired Polly struck up his hand and seized his wrist with an iron grasp.

"None o' that here, I tell 'ee. I've a-done all 'a could vor 'ee, but I'll have no murder done here."

As she said this she wrested the revolver from his grasp, and in a moment more Polsum had the handcuffs on him. But while this was passing Matson, excited by the noise and the shots, the second of which penetrated the floor and struck the wall of the loft, came stumbling down the rickety staircase, to be collared by Polly and ignominiously thrust against the wall.

"Hold hard, miss. The gentleman's my mate, and won't do ye no harm," said Polsum.

Then addressing Hawkey, who, pale and glaring with rage and fury, was sitting handcuffed in a chair—

"I arrest you for forgery on the Bank and on the Wheal Tintinnabulum Mining Company. Here is the warrant."

"No need," said Hawkey savagely. "I knew when we were picked up by the steamer it was all up with me. I could have shot you dead as you sat drinking your grog, and I'm heartily sorry now I didn't."

"All right, old man," said Polsum. "Best for me and for you too, you didn't. As for you, miss"—addressing Polly—"I haven't the pleasure of knowing your name, but I owe my life to you, and I most heartily thank you. It was as cleverly done as ever I see. If it hadn't been for you it's very little more business Mathew Polsum would have done."

"No thanks to me," said Polly. "I would a' done as much for any man, an' I have a-done a deal more for he than most ov en"—pointing to Hawkey as he sat in the chair—"but I ztop short at murder—nwoan o' that if I know it."

Then Hawkey turned fiercely at her.

"If you had done what I asked you at first this would not have happened. I should have been safe, and this man would have had his trouble for nothing."

"Don't make too sure of that, old man," said Polsum, who was in high spirits at the capture and his escape. "We haven't had our eyes off you from the time you came ashore till you entered this house. We should have had you, anyhow."

"Would you?" said Hawkey. "I heartily wish you had had the chance to try. You wouldn't have caught me, but you would have broken your own necks."

"Well, I didden choose to go," returned Polly, "and leave vaather en thic theare caddle. 'Tis all as one to you whether vo'k break their legs or whether they get drownded zo long's you get zaafe off. There be vaather; goodness knows when a'll be well. 'Twer no fault of his you didden get across. You wer a-botherin' to go all the time, but if you'd a-bided quiet till weather was smooth, you'd a-done it right."

Hawkey made no answer, but sat scowling at her. Then, on Polsum's word, he went off with him to the lock-up for the night.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTEENTH.

DELIVERANCE.

IT is said that "hope deferred maketh the heart sick." Davenant had ample opportunity to prove the truth of the aphorism. Some time had elapsed since Davies had made his statement to the governor, but nothing had happened to show that any notice had been taken of it. That it had been made he knew by the following Sunday, and for the next few days he was in the hourly expectation of being called into the governor's presence to receive his pardon. But day after day had passed, and there was no sign of release, and each night he went back to his cell, weary and dejected by continual disappointment.

But he was not, after all, forgotten by the authorities, to say nothing of one who had him very constantly in remembrance. That uncertain memory of his face which had haunted Madge ever since their first meeting on the slope of the fosse, though she had never been able to solve it, was a more potent stimulus to her exertions on his behalf than even she herself was aware of; and it was just when his despair was at the worst that those exertions were crowned with success.

At last came the summons to attend the governor in his office. From him Davenant learned the sequel of Davies' story—namely, that his former partner was in custody, charged with forgery and attempted murder, and in consequence that he was required in London to give evidence on the trial. He saluted the governor mechanically, as if in a dream, and was about to retire when the warder stopped him.

"Stay," said the governor kindly; "that is not all. I have some good news for you. You are not to travel as a convict."

A great ball seemed to swell in Davenant's throat and to deprive him of speech.

"Don't excite yourself," said the governor, seeing his agitation. "This man, Hawkey, has been examined before the magistrate, and the evidence already given has satisfied the authorities that you are innocent. I have received a telegram stating that a pardon is on the way, but that you are to hold yourself at the disposal of the authorities during the trial. You will probably go to London to-day. Until then your

time is your own ; you are no longer under the prison rules."

Astonished and bewildered at the sudden accomplishment of his hopes, he begged leave to go to the infirmary for a while to collect his thoughts. There he found the doctor, who asked cheerily—

"You know the news, I suppose? I knew it myself, but it is the governor's province to inform a prisoner."

"I knew Davies had made a statement, but it was some time ago and I thought it was disregarded. When a man is once convicted the balance of doubt always goes against him."

"True; but in the long run a wrongly-convicted man seldom fails to get righted. And you have had friends who have worked for you, and effectually, as you know to-day."

"Do you know who they are?" asked Davenant eagerly. "It is of great importance to me to know."

"It is only a surmise of mine as to their identity, and if I were sure I should not feel justified in naming them without their permission. Besides, you are sure to meet them in London."

Later in the day came the royal pardon, and Davenant was again sent for to receive it. In the room was a gentleman whom he recognised as his former questioner, Mr. Bax.

"It is not often I have such a pleasant duty to perform," said the governor, as he handed the pardon to Davenant. "You are now a free man, sir, and I heartily congratulate you that justice has at last been given to you. You have borne undeserved punishment as a brave man should bear it. You are clear in the eyes of the law, and I trust you will soon be as clear before the world."

"I always thought I should be cleared one day. Yet it seems like a dream now that it has actually come."

"I must give you a substantial proof that it is not," said Mr. Bax, "by requesting you to change your prison dress, which is Government property, for clothes that will better suit you. You will find everything you want in the next room."

There Davenant found an outfitter, who speedily re-invested him with the ordinary garb of civilisation. Then, after a courteous farewell from the governor and the staff, he and Mr. Bax entered a carriage waiting at the gates and were driven to the station. He looked eagerly in the crowd of faces on the chance of seeing the one that was always in his memory, but in vain. Only the doctor's vague hint gave him any hope that, possibly, she was one of the friends named by him. And if so, she was not in Portland, but in London. But for that, it seemed as if leaving the island was parting with the last hope.

On the journey Mr. Bax gave Davenant a brief account of the way in which his innocence had been proved. But he said nothing to enlighten him as to the prime cause of those efforts, nor anything which served to identify his unknown friends with those who had started the matter. He warned him that he would have to face a severe cross-examination, that the worst construction would be put upon his acts and motives and of those who were acting in the matter, and that he must refrain from any inquiries until the trial was over. And with this Davenant was forced to be content.

CHAPTER THE NINETEENTH.

A WELCOME MEETING.

By the time that Bax and Davenant had thrashed out the two questions as to who were his friends and the approaching trial they were very near the end of their journey. From Waterloo Bax conducted Davenant to quiet lodgings in the respectable but dreary region of Bloomsbury, where, for the sake of privacy, he was, by Bax's introduction, known only as Mr. Smith.

In Bloomsbury he found it true that solitude is not so much in the desert as in the crowded streets of a great city. Whatever might be the drawbacks of Portland, it was not a solitude. There was a certain companionship in the faces of the convicts and the warders as they met in their daily work, and the occupation was of that continuous nature that the solitary time spent in the cell with the companionship of books was little more than a man might wish to have for himself in such circumstances. But he had not spent two days in London, moving about in its vast crowds, without feeling himself infinitely more alone. To walk from Bloomsbury to the City through throngs of people, not one of whom had the slightest care or interest in him, to whom he was of no more account than the mud on one's boots, and to not one of whom would his existence or his death be of the smallest moment, was to realise what solitude really meant.

He was not, however, without occupation. He had to attend at Bax's offices for a good part of each day, going over his own and Freeland's evidence, some portions of which he could confirm. The remainder of his time he spent in wandering through the crowded streets of the City and West End, feeling when he returned to his lodgings more lonely than ever. There was one compensation in his solitude—no one, at his lodgings or elsewhere, evinced the least curiosity about him, which saved him the annoyances which would have surely followed had his Portland history been known.

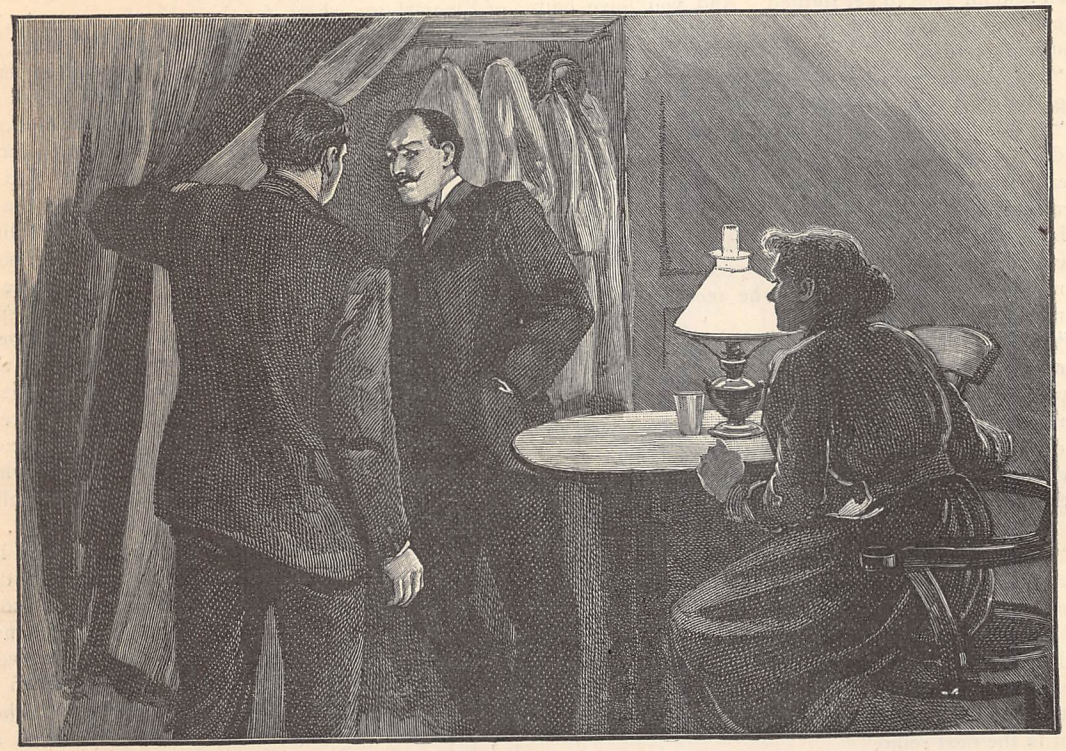
In London, as in Portland, he was always on the watch for his lost love, but with the same unsuccess. But with the remembrance of the doctor's hint, he never flagged in the search, and he walked miles through the tiring streets in the faint hope of meeting her. It was weary work, and he returned at night exhausted and worn out with mental and bodily strain. In fact, were it not that Bax's daily requirements furnished him with much mental occupation, and that the question of his future became more and more one of great anxiety to him, he would have given way to despondency. But one Sunday afternoon, the last preceding the trial, which was fixed to commence the next day, he found his way westward to Kensington Gardens. It was a relief to get off the weary pavement and on to the springy turf, and even to walk

under the gaunt trees, now bare of all foliage, was pleasant to him who had been so long without seeing a tree.

Though it was a winter afternoon, there was animation and movement in the scene. The walks and glades were sprinkled with people of all sorts and conditions, moving about in a leisurely way, evidently enjoying the air, sharper and fresher here than in the streets, and with the sweet smell of the turf and the trees bringing the country into mind. The people, too, as Davenant noted with pleasure, were free from the air of preoccupation and the hurrying pace which knew instantly as the object of his secret love. She, he saw with delight, recognised him at once. So amazed was he that he almost forgot to bow, but remembered in time. Mrs. Hurst stared, not recognising him, but Madge, whispering, "It is Mr. Davenant, aunt," offered her hand with a frank but kindly greeting.

"I am so glad to see you, and in so much happier circumstances."

"And I too, Mr. Davenant," added Mrs. Hurst. "I did not know you at first, but you will let me add my congratulations."



"HE RUSHED FORWARD AND PULLED THE CURTAIN ASIDE" (*p.* 769).

mark the week-day crowds in London streets. The light of the winter sun, sinking in the west, was shining through the bare boughs of the trees and harmonising with the deep colour of the interlaced masses of dusky purple across the sky. Something in the look of the scene recalled a Portland sunset to Davenant's mind, and instinctively his thoughts flew back to the island which, in his belief, held for him the dearest being on earth. He paced moodily along a broad walk, heedless of the passers-by, some of whom threw curious glances at him, and forgetful for the moment of the scrutiny of faces it was his habit to keep up.

But the sound of a voice a few paces in front, familiar and yet strange, roused him from his reverie. Looking up from the ground he saw, not three yards in front of him, two ladies, the younger of whom he

"I should hardly have ventured to bow," said Davenant, "but if you knew how I have longed to thank you for your sympathy with me in those dark days you would forgive me. If I had not known that you did not despise a man for wearing a convict's clothes I should not have dared to speak to you now."

"We always had the impression that you were an innocent man," answered Mrs. Hurst, "and we were delighted to hear that you had been released."

"How did you know?" asked Davenant eagerly, thinking he was getting to the bottom of one out of the several curious questions connected with his release. "My punishment was an awful thing for me," he continued, "but I cannot understand how it has happened that I, who lost all my friends when I

was sentenced, should have gained others more kind when I had no means of knowing or finding them. I did not know your names—I even do not know now, although you know me—but I intended to thank you with all my heart if ever I met you again. But I was getting doubtful whether I should ever have the chance of doing so."

"Our solicitor, Mr. Bax, is engaged in this trial, and we have heard very much of it, and of your history in connection with it," said Mrs. Hurst, interposing to save Madge from replying.

"That partly explains it, then," he said; "but it also shows how kind you were in condescending to look at a felon in his prison dress at a time when, for all you knew, I was as guilty as the rest. I have seen some ladies look horribly scared if I happened to be within a dozen yards of them."

They were pacing up and down the walk, Madge very silent, and leaving Mrs. Hurst to keep up the conversation.

"It seems a very bold request," continued Davenant, "to ask your names. I have never had the happiness of knowing them."

"A very natural one. I am the wife of Doctor Hurst of the —th Regiment, in garrison at the Verne; and this is our niece, Miss Drayton. After telling you of Mr. Bax, you will not be surprised at our knowing your name."

"No, indeed; but it seems only like another stage in a dream. I can hardly believe now that I am not really in Portland, and that I shall not presently wake and find myself in my cell. In fact, I feel as if I could hardly be surprised at anything."

"It has come suddenly on you?" said Mrs. Hurst.

"It has come suddenly, as you say. And yet I have been hoping against hope for a good while past. But I suppose that when a thing has been watched and waited for so long its coming does always seem sudden."

"You know the saying, 'Everything comes to him who waits'?" said Mrs. Hurst. "'Justice,' they say, 'has leaden feet, but iron hands,' as your betrayer is finding out by this time. But come, you have not told us yet. Your family, I expect, were delighted to see you again?"

"Mrs. Hurst!" exclaimed Davenant, surprised. "You do not know, then, that I have no relations living? My mother and sister were all I had, and they died of grief after my sentence. And of all the friends, such as they were, that I had in the old days, not one has troubled himself with the fortunes of a convict. Save for yourselves, and so far as you will allow me the privilege, I have no friends but you; and I should not dare to say that if I did not know how good you are."

Madge's eyes were full of tears, but, fortunately for her, Davenant was looking straight into the distance, and did not see her face.

"I am sorry if I have wounded you, Mr. Davenant. Pray forgive my carelessness. Mr. Bax did not tell us this, which is my only excuse. And as for friends, I hope you will always consider us friends. Will you come in with us and let me introduce you to my husband?"

"Is Doctor Hurst of the same mind as yourselves?" asked Davenant, hesitating. "You are goodness itself to me, but he might object to my company. I have scarcely yet lost the prison taint."

"I will answer for him," replied Mrs. Hurst, smiling. "He is as much your partisan as we are, only he was not so quick in forming his opinion as we were. Men, as a rule, are not so quick-sighted as women. Do you not think so?"

"I am not surprised that he should be slow to believe it," said Davenant. "I can hardly believe it myself sometimes."

"Come in, and you shall hear him speak for himself," said Mrs. Hurst.

He looked at Margaret Drayton to see if she would second the invitation. Only for a moment was his glance returned, but it said, "Come."

"Please forgive me, Mrs. Hurst," he replied, "if I have forgotten good manners. I have hardly shaken off prison servility as yet."

"We shall forgive it, and you must forget it," she said.

Then Madge interposed.

"You have done nothing to be ashamed of."

"How kind you are!" he answered, with a grateful look in his eyes which brought vividly to her mind that first meeting in the fosse. "If you only knew what pleasure you are giving me!"

That unsatisfied memory was in both their minds. Yet neither spoke of it. Davenant would have tried, had he dared, to trace it out. But he shrank from putting any questions. He could not recall any incident of which he could remind her, and their acquaintance was still too new to claim any old association, even if he could have proved it. Something, too, held Madge back from speaking of it. Davenant did not mention it, and it seemed to her unmaidenly in such circumstances to ask him first. It was a foolish reserve, but if she had had time or opportunity to analyse it, it might have suggested some curious questions for self-examination.

But if Madge was blind as to her own mind towards Davenant, and to the almost inevitable consequences of such a partisanship as hers, Mrs. Hurst was not. Without any positive confidences reposed in her, she knew almost as much of Madge's mind as Madge herself. She saw very clearly, too, Davenant's ill-concealed passion for Madge and his disappointment at her apparent reserve; and she felt much sympathy for the difficulty which Madge had to face. Having done so much, it was impossible not to do more, and treat him with the hospitality of which he was so much in need. But it was hard to do this without injudicious encouragement, and Madge's evident want of self-possession added to her perplexity.

Mrs. Hurst was a sensible woman, and her ready wit soon suggested the right course.

"Will you come to church with us?" she asked Davenant.

"Most willingly, if I may be allowed. Sunday was

"'IT IS MR. DAVENANT, AUNT'" (*p.* 772).

my happiest day in prison. I always felt less cut off from the world then—less like a slave and more like a man."

"Ah!" replied Mrs. Hurst, "I think some, even in the prison, might have been free men if they had only known what true freedom is."

"I know what you mean," he answered. "Our chaplain did his best to show us that freedom. He is a good man. Even the best of us all the week felt that we were an inferior order of men to the warders who had us in charge. But he always talked to us as if he were one of ourselves—of course, I do not mean in the criminal sense—but he showed that he could feel for us and sympathised with our hard lot."

"I know him," said Mrs. Hurst softly. "I know he is a good man."

"I know he did me good," said Davenant, "for though I was innocent, yet one cannot live amongst a multitude of convicts as one of them without becoming more or less identified with them; and it was a comfort to me that there was one man at least in the place who could recognise our common humanity, even under a convict's jacket."

"Where did you go this morning?" asked Mrs. Hurst, suddenly.

Davenant hesitated.

"Will you wonder at me," he said, "when I tell you that I intended to go, and actually did go, to the door of St. Martin's, and then turned back?"

"Why?" asked Madge, suddenly breaking a long silence.

"Because I could not muster courage enough to go in. There were scores of fashionable, well-dressed people flocking in, and something of my prison shame came over me. I felt as though I had no right to mix with people who had never stood in the dock, and probably never would. And I thought, too, that possibly some of them might see me in the witness-box to-morrow or the next day and feel insulted that I had ventured to sit beside them."

"That is a morbid fancy of yours, which you should fight against, Mr. Davenant," said Mrs. Hurst.

"My word, I think he was right, Jane," said the doctor, when he was told this. "It is just what I should have done in the circumstances."

Madge said nothing, but there was a tender pity in her eyes. Mrs. Hurst rejoined—

"Then you will come to church with us to-night?"

CHAPTER THE TWENTIETH.

DISILLUSION.

DAVENANT was in church, sitting at Madge's side—a pleasure which, a few weeks ago, was beyond his wildest hopes. But, like most pleasures, the anticipation was greater than the reality. Certainly, he was by her side—almost touching her—in the crowded church. But that subtle knowledge of each other's feelings which each possessed seemed to divide rather than attract them, and caused her to wear an air of quiet indifference which confirmed him in his belief that he had assumed too much when he interpreted

her sympathy as an indication that she cared for him in the only way in which, to a lover, woman's care is worth having. Yet, in spite of that conviction, he found himself watching every glance of her eyes and listening to every tone of her voice to extract, if he could, some reassurance for his sinking hope.

As they parted at Mrs. Hurst's door she said to him—

"Have you made any engagements for the present?"

"Not one; I am hardly likely to be sought out. You are kindness itself, but I am puzzled to know why you should show me such kindness—mistaken kindness, I am afraid."

"Poor fellow!" said Mrs. Hurst, when he had gone. "I fear it is going hardly with him now."

"It is only natural," replied Madge. "He will get harder by-and-by."

"What is to become of him while the hardening process is going on?"

"I cannot tell," said Madge. "Do you know, I almost think it would have been kinder to leave him as he was."

"It is hardly like you, Madge, to say that. But I was really astonished to find that he has no relatives. He speaks as if we were the only friends he had."

"How strange it is that I always have that vague, long-ago remembrance of his face! And now that he is dressed in ordinary clothes it is still more marked. Yet I never saw him till we passed him that day in the fosse."

"It is strange, but probably only a resemblance to some face you have seen, but forgotten. I should not speak of it at present if I were you."

"No," said Madge.

But that night as Madge was going to bed she said to Mrs. Hurst—

"Something must be done for him, aunt; but it must be kept secret. He would not take it if he knew. Not only that; I should not wish him to know that I had done it."

"You are still of the same mind, then, Madge?" said Mrs. Hurst, looking steadily into her niece's eyes.

Madge coloured.

"I am still of the same mind as to helping him. I don't see that more is involved."

"Not necessarily," rejoined Mrs. Hurst, with an emphasis on the last word.

Nothing more was said, but Mrs. Hurst went to her room convinced that mere help was not all that was involved in the matter. Madge, too, was vexed that her aunt should imply the possibility of what she would not by any means admit to herself.

Davenant, ignorant of Madge's preoccupation in his affairs, was very anxious on the same matter, and also as to who was bearing the costs which had been incurred in his release. On one thing he was resolved: if the event proved that he was indebted to the Hursts for this great kindness—he did not for a moment credit Madge with actual responsibility—he would not rest till they were repaid. Bax had hinted that in the event of Hawkey's conviction an application for some compensation would be made to the Treasury, and if successful it should be first applied to the payment of this debt. This should be done, no matter how it might affect his prospects.

He was quite aware that this resolution was a serious matter for him. On the morrow the trial would begin; by the end of the week it would be over and the world would have to be faced again. How and where he should begin again the battle of life he had not the faintest idea. A profession was out of the question. For commerce he knew he was utterly unfit—his history was a standing proof of that; as a clerk he might gain a living if he could succeed in shutting out his prison record from those about him—a contingency extremely improbable. All these doors were absolutely closed.

One course only seemed open to him, indistinctly at first, and at no time free from doubt as to its possibility. If he could enlist in his mother's name—which, indeed, was his own also, though he had never been called by it—if he could thus enlist into a cavalry regiment bound for foreign service, there was at least a chance of regaining his lost position. He was above the height, a fair rider, and his Portland discipline had been far more severe than any to which a trooper would have to submit. But there was the doubt—the prison record. Would it be an insuperable difficulty? Cavalry commanders, he knew, were particular about their men. Many of the privates were gentlemen, and, unless he could be sure that his misfortunes would not be charged against him, he would not enter, to say nothing of the doubt as to whether he could be received at all under such circumstances. If this failed there was only one thing left—to emigrate as a labourer to one of the colonies.

But he determined to make the attempt. Whatever the chance might be, it was worth trying. He would, however, take no one into his confidence. Such inquiries as were needful he would make himself. And, above all others, he would keep it from the knowledge of the Hursts.

END OF CHAPTER THE TWENTIETH.

THE WEATHER.

(ILLUSTRATED BY T. W. COULDERY.)

"WILL IT RAIN?"

"IT WILL—AND DOES."

"SET FAIR."

THE WEATHER—(*Continued*).

THE EAST WIND.

"FROST AND SNOW."

"VERY BAD INDEED."

FOGGY.

SOME AUSTRIAN SWEETS.

IT has been said by an authority, that throughout Austria the puddings have reached the summit of perfection; the same may be said of the sweets generally, many of which are of such a nature that they are as acceptable at one meal as another, and serve the purpose of a pudding or a cake. Cleanliness is a leading feature, and one reads again and again, in directions for the making of delicate dishes, that the hand should not be used where it can possibly be avoided. The use of porcelain utensils in the form of rolling-pins, pastry cutters and the like, has much to recommend it. Such articles are kept cleaner than when made of wood, while the material equals marble in its coolness.

Tyroler Zelten.—This is a dish that would be certain of a welcome, though very cheap, and there are many ways of sending it to table. It is first-rate with a simple sweet sauce, as a pudding; and, with butter, it may go in either hot or cold for tea. Those who bake at home would do well to try it, for any nice light yeast dough will form the foundation. Supposing a pound and a half of dough, take about half a pound of the following materials, mixed: raisins, currants, figs, and almonds, the latter in small quantity only; then season well with cinnamon, or any spice to taste, and add some grated lemon peel. All the fruits should be finely divided, and the mixing should be very thorough. This is sometimes baked as a cake, or it may be rolled and baked as a pudding. When done, a shiny surface is secured by a sprinkling of sugar, and the use of the salamander, for appearances are by no means forgotten in Austria, and many simple dishes are raised from the commonplace to the high class by care in the finishing touches.

Lemon Chandeau.—This sauce is so good with almost every sort of sweet that it deserves to become a standing dish in any household, and we need scarcely say that it is delicious with the above dish. The materials are a couple of good lemons, water, four eggs, and four ounces of sugar, and it is to the method rather than the cost that the success is due. Watch an Austrian cook peel those lemons, and you might almost read through the rind; certainly you will find it as yellow on the inner as the outer side, but only the rind of one will be put in the above sauce. The juice is carefully strained, for pips would spoil it; it is then left to blend with water, to make half-a-pint, in a covered vessel for some time. The yolks of eggs go next, and the whole is whisked over the fire, and carefully watched that it does not boil. Those who know how to make chocolate by the process termed "milling" will have no difficulty in making this sauce. This is ready for serving in the hot state, but as a cold sauce there is a further treat in store. The sauce is beaten until cool, then the whites of the eggs are put in, and what a mass of sauce these materials make; but the eggs must be fresh, and let none cease beating the whites until they are stiff enough to bear the weight of a raw egg.

There seems, at first glance, nothing to warrant the excellence of a dish called *Dampfnudeln*, for the ingredients are homely enough for use in any kitchen; but when one considers the perfection of the flour of the country, and the care taken in sieving it, combined with the energy that is thrown into the kneading of the dough, one begins to understand the delicious lightness of these dainties. A pint of flour will make a good number; to it should be put a pinch of salt, and a dash of sugar, about an ounce; the less sugar, the lighter the dough; this fact is undeniable. An ounce of the freshest of dried yeast, if one may use such a term, is next added, with enough lukewarm milk to make a leaven; then a couple of ounces of butter and two eggs must be added, with as much more milk as is needed, and the whole left to rise, when, after the final kneading, the dough is cut into lumps, which emerge from the oven not unlike the penny sponge cakes with which we are all familiar, but *so* puffed up and *so* brown; and are not these perfections due mostly to the glowing heat of the oven, and the freedom from the *peeps* that a too-anxious English cook will often take during the baking process? We think so. When served with a sweet sauce, as they often are, and they are just as delicious with jam, the sugar may be left out altogether. The salamander, or its substitute, an old shovel, gives the last touch to these.

Here is a very peculiar pudding; only a sort of roly-poly made from apples. Are you tired of apple puddings as usually met with? If so, try this, and you will not shelve it afterwards. The foundation is a plain sheet of pastry, but mixed with lukewarm water instead of cold, and strewn with bread crumbs that have been fried in butter to a dainty crispness. The next layer is composed of apples in slices, raisins and currants, and the indispensable cinnamon—a spice much favoured by the Austrians. This is then rolled and baked, and served with dissolved butter poured over it generally, but we venture to recommend a nice sweet sauce, served apart, as the more enjoyable. Those who will take the trouble to fry a few more crumbs to sprinkle on the outside when the pudding is dished, will probably agree with us that the taste and appearance are improved; but this is an English innovation.

Next on our list comes a pudding that, judging from the materials, is only a batter pudding of the ordinary sort, except that there is a good proportion of eggs in it; but we will not pass it over, it is so good as to be more like a soufflé, but to eat it in perfection the flour of the country must be used for it, and a fire-proof china dish is required for the baking. A quarter of a pound of flour, half-a-pint of milk, an ounce of sugar, a saltspoonful of salt, and five eggs. These are the

materials ; it is the blending that does most to bring about perfection. After beating the flour and milk until as smooth as cream, the yolks of eggs are put in, with the sugar and salt, and the mixture left awhile. Then the whites are added in the same frothy condition above referred to, and there is art in the way in which they are mixed in ; a few strokes of the whisk only, *no beating*, to make them fall again ; and not a moment is lost in pouring this delicious batter into the dish, in which a couple of ounces of butter have been heated.

The sight of this makes one hungry, for it equals an omelette in appearance. It may be noted that no flavouring is mentioned in connection with this dish ; there are, however, many suitable ones. Amongst the most delicious are vanilla sugar, orange flower water, rose water, or any essence of good quality ; but it must be remembered that when a liquid of the nature of either of these waters is employed the milk should be proportionately reduced. We may be pardoned for reminding the reader that butter *is* butter in Austria ; no concoction that would be considered unfit for table would find a place in such a pudding as this, and the eggs would be really fresh.

A dish that will commend itself to the juvenile members of the family is an *Auflauf*, made from jam. This is nothing more or less than a meringue mixture, mixed with jam, of which apricot is favourite. For the whites of four eggs, the same number of tablespoonfuls of white sugar, and about the same, or a trifle less, of jam would be used. The mixing takes some time, a little of each being put in the bowl and whisked well. When all are used up the mass is piled on a dish, and a goodly pile it makes ; then baked, or we might say dried, in the oven, so slow is it, until a pale brown. It is eaten hot or cold ; in the latter form it is a good dish for a children's party, eaten of course in moderation.

Speaking of the children reminds us of a dainty *Snow Cake*. Butter, sugar, and flour, in equal weights, are wanted for this, and for twelve ounces of the mixture the whites of four eggs ; the best flavouring for it is grated lemon peel. The ordinary method of creaming the butter and sugar is followed, the flour is sifted in by slow degrees, and most carefully blended (you will not find an Austrian cook beating it), the eggs, beaten to a snowy pile, are put in with the same light touch, and when baked with care there are few more delicious cakes than this. Those who would like a novel pudding should try this hot, with the lemon sauce above ; the combination is first-rate, and in this case we advise that the sauce be poured over the cake, to soak it a little. A cake similar to the above is composed of equal parts of corn flour and wheaten flour. Another owes its goodness to a mixture of potato flour and wheaten flour ; by the latter we refer to the fine flour of Austria.

Here is an old friend, with a very new face, in the shape of *Potato Pudding*. In some cases there may not be much in a name, but those who may try this will own that there is a good deal in method. But the mixing ! We dare not venture to give this in the original, for who can give the hour demanded for the blending of the materials ? Well, we have found it so excellent when made in less than half the time that we make no apology for the deviation. The materials are a quarter of a pound of mashed potatoes, the same weight of sugar, and four whole eggs, with the yolks of four more for a first-class pudding ; but the four alone will bring about very good results if the potatoes be increased by an ounce, and a tablespoonful or two of milk be put in. The dryness of the potatoes is of primary importance, and if they are not sieved the pudding will be but a poor substitute for the original. The best way to make this is to whisk the ingredients until they resemble a thick custard, or thin batter. The flavouring is a matter for the individual, and so is the sauce ; a very good one is made from thin melted butter, with a nice jam or fruit jelly mixed in, or some fruit syrup is just as good. The mould should be thickly buttered, and coated with bread crumbs ; and the oven should be gentle.

A sweet famed through Austria is made from a mixture of chocolate, bread crumbs, sugar, eggs, almonds and spice. The peculiarity consists in the unpeeled condition of the almonds. We must say that, having tried this in both forms, we give the preference, both on the ground of flavour and digestion, to the peeled almonds of every-day life. A very nice sweet of this sort is to be had from four eggs, to two ounces each of the other materials ; but many will increase the sugar to four ounces, and the varieties of spices that are used are many. Cinnamon with nutmeg is a favourite, but we prefer the old combination of vanilla and almonds, which perhaps many have never tried, for one would hardly think that the result would be good ; but it is, in our opinion. This wants careful baking.

Cherry Cake must close our list, and it is an excellent illustration of a cake and pudding in one. About a pint of bread crumbs will form the basis of a good-sized one, and to them should be added half their weight of fine sugar, three eggs, the chopped peel of half a lemon, and a generous handful of ripe cherries, the darker and juicier the better. For this, half an hour's beating is demanded, and at the last the whites of two more eggs should go in. The custom of adding some of the eggs at the end, and with the whites separately whisked, is almost universal, and those who are inclined to begrudge the trouble, or think there is "nothing in it," a term we have often heard, should note the difference in size and lightness of a pudding so made, and one to which the eggs are added in the ordinary manner. This is baked in a buttered mould lined with bread crumbs, and served hot or cold, and with sauce or without. This principle, we may say in conclusion, may be carried out with other fruit as well as cherries. We have an idea that damsons would yield a delicious dish of this sort ; and we are sure that any fruit juice, boiled to a syrup with sugar, and served as sauce, will recommend itself.

THE USURPER.

THE central figure in Whitchurch was Grandfather. The squire, the vicar, the Hon. Thursby, M.P. for the division, Mr. Gadd, the saddler who played the organ in church, and Evan Davis the regular pedlar or tallyman, all enjoyed a certain share of notice due to the meretricious glamour of position; but Grandfather's importance was the genuine outcome of his own personality—a peculiar and inalienable right, arising from the fact that he was over ninety-seven years of age and had all his teeth, except the second incisor on the left side, which had been knocked out in a row at the time of the "Great Charter."

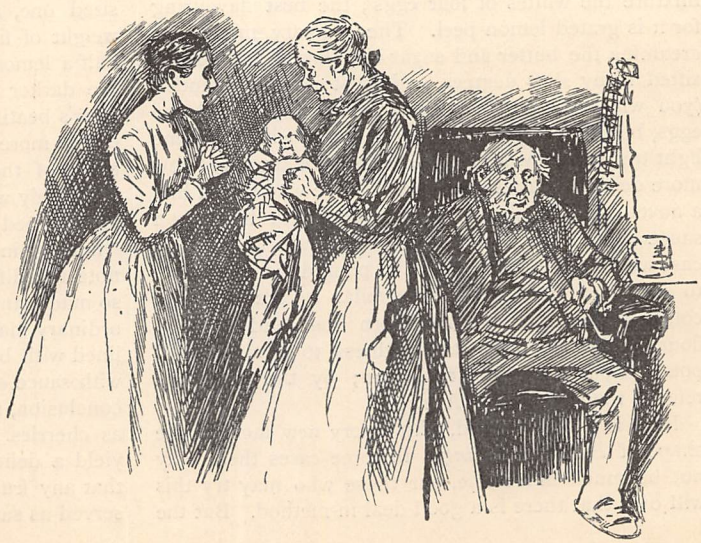
The "Great Charter," by the way, shed an additional glory on Grandfather; for in the mind of Whitchurch the past *was* the past, one, homogeneous and indivisible; and this episode in Grandfather's life was spoken of indifferently as the "time of the Great Charta," and the "Signing of Magna Charta"; and Grandfather, King John, the Chartists, and the barons, Westminster and Runnymede were all factors in the same event. There were some who went so far as to aver that it was Grandfather himself who actually signed the corner stone of English liberty.

There were seven or eight other grandfathers in Whitchurch, but these were simply grandfathers with a small g, bearing the appellation merely as a recognition of relationship and not as a honorific title or rank.

Grandfather was made much of by everybody. It was looked upon as bad form to use a new brand of snuff or tobacco without going through the ceremony of asking his opinion of it at the start, and this law was rigidly observed alike by the vicar and the pedlar. All visitors who came to the village to fish, or sketch, or what not, were presented to Grandfather, and expected to inquire of him how he had contrived to keep himself in such wonderful preservation, and what he thought of the present generation.

As might be expected of one who had been in existence at the time of the Battles of Cape St. Vincent and Marengo and Trafalgar, of the Peninsular War, of George III.'s Jubilee, of the Thistlewood Conspiracy, and Lord Byron and the Repeal of the Test Act, he had a fund of anecdote connected with the past—only the anecdotes were unconnected with such national events as those. His reminiscences were of more personal and intimate interest: he remembered his father's pigs getting loose in the summer of 1804, and treading down old Northway's grandfather's growing wheat, and getting into Widow Riggleston's kitchen and very nearly trampling on the baby, which gave Mrs. Riggleston such a turn that she married the Chumford Market carrier, though she had only been a widow five months, and took to wearing false hair; he remembered the Chumford carrier being put in the stocks in 1819 (after he had settled down in the drapery line at Whitchurch) for smashing a fly on the parson's wife's bonnet during morning service, having always been of an absent turn of mind; he recollected Bill Baker's grandfather being transported and coming back with a glass eye; and a host of other events in the history of Whitchurch.

With the exception of one or two little exciting episodes—such as being kidnapped by a press-gang, and escaping the next night in the neighbourhood of Chumford Market without taking a part in any sanguinary naval engagement; and as getting that tooth knocked out in the Chartist row on the occasion of Grandfather's only visit to London—Grandfather had spent his life tilling the fields and listening to the song of the skylark, which had continued to sing to him unmoved by the escape of Bonaparte from Elba, or even the repeal of the Corn Laws; in fact, the lark appeared to know almost as little about these matters as Grandfather himself.



"THE PAUSE LASTED NEARLY THREE MINUTES" (*p.* 781).

Grandfather was an affable old gentleman, especially when surrounded by his courtiers, and would never have thought of refusing to show the stump of the lost incisor. There was a reading-room in the village, where many of the males collected of an evening ; but it was beneath the dignity of Grandfather to attend there, and his receptions were held at his granddaughter's cottage.

He sat in the chair of honour—a chair with arms to it—on the side of the fire furthest from the draught ; and Jem, the carpenter, had made a little shelf close to his elbow to hold his tobacco-box and his white mug with a blue tree growing upon it ; and his knobbly walking-stick and knitted comforter hung up beside his head. The miller would send him round the *Chumford Mercury* every Saturday evening ; for Grandfather could still read, with the aid of his big horn-rimmed spectacles, as well as ever—that is, he could spell out easy words and piece them together with more or less success when they had not too many difficult words intruding between them and complicating the solution. He confined his reading to home affairs—the price of sheep and turnips at Chumford Market, the summoning of the local dairyman for watering his milk, or the rebellion at the workhouse ; for he had no sympathy with foreign affairs—that is, for events which happened in London or Birmingham, or other remote parts.

Jenny Wilson, Grandfather's granddaughter, was the wife of Seth Wilson the miller's carter ; and most attentive were both Seth and Jenny to him, and infinitely proud of his ninety-seven years and his set of teeth with only one little gap and his historical reminiscences. They drew out these reminiscences delicately with such words as—

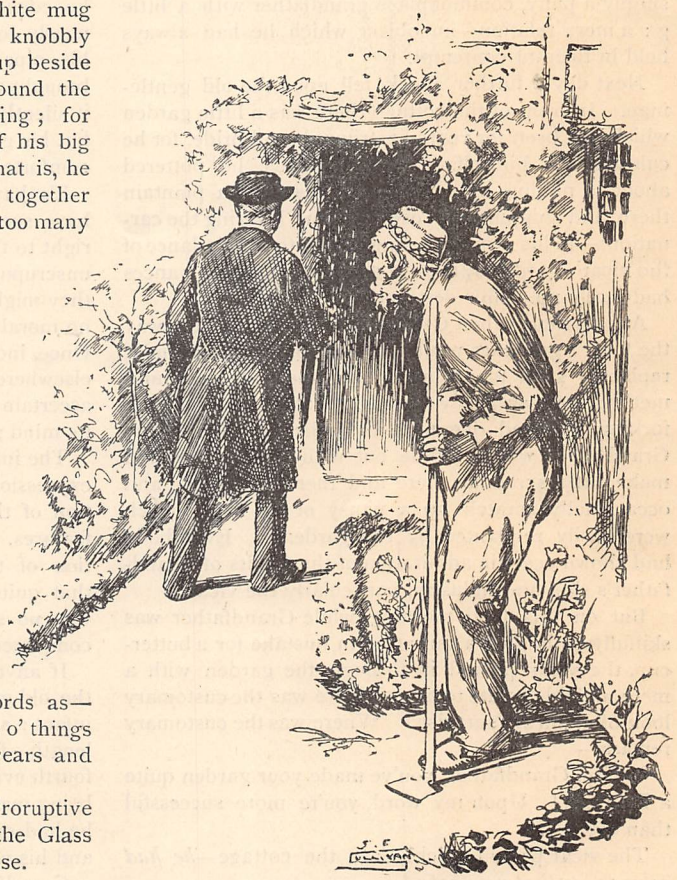
"Ah, Grandad ! there must be a whole lot o' things as you could tell us about as happened years and years ago, if you had a mind to."

And then would follow the Story of the Proruptive Pigs, or the Narrative of the Convict and the Glass Eye, followed by subdued murmurs of applause.

But a great and terrible change was to fall upon the household. One day there was born into the family a minute Wilson with pink paws and no hair or teeth. From the moment of its arrival a vague misgiving appeared in the eye of Grandfather, and he was seen to shake his head very slowly and doubtfully for the rest of that day ; and when, that evening, one-fifth of Whitchurch dropped in to congratulate the new Wilson, the doubt eliminated itself from Grandfather's eye, leaving an undiluted conviction of realised calamity.

That evening Grandfather waited, slowly puffing at his pipe, for the remark commencing, "Ah, Grandad ! there must be a whole lot o' things" ; but the jubilant converse about the chubby new Wilson went on almost unflaggingly. At length, however, there came a pause, and Grandfather took his long clay out of the gap in his teeth and waited expectantly, pretending all the while to be absorbed in the singing of the kettle on the fire ; but there was an agitation in his fingers which caused the tip of his pipe-stem to collide with the quays in warping out of dock between the first incisor and the dog-tooth.

The pause lasted nearly three minutes. It was a period of intense mental strain for Grandfather ; nervous expectation complicated by doubt gave way to acute misgiving, as the remark, "Ah, Grandad ! etc.,"



"THE VICAR PASSED QUICKLY INTO THE COTTAGE" (*p.* 782).

failed to strike upon his ear ; and when, finally, the babble broke out again with the remark : "Bigger 'ands an' feet than wot Mrs. Jellicoe's little Ebenezer's wos, I do believe ; and 'e was a regler strapper, in a manner o' speakin' !" the tip of Grandfather's pipe made three disastrous failures at getting into dock again, and then went in with a rush, and nearly down Grandfather's throat.

From that moment the old gentleman retired within himself and locked the door ; he was a changed Grandfather. He gradually edged his chair round until he sat with his face toward the knitted comforter and his back to the company ; and when, for some considerable time, the company did not appear to notice the change, the cup of Grandfather's bitterness

was full and he had become a recluse and a misanthrope.

That night the company actually separated without a single call for historical anecdote, and Grandfather could not for the life of him convince himself that it was not all a bad dream. For a good half-hour after the guests had departed he sat bolt upright in his chair, with his nose close to the knitted comforter ; but it appeared to be a Job's comforter, for he got more and more gloomy. He was dethroned and deposed ; he was no longer Grandfather with a big G, but simply a puny, commonplace grandfather with a little g : a mere relation—an object which he had always held in tolerant contempt.

Next day a further shock fell upon the old gentleman. In front of the cottage there was a little garden which had been for years his triumph and pride, for he cultivated it himself. In other words, he pottered about it, pulling up a dandelion here and a plantain there, and snipping the rose-trees and layering the carnations—in his own way ; and, owing to the vigilance of the vicar's gardener, the old gentleman's performances had really no visible destructive effect.

At odd times when Grandfather was out of the way the vicar's gardener would slip in and put things right, replacing such plants as Grandfather's horticultural method had seriously damaged, and doing all the forking-over and digging ; and when he had gone Grandfather would toddle out with a little hoe, and make little scratches here and there in the soil, and occasionally scratch up a pansy or an aster which were easily re-planted by the gardener. Everybody had shown ecstatic admiration of the results of Grandfather's skill and industry, particularly the vicar.

But on this fatal morning, while Grandfather was skilfully pulling up a carnation in mistake for a buttercup, the vicar passed in through the garden with a mere amiable salute to him. Where was the customary look of admiring surprise ? Where was the customary remark—

"Why, Grandfather, you've made your garden quite a Paradise ! Upon my word, you're more successful than ever ! " ?

The vicar passed quickly into the cottage—*he had come to see that new baby !*

The catastrophe had fallen upon Grandfather in all its tremendousness ; his bosom was torn by a war of mingled emotions, all of the bitterest description—mortification, shame, anger, lofty contempt, resentment. He dropped the small hoe and the carnation on the path—on the very middle of the neat path—and left them there. He took this step deliberately and of set purpose—did the thing without haste and with the full knowledge of what he was doing—and then he stumped into the cottage, passed through the kitchen—where the vicar was admiring the baby—without a word ; and, keeping his back to everybody as much as he could, locked himself in his own little room.

For the rest of that day Grandfather refused to come out. His dinner was placed on the floor outside his door, and when the placer had retired he took it in. It was now too late to withdraw from the course he was pursuing, even had he wished to : he had committed himself to it. The very fact that the hoe and the plant must have been already found on the middle of the path would by this time be the talk of the place—stay, *would* it be the talk of the place, *or would the new baby ?*

At the thought Grandfather's cup of bitterness overflowed.

From that day he set himself steadily to forget his historical reminiscences of Whitchurch ; every evening he edged his chair round until he sat with his nose nearly touching the knitted comforter, and puffed at his pipe in silence. On the third evening they brought the baby and gave it to him to hold. Taking it silently, he held it away right at the end of his knees ; but his gaze was steadily averted and turned into the comforter.

To have looked at it even for an instant would have seemed like acknowledging, to some extent, its right to the place it had seized in so tyrannical and unscrupulous a manner ; and he was resolved, although they might compel him to give it physical, to afford it no moral support in the course it had seen fit to adopt. Once, indeed, while the infant's attention was directed elsewhere, Grandfather did glance furtively at it to ascertain the effect of his uncompromising policy upon its mind ; but there was no discernible effect.

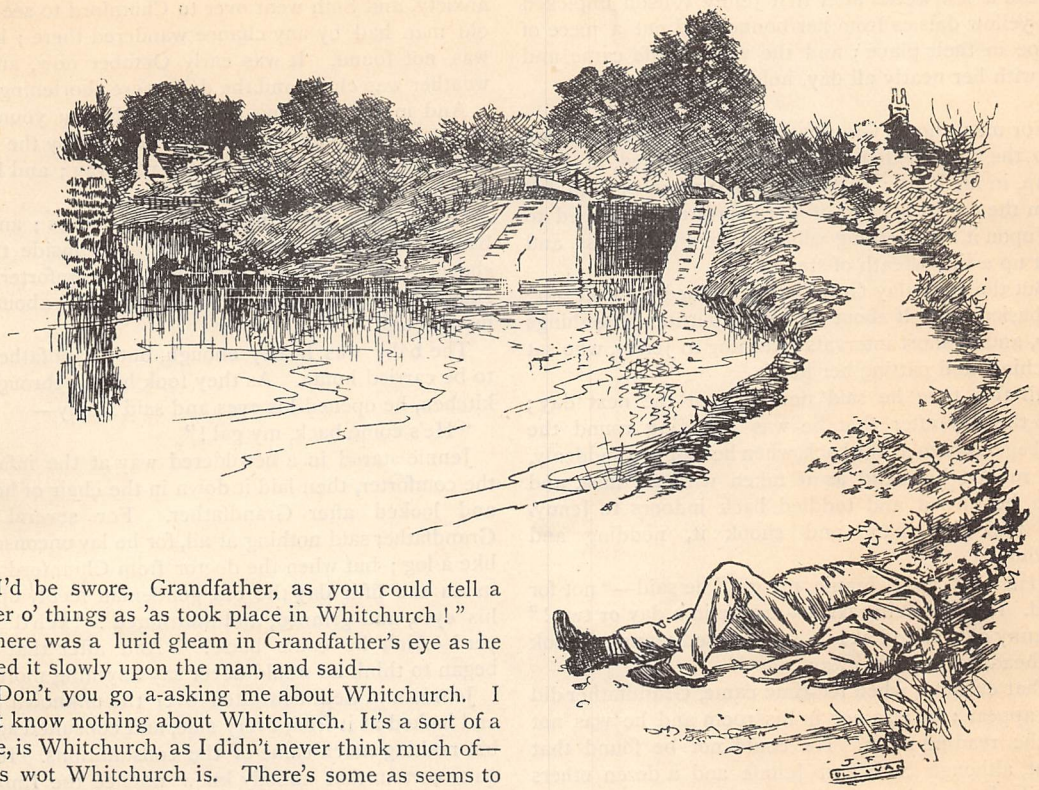
The infant was stolidly contented ; indeed, a settled expression of smug satisfaction at its complete reduction of the old gentleman's pretensions occupied its features. It made, certainly, no vaunting demonstration of triumphant vanity, circumstances rendering that quite superfluous ; but, on the other hand, there was no sign of consideration for the feelings of the conquered, no shadow of compunction.

If anything was needed to complete the chagrin of the old gentleman it was this placid attitude of the infant ; and when he had nursed it—always at arm's length—for three consecutive evenings, he was, on the fourth evening, missed from his chair ; and, on search being made, he was found at the reading-room, whither he had conveyed the hat, the comforter, his long clay, and his white mug with the blue tree on it.

Grandfather had settled upon his course, and it was a most decided one : he had practically washed his hands of Whitchurch and the surrounding neighbourhoods ; he declined to pull up another weed—or carnation—in the front garden, which was left to the secret efforts of the vicar's gardener, and—greatly to the puzzlement of Grandfather—did not visibly suffer.

Further, he now began to entirely ignore the local news in the *Chumford Market Mercury*, and launched out recklessly into such foreign items as did not seem to contain too many long words.

When the glamour of the infant Wilson began to die out, Grandfather recognised his growing opportunity for revenge ; and one evening, about two months after the infant's arrival, as the old gentleman sat in the reading-room, Bill Widgeon suddenly left off beating his regular tattoo with his pipe on his teeth, and said—



"FOUND THE OLD MAN LYING ON THE PATHWAY" (*p.* 784).

"I'd be swore, Grandfather, as you could tell a power o' things as 'as took place in Whitchurch!"

There was a lurid gleam in Grandfather's eye as he turned it slowly upon the man, and said—

"Don't you go a-asking me about Whitchurch. I don't know nothing about Whitchurch. It's a sort of a place, is Whitchurch, as I didn't never think much of—that's wot Whitchurch is. There's some as seems to think there ain't no other place in the world beside Whitchurch, wich is jest wot there is. Wy, look in this 'ere paper—'ere's London, and 'ere's Rooshia, and 'ere's Money Market (as I dessay is a sight bigger than Chumford Market, though it *is* a furrin place), and 'ere's Bom-bay, and West Ham, and all manner; so don't you go a-talkin' about Whitchurch to *me!*"

Well, in another month or so the Infant-Wilson Excitement had died out, and the prospect of entertainment for the village was gloomy indeed; for Grandfather was inexorable, and there were no more reminiscences forthcoming. Meanwhile, the infant Wilson had been growing robustly and floridly, and his Herculean strength and his intelligence at three months old were the marvel for several doors each way along the street.

But Grandfather, at the reading-room, had his own word to say about all that; in fact, he had evidently laid himself out to undermine, by slander and insinuation, the growing reputation of the Usurper.

"When it comes to beginnin' to notice," he said, with impressiveness, "wy, wot some folks calls noticing, other folks doesn't; and as for that, there was Bill Baker's great-aunt Liza's little boy as began to notice wen he was five days old, and *he* went out somewhere in West India at the age o' fifty-three; and one day he fell off the top of a West India pine, and broke 'is neck, *he* did, so that's wot comes o' noticin' too soon."

But early in his fourth month young Wilson did not seem to be getting on quite so well; he did not continue to require extra four-ounce weights in the scale at the grocer's; and in the middle of his fourth month his mother was getting anxious about him.

Grandfather had not been seen at the reading-room for a week; and when the doctor came from Chumford Market he found Grandfather in his chair of honour, nursing the infant.

"He don't seem near so easy with anybody as with Grandfather," Jenny explained; "and Grandfather, he can't hardly be got to give 'im up."

Next time the doctor came the small Wilson was tucked up in the chair of honour (which was commodious, and made an admirable cradle), while the old gentleman was preparing its pap.

"We can't git him to allow no one to make its pap but hisself," said Jenny; "and surely baby do seem to take to it kinder when Grandad makes it."

But young Wilson got worse, and things began to look serious. Grandfather had forgotten all about foreign parts as well as about Whitchurch now—all about everything but the Usurper; and every now and then, when nobody was looking that way, he would go and give his eyes a hasty little rub with the knitted comforter, which, being wool, only smeared a damp mark on his cheek-bones.

The old gentleman had very little sleep indeed—apparently none at all—for the baby required constant attention; and he was never easy in his mind when he received it from other hands; he always felt sure something would go wrong.

And a few weeks after that Jenny Wilson unpicked the yellow daisies from her bonnet and put a piece of crape in their place; and the vicar's wife came and sat with her nearly all day, holding her hand.

For many hours Grandfather sat in his chair, staring into the fire, with the comforter clenched, a hard lump, in his hand; and when a hot piece of coal fell from the fire to his end of the hearth there seemed to fall upon it a something which made a slight hiss, and sent up a tiny wreath of steam.

But the next day Grandfather seemed to wake up; he busied himself about the house putting little things tidy, and at short intervals returning to Jenny, who sat stitching, and patting her head.

All this time he said nothing, nor the next day; but the day after that he was pottering round the cabbage-garden at the back, when he stopped suddenly, and rubbed his head as if taken with an idea, and then he turned and toddled back indoors to Jenny, and took her hand and shook it, nodding and smiling.

"He ain't gone, Jennie, my gal," he said—"not for good. He's a-coming back—maybe in a day or two!"

Jenny only stared at him in a puzzled manner, shook her head, and turned away.

That evening, when tea-time came, Grandfather did not appear; he was not in his room and he was not at the reading-room. He could not be found that night, although Seth and Jennie and a dozen others searched everywhere for him. No one had seen him go away.

Next morning they renewed the search with great anxiety, and Seth went over to Chumford to see if the old man had by any chance wandered there; but he was not found. It was early October now, and the weather was chilly and the days were shortening.

And in the morning of the fourth day young Joe Baker, going to his work across the field by the canal, found the old man lying on the pathway; and by his side, close under his arm, lay a bundle.

Grandfather was lying in his shirt-sleeves; and the bundle consisted of his rough coat, and inside that a shawl, and inside that the knitted comforter, and snugly rolled up in the comforter—a baby about four months old.

The baby was hearty enough, but Grandfather had to be carried home. As they took him in through the kitchen, he opened his eyes and said feebly—

"He's come back, my gal!"

Jennie stared in a bewildered way at the infant in the comforter, then laid it down in the chair of honour and looked after Grandfather. For several days Grandfather said nothing at all, for he lay unconscious, like a log; but when the doctor from Chumford came in on the fifth day the old gentleman feebly opened his eyes, and grinned, and murmured: "Wh'd I tell yer? Ain't he come back?" And after that they began to think he would never say anything more.

Jennie and Seth consulted over the unknown baby, and looked at it from every side, and consulted again; but nothing much came of the consultations. It was quite certain that nobody knew whence the Importation had come, and all inquiries failed to throw a glimmer of light upon the mystery. Meanwhile, the new-comer was washed and dressed and attended to;

"'THE WOMAN WAS A-CARRYIN' THAT BABBY CARELESS LIKE'" (*p.* 785).

and as he could not be put away in a cupboard or hung on a peg until his rightful owners should come along, he necessarily became part of the family circle for the time being.

Very slowly the old gentleman grew strong enough to leave his bed and crawl down to the chair of honour, and there he would sit and watch Jennie nursing the Importation, which had visibly augmented in bulk since its arrival. "Didn't I tell 'ee he'd come back?" he would repeat now and again, at first with an occasional secret application to the unabsorbent comforter; then, for a period, with a slow and reflective nod; and again, after a time, with a grin of content. And the search for the Importation's rightful owners, having no result, gradually died a natural death, until it was almost forgotten that he had ever had any rightful owners; and one day, when Jennie got down her bonnet to go out, it was observed that the yellow daisies were back again in it.

It was hopeless to ask Grandfather for any solution of the mystery as to how he had obtained possession of that baby; the moment the subject was broached he became as blank and devoid of intelligence as a post, blandly shaking his head and grinning as if he were totally unconscious of the existence of any baby; but when the Importation was beginning to get about quite skilfully on his own feet, the vicar was having a pipe all alone with Grandfather one evening, and the latter seemed to be debating some very knotty point within himself. He appeared to be dragged two ways by acute indecision, and kept scratching his head, and rubbing his chin, and glancing furtively at the vicar. At length he reached over, and touched the vicar's knee with a knobbly finger.

"I'm a-getting pritty old, and I shan't be 'ere wery long now, and—theer, bless me if I don't tell yer! I'll trust yer not to mention it to nobody, sir; for it'll do no good, but on'y worrit her," he said. "W'ere I got 'im—that's wot's on my mind to tell yer. Well, it's jest this—I stole 'im: *that's* what I done! Like this it happened. I dunno 'zackly, but I'd gotten a kind o' notion that I'd find 'im if I started off for to do it; so I jest sneaks out and 'obbles off through Chumford an' Churlford, an' acrost the common, and along and along till I gits to the Portsmouth Road. Mighty slow I went, for I hadn't done much on my legs these twenty year, though they was tough 'uns onst. Well, I was a-settin' on a pile o' stones be the side of the Portsmouth Road, when along came a man and a woman, and the woman was a-carryin' a babby; and the moment I set eyes on that babby, ses I, 'That there's 'im as I'm a-lookin fur!'

"Well, the woman was a-carryin' that babby careless like, as yer might ha' said she didn't care for the bother of it; and wen they come up I passed 'em the time o' day, and ses I, 'That there babby o' yourn do seem to be a worrit to yer.' And she ses, 'It ain't no babby o' mine; it's my sister's as died last week at Guildford,' she ses. 'And I promised as I'd take it with me; and maybe there'll be plenty for it to eat in Dakota, if we ever gits there; but it's the worrit o' my life on the road, and a puzzler to know 'ow to feed it, not knowing much about babbies myself.'

"Well, sir, I ses to myself as I meant 'aving that there babby; so I trudges along with the woman and her 'usband till we comes to a farm, and they asked for to be allowed to sleep in an outhouse for the night.

"Then I pretends to say good-bye to 'em; but I 'ung about behind the hedges till I thought it was all right; then I sneaks into the barn without my boots, and they was both a-snorin' like good 'uns, and the babby a-laying in the woman's shawl aside of her; and so I nips him up quiet and his bottle o' milk, and sneaked out and put on my boots, and trudges to'rds home 'ere. I was pritty well done up, that I was; but I managed to scramble along somehow (for, you see, I didn't want to go to sleep, for fear of the blessed babby freezin', or somethink), till I didn't know no more about ennythink, and they found me in that theer field.

"I stole 'im, sir—that's wot I done; and I'll trust you not to tell *her* nor nobody."

J. F. SULLIVAN.

MODERN CRICKET.

A TALK WITH MR. C. W. ALCOCK, SECRETARY OF THE SURREY COUNTY CRICKET CLUB.

BY RAYMOND BLATHWAYT.

"I sing not of the tented field, but of the grassy sward,
Where England's champions, flannel-clad, brown-browed, of shoulders broad,
Meet in fair fray."—*Punch.*

THIS is one of the most serious of the many serious conversations that I have held in my life. Cricket—to the cricket enthusiast—is a religion, it is not a mere game. And the popular secretary of the Surrey County Cricket Club, Mr. C. W. Alcock, is above all things an enthusiast where cricket is concerned. He was at Harrow just when Harrow was at its best, leaving the school when Dr. Vaughan resigned the Headmastership in 1859.

He is a thorough, good, all-round sportsman, an adept at most English games; a tall, broad-shouldered man with iron-grey hair, a thick grey moustache, and keen, kindly eyes, a typical Englishman in short, with all an Englishman's enthusiasms, and perhaps many of an Englishman's prejudices. He is a believer in

THE DOCTOR "CAUGHT" (READING).
(A sketch from life.)

cricket not merely as a simple game, a recreation, but as a great educational principle. He sees in the devoted cricketer a sound and able-bodied man, a patriot, a clean-living, straight-going specimen of manhood; he regards cricket as a means whereby England and her Colonies can be knitted and welded together as they could not be by all the policy and all the theories of Imperial Federation put together, and he is not far wrong.

Cricket is essentially a manly, healthy game, and the cricket field a place where all classes of the community can meet with but one subject in common between them. The ethical intent of cricket, therefore, is by no means overlooked by this enthusiastic upholder of the great national game.

The room in which we sat formed one of a handsome *suite* in the pavilion at the Oval. Great open windows admitted a flood of summer sunshine, and the pleasant sound of the batting was heard now and again, and the old familiar cry came floating in—

"Well hit, sir; well hit, indeed. Run it out," the cry we all know so well; and every now and again as he talked to me Mr. Alcock would start up from his seat to watch the progress of the game, with a pleasant apology for doing so.

"You really must forgive me," he would say, "but long as I have played cricket, I never can sit and watch a game in silence," and he would applaud as vigorously as the rest of those who were seated round the sunny field looking on at the game.

A big photograph of the ground on the day of the Australian match in 1888 very specially attracted my attention.

"What a tremendous crowd," I said, "surely that is the biggest you ever had?"

"No," he said, "I don't think so. The biggest crowd we ever had was on Bank Holiday last year, when we passed in 30,760 people. The total for the three days—Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday—was 63,763. The popularity of the game is growing tremendously, and especially amongst the working classes. Take, for instance, the attendance yesterday—Whit Monday. It was our second eleven against Bedfordshire, quite a minor match, and yet we had no less than 2,000 people present; we would not have had more at the great Surrey and Notts match fifteen years ago. Nowadays, for a big match like that, we expect at least 25,000."

"And do you think that the working-classes are as fond of the game itself as they are of looking at it?"

"Emphatically I do," was Mr. Alcock's reply. "The game is becoming very popular amongst them. I judge from my own district in Richmond, where we have a very good working men's cricket club. There is a tendency to play far more than there used to be, and I consider it is a great education for them in every possible way."

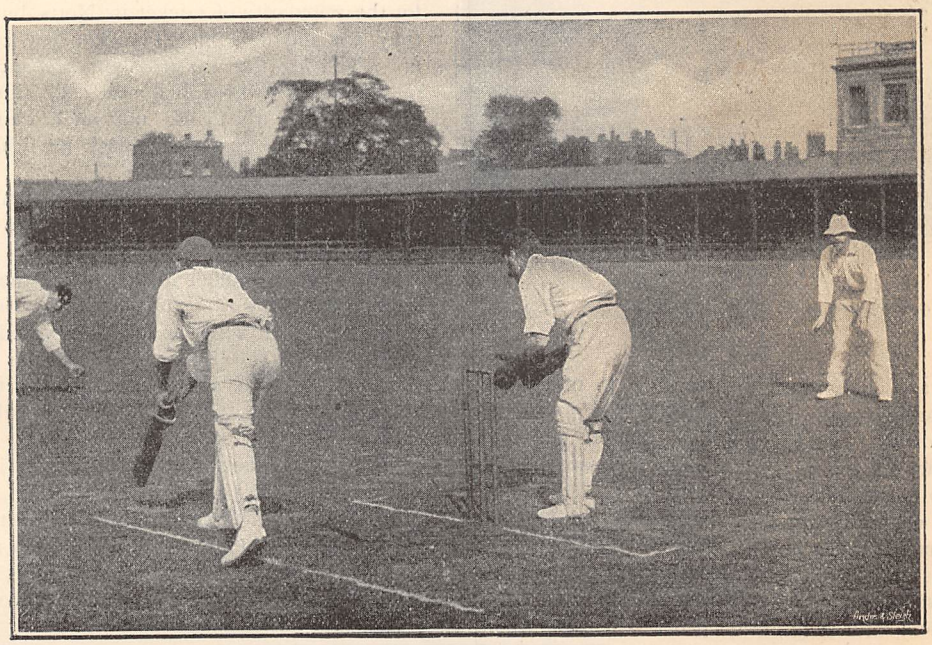
Whilst he was speaking I was wandering round the room, looking at the pictures, one of which, representing a number of men in the costume of the last century, specially attracted my attention. Underneath it was the date 1785, and the legend, "Laws of the Noble Game of Cricket, as established at the Star and Garter, Pall Mall, by a committee of Noblemen and Gentlemen."

It would be an attractive exhibition indeed that could be formed from a collection of all the pictures which are devoted to the illustration of cricket. The

"E. M."
(A sketch from life.)

old-time pictures are numerous and deeply interesting, and nothing would so well illustrate the progress the game has made and the curious developments it has undergone since the very early day when the bat was little more than a policeman's bâton, or the later days when it resembled the bat that is used by the American base-ball player of to-day.

A picture of a match at the Oval in 1848 represented the batter with a tall hat upon his head, reminding one of the old-fashioned engraving of James Lillywhite with the ball in his hand and a white, carefully-brushed "topper" on his head. There also was an engraving of the Great Jubilee Match played at Lord's



WELL FIELDED AT POINT.

(From a photograph by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.)

between the North and the South on Monday, July 10, 1837.

A portrait of an old man much pleased me; "for," said Mr. Alcock, "that is a portrait of old Absolon, who is seventy-six years of age, and who got ten wickets only last week in a match in which he was playing."

Two interesting trophies stood upon the mantelpiece—two cricket-balls silver-mounted, and upon one was engraved—

Surrey *v.* Sussex, 1885. Surrey scored 631 off this ball.

And upon the other—

Surrey *v.* Yorkshire. May, 1886. Surrey won by twenty-seven runs.
The first time Surrey beat Yorks since 1865.

Knowing that Mr. Alcock was a Harrow man I asked him what he thought of the present condition of Public School cricket and of the influence of the Public Schools upon cricket generally.

"Well," he replied, "it is rather difficult to say off-hand. I don't see much of the Public Schools on the cricket field, but of this I am quite certain, that the Public Schools very materially influence the cricket of the day. For instance, the Gentlemen of England come mostly from the public schools; they were almost all in the University elevens. Of late years, too, the second-class public schools, having masters who are specially interested in cricket, have furnished some wonderfully good players. The teaching of H. H. Stephenson at Uppingham brought out D. Q. Steel, Lucas, Patterson—an extraordinary combination of fine players. Undoubtedly, therefore, though they are not supreme, the Public Schools affect the cricket of the country generally very much indeed."

"And with regard to County Cricket, Mr. Alcock, how far should the importation of professionals from other counties be allowed?"

"Well," he replied, "the rules of cricket allow of the qualification of men by residence after a probationary period of two years. The principle is less objectionable than the elasticity which exists with regard to amateurs. Anyone, for instance, can play for Middlesex; a man with rooms in town is considered quite qualified. This is far more objectionable than acclimatising professionals. I think that a professional who is regularly identified with a county, who has played five or six matches for Yorkshire, say—ought to be considered as belonging to Yorkshire

A GOOD CUT (BY ABEL).

(From a photograph by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside, E.C.)

entirely, and ought not to be subjected to temptation to play for any other county. I hold strong opinions on this matter, but as long as a man is merely a probationer he has a right to make his own market and to go to the club that pays him best. The whole question of professionalism in modern cricket is a difficult one," went on Mr. Alcock, discussing the matter as seriously and earnestly as Mr. Gladstone would discuss Home Rule with his Cabinet, "and for this reason: "there is always great risk of a man's form deteriorating, or indeed, of his whole play altering in two years. I mean this: a man mayn't be so good a catch as, when you engaged him, you thought him to be. Sometimes, and I have a special case in my mind at this moment, a club engages a man as a bat and he turns out to be a bowler in the end. Cricket is a very uncertain quantity indeed. But as a whole, professionalism works thoroughly well, and the whole tone of it has improved immensely in the last twenty years. Even ten years ago the professionals were socially of a very different class from what they are to-day. Now they are smart, well set-up, well-behaved young fellows. I can remember the time when they were of altogether a rougher type. Take Kent, Surrey, Yorkshire, and indeed the Counties generally—what capital all-round players they are now."

"Still," said I, "it was the professionals who introduced the great leg-before-wicket theory and acted up to it, many of them deliberately putting their legs in the way instead of the bat. The Notts professionals were great at this, and I can imagine nothing more unsportsmanlike."

"Ah," replied my host, "that was true enough at one time, but its unpopularity with the crowd thoroughly discredited it. There is no need to alter the law—public opinion has been too strong on this point. In Notts they played such slow cricket that people began to lose interest in the game by comparison with quick football. They began to fear for the popularity of cricket in Notts, but this year they are playing so much quicker that it is picking up. This leg-play was grossly unfair, and very hard on the bowler whose ball was deliberately pushed away. When a ball did not pitch quite straight, they would play this trick, block the whole wicket, and spoil the game."

I remarked on the curious fact that the old-fashioned underhand bowling seemed to have died out altogether.

"Well, yes," replied Mr. Alcock, "the ground is so true nowadays that you have a bias on the ball which the fastest underhand bowlers could never get. An underhand ball in no case ever comes down from a height; the whole secret of bowling is to get well over arm and make the ground help the ball as much as possible."

"And as to batting, Mr. Alcock, does it compare favourably with the past?"

"My opinion," he replied at once, "is that, taken generally, it is far better. There are many more good bats than there used to be; good batting is widely diffused and the level is much higher. You could to-day

MILLS BOWLING.

(From a photograph by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside, E.C.)

CAUGHT IN THE SLIPS.

(From a photograph by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside, E.C.)

get a second All England which would be nearly as good as the original eleven. The African team, for instance, was just as good as the one that went to Australia, if, indeed, it was not better, so far as bowling was concerned. Fred Burbidge, who was captain of the Surrey in its palmy days, told me that our present eleven would knock that of '65 into a cocked hat. The eleven of last year was, in his opinion, better than the famous one in the days of Julius Cæsar, Griffith, Jupp, Caffyn, Mortlock, etc."

"As to fielding," he went on in answer to a remark I had made, "it is rather difficult to say. Wicket-keeping generally is decidedly better. In fielding there are so many different places that it is difficult to judge quite accurately and fairly. You can't nowadays afford to have anyone in a team who fields badly. It goes against a man terribly if he is not a safe field. On the whole, therefore, to answer your question, I would say that fielding is better than it used to be, although I don't think Lord Bessborough would agree with me," he added, with a smiling reference to the old gentleman to whom, in conjunction with "Bob Grimston," as he is affectionately known, Harrow cricketers owe a debt they cannot easily repay.

"And to what do you think we owe this happy state of things?" I asked.

"Well, I fancy that the Australians have brushed us up wonderfully. Their keenness and combination when they first came over here in 1878 struck our men very forcibly."

"And what do you think of army cricket to-day, Mr. Alcock?"

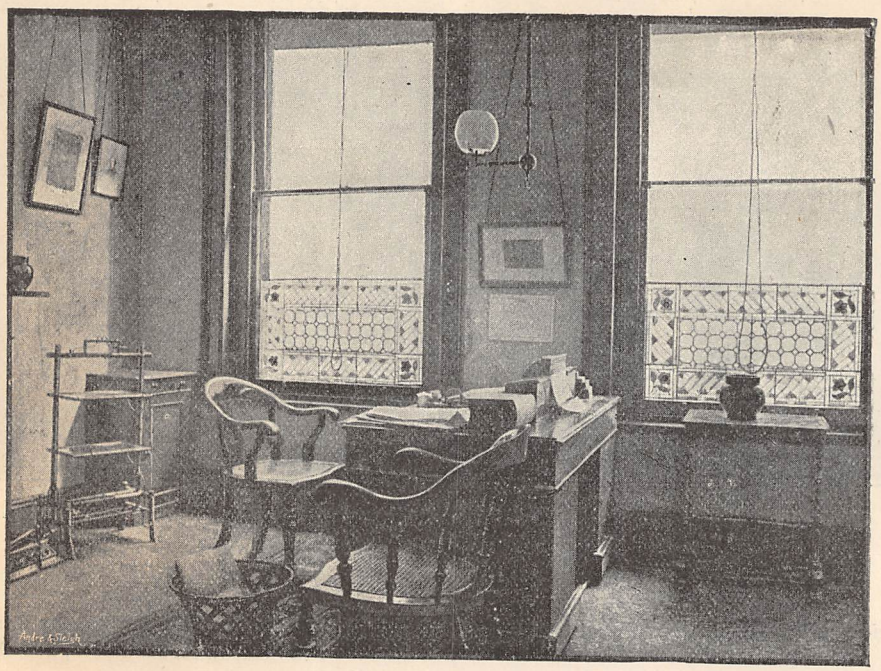
"Ah, I should like to get army cricket on an improved basis, but it is hardly possible, for soldiers shift about so much, although such men as Renny Tailyour, Captain Fellowes, L. A. Hamilton, and A. P. Douglas were hard to beat."

"It is astonishing," Mr. Alcock remarked, "how boys are coming forward in modern cricket. We lay great stress in this club on the coaching of our young fellows. The cricket of the future depends on them. In the old days our colts used to be twenty-seven and twenty-eight years of age—now the average would be nearer sixteen. Boys — unless they are at a first-rate public school—are never taught properly, and they get into ineradicable bad habits of play, but by the system here of placing promising boys under a regular instructor and showing them the proper style, they learn to play splendidly. In the old days, for want of such a nursery, all our eleven got old at once, and we could not replace it. Now we make the Oval a nursery for the young and promising, and keep our eleven always up to par by continual drafts from this reserve."

"And you consider that, on the whole, cricket is on the upward path?"

"Most emphatically I do," was the cheery reply. "I am an optimist where cricket is concerned. I believe in progression and I am sure we get better every year. Some years ago there was an idea that lawn tennis would oust it from the field, but that fear experience showed to be quite unfounded. I am much more afraid of golf. I play golf myself and I know how fascinating a game it is. If the public schools took up golf seriously the outlook would be a bad one for cricket. But there is not much fear of that, and in my opinion cricket is better than ever it was and it is improving every year. I cannot say more than that."

A GOSSIP FROM BOOKLAND.



AS a populariser of scientific knowledge Richard Proctor had few equals, and, though it is five years since that autumn day when the news came that he had died abroad, his works have still a value of their own. That "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing" is doubly true of scientific knowledge, but Proctor's work, in most cases, produced more of a stimulating effect than one of satiety, and, particularly in astronomy, led to research on the part of readers who had hitherto displayed no interest in the subject. The writer of this note has a clear recollection of finding a young man, evidently of little or no education, hunting along the shelves of a public reference library for "some book that will explain the law of gravitation properly," and all because of a chapter in one of Proctor's books. This was no exceptional case, and it is good to think that work so provocative of thought is being perpetuated and brought within the reach of the widest possible circle of readers.

"Nature Studies" is the title of a volume of essays edited by Mr. Proctor, but containing papers by other pens than his own. He himself wrote in it on Darwin, the Fiji Islands, intelligence in animals, brain troubles, thought-reading, and other subjects. But those we have cited are sufficient to illustrate the marvellous versatility of his powers. Whatever subject he took up he treated with the same thoroughness, and with the same power of explaining, that made the thorny ways of abstruse science plain to the most general of "general readers." To the same volume, which is now re-issued in Messrs. Longmans' attractive "Silver Library," Mr. Grant Allen contributes several of his powerful studies, including one on "Hyacinth Bulbs," and another on "The Beetle's View of Life." Mr. Proctor and Mr. Grant Allen are responsible, between them, for more than half the book, but Mr. Edward Clodd, Dr. Andrew Wilson, and Mr. Thomas Foster also share in its pages, and the result is a singularly varied and useful volume.

The field in which Mr. Proctor's best work was done was, of course, astronomy, which he did much to popularise. With "Nature Studies" Messrs. Longmans send us Mr. Proctor's "Myths and Marvels of Astronomy," which they have also added to the "Silver Library." Here Mr. Proctor is peculiarly in his element. Exposing old-world fallacies, and showing

how erroneous and anti-scientific ideas came to be held, was ever a task dear to his heart. See, for instance, the first paper in this volume, which is a complete *exposé* of "Astrology" and its claims, or a later paper in this same work on "The Lunar Hoax." Woe betide the unfortunate wight who ventured to uphold against Proctor any heterodox view or unscientific assertion! He was merciless in his dealings with such a one. False reasoning got short shrift at his hands, to his latest work. The influence for good of a writer like Proctor it is impossible to over-estimate. He opened the door of exact knowledge to thousands who, without his aid, would have picked up, at best, but a smattering of information. And in the killing of time-worn superstitions, he further played a part second to none in its usefulness and high aim. To know the man was a pleasure, to know his books a liberal education.

"Cassell's Storehouse of General Information" is filling fast. The fifth volume, which has just been issued, carries on the work from "Friction" to "Indian Yellow"—two topics, by the way, which are admirably suggestive of the comprehensive character of this very handy encyclopædia. The frequent illustrations, large and small, add greatly to the value of the work, which for handiness, combined with thoroughness, has no rival. A work which is not only one for general reference, but is at the same time a biographical and historical dictionary and a very useful atlas, supplies a want long felt in many households where the money required to supply so many separate works of reference is not always to be found as readily as the need of the books is apparent.

Although this is a "Gossip from Bookland," we must ever keep before us the fact that it is a Bookland bounded by the family. There are books which should have a place in every family, and that, from a *literary* point of view, perhaps make very little stir in "Bookland." Among such books are those on cookery—which, by the way, have improved from a literary point of view probably more than any other class of works in the last twenty years. The familiar old combination of unintelligible abbreviations and bad grammar which passed for a recipe is a thing of the past, and the "cook-books" (as our transatlantic friends call them) of to-day are more carefully written than many a leading article. Here, for instance, is before us a new book of "*Bonnes Bouches*, and Reliable Dishes for Breakfast and Luncheon," written most pleasantly by Mrs. Louisa E. Smith, and published by Messrs. Ward, Lock, Bowden & Co. For no meals are new and "tasty" dishes more acceptable than the early ones, and we commend this collection of admirable hints to all our lady readers. And in this connection may we not fittingly mention a new text-book of "Domestic Economy," the second part of which has just been published by Messrs. Longmans? The author is Mr. F. T. Paul, F.R.C.S., and the work is an admirable manual of domestic and sanitary science, intended primarily for the use of students in training colleges and higher schools, but equally adapted for home use and self-instruction.

A story which has reached a third edition has almost attained the right to be considered a classic. And by many lovers of the Somerset and Devon coasts of the Bristol Channel our friend Mr. James Baker's story, "By the Western Sea," is already looked upon in this light. A third edition of it is now published by Messrs. Longmans, and we commend it to all lovers of the Lyn valley who do not already know this pleasant picture of holiday life there.

When we spoke in these columns of Mr. John Farmer's "Dulce Domum" (Cassell) we had only the large edition (with music) before us. Now we have, in two neat parts, published at the very modest price of sixpence each, the words of the songs, and the airs printed in both the old notation and tonic sol-fa. This edition should be very useful for school use, and do much to popularise the songs which are included in this handsome work.

WHAT TO WEAR: CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.

BY OUR LADY CORRESPONDENT.

(With Illustrations photographed from life by Walery, Regent Street, W.)

IT is pleasant to get away from all the hurly-burly of London, to the full enjoyment of sport which the first of September brings to those who are enemies to the partridge. August is given up to the delights of the seaside; a merry time in the Isle of Wight for those who can compass it, and the destruction of grouse to such as can cross the Border for the all-important twelfth.

But life is not made up entirely of holidays, and there are thousands of her Majesty's faithful subjects who find home all absorbing for the twelve months of the year, while others turn their steps homewards after August is over. So in my account of what the world is wearing, and ought to wear in the future, I shall attempt to meet the requirements of all, whether they be pleasure-seekers or the hard-working folks to whom the world owes the best thanks. I am beginning the illustrations with a really useful hat from Messrs. Henry Heath & Co., 105, Oxford Street.

THE "BEAUFORT" HAT.
(By Messrs. Heath, Oxford Street, W.)

It is known as the "Beaufort" hat and needs no description, but I think you will agree with me that there are few women it would not suit. This firm have always been famous for the perfection of their headgear, especially in felt, and for those ladies who are likely to endure any stress of weather, I would recommend the thoroughly serviceable kind with waterproof silk galon, which cannot injure; while those who hunt should not neglect the soft-fitting kind, which even, in case of a tumble, would protect the head.

There are many new shapes in hats just now, but they generally adhere closely to the head, and those which are in the best style are fashioned on the idea of the boat shape. A good felt will stand any amount of knocking about, and should be capable of being rolled up and put in the pocket when it becomes a question of travelling.

Waterproofs.

Besides hats, Messrs. Henry Heath have had a kindly care for those ladies who journey to the Lake districts and other humid quarters, and the waterproofs from this firm have a world-wide celebrity. The one I have illustrated here is aptly named the "Dreadnought."

It is absolutely rain-proof, and while it answers all the purposes of a waterproof, it is neither unbecoming nor unsightly.

Another useful little shape for a shower-proof cloak, which, however, will stand a good deal of wear, is made on the lines of the old circular, but is cut in three seams down the centre of the back, having a join in the middle, where it is formed into a box pleat giving the necessary fulness. It is amply gathered on the shoulders and has a triple cape, so that it fulfils all the requirements of fashion. The hands are slipped through side openings, which is its only drawback, for if the hand emerges the sleeve gets wet, but it is quite possible to hold up the gown well beneath, and when it is buttoned down the front the wearer can defy wind and weather.

One other shape wins my approval. It has a detachable cape, so that for driving you can wear the cape without the rest of the cloak, and the arms are left free.

From some experience, I am inclined to think that it is impossible to have a really good waterproof that will stand an absolute downpour without showing the gutta-percha on the reverse side; others are shower-proof, but that is all.

Capes.

The Scarborough cape in the illustration emanates from the firm of Messrs Dickins & Jones, Hanover House, Regent Street. You will notice the new frill which accompanies it, and it is certainly most becoming to a slender figure. I have of late made a complete study of these capes, and each month they seem to grow wider and more important.

However, I now propose to tell you of a novel form, the idea of which I think we owe to the Puritans. It is a mere pointed kerchief, or rather half-handkerchief, the point coming in the centre of the back, and the two ends meeting in front without any fulness at all. This is the newest shape, and is being reproduced in silk, velvet and woollen fabrics, having no trimming beyond either a little embroidery or braiding at the edge.

Occasionally, however, the pointed kerchief is made much smaller, the points ending between the shoulders, and being supplemented by a deep frill of lace, which softens it and makes it more elegant. This comes certainly within the compass of the home dressmaker.

Accordion-pleated Gowns.

Whoever invented accordion pleating must be content with the result. I have presented to you an accordion-pleated dress made by Messrs. Dickins & Jones suitable for any light material, which will, I think, commend itself to your notice as much as it has to mine.

It is light, graceful, and most becoming. This year many gowns have had the bodice covered with accordion pleats in lisse, and I commend this idea to anybody who has a silk gown by her which has lost its original freshness; but the fashion was not at all brought in for that purpose. The richest new silks have been thus treated and always with success, and it is not only the bodices but skirts, mantles and sleeves that have been thus treated, and for the fronts of tea-gowns there is certainly nothing better. It is possible to have any material of almost any width treated in this way.

Hooks and Eyes.

We have of late, what with crossing bodices, and other inventions, abjured apparently any fastenings whatever, those that exist being skilfully hidden. Where they have been visible, buttons have been more generally represented than hooks and eyes, but judging from the number of new inventions, there is a reaction under this head.

First of all, a capital hook and eye have been brought out, which by means of a twist or bend cannot come undone, and this is the chief drawback to hooks; but they have another, namely, the tiresome way in which they are apt to catch in lace and material. Now, fertile brains have brought out an improvement, namely, the "Reform" hooks and eyes.

In these the heads of the hooks and eyes, instead of being close set together, are drawn out in a straight line, extending to the width of half an inch. They have the usual circle at each end, and it is intended that they should be sewn side by side, forming a continuous line of metal down the front of the dress, thereby preventing the bodice gaping. They are to be sewn on at the junction of the eyes or the hooks with the cross stitch, and the hooks display a bend in them which prevents them coming undone. The English market has been flooded with them, and anybody can sew them on without any fear of the eye and the hook not being opposite each other—a common fault in inferior dressmaking. They certainly improve the fit of the dresses, and it is claimed for them that they will withstand the ravages of the washerwoman, and that is saying a great deal.

Seaside Gowns.

Serge is the most fashionable and favourite material of the year, and it is to be had, and moreover to be recommended, first in navy blue, then in white, and then in a long range of tints. Among the prettiest I have seen lately is an electric blue trimmed with black braid, a broad and a narrow one being perhaps most in favour.

Serge admits of great simplicity and admirable decoration. The open coat never goes out of favour nowadays, for it is capable of being worn with blouses

SHOWER-PROOF CAPE.
(By Messrs. Heath, Oxford Street, W.)

DRIVING CAPE.
(*By Messrs. Heath, Oxford Street, W.*)

and with waistcoats. Silver buttons, and buttons of many varieties add to the smartness of such gowns. Of course, a plain skirt is always useful, but it is newer to show a side opening with a simulated underpetticoat, a result produced by an under-breadth. Red is always effective on the river and in a country landscape, and on this account a crimson serge trimmed with white has been well worn in the Isle of Wight and at many other fashionable resorts.

A new cut of bodice ends like a low one on the shoulders with a deep frill, the upper portion being white or some other vivid contrast. Occasionally this upper portion is trimmed with close set rows of braid, a favourite style of adornment for the large, fashionable revers.

But these shoulder frills are newer, and white woollen waistcoats are preferred to white linen ones. The sleeveless zouaves are almost an indispensable adjunct to shirts, and smart women desiring smart garments trim white serge with gold.

Garden Party Gowns.

But in another few weeks it will be too late to wear white. For the moment there is nothing better than a white foulard, or a flowered foulard, on a white or cream-coloured gown. This gives an opportunity, if desired, of wearing brocaded cloaks of a richer silk in harmony, or sometimes velvet coats with handsome lace ruffles—a perfectly charming style applied with marked success to bridesmaids' costumes.

Blouses.

The variety in these is so great that I am hesitating ere I enter on the subject. A useful stand-by in the wardrobe, second to none in the matter of fashion, is the black satin blouse, which may be quite plain or trimmed with écru lace insertion. Some are a combination of embroidered lace and handsome velvet used for capes and epaulettes ; and all shades and makes of silks seem to be pressed into the service of blouses. Many of the thin makes have bands of lace insertion across ; a favourite style, by the bye, for trimming washing dresses, the horizontal insertions being then carried down the entire depth of the skirt.

Fashionable Gowns.

Just for the moment, cool dresses are a consideration, and nothing is so comfortable to wear as the inevitable linen suits, plain skirts, loose jacket, and wide lapels ; but they are apt to become limp all too soon, and flannel is preferable, especially when cut after the order of a man's morning coat, which is a novel but an excellent notion. We have come back to muslins—pure white muslin of twenty years ago ; and in the latter days of August I was present at a pretty wedding, where the bridesmaids appeared in white muslin gowns with a Valenciennes flounce at the hem of the skirt, the bodices trimmed with frills of the same lace, and pretty fichus of pink serpentine gauze, a colour which repeated itself in the roses (real) which nestled in the waistband and the (artificial) roses that adorned the hats, partly made of burnt straw. The brims were edged with the straw, but chiefly composed of Valenciennes lace, which was allowed to remain transparent. It was quite an ideal bridesmaid's dress.

I hardly ever go to a garden party in the country without seeing an embroidered muslin, and costumes of this material are generally accompanied by a black chip hat, tied under the chin with black velvet—the same sort of velvet being used for waistbands and any additional trimmings necessary on the dress.

Suitable Dressing.

Whatever critics may say, Englishwomen have learned to dress far better than they used to do, but they still err in the matter of suitability ; and we have so suffered from the heat all this summer, that I am afraid we have been too fond of wearing the linen gowns, which were cool and comfortable, at functions where a fuller style of dress was necessary. In London it is a fair criterion to go by, that when men wear frock coats and tall hats, women should appear in full morning dress—that is, in a dressy style of costume. These ordinary morning dresses have taken more hold with us because it has become the fashion of late years to rise early and be in Hyde Park about ten o'clock in the morning, when the riders have bestirred themselves to put in an appearance also. The most curious carelessness is the order of that hour

of the day, and it is quite curious to see some of our smartest riders appearing in loose blouse bodices, with their habit skirts, sailor hats, and sometimes covert coats; and they look as if they were riding in the home paddock, having just for the moment dropped the dress skirt and slipped on the habit skirt. Nothing could be more unlike the trim smartness which used to characterise the riding gear in the Park a few years back. Men follow suit, and the party look as if they were bent on cub hunting. All this has its advantages and its disadvantages, too.

Hairdressing.

Coils at the back of the head are much worn, and I have lately been introduced to what is called the "nest" chignon, which had three twisted curls in the centre and a roll of hair on the outside. It is a good shape on the head, and is becoming. The parting

NEW FRILL ON "SCARBOROUGH" CAPE.
(By Messrs. Dickins & Jones, Regent Street, W.)

which was supposed to have been brought in as a matter of course a year ago, has really not found so many adherents, and we are inclined to keep to the fringes of soft curls, which suit most English faces. The newest feature in them is that they are brought down in a decided point in the centre of the forehead. It is impossible to fix any law with regard to hairdressing, because every woman would suit her own inclinations to-morrow; and while some still dress the hair high at the back, especially for the evening, so that it is seen well from the front, the general tendency is to place it low down, whether it be a twist of hair or the "bun," which is considered somewhat common, or the three perpendicular curls that are protected by an invisible net.

The Grecian coil has come back to us again. The way to effect this is to start the twist like the loop of a bow, which is allowed to stand out from the head, the rest of the hair being coiled round it. Those who predict on the subject of fashion assure me that we are coming back, not only to the real old chignon, but to the chenille nets of years ago. These are not put sufficiently low to spoil the collar, but we cannot say much in favour of the elegance or grace of this style. A chignon is bad enough in itself; it would certainly not be improved by the addition of the heavy net. "If beauty draws us by a single hair," consider how all-important this question of hairdressing becomes.

I should like here to raise my voice on the subject of

Hair Dyeing,

which is such a common failing among women now and so fatal to the preservation of their appearance.

BACK VIEW OF DRIVING CAPE.

Depend upon it, women pay either too much attention to their hair or too little. The coarser kind of hair, which is generally abundant, demands a great deal of brushing, but brushing is destructive to fine and weak hair, frequently pulling it out by the roots and breaking it.

In this case, the brushing should be confined to keeping it perfectly clean and bright. Too many washes are equally bad, and the simpler the concoctions the better. All scalps do not require stimulation, and a woman in good health should only aim at keeping the skin of her head perfectly clean.

The hair often becomes dull from a want of this ordinary care, and then in an evil moment its owner has recourse to some of those specious liquids which are supposed to brighten it, and give it just the fashionable colour which everybody desires. For the time the result is all that could be wished, but by-and-by anybody could detect the use of some restorer, and having once begun it cannot be left off. Unless the greatest care is taken, it is possible to detect the darkening line where the hair grows and the dye has not taken hold.

Depend upon it, Nature knows best. The natural colour of the hair is the tint that suits the complexion, the eyes, and the rest of the face; and even when grey hairs do come, they soften the effect of years and the lines and wrinkles that time will set. But with good health and a proper attention to the head, grey hairs are long delayed. They come sooner in our generation than they used to do in those of our predecessors, because we have dried up the natural moisture of the head with the use of hot irons; and it has been the fashion, in order to make the curls and waves in our tresses, to keep the hair too dry. A little grease at the roots is an old-fashioned treatment which should not be abused and should not be forgotten. There is nothing so common as the terrible red-brown dye with which society has elected to disguise the natural beauty of hair.

ACCORDION-PLEATED COSTUME.
(*By Messrs. Dickins & Jones, Regent Street, W.*)

THE TRUEST GENTLEMAN.

WHO IS THE TRUEST GENTLEMAN?

GO, seek the homes of high estate,
The ways and places of the great,
And find him, find him, if you can,
The noblest, truest gentleman.
Go, seek him in the world of art,
The camp, the senate, or the mart;
And will you find him there? you say;
I answer neither yea nor nay;
The bluest blood that ever ran
Makes not alone a gentleman!

Or would you seek a peasant's cot,
To find him one of humble lot,
Who wears a fustian coat, maybe,
And deems it no humility?
Who toils all day with willing hands,
And sings across his master's lands?
Is he a gentleman? you say;
I answer neither yea nor nay;
For fustian coat and face of tan
Make not alone a gentleman!

But if he true and tender be,
It matters not what his degree;
You'll know him, wheresoe'er he stands,
By token of his heart and hands.
He guards the weak, he scorns the proud,
And follows not the fickle crowd
Reveres true women gold above,
And worships one with deeds of love;
—'Tis he, 'tis he, since time began,
He is the truest gentleman!

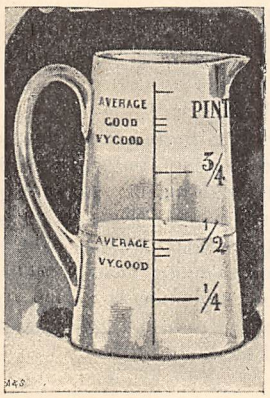
FREDERIC E. WEATHERLY.

THE GATHERER:

AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF INVENTION, DISCOVERY, AND SCIENCE.

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.

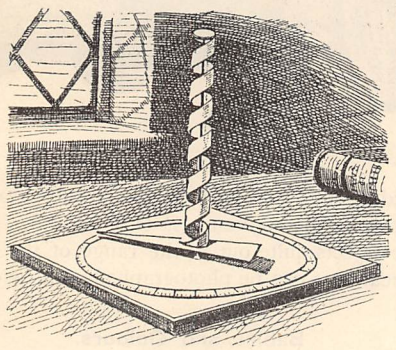
A Tell-tale Milk Jug.



The glass jug shown in our engraving is marked like a medicine glass, to indicate at a glance the quantity of milk received from the milkman ; and, by means of three graduations, it also determines the quality of the milk —"very good," "good," or "average"—by the thickness of the cream. The jug is therefore a means of selecting a good dairy.

A Simple Hygroscope.

Hot or cold weather is more bearable when the atmosphere is dry, and in order to study the influence of humidity on the health a very good hygroscope is necessary. The simple device which we illustrate can

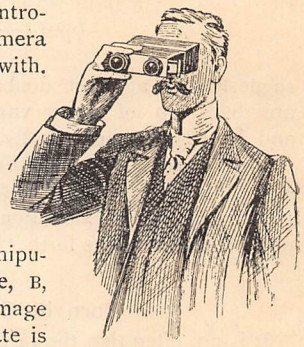


easily be made. It consists of a helical strip of Bristol board 6½ inches long and ¼ inch wide, made impervious to moisture on the outer side by two coats of shellac varnish. The upper end of the helix is rigidly fixed to a stout wire support planted in a base-board, and the lower end is attached to a movable pointer, which is free to move over a scale marked on the base-board as shown. The helix can be made by twining the cardboard round a pencil. The positions of the index when the cardboard is as dry as possible and when it is breathed upon are taken for zero and 100, and a scale is drawn between them.

The Condition of Jupiter.

Professor Pickering, of the Harvard Astronomical Station, Arequipa, Peru, has come to the conclusion that the planet Jupiter is not self-luminous, but is nevertheless very hot. The ball is surrounded by a dense envelope of clouds, but outside this envelope the atmosphere of the planet extends to a distance of at least 1,900 miles, for even there it is capable of refracting light.

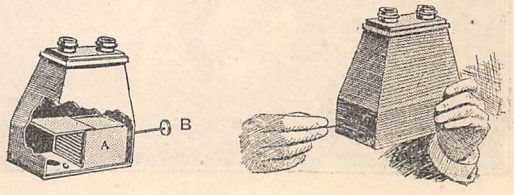
An Opera-Glass Camera.



M. Carpentier has introduced an opera-glass camera which we illustrate herewith. It contains twelve plates, and is operated by holding it to the eyes and looking away from the object. The plates are held in a drawer, A, and are manipulated by a finger piece, B, without the case. The image on the ground-glass plate is seen through the aperture, C, provided with a red glass. An enlarging apparatus forms part of the equipment.

Frost Pennons.

The name of "frost-weed" was given in the first edition of Gray's Manual, 1848, to the *helianthemum canadense*, because in the late autumn crystals of ice shoot from the cracked bark near its root. A similar, but still more wonderful, phenomenon has been observed of the *cunila mariana*, and is illustrated herewith. The dry stem of the plant is sometimes decorated with thin scrolls of ice, curling gracefully and striped like a flag. The curves of the foils, of which there are four in this case, are all in the same direction, like those of a turbine wheel. The ice is very light, resembling congealed froth, and the stripes are caused by a difference in the white colour, which



AN OPERA-GLASS CAMERA.

varies from alabaster to silvery white. Ordinary hoar-frost is pretty enough, but these fairy pennons are truly exquisite. They are rooted in cracks of the bark, but whether the vapour from which they are formed has emanated from the stem, as has been

FROST PENNONS.

suggested, is at least doubtful. Hoar-frost crystals are built up of water vapour carried in the air, and hence they are usually turned in the direction of the breeze. It may be that moisture rising up the stem from the soil and escaping at the cracks has given rise to these exfoliations, but in our opinion the phenomenon requires further investigation.

Born in Captivity.

It is not often that the rarer antelopes breed in confinement, and not till quite recently had the Water Buck (*Cobus ellipsiprymnus*) done so. The Zoological Society is fortunate in possessing in its Gardens at Regent's Park the single specimen born out of Africa. It saw the light on the 4th of May, and when photographed was about nine weeks old. The parents came from the territories of the East African Company. These antelopes are plentiful all over Nyassaland,

THE WATER BUCK.

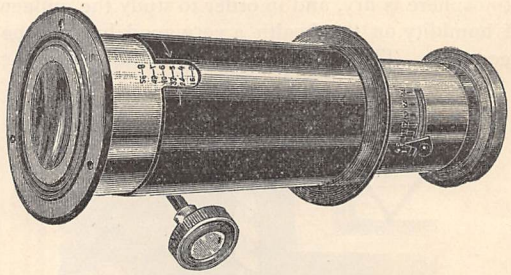
ranging southward to the Limpopo River, and are found in the greatest numbers on large swampy plains overgrown with coarse grass, tall reeds and papyrus. Their build is stout, the legs are short and thick, and the hair coarse and greyish-brown in colour, with a white recognition mark on the flanks. The adult male stands about four feet at the shoulders and bears large ringed horns, some thirty inches in length. The female is smaller than her mate and hornless. Both sire and dam will come to the railings of their stalls to be fed by visitors to the Gardens, and in a little while the young one will trot up when he sees a biscuit bag as readily as his parents do now. [Since the above was written the sire has, unfortunately, died.]

A Giant Toad.

In his ascent of Mount Dulit in Borneo, Mr. Charles Hose discovered a cave 4,000 feet high, in the mouth of which some remarkable ferns were found, one having fronds 14 feet long. The summit of the mountain is 5,090 feet high, and covered with thick mosses. While here some of his native companions heard a tiger roaring in the neighbourhood, but upon investigation the supposed "tiger" turned out to be a gigantic toad measuring 14½ inches round the body.

A Telephotographic Lens.

The new telescopic lens for cameras which we illustrate will magnify up to eight times by means of



the sliding tube adjusted by the milled head. One advantage of the appliance is that buildings or other distant objects quite out of the range of the ordinary rectilinear lens can be photographed with ease.

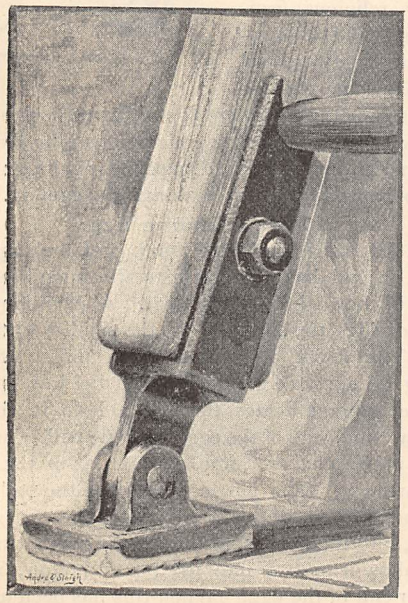
Babies and Colours.

Professor J. M. Baldwin, the well-known psychologist of Princetown, New Jersey, has been experimenting with a girl of his about nine months old, in order to test her perception of colour and distance. The baby took part in the research with commendable zeal; in fact, according to her father's testimony, the whole procedure gave her intense gratification, and the experiments became her most pleasant daily occupation. This cradle philosopher, who is, perhaps, a type of the coming infant, showed a partiality for colours in the following order: blue, red, white, green, and brown. The difference of attractiveness between blue and red was, however, very slight as compared with that

between these and the other hues. It is, perhaps, creditable to the sagacity of the child that she sternly resisted the temptations of an American newspaper held before her. As regards her power of judging distances it was found that with an arm-length of 10 inches she reached out for every object placed within or at this distance from her, and at greater distances made fewer attempts to grasp the thing. At 15 inches, for example, she only reached for 10 per cent. of the objects presented.

A Safety Shoe for Ladders.

The slipping of ladders, either at the top or bottom, has been a fruitful source of accident, and we therefore



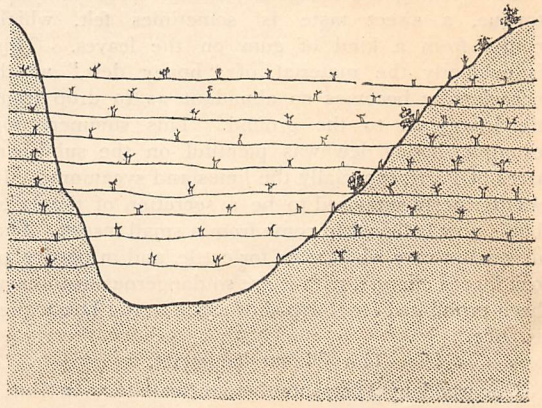
welcome the Sutcliffe safety shoe, which is intended to prevent these. The illustration will explain this ingenious and simple device, which can be readily attached to the feet or top of any ladder by means of a screw bolt and pin, as shown, or as readily detached. The sole of the bed plate or shoe is covered with corrugated india-rubber, and this can be renewed at will. It has a holding surface of seven square inches, which, of course, means fourteen square inches for the two feet of the ladder. The joint allows the ladder to slope at any angle. These shoes are made in three sizes, and are rapidly coming into use. They obviate the necessity of having to hold the bottom of a ladder, and when applied to the top they further increase the safety of the ladder, though this additional precaution is only required in certain circumstances.

Sounding Without a Line.

The late Sir William Siemens invented an instrument called the bathymeter, for the purpose of sounding the deep sea without employing a lead line. It was based on the principle that the gravitation of the earth acting on a plumb-line would vary with the depth of water under the plumb as water is about $\frac{1}{5}$ the density of solid rock. Instead of an ordinary plumb he used a mass of mercury ; but the instrument was too sensitive to the surface waves and failed in practice. Quite recently Mr. J. Munro, C.E., has devised another mode of solving this problem. It consists essentially in dropping a sinker containing a cartridge which explodes on striking the bottom, and the report is observed in a submerged microphone apparatus communicating with the ship. The depth is estimated by the time taken for the sinker to reach the bottom.

The Petrified Trees of the Yellowstone.

The Fossil Forests of the Yellowstone are not yet accessible to tourists, and as little is known about them the following particulars, given by Professor S. E. Tillman, may be of interest. The principal forest lies on the west rim of the Lamar River Valley or East Fork of the Yellowstone, opposite the Soda Butte Creek. Other forests of the kind are, however, scattered over this district ; for instance, at Specimen Ridge, about six miles east of the junction of the Lamar and Yellowstone Rivers, where the fossil trunks occur on the upper slope of the south wall of the Lamar Valley. The slope, which makes an angle of 33° to the horizon, is about 900 feet long, and the petrified trunks are interspersed with growing firs and pines of the ordinary species. It might be supposed that fossil trees grew on the slope as the living trees grow now, but that would be a mistake. Professor Tillman shows that they grew on old level land surfaces made by nine successive layers of volcanic material, one above the other, which, in course of time, built up the land through which the river valley has been excavated. The fossil trunks straggling up the slope therefore mark the successive levels of the old ground. At least nine, and probably twelve, forests have been destroyed by successive eruptions and the trees petrified. Fig. 1 shows a section of the river valley, with the nine hypothetical layers of volcanic soil in horizontal lines. The diameters of the petrified trunks (see Fig. 2) vary from one to seven feet, and the rings of annual growth can be seen on making a section. One 3 ft. 5 in. in diameter showed 243 rings, not



THE PETRIFIED TREES OF THE YELLOWSTONE.—FIG. 1.

THE PETRIFIED TREES OF THE YELLOWSTONE.—FIG. 2.

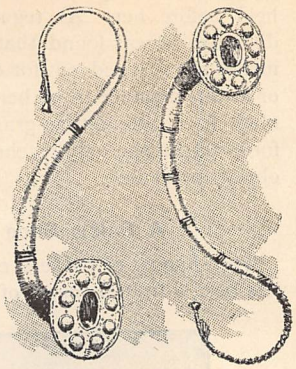
allowing for missing rings at the centre and the bark. Hence about 250 years may be taken as an average of the intervals between successive eruptions. The trees were all supported by shallow, wide-spreading roots, as though the soil in which they grew was shallow. Besides the standing trunks, many are lying on the ground, some of which have petrified as they lay, others before they fell. Only one standing stump has branches, perhaps because the volcanic mud did not reach high enough to preserve them from decay. Specimens of rotten wood, petrified bark, the borings of insects, impressions of the leaves of conifers, and two kinds of extinct deciduous trees have been observed in the petrifactions. The fossil trees are also found along Soda Butte Creek and on the left bank of the Yellowstone, opposite the mouth of a creek with a very sinister name. Their height is there 6,100 feet; but the highest are found opposite the mouth of Soda Butte Creek, at an altitude of 8,180 feet. The volcanic matter consists of a conglomerate of stones and mud, with occasional beds of lava, and water seems to have played a part in depositing or rearranging it.

Honey Dew.

In touching the leaves of certain trees with the tongue, a sweet taste is sometimes felt, which comes from a kind of gum on the leaves. This is evidently the material of "honey dew," which occasionally becomes so abundant as to drop from the leaves on to the ground. This summer, for example, honey dew was plentiful on the suburban trees of Paris, especially the limes and sycamores. It was formerly supposed to be a secretion of the tree, but is now believed to come from a small insect. The dew is not very wholesome for cattle, and in particular oak leaves charged with it are so dangerous as to have been prohibited for the food of cattle in the Dordogne, France.

The Oldest Trumpet.

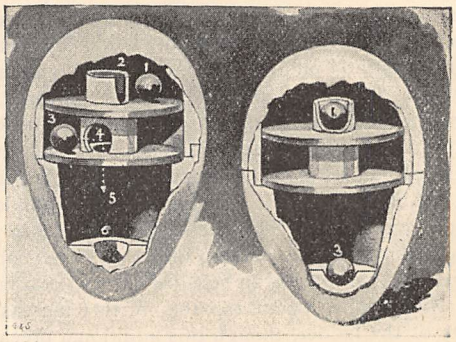
Our woodcut represents the old Scandinavian "lur," a trumpet dating from the Bronze Age, which is found in some of the bogs of Sweden and the Baltic coasts of North Germany. It is 6 to 7 feet long, and twisted, as shown, in two planes at right angles to each other. The cast-bronze is about 1½ millimetres thick, and the tube is made in sections joined together. The lur was held in front of the player, at military or religious festivals, and it is interesting to record that some of these instruments, which are two or three thousand years old, were played at a concert given by Dr. Angul Hammerich in the Royal Chapel, Copenhagen. They were borrowed from the National Museum in that city.



THE OLDEST TRUMPET.

The Columbian Egg.

The feat attributed to Columbus of making an egg stand on end has given rise to the ingenious puzzle which is shown in our woodcut. A partition of two floors divides the larger from the smaller end of the egg. The floors are joined by a hollow cylinder, having an aperture in its side, and the interior of the cylinder communicates through a hole in the floor with the small end of the egg. A little ball, 1, is placed in the upper chamber, and another, 3, in the middle compartment. The puzzle is to move the ball, 1, into the enclosure, 2, of the larger end of the egg, and the ball, 3, into the hole, 4, of the middle compartment, so as to allow it to drop into the pit or hollow, 6, at the smaller end of the egg. When this has been achieved the egg will stand upright on its smaller end, thanks, in a measure, to a slight cavity in the end.



THE COLUMBIAN EGG.

PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

A large number of manuscripts have been received for the Short Story Competition, and we hope to be able to publish the award in our next number.

We would remind our readers that the Cookery Recipe Competition closes on Sept. 1, and that the MSS. for the Holiday Competition are due on October 3.

MY SISTER AGNES.

(*From the painting by Irlam Briggs, exhibited at the Royal Academy*, 1893.)

THE SIMPLON PASS.

ILLUSTRATED BY J. MACWHIRTER, R.A.

LOOKING BACK OVER THE PASS.

THE water which flows down from the snowy crests of the Alps, or bubbles forth in a myriad springs from their rocky flanks, makes its way to the sea through five great rivers, the Rhine, the Rhone, the Po, the Adige, and the Danube. A few streams, indeed, at the extreme east of the chain reach the Adriatic without passing into any of these rivers; but these, and indeed the Adige itself, may be reckoned as only satellites to the mighty Po, to which all of them will one day have to pay their tribute, when they have among them carried down enough *débris* from the mountains to fill up the head of the sea into which they all flow. For all practical purposes, then, we may speak of four main river-basins, separated from each other by the great mountain barrier, but connected by the paths which man has found means to make across the depressions in it. Many of these have existed from the remotest antiquity; for man in pursuit of gain, whether by war or in the more peaceful line of commerce, is not easily to be restrained by any obstacles which Nature can put in his way. Whether Gauls or Carthaginians were on their road to measure their strength against the young state whose name was beginning to be a terror to the nations; or Rome herself, in the fulness of her maturity, was seeking for new conquests; or the Germanic tribes in later days were carrying the tide of conquest back again over the sunny lands to the south; each had, in turn, to cross the mighty chain, and each found existing roads by which horse and foot could pass it. In many cases these roads seem to have satisfied all the requirements of traffic until recent times.

Far to the east, indeed, Roman organisation did here and there, as half-effaced inscriptions and ruts deep-grooved in the rock testify to this day, make them passable for wheeled vehicles; but in the more central portions of the chain, where the peaks rise above the line of perpetual snows, mule-tracks seem to have served all needs. When Charlemagne was on his way to be crowned at Rome, at the end of the eighth century, he had to pass from Germany into Italy by the Wormser Joch, a steep and rough path, lying close to what is now the magnificent Stelvio road. The last two centuries have, however, altered all that. Not merely on wheels, but on rails, is it now possible to pass between nearly any two of the greater

river-basins already indicated. From the Rhine to the Po we go by the St. Gothard, with its wonderful cork-screw tunnels ; from the Rhine to the Danube, by the Arlberg ; from the Danube to the Po (or the Adige), by the Brenner—a line in some ways even more wonderful than the other two, from the ingenuity of the way in which the engineer has circumvented, instead of overcoming, the difficulties of a mountain pass.

But when we wish to leave the waters of the Rhone for those of the Po, we must either go far to the south-east of France in search of a railway, and travel by the somewhat roundabout route of Mont Cenis—roundabout, that is, for people whose business does not lie in the extreme west of Italy ; or if we would take a directer course, must be content with crossing the Alps — as the old schoolboy joke has it, *summâ diligentiâ*—on the top of a diligence (private carriages can also be had).

The most obvious carriage road between the streams that flow into the Gulf of Lyons and into the Adriatic respectively, is at the same time one of the most famous—perhaps, until the railway era brought other roads more into notice, quite the most famous—of all the Alpine highways. Everyone has heard of Napoleon's impatient inquiry: "When will the guns be able to cross the Simplon ?" This was in the very earliest years of the century, soon after his narrow escape from defeat at Marengo had shown the necessity for some more practicable road from France into North Italy than that of the St. Bernard. The Simplon was ready to his hand. A carriageable road of some kind—rough enough, no doubt, according to modern ideas—had existed there for more than a hundred years ; indeed, it is said to have been the first of the Alpine passes, in modern times, at any rate, opened to wheeled traffic. Long before this date, however, it had been a frequented highway.

Some people in the Middle Ages went so far as to assert that Cæsar, the ubiquitous, crossed the Alps by this route ; "but," remarks Josias Simler, the judicious historian of the Valais, in the sixteenth century, "while I would not say that Cæsar never led an army this way, it certainly was not by this road that he came to attack the Helvetians, as recorded in his first book." Others again found traces in the name of a Roman Sempronius, whence the step to Scipio was easy. We may, however, rest content with the very respectable antiquity for which we have good evidence. Mr. Coolidge, in his "Swiss Travel and Swiss Guide-books," tells us that so far back as 1235 a hospice, or shelter-house, existed on the pass, and was looked after by the Hospitallers, or Knights of St. John. This building has long disappeared. The so-called "Old Hospice," which stands on the right-hand side of the road, a little beyond the summit to one going south, was built after 1650 by Gaspar Stockalper, of Brieg, to whom the ground was conceded by that parish ; and the hospice now in use, and managed by St. Bernard monks, was founded by Napoleon. Standing as it does at no great distance from inhabited places, it does not, of course, receive anything like the troops of visitors who enliven the parent establishment ; but a few dogs are kept, and in winter, when the snow is deep on the pass, the services of the brethren are occasionally in request. The road is, of course, admirable, and so long as the traveller keeps to it he can hardly lose his way in the worst of weather ; but it is taken for the sake of the gradient far up into a side valley, between Brieg and Berisal, whence it regains the main valley, after a mighty sweep of ten or twelve miles, at a point not much more than a mile distant from where it had diverged. The pedestrian will, therefore, seek for a short cut ; and such exist. Let him beware, however, of trying to save too much distance. A good many years ago the present writer was descending from the Simplon to Brieg with a friend and an experienced Zermatt guide. The guide professed to know of a shorter than what may be called the legitimate short cut. This led along a water-course channelled in the mountain side, and as long as the slope was moderate did very well. But a time arrived when the grassy slopes fell away, and were replaced by a sheer precipice, across the face of which the little aqueduct was carried in hollow tree-stems, supported by iron stanchions driven into the rock. There was no help for it ; along these the party had to pass, after the fashion of tight-rope walkers, steadying themselves with their ice-axes against the rock wall. The footing was good

THE OLD HOSPICE.

enough, and a person with a steady head was in no danger of slipping; but one could not help wondering how often the soundness of both pipes and supports was tested, and hoping that the last time had not been very long ago.

But to go back to the early records of the pass. The approach to it on the north side, by the long and level valley of the Rhone, is so easy, that the route seems always to have been popular with tourists. One of these, Mr. Richard Lassels, a learned preceptor, who seems to have been much in demand as a travelling tutor to young noblemen in the reign of Charles II., has left us a lively account. Journeying up the Valais—which then, it should be remembered, and indeed till 1815, formed no part of the Swiss Federation, but consisted of a number of little commonwealths, with the Bishop of Sion at their head—Mr. Lassels reached Brieg and slept there, like any modern tourist. "Next morning," he says, "we began to climb the hills for a breakfast. For the space of three hours our horses eased us, the ascent not being so risky as we expected from so rugged a brow of hills; but when we came to the steep of the hill itself, Mount Sampion (one of the great Staircases of Italy), we were forced to compliment our horses and go afoot. It was towards the very beginning of October when we passed that way, and therefore found that hill in a good humour, otherwise it is froward enough. Having in one hour's time crawled up the steep of the hill, we had two hours' more riding to the village and inn of Sampion, where arriving, we found little meat for our great stomachs, and cold comfort, for all the hot, stinking stove."

Poor Mr. Lassels! How many a British tourist since his day has been in the like case? But even from this short extract we may see how times and fashions have changed. The only things which concern him are the facilities, or otherwise, of travel. For him the Simplon Pass is merely a "staircase of Italy;" an obstacle to be surmounted before the goal can be reached. Of mountain scenery as an object in itself he has no idea. On his right he had the mighty group of the Fletschhorn; on his left the beautiful snow-fields of Monte Leone; and if he cared to look back when he reached the top of the pass, he would have seen the view which is illustrated at the head of this paper.

VIEW FROM BERISAL.

To the modern tourist the mere view of the two great peaks, Nesthorn and Aletschhorn, with their host of attendant pinnacles, rising above the basin of the noblest glacier in Europe, is a sight "to rout the brood of cares." Yet it may be that fashion has more to do with the matter than we always allow. The seventeenth-century way of regarding mountains as tiresome and unlovely hindrances to travel, cannot be wholly extinct, or we should hardly be talking so much of a Simplon tunnel; and proposing, in order to shorten the journey into Italy by a few hours, to exchange once more the pure air and glorious scenery of a road among the mountain-tops for a fetid and filthy burrow through their roots.

A. J. BUTLER.

DAVENANT.

By S. SOUTHALL BONE, Author of "The Manager of Manston Mills."

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIRST.

THE TRIAL BEGINS.

THE Old Bailey Court was thronged with a crowd of people anxious to witness Jonas Hawkey's trial. The Hursts and Margaret Drayton were there, of course—Madge anxious, yet fearful, to watch the crowning of her work. Contrary to her expectation, she did not see Davenant in court, he, with the other witnesses, being kept in an adjoining room until called.

There was a subdued hum of curiosity as Hawkey was brought into the dock, guarded by two warders, everyone leaning forward to get a view of the famous criminal, only one remove from a murderer. To Madge he appeared greatly altered from her recollection of him at the City meeting; but after a while the resemblance reappeared. The cruel, crafty eyes sunk under the bushy eyebrows, the high, but narrow and retreating forehead, and the angular facial visage, so suggestive of rapacity, were all there; only the surroundings were different.

He was composed and cool, and listened keenly while the indictment was read. None of the charges seemed to move him till the last—that of assault with intent to do grievous bodily harm—was reached; then he laughed right out, and the fiendish grin revealed more plainly than words the cruel nature of the man. The prosecuting counsel opened the case in a temperate speech, and then called the witnesses.

The first were Matson and Polsum, who detailed the history of their search for the prisoner, the arrest at Portland, and Polsum's narrow escape. Matson was not cross-examined at any length, but Polsum was severely questioned as to the amount of grog consumed on that night. Next in order came Polly Randolph. In reply to counsel's questions, she gave her evidence, which confirmed that of Polsum and Matson. It was not very long, being chiefly directed to prove the reality of the attempt to kill Polsum, which she did very thoroughly, quite disposing of the theory of accident.

Then Serjeant Scourbrass took her in hand.

"Stop a moment, Miss Randolph," he said, as she was leaving the box. "I want to ask you a few questions."

"Eh? What, aall ov 'ee?" she replied, looking round at the barristers seated on the back benches. "Then us won't have done to-night."

"Oh no; only myself, I assure you," said the serjeant, joining in the laugh. "Those gentlemen have not got that privilege yet. They are learning their business."

"Ah! 'prentices. I zee. Well, zay on, then, if 'tis only one oo 'ee."

When the laughter which followed this had subsided, the serjeant put his first question.

"How long have you known the prisoner?"

"Not long."

"Well, for how long? One month, two months, three, or more?"

"'A didden take count. A month or zo, mayhap."

"He was on a visit to you?"

"Maybe he was. He do know best."

"At any rate, he was accustomed to come to you when he was in Portland?"

"He never comed but once."

"And then he stayed with you?"

"No, 'a didden. He stayed up along over the hill."

"'He stayed up along over the hill,'" repeated Scourbrass, bewildered. "Will you kindly explain what that means?"

"Anybody but a vule would know. Up along means up along."

"Does it? I am afraid we are not clever enough to comprehend it. Now, after getting 'up along,' as you call it, whom did he stay with?"

"I dwoant know. 'A didden teli I who's vriends were, and I didden ax en."

"Now, did you know him to be in the habit of carrying firearms?"

"No."

"And this pistol that you say he fired—did it belong to the prisoner?"

"No, 'a didden; 'a b'longed to vaather."

"To your father? And he kept it loaded. What for?"

"We do have a lot o' queer vo'k to Portland zometimes."

"So it would seem. And you keep it loaded to defend yourselves?"

"Yes, he be always loaded."

"Did the prisoner know it was loaded when he took it up?"

"'A did, because I told en."

"You carry on the business of a laundress, do you not?" said the serjeant, backing out of a mistake.

"No, I dwoan't. I be a washerwoman, I be."

"You wash for a laundress?"

"No, I dwoan't. I do wash vor myself."

"Then why did you say you were not a laundress?"

"'A didden zay zo. 'A zaid 'a were a washerwoman, an' zo 'a be."

"A confusion of tongues," interposed the judge, who, like many of his brethren, never lost the chance of a joke. "You must put your question in plain Saxon, Brother Scourbrass."

"So I perceive, my lord," answered the serjeant.

There was a murmur of subdued laughter through the court, and Polly looked round with flaming, defiant eyes. Serjeant Scourbrass resumed, in apologetic tones—

"Now, Miss Randolph, let us try to understand each other——"

"Anybody but a vule would," interjected Polly, with an accent on the epithet and a toss of her head that left no doubt for whom it was intended.

Again the laugh went round the court, with the effect of making her still more angry and indignant, but still utterly fearless.

"You are a washerwoman, and you work for yourself. Is not that so?"

"Zo I be, I tell 'ee. But if I couldn't wash better than your woman I'd never put my vistes in tub again."

Then there was a chorus of laughter, amid which the serjeant replied—

"I am sorry my laundress is not present to hear you. I must tell her what you say."

"Why," replied Polly, in a flaming rage, pointing to the serjeant's wig—which, as is common with seniors learned in the law, was neither so new nor nearly so clean as those of the barristers whom Polly had dubbed apprentices—"your nightcap there tidden no cleaner than old Betty Vlew's up along to Wakeham, and her doan't touch water from one year's end to t'other."

This last sent the whole court, from judge to doorkeeper, into a prolonged roar of laughter. Polly stood in the box, surprise and indignation contending for the mastery.

"What be aall they vules screetching at?" she asked, in an imperious tone, of the usher, who was standing on the floor of the court below her.

"What did you call his wig a nightcap for, then? And to tell him he hadn't washed for a year! Oh Lor'!" said the man; "you'll be the death of me if you're in that box much longer."

"What, idden he a nightcap, then?" said Polly, with wonder in her eyes.

"Shut up, do!" said the man, still shaking with laughter. "His ludship is speaking."

But it was only to cut another joke.

"If it is a case of the 'cap fitting,' Brother Scourbrass, I think you had best submit to wear it."

"I will certainly follow your lordship's ruling," returned the serjeant. "Your lordship's experience is so much greater than mine."

As this was a return hit at the judge, who was known in private life as a notorious sloven, there was another, but more subdued, chorus of chuckling.

"They be all vules together!" said Polly, in disgust.

But just then the serjeant got back to business.

"Now, about this shooting. You saw it?"

"Yes; he fired 'en," pointing to Hawkey.

"Now, listen to me. You saw this shot fired. Did not the pistol go off by accident in the scuffle?"

"No, 'a didden. 'A fired 'en a-purpose."

"Do you mean that the pistol fired itself on purpose or that the prisoner fired it?"

"He fired 'en," she answered, pointing again to Hawkey. "I tell'd 'ee zo just now, but you do be that deaf, with that old dousty poll over your ears."

"Never mind that. You had some grog with the policeman, did you not?"

"No, 'a didden. 'A gived he zome; 'a had tea myself."

"You are a teetotaler, perhaps?"

"No; 'a take grog when 'a like and tea when 'a like, same's you."

There was another laugh at this, for the serjeant was noted for his convivial propensities.

"Well, he had grog and you had tea." (To the judge) "Probably the tea-pot was on the mantelpiece, like the celebrated Mrs. Gamp's—a case in point, my lord."

Then, turning again to Polly, he asked—

"Do you mean to say, on your oath, that you did not have any grog?"

"Ees, I do," said Polly defiantly.

"The policeman had all of it, then. Now, how much did he really have?"

"A couple oo glasses or zo; not more."

"What was he doing when the prisoner was discovered?"

"He had the kettle in his hand."

"And then?"

"He caught his foot in my gown and scalded the prisoner."

"Just so," said the serjeant, with a laugh and a triumphant look at the jury. "In other words, he fell down and spilt the boiling water over the prisoner?"

"Maybe. 'A didden zee 'en fall."

"Too drunk to stand, I suppose? And he had some more after the prisoner was secured?"

"I think 'a had a little; 'a bain't zure."

"Thank you. That is all I want at present," said the serjeant blandly.

"You be welcome to 'en, then, if that be aall," said Polly, as she stepped down from the box. "The biggest vule I ever zee!" she added, in a voice distinctly heard all over the court; and with this Parthian shot she sat down.

Next came a detective, whose evidence was singularly short, and apparently interjected, as it were, between other witnesses. He deposed that, acting on information given, he went to a house in Jonathan's Gardens, Lambeth, where a woman, the wife of a man now undergoing penal servitude at Portland, gave him certain pieces of paper, covered with writing. He had marked them in her presence, and now produced them. They were handed to the judge, who also marked them, and by him to the prosecuting counsel. This witness was not cross-examined, and,

judging by the prisoner's look of impotent rage, there was very good reason for abstaining.

Then there was a pause, and then a stir in the court as the convict Davies, escorted by two warders, took his place in the box. He looked curiously at Hawkey, who returned his glance with a glare of intense hatred. In answer to his examiner, he stated very quietly, and without any bravado, that he had been a professional forger, that he was "doing" a long term of penal servitude for forging Russian bank-notes, that he had forged a large number of debenture bonds of the Wheal Tintinnabulum Mine, which he had just parted with when he was arrested on the other charge. Asked for whom it had been done, he replied, "For the prisoner," pointing to Hawkey. Next he deposed as to the forgeries in the senior Mr. Davenant's time, for which he gave name, date, and amount.

Then—and this was the exciting moment to Madge, and, indeed, to all in court—the papers produced by the previous witness were given to him for identification. Amidst the deepest silence he stated that they were in Edward Davenant's handwriting, that they were given to him by the prisoner with instructions to forge the bills which had been produced, and which he also identified.

Not a sound was heard in the court save the convict's voice as his answers laid bare the hideous plot. The counsel concluded his examination with the question—

"And to your knowledge these bills are the forgeries for which Mr. Edward Davenant was tried and sentenced in this court?"

"They are."

Then Serjeant Scourbrass rose to cross-examine. After a few trivial questions, he suddenly asked—

"How long have you known Mr. Davenant?"

"Not six months."

"You knew that the person in whose name you committed these forgeries was suffering the penalty for them?"

"Yes, I knew that."

"Then why did you allow him to remain in ignorance until six months ago?"

"I did not know him personally till then."

"But he was a fellow-prisoner of yours all the time?"

"We are not supposed to know each other's names in Portland."

"But you do, nevertheless?"

"Sometimes."

"Now, sir, what portion of this precious story was given you by your late colleague? Some part was his, I suppose, and some part yours?"

"Very little was given by him. He knew next to nothing about it."

"Did he not tell you that he had friends outside, who were working for him?"

"He told me that he had no friends."

"Did he not tell you that he had been examined in prison?"

"Yes."

"Then, how do you account for his saying that he had no friends? Do you not know that the examination was prompted by his friends?"

"No."

"Now, on your oath, was not your knowledge of the names of these firms first derived from him?"

"No. I knew them before he succeeded to the business."

"Be careful, sir. How could that be?"

"Because I had previously forged bills on those firms for the prisoner in old Mr. Davenant's time."

There was a laugh at this. It was not often that the serjeant was caught napping, but it made him very savage when it did occur. He put one or two trivial questions, and dismissed the witness with a stinging allusion to his convict condition and dress, which he heard with unmoved composure.

To him succeeded Freeland, whose evidence completed the proof, corroborating that of Davies in every particular. His cross-examination touched very lightly on this, much to his surprise. But he did not know his man.

"Are you acquainted with the last witness?" asked the serjeant, very innocently.

"I never heard of him till I came into this court."

"Do you know the solicitors for the prosecution?"

"I knew them at the time of Mr. Davenant's trial."

"And since?"

"Not until I was asked to investigate the books."

"Until they asked you?"

"They did not ask me—at least, not in the first instance."

"Who did, then?"

"A lady called on me, and asked me if I could throw any light on the matter."

"Who was this lady?"

"I do not know. She did not tell me who she was. She asked what I knew of the history of the firm, and if I would go to the solicitors."

"Now, did not this lady, whoever she was, give you some hints as to what was being done?"

"She said that they were trying to establish Mr. Davenant's innocence."

"They? Who were 'they'?"

"I do not know. I suppose the solicitors."

"Now, did she not tell you that your evidence would be supported by that of a convict from Portland?"

"No."

"On your oath, sir, will you swear that she did not tell you the nature of Davies' evidence?"

"She did not tell me."

"Then what did you mean when you quoted her as saying that her friends were trying to establish the convict's innocence? In what way were they doing it?"

"I cannot tell you more than I have told you before. She said, generally, that they were trying to prove it."

"Have you seen this lady since?"

"Yes; I saw her the other day."

"Where?"

"At Messrs. Bax and Co.'s offices."

"Do you see her in court now?"

Freeland looked slowly round till his eyes rested on Margaret Drayton, who flushed scarlet as all in court followed the direction of his gaze.

"Yes, she is in court."

"The lady sitting there?"

"Yes."

"Now, once more, do you know that lady's name?"

"I do not."

"But she is the lady who came to you on behalf of Mr. Davenant?"

"Yes."

"I must say I regret the absence of that interesting ex-convict, my lord. He is to be congratulated on possessing so fair an advocate."

Then the court rose, and Hawkey was hurried away down the steps. Matson's forethought had already provided a cab, to which he escorted Mrs. Hurst and Madge, whose distress was painful to witness. But Matson, like a true gentleman, forbore to notice it.

"Oh, how cruel!" Madge sobbed, when they had driven off. "I could not have imagined a man so cruel."

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SECOND.

DAVENANT IS HECKLED.

As they got out of the court in haste to spare Madge's feelings, they were unaware that Davenant, who had been all day in the waiting-room, was almost within arm's length of them. He was moving forward to speak, but shrank back on perceiving Matson in charge of Madge, while Bax was escorting Mrs. Hurst. Madge was flushed, and evidently much disturbed, and as she shook hands with Matson, who took care to be last in order, he could see tears standing in her eyes.

Sick at heart, he dropped back into the crowd, so that they should not see him. This, then, was the end of his dream. Fool that he was, he thought, to have so deluded himself as to mistake sympathy for love! Was it likely that, even in thought, she would stoop to think of one who had been a convict? Now that he had come to his senses, he saw how absurd the idea was. Besides, there was the evidence of his eyes—nothing could disprove that. He had seen her face flush as Matson spoke; he had noted with senses quickened by jealousy the respectful, yet ardent, look and the earnest tones with which Matson parted from her. It was quite clear he had been mistaken all along, and there was nothing left now but to face the fact as best he could. If he had doubted before as to the idea of enlistment, he doubted no more; it was the readiest and most thorough solution of all his difficulties. A day or two more, while the trial lasted, and then there would be nothing to stand between him and his purpose.

But by the next morning he had other and more

"HE WAS MOVING FORWARD TO SPEAK."

pressing matters to think of. He had to give his evidence that day. That by itself was not much, but the cross-examination which was to follow was more serious. Mr. Serjeant Scourbrass was a noted Old Bailey bully. It was, indeed, that fact which had led to his selection as Hawkey's counsel. By advice, Davenant had not read any report of the trial, and he had not been present when Freeland identified Madge, nor had he heard Scourbrass's brutal allusion to her. The first intimation he had of what had been said was in Freeland's re-examination, in which, after re-affirming his evidence, he stated that the lady who had visited him had done so simply to bring him to Messrs. Bax and Matterface, and not in any way to prompt his evidence.

He was startled by this. Could this lady be Miss Drayton? And then the recollection of her distressed appearance as she left the court on the previous evening flashed upon him. He looked round the court, but she was not there. Evidently what had been said was not of a pleasant nature, and he felt sure it had been something relating to himself.

It was well for him and for Madge that she was not there, for Scourbrass was keenly watching him for any recognition of friends in the audience, but failing in this, addressed himself to the prosecuting counsel's examination. Davenant's evidence was in effect what has already been told in these pages; and also, in answer to questions put at his own desire, he asserted in the strongest manner his innocence of the crime of which he had been convicted, and now pardoned.

Then the serjeant took him in hand, beginning, as he usually did, with a series of apparently trivial questions, which generally proved to be very important later on. He pressed him very closely as to his friendship with Davies, whether their common crime had not been the origin of their intimacy, whether until he knew Davies he had ever charged any other person with the crime for which he had been sentenced: to which last question he extorted a negative answer.

Suddenly leaving this part of the case, he attacked Davenant on matters which were more personal and interesting to him.

"Who were your solicitors when you were tried for these forgeries?"

"Messrs. Bax and Matterface."

"Are they still acting for you?"

"I believe so."

"You instructed them?"

"No; they were acting before I was released."

"By whom instructed, if not by you?"

"I do not know. I have been trying to find out."

"Be careful, sir. You deliberately tell the jury that you have not instructed and you do not know who is instructing your solicitors?"

"I do not know."

"Have you any means?"

"None that I am aware of."

"Who is paying your expenses?"

"Mr. Bax has done so up to the present."

"Do you know Freeland, who gave evidence here yesterday?"

"Yes; he was my father's head clerk."

"Do you know the lady who introduced him to your solicitors?"

A sudden flush mounted to Davenant's face as this question was put, but he replied steadily—

"I did not even know that any lady had introduced him."

"Did you not recognise her when he identified her in court yesterday?"

His breath came thick and fast, and his face flushed again, but fortunately, Bax's caution came to his mind, and instantly he comprehended its significance. He replied—

"I was not in court at all yesterday."

"Of course you were not; I forgot. Now, have you talked over this trial with your friends since you were released?"

"I have only seen my friends but once in that time, and then our talk was not of the trial, but of personal matters."

Davenant was now on his guard. He began to see the drift of these questions, and to understand what Bax meant when he told him that absolute ignorance was his best safeguard.

"Ah! of course," said the serjeant. "And naturally, those personal matters included the question of ways and means?"

"It was once mentioned, but only casually. There was no conversation on the matter."

"They were not the most interested in that topic, perhaps?"

"I cannot say. I certainly should not think of asking."

"Who is paying the expenses of this trial—that is, of that part which affects you personally?"

"I do not know."

"Do you know any of those who are prosecutors in the other charges?"

"None of them."

"Now, sir, listen to me. The purport of your evidence is this—that you have no means, but are subsisting on a charitable allowance made to you by the solicitors for the prosecution; that you are not instructing them, and you do not know who is instructing them; and that, in some mysterious way, they are both instructed and paid on your behalf, but not by you, and without your knowledge. Is that so?"

"Yes; I cannot explain it more than I have already done."

"You expect the jury to believe that story?"

"I do. It is the truth."

"You expect them to believe this also: That less than a month ago you were in Portland, serving your term of fifteen years' penal servitude, having made no application for release, and apparently without any hope of it, and that suddenly you find yourself pardoned, a free man, without any knowledge of the persons who were working for you, or the means that were used; and that to-day, after the evidence that has been given, you still profess ignorance of those who have assisted you?"

"I cannot give you any other answer."

"You cannot? On your oath, do you mean to say that you do not know the names of the friends with whom you have talked on this matter?"

"Of course I know their names, but I have no knowledge of their having assisted me in the way you speak of."

"Tell me their names."

"Am I obliged to answer that question, my lord?" said Davenant, appealing to the judge.

"I have been anxious not to interrupt you, Brother Scourbrass," said the judge, "but is this relevant?"

"It touches the credit of the witness, my lord."

"It will answer your purpose if the witness writes down the names," replied the judge.

Davenant wrote the names and handed them in silence to the judge, who read them, and passed them down to the serjeant, by whom, when he had read them, they were handed to Davenant's counsel.

"Now," said the serjeant, "do you see those friends in court?"

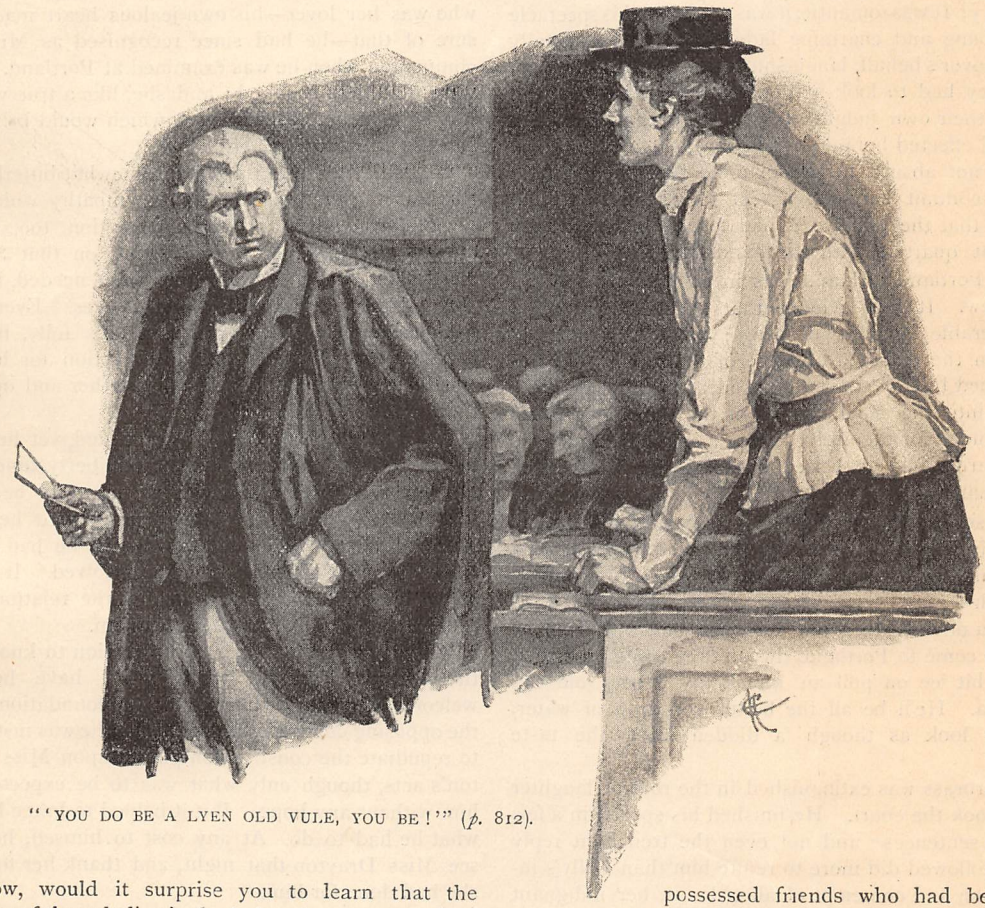
For the first time since he had known her Davenant

was glad to miss Madge's face. "They are not here," he replied.

"I am sorry for it," returned the serjeant. "If they had been here, I should have asked your lordship to recall the witness Freeland, when the double identification would have settled this point." Then, turning to Davenant: "Now, sir, how long have you known these friends—previous to your imprisonment?"

"No; I have known them by sight for six months or so; but as to acquaintance, only since my release."

witnesses, he had to rely on his forensic skill to make the jury believe that the prisoner was the victim of a conspiracy; and in doing this, he did not spare either Madge or Davenant. After blaming the authorities for prejudicing the prisoner by releasing Davenant before the trial, and denouncing Davies as a fellow-conspirator, he proceeded to ridicule Davenant's evidence as concocted between him and Davies in prison, and Freeland and Miss Drayton outside. "No one could doubt," he said, "that the ex-convict



"'YOU DO BE A LYEN OLD VULE, YOU BE!'" (*p.* 812).

"Now, would it surprise you to learn that the younger of these ladies is the lady who was recognised yesterday by the witness Freeland as having visited him on your behalf?"

"I cannot say that I should be surprised at any act of kindness of hers. But I do not know it, except on your authority."

"And now that you do know it, are you prepared to say that it is not she who is responsible for your costs in this matter?"

"I could not venture to say anything of the sort; I am utterly without knowledge on that point."

"You may go," said Scourbrass savagely. "I have done with you."

Davenant's evidence and cross-examination closed the case against Hawkey; and then Serjeant Scourbrass began his reply in defence. As he had no

possessed friends who had been actively working on his behalf all through his imprisonment. How communication had been maintained he did not pretend to say; enough for him that it had been maintained, for the correspondence allowed by the prison rules would not have sufficed if it had been ten times as much. A corroboration of Davies' testimony must be found; and who was so fit as the former head-clerk, Freeland, a needy man, and, for some reason or other, with a grudge against the prisoner? But he does not appear on the scene till he has been hunted up by the lady who seems to have been the moving spirit of the whole affair. One would naturally have expected that the solicitors would have attended to this. But no; it is a lady, a young and attractive lady, as the jury had had the opportunity of judging for themselves, who

had spent a whole day in finding him. Then, too, there was the question of means. Could the jury believe the ex-convict's story? He swore that he was without means; that someone, whom he did not know, was both instructing and paying the solicitors who were acting for him. What credit could be attached to this statement might be estimated by the jury when he reminded them that one of the names handed by the witness to his lordship proved to be that of the lady who had visited Freeland on his behalf. What reasonable doubt could there be that she was the mainspring of the conspiracy—a lady *deus ex machinâ* of the story? It was romantic, it was affecting, this spectacle of a young and charming lady working so devotedly in her lover's behalf, languishing in misery at Portland. But they had to look at it as men of the world, and to use their own judgment as to the means by which she had effected her purpose. Then, as to the shooting: was it not absurd in the extreme that the prisoner would commit such an act of folly? It was quite certain that the policeman had found himself in very pleasant quarters with the handsome and vivacious young Portland girl, and was in no hurry to end the interview. It was evident that he had imbibed a considerable amount of grog; and the entertainment, in the enforced absence of the father, and unrestrained by any conventional ideas of propriety, had lasted into the small hours of the morning. They could judge for themselves what a seductive influence her charms had exercised over this muddle-headed policeman——"

The serjeant never finished this part of his speech, for Polly Randolph, resenting the imputations against her character, fired up, and with her eyes ablaze, broke out with—

"You do be a lyen old vule, you be! An' if so be you do come to Portland, dwoan't 'ee come near to I, or a'll hit 'ee on poll an' knock thy dousty old cap into zea. He'll be all the better vor drop of water. He do look as though 'a didden know the taste of 'en.'

Scourbrass was extinguished in the roar of laughter that shook the court. He finished his speech in a few halting sentences; and not even the trenchant reply which followed did more to refute him than Polly's interruption and contempt of all order in her indignant remonstrance.

There is no need to follow the summing-up. Close, logical, merciless, and conclusive, it left the jury no option. Ten minutes sufficed for their deliberation. In the very shortness of the time Hawkey read his doom. It was, in one word, "Guilty" on all the counts; and the sentence was, as he himself had predicted, twenty years' penal servitude.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-THIRD.

CROSS-PURPOSES.

If the disclosures which Mr. Serjeant Scourbrass had made in his speech had amazed Davenant, the inference which he drew from them was still more astounding. Not that, for a moment, he believed it. It was so obviously a trick of the defence, so barefaced an attempt to draw off the jury from the consideration of other and more vital issues, that, could it have been met in the same way as that in which Polly Randolph repelled the insinuations against her respectability, it would have collapsed as quickly and as ignominiously. But for all that, Davenant would have given anything to know that the serjeant's version was the true one; only he was sure it was not. Though Margaret Drayton should never speak a word of denial, he knew it could not possibly be true. He had the evidence of his own eyes to prove that it could not. The man who was her lover—his own jealous heart made him sure of that—he had since recognised as Mr. Bax's companion when he was examined at Portland. They were doubtless engaged; and she, like a true woman, was helping her lover in work which would bring him success and advancement.

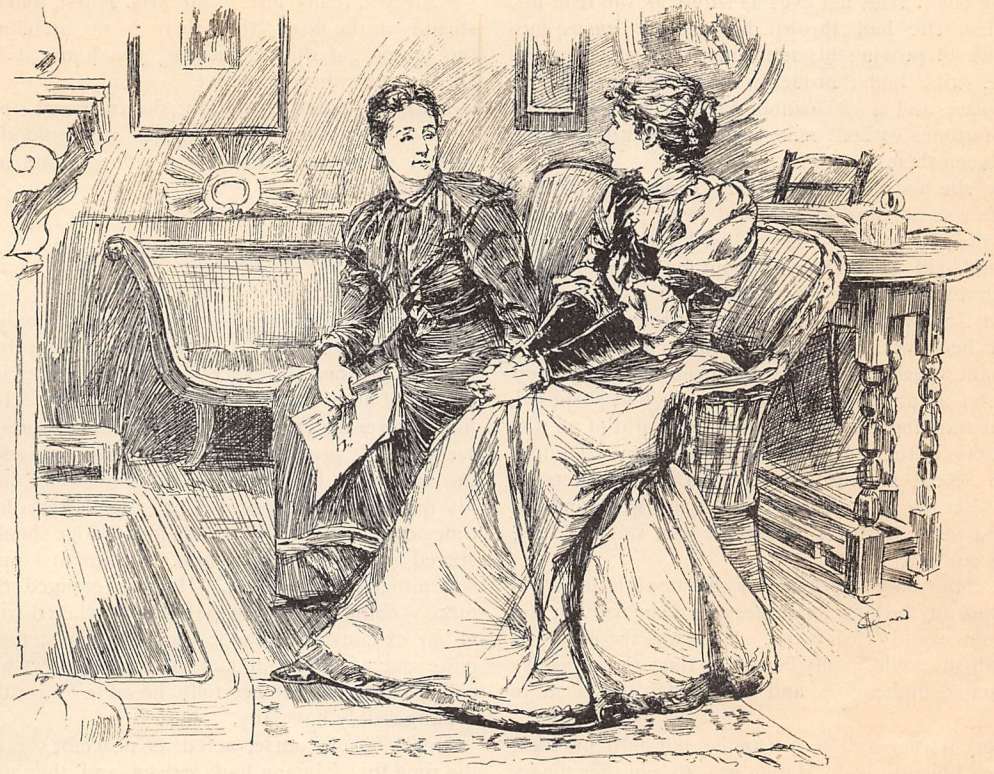
He could not help thinking, somewhat bitterly, that this was the real reason of the sympathy which had been shown him, and the explanation, too, of her altered manner after their meeting on that Sunday afternoon. If any further proof were needed, he had had it the previous night before his eyes. Everything was explained; things which, in his folly, he had looked upon as signs of her affection for him he was now sure were capable of another and opposite interpretation.

But though he was bitterly mortified, yet he could not forget his debt to her. Restored liberty, innocence, and honour: three noble gifts he owed to her; and it would be his duty and care to repay what he could. As for that vague remembrance which he had fondly hoped to solve, it must remain unsolved. It would be an impertinence to pursue it in the relations that must henceforth subsist between them.

It had not taken much consideration to know that the serjeant's theory, which would have been so welcome if true, was destitute of any foundation. Yet the opposing counsel's statement that he was instructed to repudiate the construction placed upon Miss Drayton's acts, though only what was to be expected, left him without any hope. But it helped to brace him for what he had to do. At any cost to himself, he must see Miss Drayton that night, and thank her for what she had done for him.

How to do it he scarcely knew. It would have been difficult if he had had only his own mortification to deal with; but to thank her as he ought, with the recollection of those questions and that speech of Serjeant Scourbrass still tingling in his ears, was more than he knew how to accomplish. He dreaded, and yet desired, the interview. For, in spite of all that had passed, there was still a lingering hope in his mind that possibly he might be mistaken; and, at any rate, he would make sure that he was not.

So, even at the risk of being considered an intruder, he determined to present himself that night at Kensington, and get through that part of his business; for business, and irksome business, it was. If at their first meeting his passion had almost betrayed him, his difficulty now would be to express gratitude and thanks



"'I WILL NOT ADMIT THAT,' SAID MADGE" (*p.* 814).

for benefits far larger than he then imagined in language which should at once be sufficiently expressive, and yet give no hint that any feeling beyond sincere gratefulness and devotion had any existence. Difficult as it might be, the sooner it was done the better, and the sooner he could devote himself to carrying out the plan which commended itself to him as the best and, in fact, the only means of gaining his subsistence.

Freeland, at one of their meetings in Bax's office, had told him some touching episodes in the history of a clerk out of employment. There was not the same resource open to poor Freeland as to Davenant, for he was too old, even if he had been inclined, for soldiering, and had given too many hostages to fortune to be able to subsist on thirteen-pence a day, minus stoppages. But his stories had greatly impressed Davenant, who, in reply to a question, told him he would never tramp over London for a clerk's scanty pay.

"What will you do, then, sir," said Freeland, with pity.

"Never that, Freeland; I shall enlist."

"Oh, surely not, sir!" said Freeland. "Think of the risks; and what will you get to live on: you, that have been accustomed to live as a gentleman?"

Davenant laughed. "My dear man, you forget. It is ages ago since I lived as a gentleman. As for living, it will be luxurious after the diet and the work at Portland."

And so it chanced that one man, and one man only, was in possession of Davenant's plan, which everything was tending to mature. But at the moment it was not this that was pressing, but how to frame his thanks to Margaret Drayton.

She was beginning to find out that her uncle had spoken no more than truth when he told her she was preparing an ocean of trouble for herself. But she had never imagined that she could be made the subject of such cruel questions and such cold-blooded innuendoes as to her motives as those which Hawkey's counsel had propounded to the jury, but which, through her absence, had only become known to her by the early editions of the evening papers. But they broke off the report just short of the denial which Bax had instructed counsel to make. She saw only too clearly the sinister interpretation which the malevolence of worldly natures would put upon her actions, and all her woman's nature rose in revolt at the hideous imputation. And yet, in spite of her shame and her anger at the charge, there was somewhere in the depths of her mind a feeling that there was a grain of truth in it. She had begun the enterprise with the purest and most disinterested motives; yet, even then, she remembered how she had abandoned a certain walk because she could not face the convict's glances

without self-consciousness, and because she felt sure that he could read her eyes as surely as she read his. And then she had thrown herself *con amore* into the work of proving his innocence and effecting his release. She had thoroughly identified herself with his cause; and a girl cannot identify herself with a man's fortunes without some sort of sympathy growing up between them.

Now she had gained her end: Davenant was free, and she was not sure of her own heart; but to have those doubts suddenly crystallised into a concrete form, and held up and turned about for the public gaze by such a man as Serjeant Scourbrass—this was too horrible! She felt that he had degraded her—degraded her in her own estimation. How could she face Davenant after this? More, too, even than this: how could she continue to assist him, as she had purposed, without standing convicted before the world of all that Scourbrass's cruelty had fastened upon her? To do it was to accept his insulting version of the facts as truth. Yet not to do it was to leave her work undone. It was a weary business altogether, and she could see no way out of it.

One thing only was clear in the bewilderment: if there was any lurking tenderness for Davenant in her heart, she would crush it out. That was the only way in which she could justify herself against the serjeant's abominable innuendoes, and she owed it to herself to do it.

Theory is very well if it can be put into practice, but the difficulty with Madge was to put her theory into practice. As to crushing down any rising affection for Davenant, she doubted not that that was in her power; but to devise any effectual scheme of aid which should be secret from him, and also not exposed to the scandal to which Scourbrass had given vent, was not only difficult, but almost impossible. The doctor's opposition would be harder to overcome after what had been said as to her motives, and to ask Mrs. Hurst's aid, she was afraid, would be only inviting a repetition of his views. But she had no other counsellor, and she was glad to ask advice.

"How can you continue to aid him?" repeated Mrs. Hurst. "I do not see how you can continue to do so, except you admit that what has been said about you is true."

"Is there any need for him to know it?" Madge asked.

"How can you conceal it? After what has passed he would certainly guess the source of any anonymous help; and if he is what I take him to be, he would as certainly not accept it unless you are prepared to do it on the footing of being his future wife."

"That is out of the question," said Madge, with spirit.

"And even then I do not see how he could honourably accept it."

"We need not discuss the improbable," said Madge.

"I do not know that it is altogether improbable," said Mrs. Hurst. "I must confess I fail to see how you can give future aid except on the footing of an engagement between you and Mr. Davenant."

"I will not admit that," said Madge.

"Are you really sure," said Mrs. Hurst, looking her steadily in the face, "that there is no attachment at the bottom of this? Because, you know, it is, after all, the most obvious motive."

Madge coloured at this, but she answered steadily—"Under present circumstances, yes; and if it did exist, I should not allow it to influence me one way or the other."

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FOURTH.

LOVERS' QUARRELS.

IT seemed as if Madge had escaped Scylla only to fall into Charybdis. She had kept away from the court because she dared not face the serjeant's cruel insinuations, and now the doctor was almost as bad. He broke into a towering rage when he read the reports of the second day's proceedings in the evening papers, drawing inferences by no means complimentary to either his niece or Davenant, wishing the latter a hundred times over back in Portland before Madge should have stirred a finger to help him. Davenant's innocence was altogether forgotten. He was enraged that his niece's name should be publicly bracketed with that of an ex-convict. Madge's own feelings, too, were quite out of sight; in fact, in his anger at what he called the result of her folly, he quite forgot that she could possibly have any.

His wife, of course, acted as peacemaker, and by the time that Matson had arrived, and they were assembled for dinner, he had cooled down into a condition of comparative complacency. Matson brought later and better news, which soothed him into a tolerably peaceful state, and rendered him more amenable to a rational view of things, and also helped somewhat to quiet Madge's distress—scarcely yet under control.

It was not, therefore, a suitable time for Davenant to pay his visit, even if he had been more the *ami de la maison* than he was. But about nine o'clock he came, and was shown into the drawing-room. The doctor, who had regained his self-command, received him politely, but with a marked absence of the cordiality of his first reception. Davenant did not fail to notice this, and to put his own construction on it. Mrs. Hurst, however, gave him a kindly welcome, and Madge's eyes glistened as he took her hand. Then he was introduced to Matson, who shook hands with him, and gave him a hearty congratulation on his recovered freedom.

But there was an air of constraint over all, and Davenant, feeling sure that he was an intruder, resolved to make the visit as short as possible. It was quite evident that he had interrupted a family council, and as evident also on what footing Matson stood with the Hursts. That, at least, was his judgment, though he forgot that the same verdict might as reasonably have been passed on his first visit to the house. But he had formed—hastily, as we know—a certain opinion, and, viewed in the light of that opinion, every word and act of both Matson and Margaret

Drayton were refracted and distorted into a confirmation of it.

He determined to lose no time in carrying out the purpose of his visit, and to take his leave the instant it was accomplished. So he turned to Mrs. Hurst, who, he rightly judged, understood him best, and said—

"I am sorry to have intruded upon you unasked to-night, but I could not rest till I had thanked Miss Drayton——"

"Pray do not apologise for that," interrupted Mrs. Hurst. "There is only Mr. Matson, who dined with us; and we are always glad to see you."

"I could not delay a moment longer than I could help in coming to tell Miss Drayton how deeply I am grieved by the shameful usage to which her kindness and generosity have exposed her. If by any words of mine I could have averted it—as far as was in my power I did, but you know how powerless a witness is with such a man as Scourbrass. The only mitigation is that she was not present to hear it."

"I think you had better make your peace with her yourself. Go to her, and tell her what you have to say."

Madge heard her aunt's words, and rising, met him half way, as it were.

"I am too much your debtor, Miss Drayton," he said, "ever to repay you for what you have done for me, but I can honestly say I would sooner have remained in Portland than that you should have been subjected to such unmanly usage. I know you will believe me, though the counsel did not, when I say that until his questions told me the truth I had no idea of the extent of the responsibility you had assumed for me."

"I never intended that you should know," replied Madge, her eyes fixed on the pattern of the carpet.

"That only adds to the obligation," said Davenant. "Mere gratitude could never repay it, even if the money could be replaced—of which, unfortunately, I have no hope."

"You need not have said that, Mr. Davenant," replied Madge. "If I had weighed the chance of repayment, I should never have undertaken the responsibility."

She was hurt, and showed it in her tone; but Davenant was blind, and so possessed with the notion of her engagement to Matson, that he did not perceive in her offended air how far he was from understanding her. He continued—

"It is most generous of you to say so, Miss Drayton, but it is impossible for me to forget it. Nothing can lessen the obligation, and I should be wanting in common honesty if I did not acknowledge it, and, so far as lies in my power, bind myself to repay it."

"Why will you talk of repayment, Mr. Davenant? Are you too proud to remain under an obligation—if you must call it so?"

"I have no choice," he answered.

Madge drew herself up, and a look very different from her usual pleasant glance shone in her eyes.

"We had best say no more on the matter," she replied, in constrained tones. "We cannot, either of us, recall what has been done. I do not regret it, as it has been the means of restoring your liberty, but I am sorry the manner of doing it has proved so irksome to you." Then, after a pause, "I think Mrs. Hurst is wanting me. Will you take some tea?"

Davenant took her words as a dismissal, and so they were. He ventured, however, on a last word, for he did not think he would ever have the chance of speaking again.

"It was not the obligation only that was on my mind," he said. "I wanted to apologise—it seems to me that I ought to do so—for the shameful imputation of motive which Mr. Scourbrass made me the means of conveying."

"Never mind that. I shall forget it, as the world will also, in a day or two."

Madge was so stung that a sharper retort still was on her lips, but she refrained, for Davenant winced as if he had been shot, and a look came over his face which so reminded her of his misery when she first saw him on the Verne that her anger was gone in a moment, and she would have given anything to recall the words. Before, however, she could collect her thoughts, he answered—

"I am very glad to hear it, for your sake. I wish I could forget it as easily myself."

Then Mrs. Hurst, whose watchful eyes saw that all was not right, interposed.

"Come, Mr. Davenant, you must want some tea. Will you hand a cup to my niece, and take some yourself?"

His first thought had been to leave the house at once, but thus appealed to, he had no option but to do as he was asked, and Madge gave him a look which plainly besought him to stay. And though they were at cross-purposes he was loyal to her, so that he would not leave just then, plainly seeing that, for reasons of their own, neither Mrs. Hurst nor Madge wished it. So he took his tea perforce, joining as well as he could in the talk, but wondering inwardly at the unhappy turn which his conversation with Madge had taken. He was not yet calm enough to see that his dominant idea—that Matson and Madge were engaged lovers—had tinged all that he had said to her, and had caused him to adopt a tone which he had no right to assume, and which had justly offended her. But he was conscious that he had said some things that were sharp and cutting and for which no disappointment was excuse. He resolved, therefore, to ask forgiveness, if he could possibly get a chance of a word with her. He did not know that he might have any other opportunity. They were returning to Dorsetshire in a day or two, and if he carried out his plan of enlistment he might not have leisure to see them again.

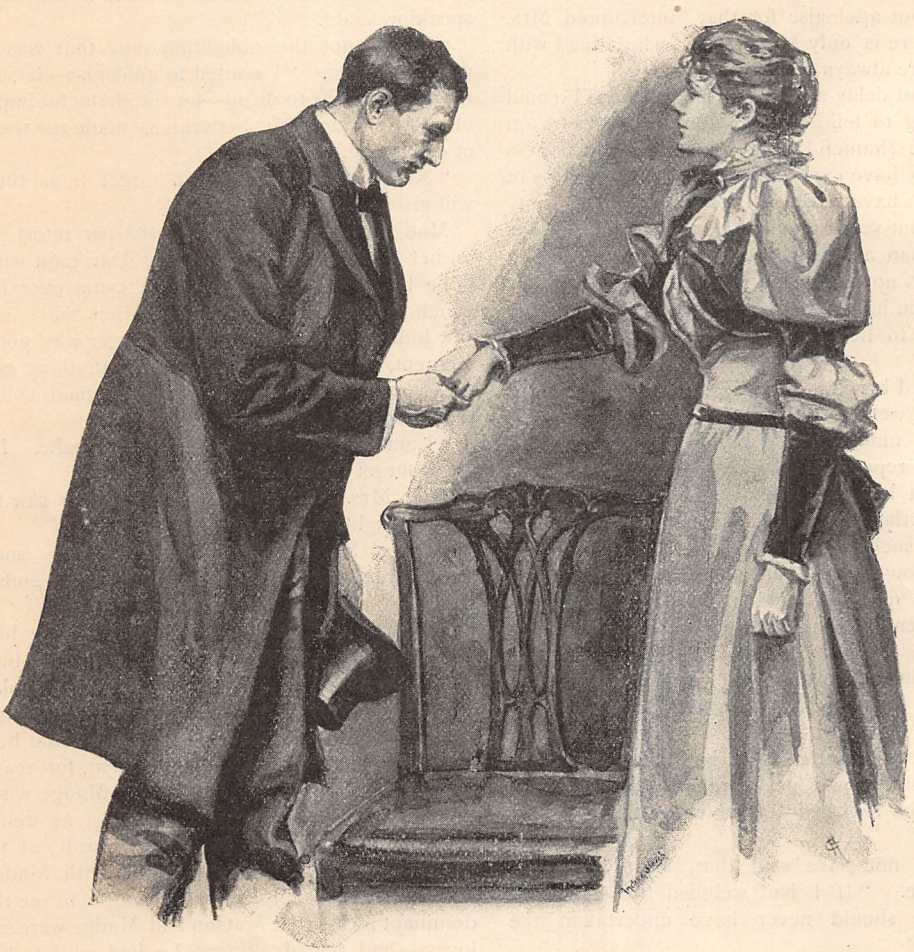
For another thing, too, he must leave before Matson took his departure. He had no wish to witness, but much rather to avoid, that leave-taking. So, making a bold effort, he asked Madge if he might speak one word before he left.

"Certainly," she answered, "if you must be going. But why not wait for Mr. Matson?"

"No, thanks. I am afraid I have stayed too long already, and I am also afraid I have said some things which seem very heartless. Will you forgive me, Miss Drayton, for anything I have said which seems rude or thankless? I can never thank you sufficiently for all your kindness from the first day you saw me at Portland till now, and I should be sorry indeed for you to think me forgetful of it. Will you really forgive me?"

"With all my heart," said Madge. "I am the last person in the world to bear malice."

She held out her hand. Davenant bent over it and kissed it. It was for the last time, for even the kindly words in which she forgave him left him no hope. Yet, if he had looked in her eyes he would have seen in them no reason to despair. She herself was full of a strange pity for him—pity born of anger, but close akin to love. He did not look, however, but went away in his misery.



"DAVENANT BENT OVER IT AND KISSED IT."

On his way home he mentally rehearsed the events of the evening, and being, like most of us, wise after the event, his self-examination ended in showing him more clearly what he ought to have said and done, as well as what he should have avoided. One fatal mistake was plainly manifest—he had allowed himself to feel and to show resentment at her engagement to Matson. He owned to himself that he had no right whatever to feel aggrieved; her generous service to him claimed his thorough loyalty. He saw clearly that her peace ought not to have been disturbed by even the whisper of his own passion, that its suppression would have been its truest expression. He had only one satisfaction: that he had made his peace with her before he left; though of that he was not satisfied that he had made full amends. It came into his mind that, though he would probably have no opportunity of seeing her again, he could explain his error more fully by letter, and more easily gain a complete reconciliation. And if she would reply, her letter would be for him a more precious memento than even

the remembrance of her words could be—something which he could treasure to the last day of his life.

The resolution settled his mind, and having resolved, the best thing was to carry it out at once, which he did as soon as he got to his lodgings. He wrote a letter, in which he fully admitted his fault, saying that his unworthy envy of Mr. Matson's happiness had been the sole cause of his ungenerous return. He went on to say that her sympathy and kindness in the time of his misery and degradation had kindled a passion which had been intensified by what he had learned in the last few days. He asked her to pardon the avowal, which he had only made in extenuation of conduct otherwise unpardonable, and assured her that she might rely on it that now, whatever might be the sacrifice to himself, that passion should be merged in true loyalty to herself and the man of her choice.

The letter finished, a strange but welcome sense of relief possessed him. Whatever happened, he was sure of this: that she would now know his true mind towards her; and he judged—in this instance rightly—that his declaration would go far to explain much that must have seemed strange to her. Then he sealed and directed it, intending to post it the first thing in the morning. But when morning came a letter was waiting for him which caused him to reopen his own to Madge to insert a postscript. The letter was from the solicitors, announcing that, in consideration of the hardship of his case, the Government had awarded him a gratuity of a thousand pounds as compensation for his unjust imprisonment. In his postscript to Madge he told her of this gift, and added that he had instructed Bax to apply the sum in repaying what she had already spent for him and to pay what was still outstanding, and that he hoped she would not look upon the repayment as any lessening of his obligation, which was more than money could ever repay.

END OF CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FOURTH.

SOME CULINARY DAINTIES FOR BAZAARS.

"GOOD-MORNING, Bessie; can you spare me half an hour? I have called with reference to my bazaar stall."

"Of course I can, and anything that will further your laudable object in the way of theoretical or practical help is yours to command."

"Many thanks, but I want nothing but advice this time. I have made up my mind to do my little single-handed. I am pretty clear about the general arrangement, and with a few hints on finishing touches, the touches that you give so admirably, I shall manage."

"Well, dear, first tell me what is the task you have undertaken. When last we met, you know, you were doubtful whether you would help at the dairy stall, or the fruit and flower stall, or confine your attention to cakes. Which is it?"

"Oh, cakes! Aunt Mary will supply me with the 'plain goods,' as she calls them, and send me a fresh supply daily. The affair only lasts three days. I want now something pretty and uncommon, that will look fairly fresh at the end of the time, if a generous British public do not clear all off before. I think you know what I mean. I must avoid that messy look that some fancy cakes seem to acquire after a few hours' exposure. They are quite nauseating, I think, and I would rather stick to the plainest penny buns that were ever made, than set such on my stall."

"Quite right, too; but that 'messy look' is easily avoided; it is simply a matter of forethought—certainly not of cost."

"Supposing, for a start, you give me some hints, which I will transfer to paper. The benefit of your own recent experience in the same line is what I should like."

"You shall have it. I think it a famous notion for each saleswoman to confine her attention to one class of goods. See what scope there is for artistic display; and you are especially fortunate, with such a dainty dairy stall on the one hand, and fruit and flowers on the other. Everybody ought to make a triple purchase. But to business. In my humble opinion there is much in a name. How will these do?—Tit-Bits, Floral Cream Cakes, Fruit and Jelly Cakes, Gold and Silver Sandwiches, Irresistibles, and Motto Short-Bread."

"They sound good; but will there be enough variety?"

Bessie smiled, and remarked that the possibilities of that number in the hands of some people would be great.

"Think," she went on, "what you may do with the short-bread. The bread itself is made from that recipe of my Scotch friend Jennie: you have it."

"Yes, and often make it. A pound of fine flour and rice flour mixed, the grated peel of half a lemon, two ounces of chopped candied peel, half a pound of butter and six ounces of caster-sugar, with a top decoration to taste in the shape of candied peel and other good stuff. I have that 'pat,' have I not?"

"You have, indeed. For the present, then, just suppose your bread to be made and cut in all sorts of shapes and sizes with plain or fancy cutters, or without cutters for that matter. I would make some diamonds; they will give you plenty of edge for the mottoes. 'Good luck to all,' 'Peace and Plenty,' 'Short and Sweet,' 'For Auld Lang Syne,' and many

others, are quite suitable, and you will evolve original ones suited to the occasion from your own fertile brain."

"I will try; but how are they put on—with sugar-plums, I suppose?"

"That is one way, and does very well. There is nothing novel about sugar plums, but they always sell, for nobody fears to give 'goodies' of that sort to little folks. Vary the colours, though. And you might have some of those little silver sweets that confectioners sell. They must be stuck on—after baking, of course—with a morsel of icing sugar beaten up with a little white of egg into a paste. If you fear a shaky hand, draw the motto faintly in pencil first. And let *your* motto be golden brown so far as the baking goes."

"Ah! that dainty golden brown that the writers of the cookery books seem to assume is produced as by magic. And I expect the stuff will break just because I want it very shapely."

"Roll it a shade thicker than usual—say half an inch, and let it lie in a cold place for a time, then slide it from your board on to your tin, and leave it on the tin to get cold before you touch it, and you will be safe."

The next thing was the sandwich mixture.

"These will sell well," said Bessie, "at least, mine did. One mixture is yellow and one is white. For the first you want equal weights of butter, sugar, flour, and the yolks only of eggs, with a few drops of yellow colouring, and be sure to select the richest-looking yolks for it. The other half is made with precisely the same weights of material but with whites of eggs. There, those items are easy to remember; and as to the method, it is the same as for nine-tenths of all the rich cakes. The butter and sugar must be creamed, and the more you beat the more cake you will get for the same money; there is nothing like getting in all the air you can. Then the yolks and more beating; you will be glad for someone to lend you a hand here if you do your duty by your cakes."

"And my flour, of course, must be stirred in with the light touch indispensable to the excellence of the cake," concluded Eva.

"Quite so; and when you come to No. 2, bear in mind that you can't get the whites too stiff before they go in, and you can't mix them in too carefully."

Eva then learnt that the shape of the tins was important, or in forming the sandwiches there would be fragments. The depth of the cake should not exceed an inch and a half when baked, just right for the width of the pieces, and the length should be double the width.

Then came the decoration.

"For this," said Bessie, "you want some small white cream fondants, which you will buy at the confectioner's, and some silver sweets such as you will get for the short-bread. These are to form a border, and you may either stick the silver on the sweets, or put them between, or as you please. The centre you fill up with little pieces or thin strips of candied orange-peel, or any nice yellow crystallised fruits; for this occasion I should choose the latter—a quarter of a pound will do the lot. Then the filling. That is the crowning delight; a sort of cream and custard in one. You want the yolks of four eggs to half a pint of milk, and some sugar and orange flavouring. This you thicken over the fire in the orthodox fashion, and when it is cold you stir in a quarter of a pint of whipped cream, and you will be astonished at the quantity that will serve for. Spread them well, and put the tops on as gently as you can."

Eva exclaimed that those were an assured success in her opinion, and she pictured them reposing on a dainty dish with gold lace-paper under them, and some fresh green leaves twined about the dish.

The Tit-Bits were an old friend with a new face.

"You want," said Bessie, "some bun dough; your auntie will make that, I expect. Ask her to make it as if for currant buns, only with chopped raisins—there is a 'bull' for you—and when it is light and ready for baking, just to roll it out and spread some bits of butter over—about two ounces for a pound of dough—then to give it a few folds and rolls—like puff paste, I mean. Then you will make it into little rolls and spirals, twists and plaits, nests and knots, coils and horseshoes, and anything else you like: you may get quite a lot from a quartern of dough, or even from half a quartern. Then you brush the tops with beaten egg-yolk, and over goes some crushed sugar, not powdered, and as many chopped almonds as you can afford; that is the feature. With a sharp oven and a sieve to cool them on, they *are* good. Then you cut them through and spread them, and here is the mixture. Honey, mixed with chopped almonds for one piece, and whipped cream, or thick Devonshire, or any other clotted cream, for the other. And you must bake the almonds first."

"Golden brown, as usual, I suppose?"

"Yes, and mind they are dry. Turn the tin about and they are soon ready; the front of the fire will do, but the oven is better; those you may prepare in advance. I need not tell you that you must blanch them very carefully."

"I think I see your aim; some of the good things must be eaten on the spot, and some may be carried home. If auntie should make me some of her Bath buns, I will get her to concoct some small ones of fantastic shapes. Oh! I remember that dough is soft, and has to be laid out with a spoon. Never mind, though; they could be cut through and spread like the others, and would quite earn the name of Tit-Bits, would they not?"

"They would, indeed, and you could spread some of them with the sandwich cream I gave you; and there is no reason to confine yourself strictly to honey and almonds: you might try any fruit jelly, with some grated cocoanut. Variety should be your main point."

The "Floral cakes" came next.

"For these," said Bessie, "you make a good sponge-cake batter, and bake in little dariole moulds with flat bottoms, so that they look like miniature flower-pots when turned out. When they are quite cold you

scoop the middles out to leave a sort of wall all round and a firm bottom. Then put a morsel of apple jelly in and fill them up with whipped cream ; real cream, and none of your sham stuff. As to the flavouring, please yourself, but there is really nothing like vanilla. May I present you with the flowers? They are the crystallised ones I told you of. I will write for all the sorts—rose-leaves, violets and orange flowers ; an ounce of each will go a long way. I would colour some of the cream pink, and use the orange petals on it. The roses, of course, look best on white cream, and a pale green is a very pretty ground for the violets ; but if you think the people would avoid it—for some won't touch artificial green dishes, you know—then dispense with it."

Eva gladly accepted the offer, but her face rather fell at the mention of scooping out the middles, and she murmured something about not liking to waste.

Bessie explained that the crumbs were to be utilised in making the "Irresistibles," so an apology was soon forthcoming. Eva was rather given to jumping to hasty conclusions.

"In some people's eyes these will be the gem of the collection. I see that you hardly realise anything dainty owing its existence to crumbs ; a cake from fragments seems so far removed from a pudding of the same kind ; but try them. Equal weights again ; sugar, chopped or ground almonds, pounded ratafias, and the despised crumbs ; and enough yolks of eggs to make a nice moist, but not a sticky paste, that can be rolled out on a board. These you shape as you like, and bake them in a very cool oven ; or rather dry them—they want just crisping up, nothing more. Then you take three and spread No. 1 with apricot jam, and the next with raspberry jam, or jelly if you can get it, then the top goes on ; a sort of sandwich, you see."

"Is that all?"

"No, there are two ways of finishing them. They may be dredged with various coloured sugars, or meringued. You know how to do that. An ounce of caster-sugar stirred into every white of egg after it has been beaten to a froth, then you put it on roughly with a knife, or from an icing bag with a pretty pipe, and brown it faintly in the oven. The advantage of meringuing is that everything looks so large as well as inviting ; you could double the price after that little treatment."

To detail the last recipe was a simple matter. Bessie explained that the little fruit and jelly cakes were a sort of miniature pudding or tipsy cake. Some deep, small moulds should be used, and the cake mixture might be sponge or a richer one ; for herself, she followed a recipe for a plain Madeira cake. Then a little fruit syrup, bright in colour and of nice flavour, should be warmed and poured over to soak them, after which the only thing to do was to whip up some jelly when on the point of setting, and pile it round them, a tiny heap being placed on the top. The cake mixture was to be coloured pale pink.

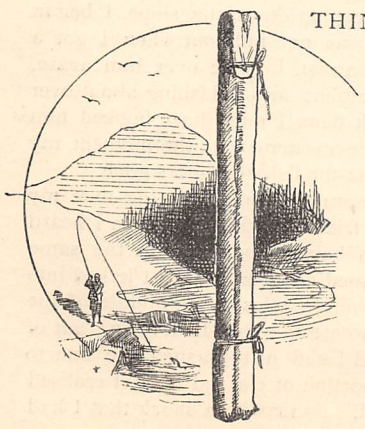
"What jelly do you advise?" queried Eva.

"It depends on the syrup ; with red-currant or raspberry, vanilla or maraschino jelly is delightful ; or if strawberry syrup, you won't go wrong with lemon jelly. Don't make them too moist, and put each on its own little plate : they look so inviting. I once tried the effect of blackberry syrup and apple jelly, and I thought the combination very good. I must not forget cherry syrup either ; with almost any jelly that will be liked. But how we have chattered! I can't stay for more this morning. Let me know if you require any further help."

With this the girls parted, Eva very eager to test the excellence of her friend's dishes.

Deborah Platter.

MY FIRST SALMON.



I THINK it is Sir John Colquhoun who says that no one can be considered a true sportsman until he has shot his stag, killed his seal, and landed his salmon. Some may be inclined to question the necessity of the second qualification, and to substitute an eagle or a heron in place of the seal to complete the trio of fish, flesh, and fowl ; but none can object to the last condition. The salmon reigns supreme among the tribe of fish, and few can forget their first capture of a "monarch of the flood."

A few years ago I was staying at Braemar, in Aberdeenshire, during the month of August. We had permission to fish some ten miles of the Dee, from "the Linn" to Invercauld Bridge, the beginning of the Balmoral water. The Dee, like most Scotch rivers, is more of a spring than an autumn stream for salmon ; indeed, it is comparatively rare to secure more than a few fish in the back part of the season. One morning, however, we found that the heavy rain of the preceding day had raised the water a few inches, and the weather being still somewhat dull, we resolved to walk up to the Linn and have a cast at the upper

"BEGAN TO LEAP WILDLY IN THE AIR" (*p.* 821).

pools, leaving the lower stretch about Invercauld for the evening fishing. For a couple of miles our road was a gradual ascent, with the river below us on the right, and beyond it the richly-wooded valley of the Quoich, stretching away north to the base of Ben-a'-Bourd, one of the loftiest of the Cairngorms. Three miles of walking brought us to Corriemulzie, where we stopped for a few minutes to see the cascade. Shortly afterwards we reached the picturesque village of Inverey, where we had a glimpse of Ben Machdui and his companion peaks, with their crests wreathed in mist. Skirting the river's bank for another mile, we were at the Linn.

A few salmon were leaping at the neck of the gorge, but as it was almost midday we had no time to spend in watching them. A couple of rods were quickly fitted up, and we began to cast at once below the Linn. I had put on a small woodcock-wing and hare-ear as a bob-fly on the chance of picking up a brown trout, and at one of the smallest pools which we fished a slight boil in the water showed that a fish had risen to it. The salmon did not touch the hook, so I reeled in, put the small lure at the tail, and took another cast. Again the fish rolled lazily up, but hardly attempted to reach the fly. I gave him a third chance. But it was in vain, and not another fish did we see stirring, though we lashed every pool with great care. It was somewhat disappointing, as the water looked in capital ply, and we had hoped that the rain would have put the salmon on the move.

A short distance below Inverey I left my friend to fish the water down to Braemar while I trudged away to our favourite beat above Invercauld Bridge. Here I had arranged to meet another friend at six o'clock, but as I was before my time he had not yet arrived. Relying on him, I had left some tackle with my companion at Inverey, and had with me only one cast, three flies in my cap, and a Jock-Scott on the end of my line. Two or three hundred yards above the bridge the river made a slight bend, below which the water was rough and broken, a number of boulders appearing in the stream. Above the bend was a long still pool, but as the upper part of it could only be fished from the northern shore I had to be content with the lower portion. Where I stood the grass broke off suddenly in a steep scree of gravel down to the water's edge. Creeping down the slope, I began to cast, and the line was not fully out when I got a rise. Giving the fish a rest, I came over him again, and there he was, tumbling and splashing about over the fly. Had I struck hard I must have hooked him somewhere, but in the excitement of the moment my presence of mind—and the fish also—was gone.

A few minutes afterwards I was glancing over my shoulder to see if my friend was in sight when I heard a flop in the stream behind me, while at the same moment my rod snapped and I was almost jerked into the water. The widening circles in the middle of the pool showed clearly where the fish had risen; but of course he was off, and I had just grasped the line to draw in the broken portion of the rod when I realised that the fish still held. I saw with a shock that I had

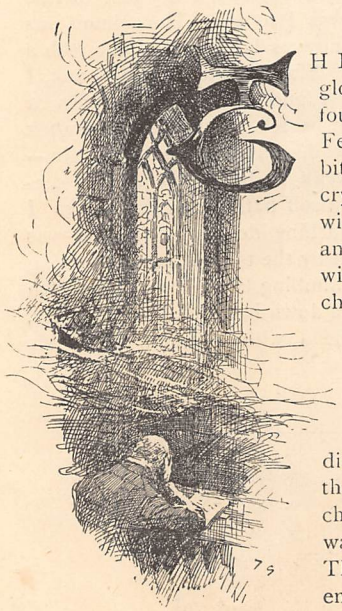
but five feet of hickory in my hands, and was *alone with my first salmon!* The fish rushed straight to the other side of the river and then away up the pool, the reel spinning like an electric top. I had, of course, no control over his movements, and was in terror that he might try to go down stream and be lost in the rapids below. There was not a person in sight, and I had to follow the salmon as best I could along the bank. The upper part of my rod, which had slid down upon the rings, was prevented from running to the fly by a knot on the line, and the weight of this portion acted to a certain extent as a check upon the fish.

At last the brute stopped his rushes and began to leap wildly in the air. At every spring I thought his hold was gone, but the hook was well fixed, and by degrees he became weary of his fruitless efforts to escape. My difficulty then was that, owing to the entanglement of the line which kept the top part of the rod in its position, I could not reel up beyond a certain point; with a five-foot rod, thirty feet of line were still out. What was I to do? The salmon was now quite exhausted, and was lying on his side with a look of utter dejection. Slowly mounting the bank, I brought his nose nearer and nearer to the stones at the edge. The moment he felt the touch of the rock he gave a whisk of his tail, and the line being taut—for I saw he was too weak to break it—he only succeeded in wriggling himself half out of the water. I saw my chance, so, dashing down the slope, I was just in time to seize him by the tail as he was turning out into the stream. Climbing the bank with the fish in my arms, I threw him down in triumph on the grass, and a blow on the head with a stone ended his existence.

ERIC.

"I CLIMBED THE BANK WITH THE FISH IN MY ARMS.

MR. MARRIS'S WINDOW.



THE church was very gloomy and dark. It was four o'clock on a cold February afternoon—a bitter slant of rain and a crying, moaning wind without, a vast dimness and a creeping chill within. It was a large church, and the whole of it was not lit up. Behind the few scattered figures of the worshippers the empty space stretched away, dim and vague; before them the lights in the chancel flickered and wavered in the draught. There was not light enough to see distinctly the rich colours on the walls, or the faces of the little choir-boys, but here and there one caught the brightness of polished brass, or a gleam of rich purple, or the whiteness of the surplices as they swayed and swung with the motions of the singers.

There were not many worshippers present at the daily service: a few ladies, an elderly clergyman and his wife, two or three girls, who whispered and giggled together at the back, a woman who had evidently sought shelter from the dreary streets, and now sat half asleep, with her head sunk on her breast and her shabby bonnet pushed on one side of her unkempt head, and, furthest back of all, a little grey-haired man in very worn and faded clothes. The heavy breathing of the woman sounded loudly through the silence when the voice of the clergyman ceased, and was drowned again in the shrill sweetness of the treble voices that sang the "Magnificat."

The grey-haired man was not very devotional in his behaviour. He rose up and sat down again mechanically, but he was too far off to hear the words of the service distinctly, and he scarcely turned the leaves of the large prayer-book before him. All his attention was riveted upon one of the small lancet-windows in the north wall of the church—a window that caught the light from a street-lamp outside, and glowed with a colour strange to see in the half-lit dimness of the interior. A brass plate was fixed beneath it. Mr. Marris could not read the inscription from where he sat, but he knew it by heart, and repeated it softly to himself at intervals: "To the glory of God, and in loving memory of Richard Marris, who was drowned at sea, aged 21."

Mr. Marris said it over and over again to himself with a glow of satisfaction and pride that almost took the place of the old grief in his heart. He smiled to himself as he saw two of the choir-boys nudge each other to look at the new window, and he sat still in his place, to watch if any of the scanty congregation stopped to look at it as they passed down the church. He was an insignificant little man, with hard eyes and an obstinate, thin-lipped mouth. His face was set so rigidly that it was difficult for any expression to show upon it, and as he sat there, leaning two hands upon his knobby stick, and watching the passers-by with his hard eyes, it would have been difficult for any of them to imagine what a passion of triumph and pride was hidden beneath that shabby exterior; for it is not given to many of us to realise our fondest ambition—to gain the goal for which we have longed for years. Mr. Marris had reached the summit of his hopes. That narrow window represented the economies of five years, and was the crowning glory of his days.

The vicar had complimented him upon it; the people's churchwarden had shaken hands with him, and expressed his opinion that it was a great improvement to the church; the vicar's wife had stopped him in the porch as he entered that very afternoon, and said what a beautiful window it was, and how pleased he must be to have been able to erect such a beautiful memorial to his son.

"And I think," said Mr. Marris, after clearing his throat two or three times—"I think, ma'am, as Dick would have been pleased to see it himself. He was as fine a young feller as you'd wish to see, and knew a sight more than I ever did, and he'd have been pleased to see he wasn't forgotten."

"Perhaps he *does* see it," said the vicar's wife softly.

It was of this speech of hers that he was thinking, as he went slowly out of the church after all the others had departed. Perhaps Dick could see it! It was five years now since he had gone away, without bidding his father good-bye, and then came the news of his death. He had taken passage for America, as one of his friends had written to his father, and the ship had gone down with all on board. Poor Dick! He had been a bit wild. Mr. Marris shook his head regretfully as he buttoned his shabby overcoat; he was sorry now that he had not been gentler with him, but if he could see that window he would know that his old father had not forgotten him.

It was not far to his home—a queer little place wedged in between two tall new houses, that completely overshadowed their small neighbour. Mr. Marris was a tobacconist by trade, and his shop was as small and shabby as himself. There was a bare little room at the back, where the tea was laid ready on the table in a comfortless fashion; and Mr. Marris took off his wet hat and coat, and made his tea carefully for himself. It was plain that no feminine influence had been at work in that little room; its bare ugliness was

unredeemed by any touch of ornament. The carpet was worn and ragged, the shiny black horsehair of the sofa and chairs was frayed and rubbed into holes whence the stuffing protruded, the dingy curtains hung crooked, and the mantelpiece was ornamented only by Mr. Marris's pipes and the remains of his correspondence.

weak, irresolute mouth. His hand was brought well into prominence, with an immense gold ring upon his little finger, and he was further decorated by a chain across his waistcoat and a large scarf-pin. The photograph had been brilliantly coloured, and the tints were faded by time, giving the picture an indescribable air of

"'D'YE MEAN TO SAY THAT YOU'RE MY SON DICK—ALIVE?'" (*p.* 825).

On one of the little cupboards by the fireplace stood a row of battered school-books, and on the wall above the mantelpiece hung a small photograph in a cheap common frame.

Mr. Marris looked hard at this photograph in the intervals of buttering his slices of bread and drinking his tea. It was the half-length portrait of a young man of about twenty years of age, with black hair brought down in a carefully-arranged fringe upon his low forehead, a self-satisfied smile on his face, and a cheap smartness and vulgarity. It was upon this work of art that Mr. Marris gazed admiringly between his bites of bread and butter.

"As fine a young feller as you'd wish to see," he murmured to himself; "and he'd have settled down steady after a bit, too. I was too hard with him, I was. Poor Dick!" and he shook his head again as he poured out his third cup of tea.

Mr. Marris's establishment was not large, consisting, as it did, of a boy in the shop, and an old

charwoman of forbidding aspect, who came in every day to do what was required, and left early in the evening. It was this domestic who now presented herself at the door, to know whether she could clear away the things or not, as she wanted to get 'ome some time that night if it were *quite* convenient to Mr. Marris. The clearing away was very simple, being merely a hurried process of piling everything together indiscriminately on a battered tray, and gathering the tablecloth in a crumpled bundle under one arm to be taken out and shaken. But Mr. Marris was in an expansive mood that night, and he yearned for sympathy.

"Well, Mrs. Mason, the winder is up in the church at last," said he, filling his pipe; "and it looks beautiful —beautiful! though I say it as shouldn't."

Mrs. Mason stopped half-way to the door with her tray, and sniffed scornfully.

"Well, Mr. Marris, sir," she remarked, "I don't know who *should* say it except the man as 'as spent the money on it—and a wicked waste I *do* say as it is! There's many a deserving and 'ardworking woman as would 'ave been glad of a tenth of what you've spent on that blessed winder; and all for Dick, as never did his dooty by you when 'e was alive, and never would 'ave—and so I tell yer!"

"Get along with you for an old fool!" said Mr. Marris hastily; and he swore under his breath as he slammed the door behind her. But he stopped suddenly, with a queer look on his hard face, as he glanced at the photograph.

"I'll have to stop this kind o' thing," he said thoughtfully. "I'll have to stop it. With his name put up in the church—and him an angel in heaven!"

As the days passed on, Mr. Marris's life changed in many respects. He had never been much of a church-goer, having generally taken Sunday morning to look into his accounts for the week. But he now had a vague idea that he had in some way become connected with the church, and that it was his duty to support that institution. It was the greatest pleasure of his life to sit where he could see the gorgeous reds and yellows of his window, and the shining inscription beneath it, and to note here and there among the congregation a glance sometimes directed towards it. Moreover, he began to take upon himself a certain dignity of demeanour, as befitted one whose son's name was lettered in brass upon the walls of a church. And the idealised memory of his son became gradually an influence in his life. Mr. Marris's imagination was untrammelled by any fetters of doctrine. The smart, vulgar youth, whose language was slang, and whose greatest pleasure was the riot of a bank holiday, had in some strange way become established in his father's mind as a being immeasurably pure and holy. Mr. Marris found himself constantly referring to the opinion Dick would form concerning any action of his, and in this reference he did not think of the son he had known, but of a different person altogether—a Dick to whom short weight was an abomination and sharp practice of any kind a sin. Mr. Marris had been a poor man all his life, and the stinting and saving that had been necessary to purchase the window had become a habit with him. But Dick in his new position would necessarily have a leaning towards charity, and Mr. Marris put a threepenny-bit in the bag at church every Sunday. Many a little crossing-sweeper got a penny from the hard-faced old man that winter, on muddy days. And, strange to relate, old memories awoke that had slept for many years; and for the sake of his son, Mr. Marris remembered, and regretted faintly, the young wife who had died twenty-five years ago. The man's whole nature was changed and softened, and the church window was the key to it all.

It was a hard winter that year, and the spring was late and cold. There is no more miserable month in the year than the falsely lauded May, and it was on a cold May evening that Mr. Marris sat behind the counter in his shop, reading the news of the day.

A bitter east wind was blowing—a wind that dried up the very stones, and whirled along bits of straw and dirty paper in clouds of dust, and made the whole dreary, common street still more hideous in its grey bleakness. A gas-stove was burning in the little shop, and made the atmosphere close and choky. Suddenly the door-bell jangled harshly, and the cold air rushed in as the shop door was roughly pushed open, and a tall man came in.

Mr. Marris looked up from his newspaper testily, and his customer stood still and stared at him. He was not a pleasant person to look at. His round hat was battered almost out of shape, and was stuck on the back of his head, displaying a greasy black fringe; a dirty comforter took the place of his shirt-collar; his shabby coat was buttoned tightly about his thin figure to make up for the want of an overcoat; his boots were broken out and trodden down at heel.

"Now then, what can I do for you, my man?" asked Mr. Marris, surveying him with much disapprobation.

The newcomer began to speak, but was suddenly shaken by a violent fit of coughing. He sat down and gasped for breath, and when he had recovered a little, looked again at the hard-faced old man behind the counter.

"Don't yer know me, then?" he said, in a husky voice.

Mr. Marris's face changed suddenly. He rose up, and leaned two trembling hands upon the counter, stooping forward to look at the low, common face opposite to him. The marks of vice and dissipation were stamped there; the mean soul looked, undisguised, from the cunning eyes; the face was roughened, coarsened, and aged by ill-health and poverty, and yet it was the face of a young man. The two stared at each other silently for the space of a few moments, while the wind whistled and moaned, and footsteps hurried on outside.

Then suddenly Mr. Marris cried out, "Dick's dead! Dick's dead!" in a high shrill voice, and covered his face with his hands.

The young man broke into a sneering laugh.

"You bet 'e isn't," said he, thrusting his hands into his pockets, and stretching out his legs.

Mr. Marris was still trembling violently.

"It can't be, it can't be! My son Dick—he was drowned five year ago, I tell you! D'ye mean," he cried, his voice rising to a scream, and leaning over the counter to grasp the other's shoulder—"d'ye mean that *you're* my son Dick—alive?"

"That's what I mean," said the disreputable object before him, shaking himself free from the trembling grasp. "I'm Dick, right enough, though yer don't seem over and above pleased to see me now I'm ere."

"It's not that—it's not that," gasped the old man; "but it's took me aback so. Good Lord, Dick! I've thought you dead these five year, and now to find you're alive, after all!" and Mr. Marris's voice died away as he looked at his son.

"Well, now I'm 'ere, p'r'aps you'll get me something to eat," growled Dick Marris. "I s'pose there's something in the 'ouse, isn't there?"

Mr. Marris mechanically led the way into the little back room, where a handful of fire burned in the grate, and got out the remains of his scanty dinner to set before his son, hearing in a confused way how Dick had missed his passage in the doomed ship and stayed in Liverpool, preferring, as he said, "to see life a bit" before coming home. What the "life" had been his father did not ask—it stood clearly written on his son's face.

"Got a chill and nearly got done for, only they pulled me round in the 'orsepital," said Dick, in his husky voice; "and 'ere I am, and pretty bad too, I can tell yer," with another terrible fit of coughing.

"No, no, my boy; you'll pull round, you'll pull round," said Mr. Marris brokenly, patting his son's shoulder softly.

He had been looking at the photograph over the mantelpiece, and his eyes were dim.

"And yer thought as I was dead, did yer? Glad of it, too, I dessay."

Mr. Marris began to walk up and down the room.

"I've thought it this last five year, Dick. I couldn't know any different. I—I put up a painted winder to your mem'ry in the church." He stopped a moment; his breath was a little short. "It's—it's a beautiful winder, Dick. It cost a deal of money."

Dick stared at him for a moment, and burst into a hoarse laugh.

"More fool you!" he said roughly, and, rising from the table, he flung himself into his father's old arm-chair, and leaning back with a heavy sigh of relief, was asleep in a moment or two.

Mr. Marris still walked up and down the room. His son lay in the arm-chair, with his head thrown back and his limbs extended, in the heavy sleep of utter exhaustion. As the old man paced down the room to the door, his eyes fell upon the mean, unlovely face, with the mouth fallen half-open, and the pallor of sickness and dissipation upon it. As he turned back to the window, he saw the boyish photograph he had treasured so long, and the picture of the memorial he had raised to the memory of his son. His lips moved as he walked; he repeated unconsciously to himself, over and over again, "To the glory of God, and in loving memory of Richard Marris." No one knows what Mr. Marris thought as he walked up and down that night, but he roused himself with a start when

"HE PICKED UP A LARGE STONE THAT LAY IN HIS WAY" (*p.* 826).

the church clock struck twelve, and woke his son, putting him in his own bed. Then he went softly out into the streets, and went towards the church. There were no lights in the windows, and the heavy mass of building loomed dark before him against the pallid sky; but Mr. Marris needed no light. He knew where his window was; he knew how it would look under all aspects. He had not thought of buttoning up his overcoat before coming out, and the bitter wind chilled him to the heart, though that was chilled enough already, and he stood and looked at the window as he had often done before: "In loving memory of Richard Marris."

"It's a lie!" said Mr. Marris brokenly, and he turned to go.

Suddenly he stooped and picked up a large stone that lay in his way, and threw it with all his might at the darkened window. But he had forgotten the wire protection outside, and the stone fell heavily back upon the pavement with a shattering crash. The noise was terrible to Mr. Marris as he hastened away. All at once he felt the cold of the wind strike through him. The past time rose before him as he went shivering through the windy starlight—the shock of his son's supposed death, the determination to do something to express his grief, the saving that became the one object of his narrow life, every pound bringing him nearer to his goal. Then came the day when he went to order the window, and the pride and glory of inspecting the designs. He had had a long time to wait, but at last it was erected; and how proud he had been! And now, before this shock, he was dumb.

The next day rose bright and warm, with one of those sudden changes so frequent in the spring, but Dick Marris could not rise from his bed to see it. He had only spoken the truth when he said that he was "pretty bad," and the cold of the journey had finished the work begun in Liverpool months before. He was not a pleasant patient to nurse, and the brunt of his bad temper and ingratitude fell upon his father.

But Mr. Marris nursed him as well as he knew how, with a patience wonderful to behold in the hard-faced old man. He listened to the revelations of those hidden five years as they fell from the unconscious lips, and made no sign. No one but himself heard anything of the prodigal's history.

And when, a few days after Dick's home-coming, the clear light of a May morning fell into the ugly, bare little room, Mr. Marris, watching his son's laboured breathing, saw the dull eyes open, and fix themselves on him.

"What is it, Dick—what is it?" said he, leaning over him anxiously.

The husky voice whispered—

"Better—keep—that winder. It'll do for——" and then failed, and sank away into the eternal silence.

So the window is still in its place. But Mr. Marris has changed his accustomed seat, and sits further back, where he is out of sight of its gorgeous colours and the shining of its brass plate.

A. M. A.

HOW A WILDERNESS BECAME A GARDEN.

THE CULTURE OF THE GLADIOLUS.

SUMMER was gradually wearing itself away, and our two friends, Charles Robinson and his neighbour, John Smith, were now making the most of what yet remained of it, so that the Saturday half-holiday had of late been set apart by them for a sort of horticultural congress.

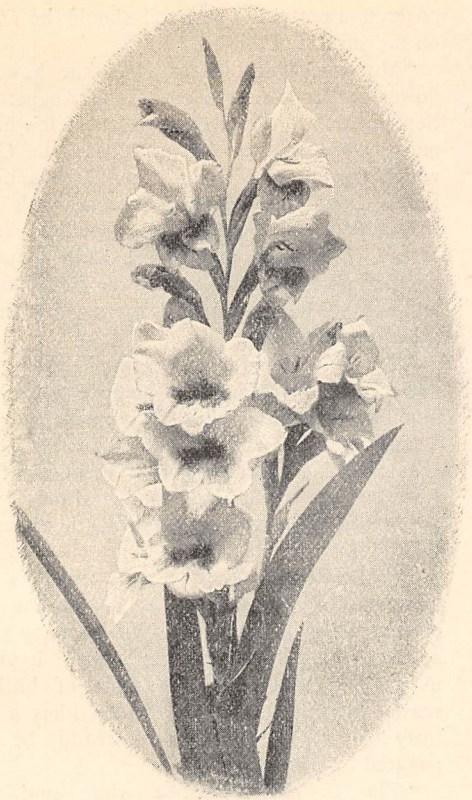
One of their discussions had, not unnaturally in October, turned upon the events of a recent month's holiday, but the subject ever uppermost in the minds of our gardening enthusiasts was nearly incapable of being suppressed for any length of time, as will now appear.

"How I used to enjoy those gay market mornings in the quaint old Yorkshire towns," said Charles: "the matrons and their pretty daughters, with eggs, butter, and poultry spread out on snow-white cloths. But, after all, it was the brilliant-coloured flowers and their delightful perfume that made the scene so gay."

"Aye," said John, "I shall never forget those large sweet-pea bouquets; and those brilliant scarlet *gladioli* arranged on top shelves in queer-looking jugs gave the market a sort of military appearance."

"Tell us now, John, before we go out to work, what you can of the gladiolus," said Charles, with an eager pleasure in his request; and John, nothing loth, after only a minute's smiling thoughtfulness, at once commenced.

"My military allusion just now," said John, by way of preface, "was even a more apt one at the time than I thought it to be, but I was then only thinking of the bright scarlet florescence of the gladiolus, wholly, however, then forgetful that the literal meaning of the word gladiolus is a small *sword*, and that the English



GLADIOLUS GANDAVENSIS.

popular designation of the flower itself is none other than the corn-*flag*."

"Bravo, John!" said Charles. "But, my dear boy, we want no more soldierly puns, so please forthwith 'beat your swords and spears into plough-shares and pruning-hooks,' for I am growing impatient as to the horticultural aspect of the gladiolus."

When the laughing and the groaning consequent upon the renewed punning had subsided, John continued—

"I think I need hardly do more at the outset than advert to the importance of proper drainage of the soil in which we are to grow our gladioli. The necessity of proper drainage for nearly every description of flower goes without saying. Still, upon the other hand, I might here say that the gladiolus is one of those flowers that, while it cannot do without moisture, yet it would very decidedly object to have a quantity of water stagnating all round its roots.

"Similarly, too, as to the soil itself, of course a thoroughly stiff clay soil is an objection to the proper growth of a large number of flowers; but yet the difficulty is not insurmountable even in this case, for we must then, as far as we can, add peat and plenty of sand. The gladiolus, however, will fortunately flourish in any ordinary garden soil, while, in common with many other flowers, it prefers one that is what we call friable.

"Then, again, in order to better ascertain what sort of soil is best adapted to any plant, it is well to notice the character of the soil where it is indigenous. For example: a large variety of the *gladiolus* flourishes nobly in the somewhat barren but *sandy* wastes of the Cape of Good Hope, whence we at once infer that a sandy soil is adapted for its growth in this country. And, by the way, it is the *sword-like* figure of the *foliage* that gives our flower the name of the *gladiolus*.

"And about the middle of April is perhaps the best time for planting out our bulbs, selecting, certainly, a dry, and by no means a frosty, day for the operation; and recollecting the predilection of the gladiolus for sand, it is well to put some sand at the bottom of each hole that we make for our bulbs. And in accordance with the number that we wish to grow—for the variety of them is very large—we can plant them in a row or otherwise, as we think fit, setting each bulb nearly half a foot under the surface.

"Later on, as our plants begin to grow well and have attained a height of from nine inches to a foot, they will be much helped by a slight top dressing of manure that is thoroughly decayed—some, for instance, that has been taken from an old or disused frame; and of course the plants, as they increase in size and length, will want carefully staking, and in the months of August and September you will enjoy the brilliancy of their bloom.

"And finally, about the middle of November you

GLADIOLUS RAMOSUS.

GLADIOLUS COLVILLEI—"THE BRIDE."

can lift your bulbs and stow them away in a dry place; but the foliage of the whole plant must be allowed to die quietly down by itself, and each bulb, by the way, should lie in winter quarters separately from any other.

"Our forefathers, however, were much more given than we are to allow many plants to remain in the ground all the year round. They often allowed bulbs of many kinds to lie side by side with the large stock of perennials in which they so much delighted, and in the springtide merely interspersed among them a few bright annuals, whose beauty was soon passed, and which they did not often replace. Here, for example, is what a writer of nearly fifty years ago says about gladioli:—

"'Beds of gladiolus flower much more vigorously and beautifully if they are allowed to remain undisturbed for years, and when so left, if any of the roots should push up through the surface of the soil or become uncovered, a portion of new soil should be added on the surface of the bed.'

"Many varieties of the gladiolus, however, flower earlier than the months of August and September. Here, for example, are a few hardy ones: *Gladiolus blandus*, a native of the Cape, which flowers as early as June. It has broad leaves, large flesh-coloured flowers, with pale red spots on the lower petals. Another variety of the *G. blandus* yields pure white flowers; another gives us pale purple or lilac bloom; and another has light pink flowers with crimson spots near the base.

"The *Gladiolus byzantinus*, the Turkish corn-flower, grows to a height of some two feet, and blooms in June and July a rich purple red with a pale feather; while to a still greater height runs the *G. gandavensis* (the Ghent corn-flag). Its leaves are strong and broad, and the flowers are scarlet and orange; it begins to bloom in July.

"Higher than all thus far named is the *Gladiolus Brenchleyensis*, a well-known and popular specimen, raised originally many years ago at Brenchley (whence its name); it yields us a long and elegant raceme of brilliant scarlet bloom. It is nearly hardy, likes a rich turfy loam for its soil, and can readily be propagated by offsets.

"The *G. floribundus*, a white and rose specimen, flowers in July, or earlier than that, in a season such as the past has been; indeed, most of us must have remarked that many flowers and fruits of the now past summer of 1893 were some six weeks in advance of what they generally are. The foliage of the *G. floribundus* is large and broad, while the flowers are very large and spreading.

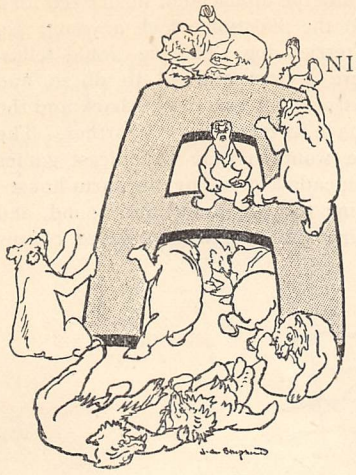
"None of those that we have named thus far are expensive; but of more choice varieties we may mention specimens such as *Admiral Courbet*, a fine fiery scarlet flower, or *La France*, a salmon-coloured bloom, bulbs of which would, perhaps, bring a shilling each; while for rather less, such as the *Émile Lemoine*, a bright vermilion, dotted gold bloom, or the *Marie Lemoine*, a creamy white, blotched purple-tipped yellow, can be had.

"Another old-fashioned hardy specimen of the gladiolus, the *G. undulatus*, blooms as early as May, and there are three varieties of it; two with pink flowers, and one with yellowish or cream-coloured ones.

"Finally, were I asked to name any flower that affords the most brilliant variety of colour and the most effective, I should unhesitatingly select an assortment of the gladiolus."

ANIMAL PLAYFULNESS.

BY ALEX. H. JAPP, LL.D., F.R.S.E.



ANIMALS, as well as men, seem to act thoroughly on the motto that "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Even the animals which are most burdened with the fear of enemies are no exception to the rule. Whoever has once seen the gambols of foxes with their young ones in the moonlight will acknowledge that Mr. and Mrs. Fox are very fond of a bout of fun. Nothing prettier in movement and gay manners could be witnessed. The old ones pretend to be hunted of their young, and double and tumble head over heels, and pretend to be caught by them in the most funny way. Many have been surprised to observe lions in confinement playing with their young cubs precisely like dogs or cats with their puppies or kittens. Surgeon-General Cowen has told of a pet tiger he had once, which was whimsically full of fun, and would play with its master for hours. Elephants are essentially playful, though occasionally clumsy in their ways; and tame bears are in this respect delightful. Whales and seals—grave mammals both, the seal especially, with its pathetic eyes, as though it felt itself cribbed, cabined, and confined, in that footless, flappery condition—are buoyantly playful at certain times; and they say that to see the seals disporting with their young ones in the sea, just after they have first conveyed them there, is something not to be forgotten. Porpoises have definite games, and roll and tumble in the most diverting manner.

And the small creatures, in this respect, certainly do not let the big ones have the running all to themselves. If you have a lot of sticklebacks in your aquarium, and have a mind to watch them well, you will see playfulness and fun combined with business in such a manner as you could hardly elsewhere find. We have lain and watched the pretty little long-snouted, whiskered water-shrews at play for hours on the margin of the ponds where they live—chasing each other, tumbling over each other, and, when they were tired of the earth, carrying their game into the water, where they would pursue the chase, dive down after each other, and indulge in a thousand pretty gambols.

Miss Kingsley declares that the games of the little prairie dogs of America are so quaint and pretty that she never saw anything to beat them anywhere; and of the tricks and revels of monkeys everybody knows.

Many birds have dancing parties or balls, and, what is more, prepare bowers to have them in. Every one who has seen the American grouse, or prairie-fowl, at play, not to speak of the Australian bower-birds, declares that it is one of the queerest sights on earth. Whether or not the dancing is connected with the mating, there can be no doubt that it is "playful"—highly playful—and that, to parody the poet Wordsworth, "they enjoy the air they breathe,

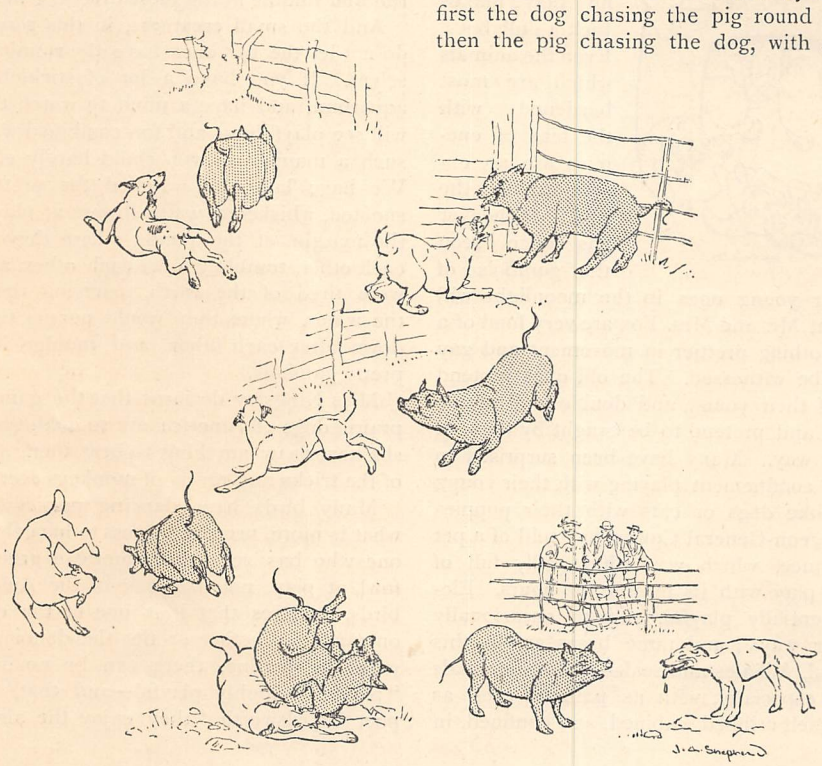
FOXES AT PLAY.

and every motion they go through brings a thrill of pleasure."

But our domestic animals afford plenty of room for observation, and will provide wealth of fun to those who are fond of them and like to study them.

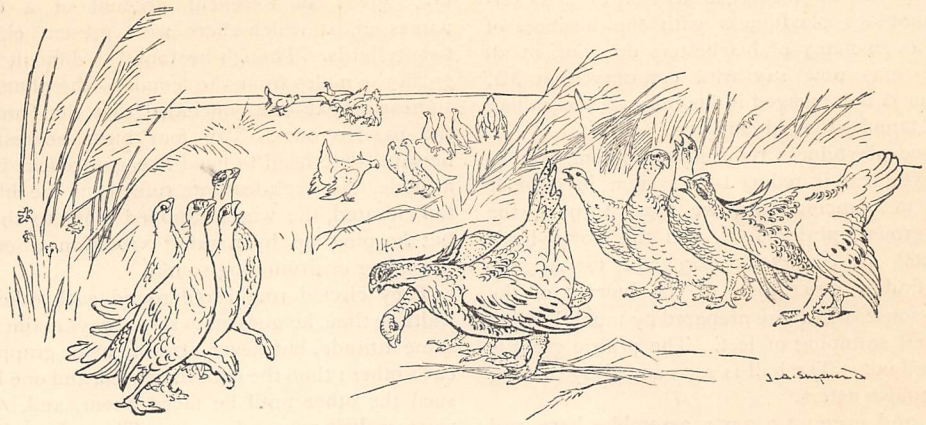
"Shortly after I began housekeeping," says a friend, "we had a cat who used to come up, wake us every morning regularly, and then get to bed. At that time he was a kitten. We called him 'Thomas Henry,' and he was a darling. At that time I also possessed a very pretty tortoise called 'Mary Ann.' Thomas Henry was devoted to her. They used to drink milk out of the same saucer, and when they had finished Thomas Henry would lick the milk off Mary Ann's head and neck, and tidy her up generally. She was so used to the process that she only blinked her eyes, and did not even trouble herself to draw in her head. When evening came, and Mary Ann was too sleepy to toddle about with him, he used to have a game of his own invention. He used to pick up Mary Ann in his arms, and see how far he could run on his hind-legs before letting her fall. I have often seen him run six or seven yards before letting her down. This absurd game always went on in a passage with an oilcloth floor, so that the quick scurrying footsteps could be heard at some distance, and every tumble made a great bang!"

The oddly assorted friendships and companionships of animals gain much in effect from their almost invariable tendency thus to indulge in games of romps with each other. A friend of mine has told me over and over again of the amusement he derived for a whole season from the affection which a young pig had formed for a terrier dog. The pig would follow the dog everywhere it was allowed to do so, and was much distressed when it was driven back and the master would not have its company any farther. The dog and pig were wont to play the nicest games of "touch" in a meadow close by the farm-house; first the dog chasing the pig round and round, and then the pig chasing the dog, with a mixed chorus of squeals and barks, when sometimes one or other would be tripped up in mid-chase, and the two go rolling over each other. The farmer was wont to let the two loose in the meadow that his friends from the windows of the house might enjoy the laughable entertainment, accounts of which I have frequently heard from them as well as from him.



A GAME OF "TOUCH."

It is a commonplace now with the poets to speak of "silly sheep." But the wild sheep is by no means "silly" in any sense of the word. The sheep which has been under the domain of man from time immemorial has lost all "go" and fun in the process of putting on fat for the good of man; and when we think of this we always recall the theory of the old goatherd that a goat was a sheep of genius that had set up a family on his own account; the ministry of man in many cases is destructive of the native genius of the creature domesticated, for purposes of utility, at all events, and perhaps in no case more so than in this. But the wild sheep are



"BY TWOS AND FOURS THEY ADVANCE" (*p.* 832).

hard-headed and crafty, and bad to hunt. Lord Dunraven says if you want to stalk them, you must ascend above, and not attempt it from below—they are too cute for you. And they are full of fun and playfulness. His lordship, in his account of hunting the wild sheep on the mountains, was very much struck by the fact that they mixed up business with sport and playfulness in a very noticeable manner. "Finding," he says, "that they generally came down about eight or nine o'clock in the morning, I used to get there about seven, and sit down and patiently wait for them. I have seen them over and over again descend the mountain, skylarking among themselves, galloping down a few hundred yards, and then stopping and looking out carefully over the whole country. Finally, with a deal of playful curvetting, they would descend to the pond, and, after some hesitation and a great deal of caution, would walk boldly out on the plain and begin to lick the alkali and browse a little on the grass. They would stop down sometimes an hour or two if undisturbed, and I

KIKO.

have often watched them scamper off again, butting each other with their heads in sport, and at last they would clamber up the mountain sides and disappear."

Many of the wild animals when tamed develop a more remarkable vein of playfulness and *naiveté* than even the long domesticated animals.

The Rev. J. G. Wood, for example, tells of a coati-mondi (*nasua narica*), a kind of racoon, which had been given to the children of a correspondent as a present by a Swedish captain. It used to play the oddest tricks, and enjoy them. Some of the friends of the family had a horror of Kiko. This he well knew, and used to take advantage of it. He would run, dashing at them furiously, making extraordinary noises, with his mouth wide open, showing his tremendous teeth. They used to rush away from him, of course, or get up on chairs and call for help. Kiko then would actually double up with fun, and chuckle with delight. A favourite trick of Kiko's was to lie in wait on the top of the garden wall, leap on the back of anyone who was passing underneath, and cling round their necks. This, we are assured, was done for pure playfulness and mischief, as he never treated any of his friends in this fashion.

The coati's tricks were almost matched by those of Jemmy, the Suricate, of which Frank Buckland so delightfully tells in one of his volumes.

Mr. Saville Kent, in an article in *Nature*, vol. VIII., p. 229, on "Intellect of Porpoises," tells how curious and playful these creatures are, describing how when a few dog-fish (*Acanthias* and *Mustelus*), three or four feet long, were introduced to the tank, they fell victims, the porpoises seizing them by their tails, and swimming off with and shaking them in a most laughable manner; reminding the spectator of a large dog worrying a rat.

Among birds playfulness is a very marked feature. Not to speak of parrots, starlings, jackdaws, and magpies, it may be seen in crows and pigeons, and many others. The tappings of the woodpecker on the old elm-tree, according to later observations, in which the Duke of Argyll led the way, are not gone through at all in the process of search for insects, as has been so long believed; in that business it does not want to warn the insects of its proximity to them by any such

noises. Scientific ornithologists say that in this exercise he combines playfulness with the business of courtship, as so many of his betters do; but, at all events, we may now say with certainty that Mr. Woodpecker is not engaged in his most *serious* calling when he is tapping the old elm-tree.

But to see playfulness reduced to system, just as human playfulness is reduced to system in outdoor games or in dancing-balls, we must turn to the American grouse, prairie fowl, and the bower-birds of Australia. In *Scribner's Magazine* for August, 1877, we find a description of the bowers of the American grouse, which are prepared by much beating of wings and stamping of feet. The prairie grass is thus stamped out. The hall is surrounded by rustling grass and golden asters.

Morning and evening a party assembles here, and pirouettes and curtseys. By twos and fours they advance, bowing their heads and dropping their wings; then they recede and advance again, and turn on their toes, swelling their feathers and clucking with gentle hilarity. Many cocks, we learn, join in the dance, but there is no attempt at unseemly battle.

The same habit is found in the prairie fowl. The only difference between this amusement of the two birds seems to be that the prairie fowl runs over a larger area, and usually selects some bare knoll covered with scant, short grass.

Mr. Lord, in his "Naturalist in British Columbia," gives an excellent account of a dance he witnessed, at which there were present eighteen or twenty birds. Though he found it difficult to distinguish the males from the females—the plumage being so nearly alike—he concluded that the females were the passive ones. The four birds nearest to him, he says, were head to head like gamecocks in fighting attitude, the neck-feathers ruffled up, the little sharp tail elevated, the wings dropped close to the ground, but keeping up by a rapid vibration a continuous throbbing or drumming sound.

They circled round and round each other in slow waltzing time, he goes on to say, always maintaining the same attitude, but never striking at or grappling with each other; then the pace increased, and one hotly pursued the other until he faced about, and, *tête-à-tête*, went waltzing round again. Then they did a sort of "Cure" performance, jumping about two feet into the air until they were winded. Then they strutted about and "struck an attitude," like an acrobat after a successful tumble. There were others marching about, with their tails and heads as high as they could stick them up. We are further told that the music to this eccentric dance was the loud "chuck-chuck," continuously repeated, and the strange throbbing sound produced by the vibrating wings.

Signor Beccarri has given an account of a newer species of bower bird in New Guinea, which seems to be quite as playful as its earlier discovered congeners.

A RANK SWINDLE.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

"SARAH, love, see what scope a twenty-five-mile radius will afford," I said, placing one point of the compasses on the map at Charing Cross and describing a circle. "Why, the area includes fifty towns, all more or less suitable."

"But, Edwin, when we were married you promised me we should live in the country."

"Yes, love; but for many reasons we must be near a town. I shall have to be in London every day—barring Sunday—which necessitates proximity to a railway station. You would mope to death at being left alone in an isolated country house. There is the question of post and telegraph: we must have two deliveries of letters daily, and telegrams free of porterage. As we shall not, at any rate for a time, keep a carriage, you would have to do your shopping and marketing on foot. Then it is essential that tradespeople should call for orders. Besides, domestic servants will not put up with——"

"You practical old darling!" cried Sarah, sealing my lips with a kiss. "I picture it all—our first home. Oh, Edwin, we shall be so, so happy!"

Before we closed our eyes that night we had made up our minds to advertise, and advertise we accordingly did.

The answers were legion, and it seemed as if we had but to pick and choose. A closer acquaintance with facts, however, undeceived us, and after weeks of incessant travel, worry, and disappointment, we were apparently as far from the attainment of our goal as when we began. There was nothing for it, therefore, but to continue in lodgings, in the vague hope that something might turn up.

We were not left long in suspense.

One evening in March, on returning from the City,

I was accosted on the doorstep by a well-dressed, gentlemanly-looking, middle-aged individual, who, raising his hat, said—

"Ten thousand pardons, but am I not addressing Mr. Edwin Lovegrove? Well, a short time ago, in answer to an advertisement, I took the liberty of writing to you concerning exactly such a property as described, but having received no reply, I think it just possible the missive has miscarried."

"More likely your letter was one of those we deemed it unnecessary to acknowledge, sir," I replied stiffly. "We communicated only with those who offered properties likely to suit."

"But, my dear sir, the property whose claims I advocate is precisely what you require, and will, I am convinced, suit you down to the ground. Belvoir—for that is the name of the place—is close to Flookborough, in Hertfordshire; possibly you may remember."

"Perfectly; and if my memory is not at fault, it is beyond the stipulated distance from Charing Cross."

"A fraction, my dear sir, a mere fraction, Flookborough being precisely twenty-eight miles and a quarter from town; but consider the train service—positively the best in England. But we can hardly enter into the needful detail here in the public street. I am obliged to you, entirely at your service, my dear sir;" and he followed me into the house.

"Edwin!" exclaimed Sarah anxiously, appearing at the door of our one sitting-room, "is anything wrong?"

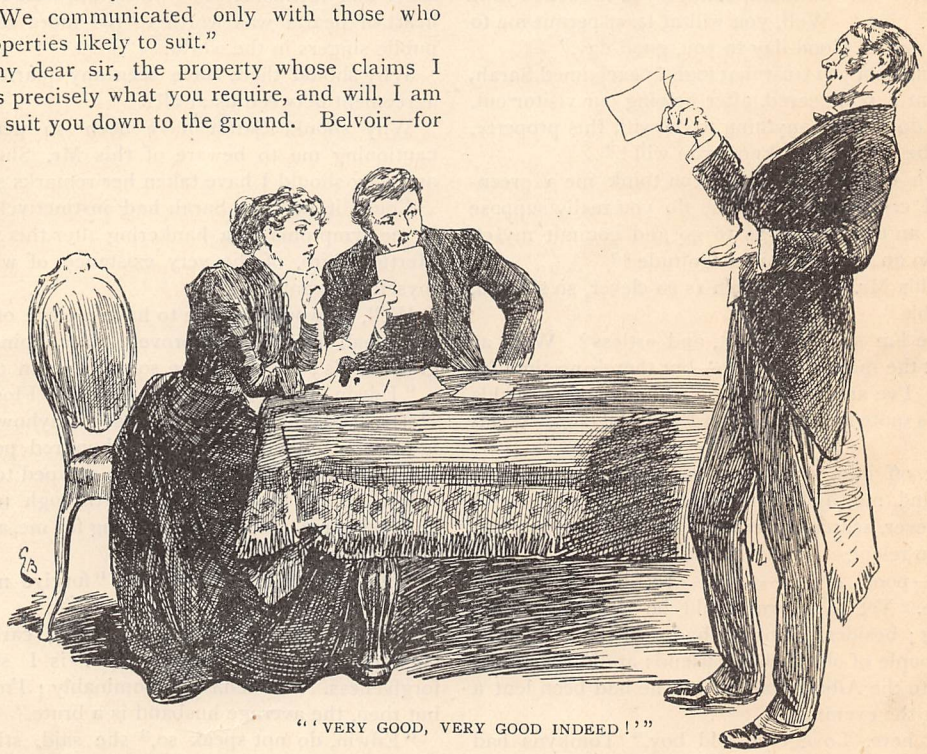
"No, love. This gentleman has called about a place in Hertfordshire. Allow me: My wife—Mr.——?"

"Shuttleworth—Mr. Joseph Shuttleworth: madam, your very humble servant," said the stranger, bowing low. "Charmed, I am sure, to make your acquaintance; but I intrude?"

"Not at all!" we both exclaimed; on which our visitor stepped briskly into the little parlour, and taking a packet from his pocket, began to open it.

"I have here," he said, "photographs of the exterior and interior of the house, together with some of the more attractive vistas in the pleasure-grounds, which render, however, but a faint, a very faint, idea of the reality. Permit me, madam."

"It must certainly be a very pretty place," remarked Sarah, examining the pictures. "Are you the agent?"



"'VERY GOOD, VERY GOOD INDEED!'"

Mr. Shuttleworth burst into a low and musical laugh.

"Very good, very good indeed!" he exclaimed. "Excuse me, madam, but the suggestion tickles my fancy immensely. Well, possibly I do come under that denomination, as acting for another, but from no sordid or pecuniary motives, I assure you. The fact is that the owner, a Mr. Frank Vorley, a particular friend of mine, and who resides abroad——"

"Has commissioned you to find a tenant," I observed. "The rent?"

"Belvoir is for sale—for sale only, my dear sir. The owner must realise, and will sell at an immense sacrifice."

"That settles the matter," I said. "Had the place been to let, we might have been disposed to treat."

"But could you not purchase, my dear sir? Take all the circumstances of the case into account. Here is precisely what you require: a compact residential estate, within easy reach of London, with a well-built modern villa, replete with every convenience, in

perfect decorative repair, standing in its own grounds of three acres, artistically laid out, regardless of cost. Though close to the flourishing town of Flookborough, yet Belvoir enjoys all the advantages of the country, being surrounded by richly-timbered, undulating, park-like lands, all for thirteen hundred pounds."

"For the freehold?" I said, making some rapid calculations. "But pray do not trouble yourself further."

"As you please, my dear sir," said Mr. Shuttleworth, gathering up his belongings. "However, think the matter over. Madam, cannot you influence your husband? No? Well, you will at least permit me to leave my card. Good-day to you, good-day."

"Edwin, don't you trust that man!" exclaimed Sarah, the instant I reappeared, after bowing our visitor out. "Edwin, don't have anything to do with this property, or you'll be taken in—I know you will!"

"Which implies, love, that you think me a greenhorn!" I cried hotly. "Now, do you really suppose I'm such an utter goose as to go and commit myself offhand in an affair of this magnitude?"

"But this Mr. Shuttleworth is so clever, so shrewd, so plausible."

"While I'm so stupid, soft, and artless? Well, as we've not the money, I see no—but there's no time for arguing. I've arranged to dine with Tomkyns at his club. It's quite uncertain when I shall be back—good-bye."

I went off in a towering rage, slamming the hall door behind me, and walking magnificently away. I had, however, scarce traversed a hundred yards when I began to relent.

Sarah—poor child!—would be broken-hearted, miserable. Yet to return would be undignified, unbecoming; besides, Tomkyns had really asked me to meet a couple of old bachelor friends at dinner and go together to the Albert Hall, where he had been lent a loggia for the evening.

"Look here, Lovegrove, old boy," Tomkyns had said, in his hearty way, "I know how devoted you are to the old English ballad—now I want to give you a treat. Nellie Carew, the new contralto, is to make her *dêbut* at the Albert Hall to-night. Well, covers will be laid for four."

No, I would not stultify myself by going back.

I buttoned my top-coat with determination, turned up my trousers, strode on, and on reaching the club received a cordial welcome from Tomkyns and his allies.

After a *récherché*, if somewhat hasty, dinner, we adjourned to the Albert Hall.

As we took our seats Nellie Carew was about to begin her first song.

The voice, the execution, the pathos of this queen of English melody, no less than the beauty, grace, and elegance of her person, are all too well and widely known to need description.

All I shall, therefore, place on record is my belief that of all the enthralled multitude that hung upon her accents and gazed enraptured on her superb form, no one was more enthusiastic in his admiration of the divine songstress than I was.

I confess that I, a newly-married, essentially domestic man, devoted to his young wife, was fairly demoralised by the fascinations of this siren.

Each appearance of Nellie Carew affected me more than the last, and I left the hall her adorer and her slave.

As, however, I walked homewards alone in the cool of the night, the spell woven around me gradually wore off; my better nature re-asserted itself, and I began to reflect and repent bitterly of having been hasty and inconsiderate with Sarah, who I felt in my heart of hearts was worth to me more than all the public singers in the world.

Why should there have been any quarrel, any disagreement between us at all?

Why should Sarah have been so persistent in cautioning me to beware of this Mr. Shuttleworth? and why should I have taken her remarks so ill?

Could it be that Sarah had instinctively detected in me symptoms of a hankering after this property in Hertfordshire, of the very existence of which I was myself ignorant?

Well, it would be nice to have a place of one's own—a small estate to improve. Sarah pined for the green fields; we should be somebodies in the county.

"Edwin Lovegrove, Esq., Belvoir, Flookborough, Herts," was not a bad address; anyhow, it would impress Tomkyns! Thirteen hundred pounds was not a lot of money, and might be scraped together.

With these thoughts passing through my mind, I reached home. Sarah was waiting for me, and literally flew into my arms.

"Oh, Edwin!" she sobbed, "forgive me, forgive me, Edwin!"

"Forgive you, darling?" I cried, caressing her clustering locks of chestnut; "it is I should ask forgiveness. I've behaved abominably; I'm a brute—but then, the average husband is a brute."

"Edwin, do not speak so," she said, still clinging to me. "You must ever be true and loyal to me, as, please God, I will be true and loyal to you. Then, if any little cloud should rise between us the sunshine of our love would banish it, but——"

"Yes, yes, darling, you take things too seriously. Why, we've been man and wife nearly five months, and this is our first tiff."

"May it prove our last! Oh, I have been so unhappy, so miserable, all the time you've been away! Edwin, do promise me to be less intimate with Mr. Tomkyns."

"Less intimate with Tomkyns, dearest—why?"

"Because he is in such a wild set," she replied, drying her eyes, "and associates with all kinds of questionable people."

"I was not aware of it, love."

"But it is so, Edwin; and he knows half the theatrical world."

"Well, what harm in that? And to make a clean breast of it, Sarah, I've been to-night—not exactly to the play, but to the Albert Hall, to hear the new contralto there's such a *furore* about."

"You have, Edwin?" she said, betwixt smiles and

tears. "Tell me, is this person, this Nellie Carew, so very beautiful?"

"She sings well, and is decidedly pretty," I answered, conscious of a flush. "But there is one sweet voice, one little face, which charm me more. Kiss me, darling."

"Not till you say you forgive me, Edwin," she returned coyly. "Forgive me for questioning your shrewdness, your prudence; for of course, being a thorough man of business, you have continually to exercise your judgment and be on your guard. Now, what I've been turning over in my mind is this: if the place near Flookborough is like the pictures of it, and anything approaching what Mr. Shuttleworth describes, we ought to try and buy it."

"Buy it?" I exclaimed, taking her to my arms. "What, buy Belvoir?"

"Yes, Edwin; you know I've one thousand pounds invested in what I think is termed consols."

"Reduced threes," I said reflectively. "But your Aunt Jemima?"

"Oh, I feel certain she'll willingly give her consent when she learns what an exceptionable opportunity this is. Besides, the property is freehold, is it not, Edwin?"

"Mr. Shuttleworth implied so; but before we made any definite offer the title and everything relating to the estate would have to be thoroughly gone into. Then there's the odd hundreds to be provided, and the legal expenses to be met. I'll smoke a weed and consider the matter; now, darling, to bed. Good-night."

Reflection convinced me that Mr. Shuttleworth's offer deserved attention, and after further consulting with Sarah, a letter was written asking him to call again, which he did, and the interview proving satisfactory, I went down with him the following day to inspect the property.

Neither the country, Flookborough, nor Belvoir itself had been over-praised. If anything, the place was too complete, too cockney; still, that was a fault in the right direction, and I re-entered the train with a fixed determination to purchase.

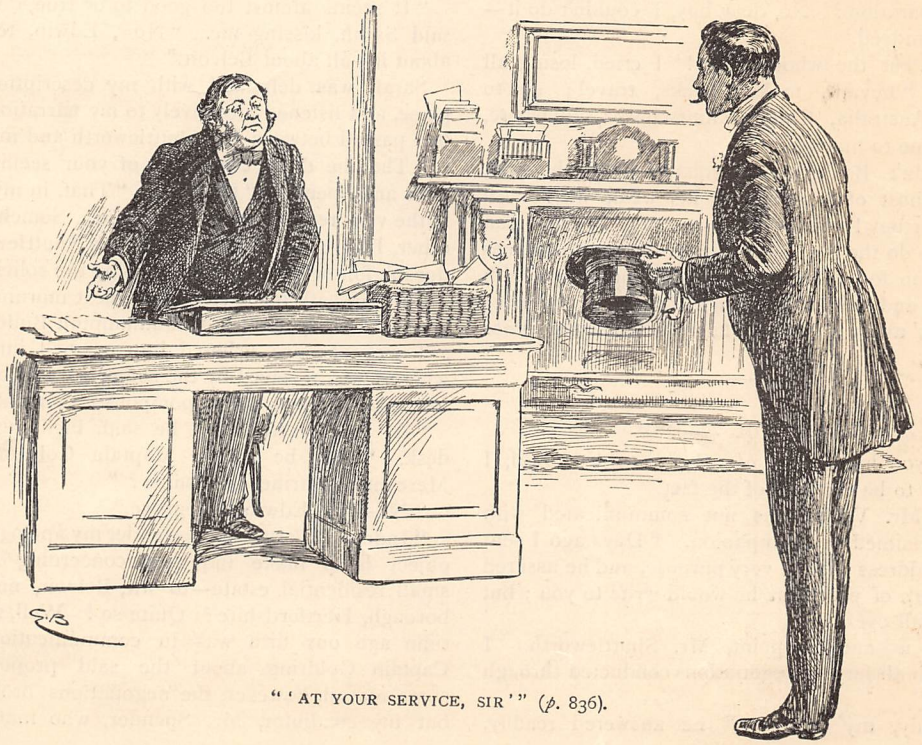
There were, however, certain points I wished to have cleared up, and I now plied my companion with questions, some of which had reference to his friend, Mr. Frank Vorley.

"Charming, charming fellow!" he answered. "Faults he has, no doubt—which of us has not? But all of his lean to virtue's side: amiable, guileless, confiding, and innocent as a baby, my dear sir. The sort of man, don't you know, to fall a prey to a clever, unscrupulous, designing woman."

"Ah! Mr. Vorley probably bought Belvoir for the lady?"

"Precisely, my dear sir, and I should have enlarged upon that before had it not been for the presence of Mrs. Lovegrove at our former interviews. Not that there is anything wrong, but I confess to a delicacy in mentioning my friend's *mésalliance* before ladies. Understand, then, that my friend's union was duly solemnised at the altar: that, between ourselves, was his crowning, his supreme folly; poor fellow!—poor Frank!"

"Whom did your friend marry? I mean what class of person?"



"'AT YOUR SERVICE, SIR'" (*p.* 836).

"A singer, my dear sir, a professional singer; poor, silly, infatuated fellow! Well, just previous to his marriage, as you have surmised, he purchased this charming country retreat, spent on it a mint of money, and embellished it regardless of expense, in the fond hope that rural delights and innocent enjoyments would console his bride for the excitement, glitter, and adulation of the boards. Vain hope! The honeymoon was barely at an end when, in spite of his most urgent entreaties, she accepted a fresh engagement. Still my poor friend clung to his first idea, and kept up Belvoir. Now, what do you suppose she did? Why, she made the place a scandal and a by-word in the neighbourhood. You know, my dear sir, with what feelings of veneration country folk regard the Sabbath; while at Belvoir, as sure as the sacred day came round, were gathered together, under young Mrs. Vorley's auspices, a whole crowd of the choice spirits of both sexes who either perform at our play-houses or patronise them. I do not for one moment say there was anything wrong—morally wrong—still, there was such an open disregard of conventional propriety, such a flying in the face of Mrs. Grundy, that at last I thought it my duty to speak to my friend seriously on the subject. The poor fellow listened to me with a countenance full of woe and misery, but I hardened my heart and continued to the bitter end.

"'My dear Shuttleworth,' he exclaimed, when I had finished, clasping his hands in sheer despair, 'I have, as you well know, already prayed, besought, argued, even threatened; what more can I do? What final course would you have me adopt? Repudiate my young wife? Advertise in the public press that I will no longer be responsible for her debts? Sue for a judicial separation? No, dear boy, I couldn't do it—I couldn't, indeed.'

"'Then cut the whole thing!' I cried, losing all patience. "Levant, make tracks, travel; go to America, Australia, China, Kamtschatka, anywhere, and leave me to manage.'

"'Wouldn't Boulogne do equally well?' he said, with the ghost of a smile, in his weak way. 'All serene, dear boy! I'll be off to-morrow. I feel I can trust you to do the best for me under the circumstances—sell Belvoir for what it will fetch, square up with everybody, and hand the balance, if any, to my poor young wife,' and with that he fairly broke down. Poor Frank!"

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

"IN fact, you have *carte blanche*," I said. "Still, I should like to be certified of the fact."

"Then Mr. Vorley has not communicated with you?" exclaimed my companion. "Days ago I sent him your address for the very purpose, and he assured me by return of post that he would write to you; but that's him all over."

"There is another point, Mr. Shuttleworth. I should wish all further negotiations conducted through a solicitor."

"Certainly, my dear sir," he answered readily. "May I ask whom you would prefer to employ in that capacity?"

I replied I had no preference, and should be content with the vendor's solicitor.

To my surprise, he took exception to this, saying that such a course was unusual—that it would complicate matters—that Mr. Vorley might not like it, and more to the same effect.

"To me, personally, it is a matter of complete indifference," he continued. "I, at any rate, shall not have to pay the piper; but commend me to Messrs. Pike and Spender, Southampton Buildings, for running up a bill. However, my dear sir, that is your look-out. Bear this in mind also, that the firm, having no discretionary powers, will stipulate for the sum originally paid for the Belvoir estate—namely, two thousand pounds. But please yourself, my dear sir—please yourself."

The subject then dropped, and shortly afterwards the train steamed into King's Cross.

In my absence a letter had been delivered, bearing the Boulogne post-mark.

It was a curious and intricate specimen of penmanship from Mr. Vorley, but together Sarah and I puzzled it out.

"Edwin, how it smells of tobacco!" said Sarah. "And did you ever see such a scrawl? I really think the writer must have been intoxicated."

"Possibly," I answered, laughing, for the expression on Sarah's face was irresistibly comic. "Still he knew what he was about well enough, and we have now his authority to deal with Mr. Shuttleworth. I'm glad of it, for I am thoroughly satisfied with all I have to-day seen of Belvoir."

"It seems almost too good to be true, doesn't it?' said Sarah, kissing me. "Now, Edwin, tell me all about it—all about Belvoir."

Sarah was delighted with my description of the place, and listened attentively to my narration of what had passed between Mr. Shuttleworth and myself.

"Then he doesn't approve of your seeing Messrs. Pike and Spender?" she said. "That, in my opinion, is the very reason you should do so. Somehow or the other, I have no confidence in Mr. Shuttleworth. It doesn't follow that we must employ the solicitors."

I fell in with these views, and next morning, on my way to the City, called at Southampton Buildings.

I was at once ushered into a small inner office, where I was received by the senior partner of the firm, Mr. Pike—a large, puffy, pompous individual in black.

"At your service, sir," he said, inclining over his desk. "Pray be seated. Captain Goldring, of the Mercantile Marine, I presume?"

"No—Mr. Edwin Lovegrove."

"Indeed? Permit me to tender my apologies. Your object is to make inquiries concerning a certain small residential estate—to wit, Belvoir, near Flookborough, Hertfordshire? Quite so! Well, some little time ago our firm was in communication with a Captain Goldring about the said property. For some reason, however, the negotiations broke down; but my coadjutor, Mr. Spender, who manages this

particular department, is now absent, so that I can afford you but little information."

"Quite sufficient for my purpose, sir," I answered promptly. "There is no obligation to deal further with Captain Goldring?"

"None whatever. The property is still in the market."

"Might I inqure the lowest price for the freehold?"

"Two thousand pounds, I believe; or possibly our client would take a fraction less. I speak, however, without authority; but, as I said before, Mr. Spender will furnish you with full particulars."

"Pardon me, but I am already in communication with a friend of the owner of Belvoir, a Mr. Joseph Shuttleworth, and if there is no objection, I should prefer to continue negotiating with him."

The solicitor hesitated for a moment, and then said, with a strange intonation—

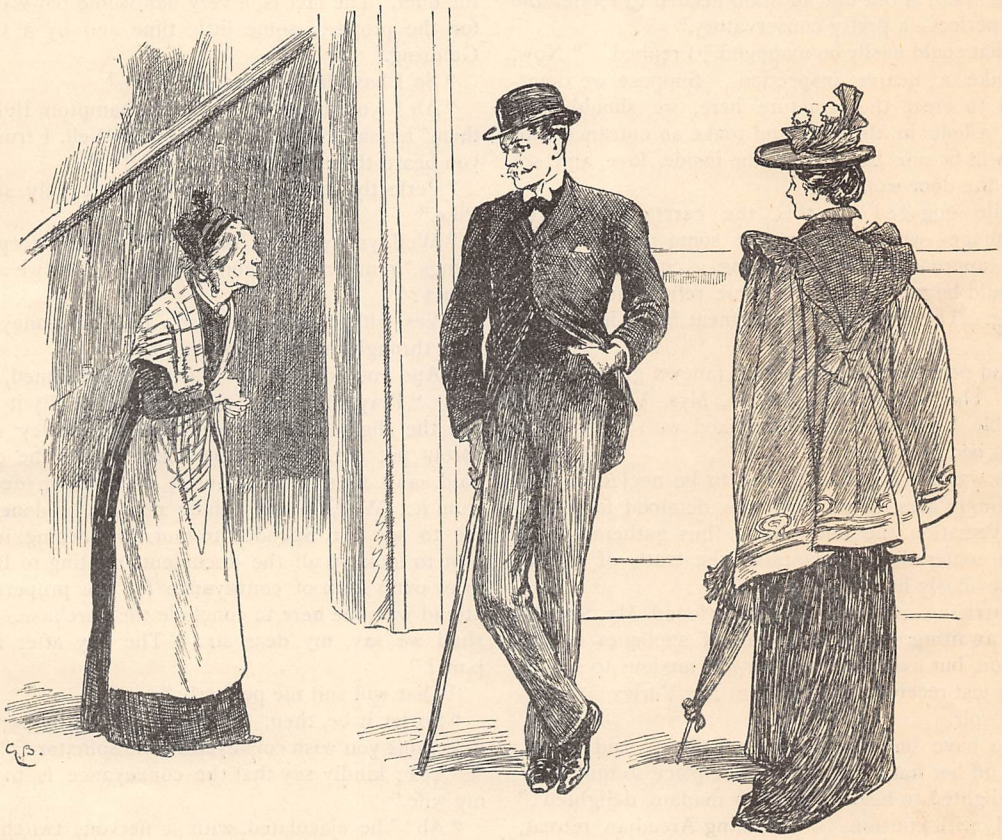
"Certainly, Mr. Lovegrove, if you desire it—presupposing, also, such to be our client's wish."

"The expression of that has already been conveyed to me in writing, though unfortunately I have forgotten to bring the letter," I replied rising. "There is, I think, no other point?"

"Excuse me, sir," said Mr. Pike, also standing up and rubbing his hands unctuously, "there is one point—not altogether unimportant—namely, that all moneys must pass through the hands of the firm. That, Mr. Lovegrove, is the only proviso."

I replied that I thought the stipulation a reasonable and proper one, and then took my departure, congratulating myself on the result of the interview, and determined to close with Mr. Shuttleworth without delay.

I felt, however, that Sarah ought first to see the place, so two days later we went quietly down to Flookborough together.



"THE CARETAKER . . . ASKED IF WE WOULD BE PLEASED TO TAKE SOME REFRESHMENT BEFORE LEAVING" (*p.* 838).

At the station we took an open fly and drove to Belvoir.

Sarah was delighted with the house generally, more especially with the domestic offices. With grounds and gardens she was fairly enchanted.

"Oh, Edwin!" she exclaimed, in almost childish ecstasy, "look at these scarlet anemones, these white and purple hyacinths, these violets! Did you ever see anything to equal them?"

"And such a glorious walled kitchen garden!" I cried, catching some of her enthusiasm. "Every kind of vegetable sprouting up, and no end of fruit-trees just bursting into bloom."

"Yes, Edwin; and the parsley! Isn't it magnificent? What is this?—spinach?"

"Beans," I replied. "Now come along up to the seat under the elm, from which we can command the whole estate. Very pretty, isn't it?"

"Lovely!" she rejoined. "The meadow yonder, all golden with daffodils—is that our land?"

"It will be when we have bought the property, love," I answered gaily. "The streamlet glistening in the sun is the boundary in that direction, and in the hollow where those fine horse-chestnuts stand is a jolly little lake and a waterfall."

"How nice!" she said, clasping her hands. "My fondest ambition has ever been to possess a waterfall. Edwin, there is but one addition needed to render the place perfect—a pretty conservatory."

"That could easily be managed," I replied. "Now, let's take a nearer inspection. Suppose we determined to erect the structure here, we should then break a hole in the wall, and make an entrance into what will be our library. Come inside, love, and see where the door would be."

While engaged in this, the caretaker—a Mrs. Grummage—who had been for some time hovering about, approached, and, dropping a curtsey, asked if we would be pleased to take some refreshment before leaving. There was some cold meat in the house, she said.

"And perhaps the lady might fancy a glass of new milk. The former one—that is, Mrs. Vorley—were a terrible hand at new milk mixed with soda-water, took in bed of a morning."

This was an opportunity not to be neglected, and accordingly Mrs. Grummage was detained for a time in conversation, the information thus gathered tending to materially substantiate the truth of all we had previously heard.

On arriving at our lodgings, we found Mr. Shuttleworth awaiting us. He was full of apologies for his intrusion, but explained that he was anxious to see us, having just received a letter from Mr. Vorley concerning Belvoir.

"We have but now come from there," said Sarah, taking off her hat; "and I like the place so much."

"Delighted to hear it, my dear madam, delighted!" he said, with effusion. "Charming Arcadian retreat, my dear madam, is it not? Was sure you would be enamoured of Belvoir; still, am glad you have seen the property, to judge yourself of its merits. A lady's eye, my dear madam, a lady's eye—but I perceive you are fatigued; yes, railway travelling is exhausting. Well, leave me to arrange with your good husband."

Mr. Shuttleworth gazed at Sarah's retreating form abstractedly, then, as the door closed behind her, he turned to me, and said gravely—

"Charming, very charming young lady, your wife, but, like all nice people, delicate—very delicate. You have not consulted anyone? Well, doctors, after all, are but of slight avail. Country air, my dear sir, country air: that is the best remedy."

"I understood your object in calling was about a letter from your friend in Boulogne?" I said stiffly.

"That is so, my dear sir," he answered, unabashed. "Here it is. Pray decipher it: that is, if you can."

"Perfectly unintelligible to me," I said, taking the letter and running my eyes over it. "Does your friend drink?"

"Good—very good!" ejaculated Mr. Shuttleworth, with his peculiar chuckle. "Drink! Why, Frank is one of the most abstemious men living. No, his writing as he does is sheer, downright affectation. I've lectured him on the subject scores of times. Well, I'll give you the pith of it: he's impatient at what he is pleased to call 'this unconscionable delay about the sale of Belvoir,' and says that unless the business is settled within a week I am to withdraw the offer. The fact is, a very handsome bid was made for the property some little time ago by a Captain Goldring."

"So I have heard from Mr. Pike."

"Ah! you have been to Southampton Buildings, then," he said, flushing slightly. "Well, I trust what you heard there was satisfactory?"

"Perfectly, as far as it went; but I only saw Mr. Pike."

"Well, you did not require to go very deeply into things," remarked my companion. "Now we are free to act?"

"Yes, with this one proviso: that all moneys shall pass through the hands of the firm."

"And you acceded to that?" he exclaimed, frowning. "Pray understand me, that personally it makes not the slightest difference, but Mr. Vorley will be sorely put out. It will be weeks before the cash is paid, and then with a smart commission deducted from it. Well, the only thing now to be done is for me to see Mr. Spender to-morrow morning, instruct him to look up all the documents relating to Belvoir, draw out a form of conveyance for the property, and attend with me here to conclude the purchase. When shall we say, my dear sir? The day after at two p.m.?"

"That will suit me perfectly."

"So let it be, then. Now, are there any particular directions you wish conveyed to the solicitors?"

"Yes; kindly say that the conveyance is to be to my wife."

"Ah!" he ejaculated, with a nervous twitching of the mouth. "Mrs. Lovegrove, perhaps, finds the purchase money?"

"The bulk of it," I answered. "I will not detain you longer. Good afternoon."

Sarah, when told that we were soon to be the proud possessors of Belvoir, exhibited none of those symptoms of delight I had anticipated. She kissed me, and said, with tears in her eyes, she hoped we might be spared to live long and happily together in our new home, and that her Aunt Jemima would never have cause to regret the use made of her money.

I too was depressed, and as I sat up smoking, after Sarah had retired to rest, I became a prey to the most gloomy forebodings.

I felt as if some disaster were impending, something untoward about to happen.

Mr. Shuttleworth's remarks about Sarah rang like a death-knell in my ears.

Till now the question of my wife's health had never even occurred to me.

Still, when I came to reflect, she was incapable of much exertion, soon became weary, was fragile, and with a complexion comparable more to the lily than to the rose. Her mother had died young. Suppose she were to be taken from me? I trembled at the very thought.

No, no; as Mr. Shuttleworth had said, the pure country air would impart fresh vigour to her frame, fresh colour to her cheeks, fresh light to her eyes.

How different our life at Belvoir would be from the racket and dissipation of its former occupants!

To the instant Mr. Shuttleworth drove up in a four-wheeler, accompanied by the solicitor, who had with him a capacious blue bag, bulky with legal documents.

His personal appearance was, I confess, a shock to me.

I had pictured Mr. Spender, though I know not why, as a typical limb of the law—diminutive, lean, cadaverous, threadbare.

The individual now introduced to us as the junior partner in the firm of Messrs. Pike and Spender was the very reverse of all these—tall and not unduly thin, with unmistakable marks of hard drinking on his handsome face, while his clothes, if a trifle seedy, were of a fashionable cut.

He looked a *roué* out-at-elbows, and grotesquely out of keeping with the packets of parchments and papers he at once proceeded to disinter from his bag. Whatever Mr. Spender lacked in appropriate external characteristics, he more than compensated for by the superabundance of the legal phrases with which his speech was garnished.

To me his manner was extremely deferential, to Sarah slightly patronising, to Mr. Shuttleworth studiously disagreeable.

This, however, under the circumstances, was to be expected.

Indeed, such an amount of wrangling, such a show of hostility, was there between the two, that I was thankful when at last the deed of conveyance was signed by Sarah for her part, and by Mr. Shuttleworth, acting under power-of-attorney on behalf of the vendor, and the affair, so far, brought to a peaceable and satisfactory conclusion.

This having been done with all due formality, Mr. Spender turned to me, and said—

"Permit me, sir, to congratulate you in having been so fortunate as to acquire for your wife a very choice and attractive property at an exceedingly moderate figure. I am now at your service to accept a cheque for thirteen hundred pounds, the amount of the purchase money."

"To whom, Mr. Spender, shall I draw the cheque?" I asked.

"In favour of Mr. Frank Vorley, if you please," he answered—"to order, my dear sir, to order, and crossed London and Westminster Bank."

The lawyer clutched the cheque with trembling fingers, while Mr. Shuttleworth, leaning across the table, exclaimed in an audible whisper, "Harpy!"

Mr. Spender smiled, deposited the cheque in his pocket-book, gathered up his belongings, rose, bowed, and left the house, followed by Mr. Shuttleworth, while I took Sarah in my arms and kissed her.

We were now all eagerness to get into our new abode, which required only a little painting, papering, and repair to render it fit for our reception.

The balance of a small loan I had raised would more than suffice for this, while Aunt Jemima kindly advanced £250 for the purpose of furnishing.

The fact was that this aunt of Sarah's, a remarkably shrewd old lady, was exceedingly well satisfied with the purchase of Belvoir, and more than hinted her intention of spending no inconsiderable portion of her time with us there.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

IN the latter part of May we entered into occupation, Aunt Jemima accompanying us.

By her advice, Mrs. Grummage was retained as cook, and I am constrained to say she made an exceedingly bad one; still, she was active and obliging, and did much in assisting Sarah to train and manage the two inexperienced country girls who formed our modest establishment.

A man was also engaged as gardener, also to milk, attend to pigs and poultry, and to look after a pony and trap, when we could afford to invest in those indispensable addenda to country life.

His name was Plodder—as honest, respectable, industrious a fellow as ever walked. In fact, both Mrs. Grummage and he were treasures!

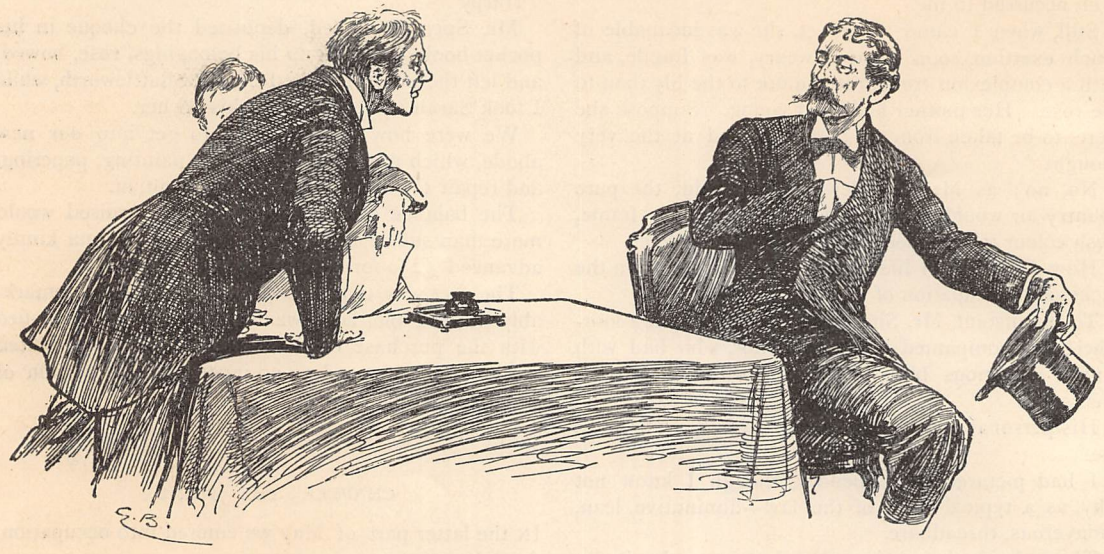
Plodder's education had been neglected in his youth; still, he was able to spell over "Sutton's Amatory Guide," as he invariably called that valuable manual.

The most commendable trait in Plodder's character was that he would allow us to pick fruit and flowers, and do almost anything in our own garden. He had, I imagine, a sincere pity for us, who had been all our lives in London, and thought the open air of heaven and the bright sunshine good for us; and I have even known him to deliberately entice Sarah out, on the plea of wanting her opinion or instruction upon some knotty point or another.

"There, Mrs. Grummage," he would say, when he took in the vegetables: "I've had the young missus out again a-planning and arranging of the beddin'-out plants for the best part of two hours, and I do begin to see a surprising improvement in her condition, surely."

Yes, and so did I; and I thanked God for it. My heart warmed towards the faithful Plodder, and I rejoiced that my lot had fallen among such kindly folk, and in such a pleasant place as Belvoir.

I was glad, too—especially for Sarah's sake—that our neighbours were friendly; and I confess to a feeling of gratification when, on returning from town in



"MR. SHUTTLEWORTH, LEANING ACROSS THE TABLE, EXCLAIMED IN AN AUDIBLE WHISPER, 'HARPY!'" (*p.* 839).

the evening, I beheld a fresh array of visiting-cards on the hall table.

We were invited to numerous afternoon parties, and went to some of them, giving a few tea-parties in return; Aunt Jemima remarking that although the pleasure-grounds at Belvoir were quite suitable for a garden entertainment, yet a series of small tea-parties would seem less pretentious, besides being independent of the weather.

Business prospered, so that I had no anxiety concerning the repayment of a small loan I had been obliged to raise, nor of meeting our somewhat heavy expenditure.

I even felt justified in commencing our pet project: the erection of a conservatory, which was to cost £60, including the heating apparatus, but exclusive of the doorway into the library.

The conservatory was begun the first week in October, and by the middle of the following month was not only finished, but partly stocked with plants.

About this time, too, Plodder was commissioned to look out for a suitable pony and trap, as Sarah was no longer in a condition to walk much.

Nothing now remained to be done but to make the opening into the library, which operation was already in progress when, one November morning, I left home as usual for business.

On my return, in the afternoon, Sarah met me in the hall—not, however, with her usual smile of welcome, but with a face full of concern.

"Oh, Edwin!" she exclaimed piteously, "you recollect mentioning a Captain Goldring, who was once in treaty for Belvoir? He's been here!"

"Been here?" I cried in astonishment—"Captain Goldring been here! What for?"

"To view the place, Edwin, with this order from Messrs. Pike and Spender."

"Very odd!" I said, looking at the card. "You had an interview with him?"

"No, I was too much upset, and Aunt Jemima also. Mrs. Grummage showed him over the house, and Plodder round the garden and grounds."

"And you have heard from them what Captain Goldring said?"

"Yes; I have questioned them both. It seems he expressed himself pleased with the place in general, said we kept it in very fair order, but that the conservatory ought to have been on the opposite side of the house, and that he did not at all approve of the hole—I believe he called it the port-hole—in the library wall."

"Confound his impudence! What more?"

"Only that he would much have liked to have seen you."

"Precious lucky for him he didn't!" I remarked, taking off my overcoat. "What is Aunt Jemima's opinion?"

"That we shall all be turned out, neck and crop," replied Sarah, sobbing. "I think so too—turned out of our beautiful, comfortable home, neck and crop!"

"Nonsense, child, nonsense!" I exclaimed, kissing away her tears. "Take my word for it, darling, it will be all right."

The next morning, while at breakfast, the post came in, bringing, as I had anticipated, among other letters, one from Messrs. Pike and Spender, which ran as follows—

"To Edwin Lovegrove, Esq.,

"Sir,—Our client, Captain Goldring, recently returned from Singapore, having yesterday seen the Belvoir property, has just called to intimate his intention of purchasing the same for occupation, subject to your tenancy, which, as you are aware, expires on Lady-day next.

"Kindly, therefore, accept this as notice to surrender on that date, when, we would remind you, the premises will have to be given over in the same condition, save and except fair wear and tear, as when

received by you. We deem it necessary to call your particular attention to this, being credibly informed that certain important additions and material structural alterations—to wit, a conservatory and a breach or opening in the wall of the main house—have been effected by you. We beg also most respectfully to remind you that the rent due to 29th September, amounting to £26 5s., has not yet been received by us."

Sarah, who had remained in breathless silence listening to the above, now said—

"Edwin, I must accompany you to London to see these people. I shall be distracted if I remain here."

In vain I endeavoured to dissuade her, pointing out her inability to sustain fatigue, and the serious consequences that might result from any excessive agitation or excitement.

Aunt Jemima at this juncture appearing, in dressing-gown and curl-papers, added her solicitations, but with like result; and in half an hour Sarah and I were on the road to the railway station in a little basket phaeton, drawn by a sturdy bay pony, this being the first occasion of using our new conveyance.

From the time of starting, Sarah, on other occasions so easily unnerved, behaved with commendable firmness and self-possession; and even when we were ushered into the presence of the head of the firm of Pike and Spender, she maintained her composure.

"You are the victims of a swindle," said Mr. Pike, who had risen on our entrance, and now stood bowing and rubbing his hands oilily—"the victims of a rank swindle."

We both dropped into the nearest chairs as if we had been shot.

"Victims of a swindle!" I exclaimed, when I had recovered the power of speech—"we the victims of a rank swindle! Explain yourself, sir!"

"That will be no very difficult matter," replied the lawyer blandly. "In the first place, Mr. Lovegrove, you elected to employ as your agent——"

"Mr. Joseph Shuttleworth," I broke in. "Well, where is that gentleman?"

"At Boulogne, with his *confrère*, Mr. Vorley. But allow me to proceed. In preference to engaging the services of a duly qualified solicitor, you placed yourself in the hands of this person. It was not——"

"But, sir, your——"

"Please, Mr. Lovegrove, hear me out. It was not for us, situated as we were, to object. We knew nothing definite against the character of Mr. Shuttleworth. He was your trusted friend, as well as the confidential adviser of our client, Mrs. Vorley."

"Mrs. Vorley!" gasped both Sarah and I—"your client, Mrs. Vorley!"

"Yes; our firm has never had any dealings with that lady's husband, who is a notorious rogue, with whom, as it now appears, Mr. Shuttleworth was in league. Representing, as he did, both parties, it was easy for him to effect his purpose, which he did by obtaining Mrs. Vorley's written consent to our letting Belvoir to you, pending sale, while he concluded a fictitious sale with you."

"Are we to understand that Mr. Vorley had no power of sale?" I asked.

"None whatever. The property was vested wholly and solely in the wife."

"Then, sir, how comes it that at the final arrangement your partner, Mr. Spender, was not only present, but——"

"Pardon me," interposed the lawyer, "Mr. Spender was not present."

"But I say, most emphatically, he was," I cried, starting up. "And, as I was about to add when you interrupted me, it was he that conducted the entire business, and took my cheque."

"Let Mr. Spender answer for himself," retorted Mr. Pike, with a shrug and an inclination towards the door; and turning, I beheld a small, wizened man—the very image of what I had imagined Mr. Spender to be.

He was accompanied by an exceedingly handsome, fashionably dressed woman, in whom I instantly recognised the beautiful songstress I had seen and listened to with so much rapture at the Albert Hall.

She paused on seeing us, and stood regarding us with an air of mingled pity, curiosity, and amusement; then, dropping a slight curtsey, she advanced.

"Mr. and Mrs. Lovegrove, I presume?" she said, the homely words falling from her lips like notes of music. "Allow me to introduce myself: Miss Nellie Carew, very much at your service."

Then, having greeted us both very warmly, she turned abruptly to Mr. Pike, who was now engaged in an eager whispered conversation with his junior partner.

"A nice mess you two gentlemen have landed us all in!" she cried. "A pretty bill of costs, too, you'll run us up in attempting to get us out of it again—that is, if we're simple enough to let you try."

"I protest, madam!" exclaimed Mr. Pike, swelling about the neck like a cobra, and partly rising. "In the name of this honourable, this long-established, this most respectable firm—the expressions, the insinuations, Mrs. Vorley, which——"

"Miss Nellie Carew, if you please!" stormed the lady. "Sir, you but add insult to injury."

"Had we not all better consult quietly together?" I ventured to remark. "Pray let us be calm, and endeavour to make the best of what, I fear, is a bad job."

"Well and sensibly put, Mr. Lovegrove," said the lady, with a quick change of voice and manner. "Excuse me if I have exhibited unnecessary warmth. Those are my sentiments entirely, so now to business. In the first place, gentlemen," she continued, addressing the solicitors, "kindly inform me if I am still the owner of Belvoir?"

"I have already twice told you so, madam," replied little Mr. Spender viciously, and protruding his lean chin. "Under a recent Act of Parliament, a married woman——"

"I'm aware of all that; but is not my title to the property prejudiced by this sale?"

"Not in the slightest degree, madam, however fraudulent it may have been."

"But the fraud was only on one side. Our good friends here acted in good faith."

"No matter."

"Hard lines, sir, I call it."

"Undoubtedly," piped Mr. Spender; "but such, madam, is the law."

"Then this lady and gentleman have no redress?"

"They may prosecute for forgery and conspiracy to defraud," remarked Mr. Pike, who had recovered his equanimity, airily. "Providentially, there exists between this country and France an extradition treaty, and there will not be the least difficulty in procuring the arrest of Mr. Shuttleworth and——"

"My husband!" cried Mrs. Vorley, covering her face with her hands. "No! Bad, reprobate as he is, I once loved him!"

"Pardon me," I said. "It was he, then, who personated Mr. Spender?"

"Yes; and that same evening he presented himself at my apartments, and begged money of me," she sobbed. "I know how infamous he is, how cruelly, shamelessly, he has defrauded you, yet you will have pity!"

"For your sake, we will both spare him."

"This is generous, noble of you," she said, removing her hands and gazing at us through her tears. Then in a firmer voice: "Is it true, sir, that the thirteen hundred pounds paid for Belvoir was your wife's money?"

"By far the greater portion of it."

"Thank you," she answered; and turning to Sarah, she said, "My dear, you must keep Belvoir. I consider the place is as much yours as if—don't excite yourself, dear! Help! she's going to faint. Fetch my smelling-salts from the carriage. Mr. Lovegrove, you ought never to have allowed your wife to encounter all this—but men are so stupid. You feel better now, dear, don't you? There, take another sniff. What's that I hear—you can't keep Belvoir? Well, we shall see. Now, Mr. Lovegrove, help me to assist your wife to my brougham, which is at your service. Put her to bed the moment you reach home. Bless you both—good-bye!"

That night a son and heir was born to me.

Sarah, poor girl, had a very hard time of it.

For weeks she lay 'twixt life and death, and was only spared to me by God's mercy and the unflagging care and attention of two devoted women.

How can I adequately thank that good kind soul Aunt Jemima, that noble generous creature Mrs. Vorley, or as she preferred to be called, Miss Nellie Carew?

To the latter I felt I was under the more overwhelming obligation, and on the eve of her departure I endeavoured to convey my acknowledgment in words, winding up by saying that Sarah could not possibly accept Belvoir as a gift.

"I will not hear of your leaving Belvoir," she said earnestly. "No; your charming wife must keep her pretty, elegant home. To pay me even a peppercorn rent would spoil everything. Consider yourselves under no obligation to me. The satisfaction I shall feel will be cheaply purchased by the sacrifice of a few hundred pounds. Never expect to see me at Belvoir again; this visit was exceptional. The associations, the memories, that cling about the place are too painful. Besides, I have other reasons. There is nothing more to add; only think kindly sometimes of poor Nellie Carew. Good-bye, Mr. Lovegrove, good-bye!"

A few weeks later, having occasion to go to Southampton Buildings, I heard that Messrs. Vorley and Shuttleworth had been arrested by the French authorities for extensive swindling, had been tried, and sentenced to long terms of imprisonment.

Scarcely had I turned into the Strand, when I met Tomkyns.

"Holloa, Lovegrove, old boy!" he exclaimed, holding me by the hand, with a seriousness of manner foreign to him. "You remember going with me some months back to the Albert Hall, to——"

"Hear Nellie Carew?" I said, a sickly faintness coming over me. "Yes; what of her?"

"Simply that we're not likely to hang upon her dulcet notes again. She's gone."

"Gone! Where to?"

"To the States—sailed from Liverpool yesterday, old boy, in the *City of Baltimore*. It seems she's accepted an offer of an immense sum of money to sing in America, and, I've been most confidentially informed, will never again appear publicly in England."

W. J. F.

WHY THE HAIR TURNS GREY.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

GREY hair in the vast majority of instances is rightly regarded as a sign of advancing years. And a most unwelcome sign, too! We can no longer conceal from ourselves, nor from our friends—there's the rub—that the heyday of our youth is gone. We draw no new delights with hoary hairs. We are branded with grey locks, the pursuivants of death. But premature greyness is often due to what may be called accidental causes, and need have no such significance. It must also be remembered that greyness has many compensating advantages.

It commands respect all the world over; a certain dignity and courtliness belong inalienably to the possessor of white hair. There is also the further consolation that the hair is not lost. Baldness and

greyness are, nevertheless, very closely related, as we shall see when we are considering the causes of greyness. The colour of hair is due to a pigment which is deposited in the hair-shaft, and the various shades of colour are due to differences in the quantity of this pigment, which is different in different people.

1. When the pigment is entirely absent from the hair at birth, it is also wanting in other situations where it is normally present. The eyes are generally devoid of colour, and the curious condition known as Albinism results. Albinos are found among many other animals besides man : for example, instances are occasionally seen in the domestic cat. In the cases where the pigment is absent at birth, and where it is never developed, a defective growth of the teeth is frequently observable, showing the close relation which exists in the development of apparently widely differing structures. The same association is noticed in cases where hair is not developed. Babies are not infrequently born without hair, but it usually grows within a short time. Rarely, however, no hair grows, and the child born bald remains so all its life.

2. Acquired greyness results partly from a deficient development of the pigment, normally present, and partly from the presence of minute bubbles of air in the hair-shaft. Both these conditions are due to a defect of nutrition. How may the nutrition of the hair be injuriously affected ?

With advancing years there is a general shrinking of the tissues of the skin, the blood supply becomes less abundant, and the nutrition of the hair suffers in consequence. The defective nutrition may be manifested in one of two ways.

(1) The growing hair is devoid of pigment, and greyness results. It is to be noticed that hair first becomes grey nearest the root, so that when the hair is cut the greyness is made more obvious. The hair in the neighbourhood of the ears usually begins to lose its colour first.

Or, (2) the new hair which is ever being developed to replace the hair which is as constantly being cast is of finer texture and of less vigorous growth, so that gradually the thick "head of hair" becomes thinner and thinner—fine downy hair is only seen ; eventually baldness results.

Baldness may begin on the crown and travel forwards towards the forehead, or it may begin near the forehead, which gradually "extends backwards" until all the hair of the crown is lost. Whether it be our fate to become grey or to become bald depends very largely upon hereditary influences. Premature greyness occurs—apparently, at least—more frequently among dark-haired people than among the fair-haired. It is difficult to decide whether this is really so, for a slight degree of greyness is more conspicuous owing to the stronger contrast of colour in the former than in the latter. Moreover, dark-haired people are in the majority.

2. Defective nutrition of the hair may be due to local causes. The pressure of the hard hat so universally worn by men is held responsible for the more frequent occurrence of baldness in the male sex. Women, however, commonly suffer from thinness of hair, and this has been traced by some to the damage done to the hair by frequent frizzing, or by the strain put against its roots in certain forms of hair-dressing. One explanation of the frequent change in the style of hair-dressing is that time is thus afforded for the hair to recover from the ill-treatment to which it is periodically subjected.

Another local cause of defective nutrition is an affection of the nerves of the scalp, in consequence of which patches of hair become grey. Sometimes these grey patches are noticed in childhood. They are occasionally seen in the beard, and more rarely in the moustache. A patchy form of baldness, most frequent in childhood, is attributed to a similar cause. It is seen in persons of a nervous temperament, and recovery is almost certain.

The impaired nutrition of hair may be due to certain affections of the scalp. These may result either in temporary or permanent baldness. Ringworm, for instance, causes temporary baldness, which varies in extent and distribution according to the severity of the affection. When the ringworm is cured the hair grows again. But the importance of one affection characterised by excessive greasiness and scurfiness has not been generally realised. Allowed to continue indefinitely, the growth of hair is inevitably affected and baldness is certain to result.

3. Lastly, certain constitutional causes affect the nutrition and growth of hair. The hair may be shed during an attack of fever or other acute illness, and new hair is slow in growing until the bodily strength is well-established.

Any great mental excitement, such as fear or excessive anxiety, has been followed by rapid bleaching of the hair. The hair has been said to become white in the course of a few hours ; but these cases are very rare, and it is doubtful whether they are based on very accurate information, and a certain amount of scepticism is justifiable.

We may conclude that baldness and greyness are really symptoms of impaired nutrition of the hair. How are they to be prevented ?

Of primary importance is the preservation of sound general and local health. But even with perfect individual hygiene greyness or baldness may be developed. At the first sign of either one or the other an attempt must be made to find the cause. Any affection of the scalp which may be discovered must be vigorously treated and cured, if possible.

In this connection I must call attention to the great influence of frequent washing with unsuitable soap. Many cheap soaps contain what is known as free alkali. Such a soap tends to affect the scalp very injuriously, and may either originate or perpetuate an eczema there. It is sound economy to buy good soap, in which all the alkali has been neutralised.

Too much friction is injurious, and for this reason over-hard brushes are to be avoided. Often a wash of borax and water—a teaspoonful of borax to a pint of water—is very efficacious where there is excessive greasiness. It is, however, apt to make the hair too

dry, and must therefore be used with discretion. The most important point to be emphasised is the necessity for early treatment. Once the hair is destroyed, no power on earth can restore it.

It is frequently a comparatively easy matter, however, to prevent the spread of the mischief by appropriate remedies. It cannot be too often stated that in medicine no two cases are ever precisely alike. There is always a "personal equation." A timely consultation with the family medical attendant would often result in the saving of much suffering and expense.

For these reasons I can recommend no special remedies. I believe one of the earliest prescriptions preserved to us is a recipe for a hair lotion. It was prepared some 3,000 or 4,000 years ago by a king of Egypt, who, like the other rulers of that country, practised and studied medicine. The antiquity of affections of the hair is thus obviously very great.

There is a reverse condition to which allusion may be made. I refer to excessive hairiness. Bearded ladies are rare even in exhibitions, but in a minor degree excessive hairiness is not uncommon. It causes infinitely more distress of mind than baldness. The only treatment admitting of general application is the removal of the superfluous hair by means of a razor.

It is a popular error to suppose that repeated shaving results in stimulating the growth of the hair; but this treatment is inconvenient, and requires skill. Depilatories often injure the skin. There is also the same objection to their use as there is to shaving—that they must be continually applied.

The only cure which is permanent consists in destroying the hair-roots by electrolysis. Even this treatment may be protracted, and must necessarily be undertaken only by a duly-qualified specialist.

IN PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED.

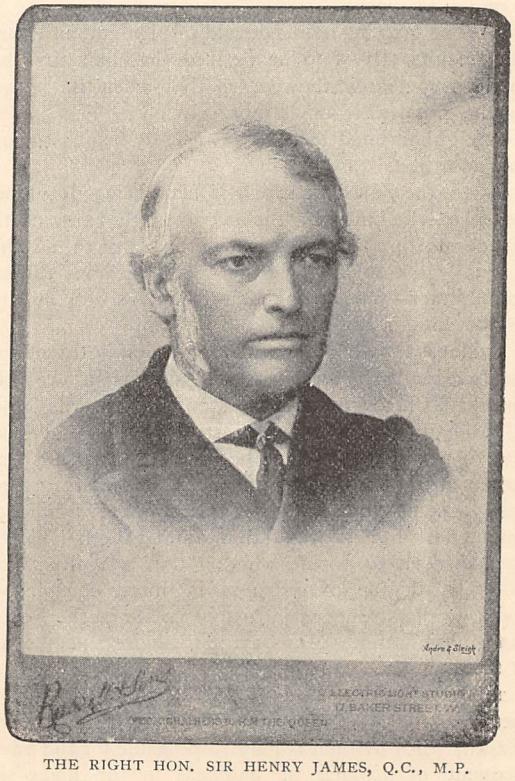
BY ALFRED F. ROBBINS.

V.—HOW MEMBERS WORK.

THOSE of us who have ever had the fortune to be present at a dinner at which our local Member has responded to the toast of "The Houses of Parliament," will know that no branch of the service of the public is so hardly worked as the legislative body. In tones in which pomp struggles with pity for the mastery, "our honoured representative," as the nearest friendly newspaper names him, tells us how, from early morn to dewy eve, and even to early morn again, he is engaged at Westminster on behalf of his constituents in particular and of the country at large. Not for him are the gauds of London life; salons sigh in vain for his presence; the houses of the great tempt him not from his allegiance to duty. Toil, unremitting toil, is his portion; and that constituency is ungrateful indeed which does not recognise by re-election the sacrifices he has made.

When one has listened to a speech like this, the tear of sympathy starts involuntarily to the eye, and one marvels more and more at the fund of patriotism which must exist in a nation that can permanently supply 670 such hardy workers for their country's good, and just as many more who, if the polls were favourable, would like to take their places. The cold breath of suspicion is apt to blur the picture when the newspapers relate the joys of the terrace, the comforts of the smoking-room, and the cosiness of the library. But it is only a breath after all; for, despite its compensations—and it has such—a Parliamentary life to a conscientious Member is full of opportunities for work.

This is not easily to be comprehended by those who judge of House of Commons' proceedings only from what they read in the daily press. The results of the question hour and the reports of the debates are all that the public know of what Parliament does; and yet it is not a paradox to state that these are the least useful, although the most lengthened, portion of the



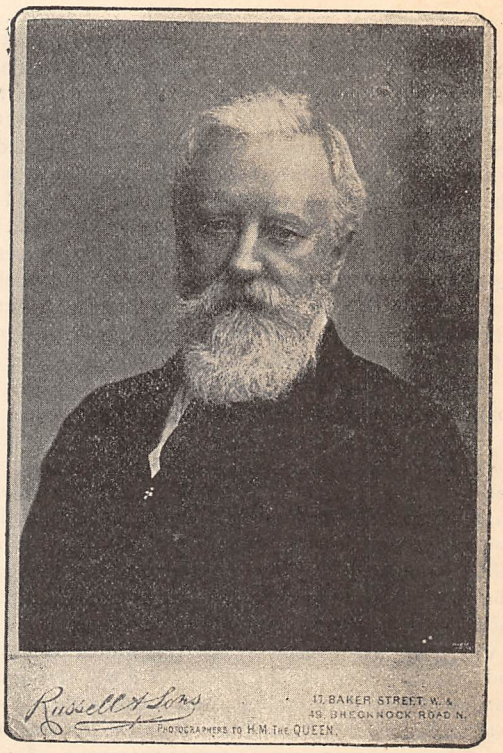
THE RIGHT HON. SIR HENRY JAMES, Q.C., M.P.
(*Chairman of the Standing Committee on Law.*)

THE RIGHT HON. SIR M. WHITE RIDLEY, BART., M.P.
(Chairman of the Standing Committee on Trade.)

work accomplished by the House of Commons. Any who have closely studied the labours of that body will be aware that the usefulness of the average Member—that is, of a Member who is not a Minister, a Leader of the Opposition, or the representative of a definite section—is in inverse ratio to the figure he makes in the Parliamentary reports. Some of the most valuable servants of the public, as Members of the House, are almost absolutely unknown by name outside Westminster and their own constituency. It is the same with some of the most influential politicians: there are men in the Commons who wield a very powerful influence over their fellows of whom the public know nothing, because they do not waste themselves in idle questionings and frequent talk. As a general rule, in fact, it may be taken that the ordinary Members whose names are most frequently in the newspapers do the least tangible work in the House of Commons; and the general recognition of that circumstance will be assisted by an explanation of what that tangible work really is.

The mistake about Parliament that is customarily made is that it is merely a body for passing Bills on burning questions, an error which is responsible for the cant cry which is sometimes to be heard that it is only "a talking shop." But the House of Commons is not alone, in the fine old phrase, "The grand inquest of the nation;" it is an administrative assembly which, like all working bodies, secures its best efforts by means of committees. Excluding from the list of these, committees of the whole House, which examine most of the measures that come before the Commons, there is an almost bewildering array of such bodies to be considered. There are private Bill committees, and committees on private Members' Bills — two very distinct bodies; there are standing committees and sessional committees; joint committees and hybrid committees; and, as if these did not suffice, Members are occasionally invited to join a departmental committee, or are promoted to the glory of being upon a Royal Commission.

Let the main committees be taken in their order, and it will be seen that the work is not light. The first task of the session is always to appoint the two most important committees—those of Standing Orders and Selection. The chairman of the former is, by virtue of his office, chairman of the latter; and no more delicate duties are imposed upon any committees than upon these, which are composed of the most trusted and, in point of service, oldest Members of the House. The one committee has to deal with disputed questions arising out of the Standing Orders applicable to private Bills, and involving very great monetary interests; while the other has to select the members of all the Private Bill Committees, and to choose those who are to be added to the hybrid committees. Their meetings, therefore, have to be frequent; and they are peculiarly exposed to criticism. Yet so thoroughly do they perform their task, that criticism may almost be said to be never heard.



SIR RICHARD H. PAGET, BART., M.P.
(Chairman of the Railway and Canal Bills Committee.)

MR. WALTER H. LONG, M.P.
(Chairman of the Police and Sanitary Regulations Bills Committee.)

From such solemn heights as Standing Orders and Selection, it may seem a drop to come to Kitchen and Refreshment Rooms; but, upon the principle that workers should be well fed, the Sessional Committee last mentioned is a most useful body. It includes Whips from every political section in the House, with whom are associated members who are presumed to be specially endowed with a sense of taste. And as every member who lunches, or dines, or smokes a cigar within the precincts, is possessed with the belief that he has a right to censure the Kitchen Committee if he considers his dinner too dear, if his lunch is not sufficiently varied, or if his cigar will not draw, the lot of that body is not always an easy one. As might be imagined, those who form the Kitchen Committee are an entirely different set from those who are placed upon the Committee on Public Accounts, that upon Petitions, the General Committee on Railway and Canal Bills, the Parliamentary Papers Distribution Committee, or the Police and Sanitary Regulations Bills Committee, all of them appointed every session. The very names of these bodies, however, indicate the varied and laborious duties they undertake. As an example, let there be noted the Committee on Police and Sanitary Regulations Bills. A few years ago it was found that municipalities were introducing in local Acts provisions which conflicted with the general law, and these were apt to escape notice before the ordinary Private Bill Committee. The Police and Sanitary Committee was accordingly constituted to examine every such Bill that came before the House; and it has, day after day and week after week, throughout the session, to scrutinise every clause in such, and to report to the House which proposals are for extending the scope of the general law, and the method in which they had best be dealt with. It is only to be added that scarcely a member of this most useful and hard-worked committee ever gets his name into the newspapers by asking a question, making a speech, or otherwise delaying the business of the Legislative Assembly.

The most steady work has, however to be given by Members who are appointed on Private Bill Committees. These consist of four members chosen by the Committee of Selection—save in the case of hybrid committees, when, as the name indicates, the House itself names a portion; and, as such enormous pecuniary and other interests are involved, it is essential that these members—who, upon Private Bill Committees, have to sign a declaration that they are not locally or personally interested in the Bill, and that they will never vote on any question that may arise without having duly heard the evidence—should be in constant attendance. If, therefore, one is absent without leave of the House, previously asked for after notice given, he is formally reported to the Speaker; and dire penalties are understood to await him if he does not thenceforward put in a steady appearance. Some very great, as well as some comparatively small, schemes for railways, canals, and the like, come before these

THE HON. S. HERBERT, M.P.
(Chairman of the Kitchen Committee.)

bodies; but the number of the small is continually being decreased by the growing popularity of the system of provisional orders, which, having received the approval of the Board of Trade or the Local Government Board, have simply to lie upon the table of the House for a given number of days without opposition in order to become law.

Select Committees, except for the chairman, are less exacting but rather more tiring bodies. These, which consist of a varying number of members who are not compelled to be in attendance—though they can compel witnesses to be—are nominally appointed for a single session; but it is not unusual for them to fail to complete their task in the allotted time, and to recommend their reappointment in the next year. These bodies are concerned with an inquiry either into a question indicated by an abstract resolution adopted by the House, or one suggested by a Bill, or a group of Bills, introduced by a private member; and an illustration may be given from the Select Committees of the present session, which include those on the topics of corn sales, death certification, and sea fisheries, as well as on the Clubs' Registration Bill, the Building Societies Bill, and the Nonconformist Marriages (Attendance of Registrars) Bill. In all these cases, after the necessary witnesses have been heard, each member having an opportunity of examining, the chairman prepares a draft report. It is competent for other members to produce similar documents, and the first vote is taken as to which shall be used for the basis of the committee's formal recommendations.

MR. E. R. WODEHOUSE, M.P.
(Chairman of the Public Accounts Committee.)

Of recent years, and at the initiation of the present Prime Minister, the system of Grand Committees, as they are popularly called, but Standing Committees as they are officially known, has been revived. Two such—the Standing Committee on Trade and the Standing Committee on Law—have been sitting this session; and although they have not quite revived the glories of the Grand Committees of the Long Parliament, they contrive to effect some useful work. These, like the Select Committees, customarily meet at noon, but the Private Bill Committees have to sit an hour earlier; and all are accustomed to adjourn when the House proceeds to questions, the privilege, however, being accorded their members of being able to secure their seats in the chamber without being present at prayers. One word more about the committees which is of significance. The reader of the newspapers is apt to imagine that everything in Parliament is conducted upon a partisan basis; and he is as much astonished at hearing that personal friendships exist between keen political opponents, as was Mr. Pickwick when the opposing barrister in his breach of promise action addressed to his own counsel a cheery "Good-morning." But so little does partisanship weigh in the true work of the House, that, although it is the custom to give the Government of the day a majority upon every committee, the chairman is always chosen because of personal qualifications alone. And thus it is found that no less staunch a Conservative than Sir John Mowbray (whose portrait we gave in our January number), now presides over the Standing Orders Committee and the Committee of Selection; that Sir Henry James is chairman of one of the Standing Committees, and Sir Matthew White Ridley of the other; that one Conservative is at the head of the General Committee on Railway and Canal Bills, another at that of the Police and Sanitary Committee, a third at that of the Kitchen Committee, and a fourth at that of the Committee on Public Petitions, while a Liberal Unionist presides over the Public Accounts Committee. The force of impartiality could, of a surety, no further go.

All, therefore, is not the traditional "beer and skittles" with members of the Commons; and especially should it be remembered that even the work on committees, or in the House itself, is not all that our representatives are called upon to do. Letters, and even telegrams, from constituents, demanding his support for or his opposition to a given contentious Bill, pour in upon a member, not as single spies but as battalions; and as every one of their writers, whether as suppliant or remonstrant, considers himself entitled to a reply, the expenditure of time and postage-stamps can be described only as enormous. Constituents also have a habit, which is extremely awkward for members, of seizing the opportunity of cheap railway trips from the provinces to make incursions upon London, to invade the Outer Lobby with as little ceremony as if it were their own back-parlour, and to demand from the attendant constable instant sight of

and speech with their local member. If that gentleman chances to be an old Parliamentary hand, he can manage to elude observation ; but the newly-fledged representative, who loves nothing so dearly as to show himself to a presumably awe-stricken public, is easily caught. He does not as easily get away, for, although the number of seats in the Strangers' Galleries is strictly limited, and the demand for them in advance during a stirring session is overwhelming, nothing will persuade the average constituent that so potent a personage as his own member cannot obtain for him instant admission.

The wives and sisters and other female connections of the constituents assist to worry the average member just as much as the constituents themselves, and, perhaps, even a little more, for it is impossible to treat the former to a snub. Yet, in certain cases, the keen desire of these ladies to be shown over the precincts cannot be considered an addition of work to our representatives, but an alleviation of the utter weariness which on an ordinary night is the most marked characteristic of Westminster. The session of 1893, for instance, will stand out in history as the most largely and continuously attended that Parliamentary chronicle has known. Night after night, during the committee stage of the Home Rule Bill, there have been over 550 members, and sometimes even 600, within sound of the division bell. The British citizen, when he reads his morning paper, does not realise the almost appalling *ennui* that these slaves to duty have endured. But the unhappy representative does what he can to escape the infliction ; he has, in these exciting times, to be at the House, but he is not bound to be in it ; and while the bores, and the pedants, and the self-advertisers are enjoying themselves by speech, he flits from dining-room to library, from smoking-room to terrace, determined to die for his country but not to be wearied out of existence, and ready at all times to vote, at the call of the division bell, just as his leaders wish and the party Whips direct.

Much, therefore, is to be allowed for the ordinary unknown member. The force of partisan obligation is just now so strong that he dares not stay away from Westminster, lest he be pilloried in a *Times* "black list" on the one hand, or in a *Daily News* version of the same dread document on the other. He has to spend most of the hours of his waking existence in a building, the air entering which is so filtered, and iced, and warmed, that he lives in a cooked atmosphere which is as like the real thing as boiled water allowed to be cold. He is badgered by his constituents and bullied by the Whips until he feels how truly abject a creature the average good-natured, unassertive member of the House of Commons can become. And yet, as he trudges again and again through the division lobbies, and as he seeks repose when once "Big Ben" has chimed the midnight hour, he is entitled to reflect that it is such as he, and not the time-wasting talkers, who by their practical work have made the British Parliament a power.

A SELECT COMMITTEE.

SO VERY COMMONPLACE:

A ROMANCE OF THIS WORKADAY WORLD.

By NORA M. MARRIS.

Part II.—ROMANCE.

"For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune or else fortune love."

"'IS SHE KIND AS SHE IS FAIR?'" (*p.* 850).

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

A SUMMER HOLIDAY.

"The April's in her eyes; it is Love's Spring."

THE news of Kate's engagement was a great surprise to the family at the bank. They had heard nothing of her intimacy with the Dunbars, and she felt as if she had practised a little deception in keeping it so quiet. They seemed to think that they ought to have known something about her love affairs beforehand, and that they had been cheated out of the excitement of anticipation.

"But," said Kate to herself, as she read her mother's lukewarm congratulations, "they can't be more astonished than I was."

"As to Mr. Dunbar," Mrs. Thompson wrote, "Bob gives us a favourable account of him, and you have only yourself to please. You always were a little peculiar, and—well, so long as he knows Latin and Greek, I suppose you will be satisfied."

Mrs. Wesley would hardly believe that Kate was in earnest, though when she found that Kitty had kept the secret for a week, she professed herself able to credit anything. But she warned Kate impressively that such things required much consideration, and that she was afraid Kate had been hasty in her decision.

Kitty pretended to agree with Mrs. Wesley, declaring that she would believe in Mr. Dunbar's virtues when she had seen him, and not before. But as Mac appeared at that moment to fetch Kate to the station, she thought it quite possible he might have heard her remarks, so she vanished without waiting for an

introduction, preferring to postpone explanations till a more convenient season.

"Mac," said Kate, as they travelled down to Colesford together, "perhaps you won't like my family, after all."

"Perhaps not," answered he equably.

"Oh, but, Mac, they are not so bad as all *that!*"

No answer.

"Indeed, Nelly is charming. Most people prefer her to me."

Mac looked absently out of the window.

"Mac, Mac," said Kate, "you might be *nice* to me!"

"You dear little goose! you are so delightfully inconsistent. No doubt I shall much prefer Nelly! Is that right, or am I to spoil you with pretty speeches?" he laughed, putting his arm around her.

"Yes," sighed Kate, "do. No one ever made me any pretty speeches before, and you cannot think how delightful they are, darling."

"But are they to be all on my side?" asked Mac, as he kissed her.

"Oh, Mac! what can *I* say? I am afraid it is written only too plainly in my eyes, 'Mac is perfect!'"

After this visit to Colesford Kate saw no more of her lover until the summer holidays. He had to leave London on business shortly after his engagement, and she denied herself the luxury of writing to or hearing from him more than once weekly, hoping thereby to be able to keep her thoughts fixed on her work and the approaching examination.

Mac sighed sometimes as he read her passionate letters; he feared to think how far short he must come of the hero into which she had transformed him.

June and July were gone, and one hot August day Kate sat in her room trying to study, while the climbing roses looked in at the window and nodded to her. For Colesford was but a country town, after all, and the bank, like many of the other old town houses, still boasted of a good garden, none the worse for being walled in all round.

The voices of the tennis players, the thud of the balls, and the shouts of laughter that greeted Kitty's wild sayings interfered sadly with "Education as a Science."

Kate was trying to get through part of her second year's reading in the long vacation; she looked curiously at the sentence she had just written in her abstract:—

"Intellect kills emotion."

"What rubbish!" she said scornfully. "As if Mac could love me any better if he were less intellectual! I shall hate the sight of you soon," she went on, apostrophising the unfortunate treatise, "with your ugly red cover and your idiotic remarks on the emotions!"

Two days later Kitty rang the bell at the bank house, and asked for Miss Thompson.

"She's out, miss," said the servant. "What a pity! Miss Kate's just gone to Broomhill. Will you wait, miss?"

"Dear me, yes, Eliza! Do you suppose I am going all the way back in this heat? If it does not get cooler you may expect me as a permanency."

The maid withdrew smiling, and Kitty threw herself into an arm-chair to await the return of the family and four o'clock tea.

The afternoon sun crept round and entered between the closed blinds, sending one envious ray across the red-gold hair; her cheeks were flushed with the soft colour of sleep, her lips parted. The folded hands, still clasping a posy of sweet peas, lay on her white dress.

Thus Mac found her on his arrival from the station.

"'Is she kind as she is fair?'" he said to himself, as he looked at her for one moment before she awoke.

Kitty sat up, staring at him, and trying to bring her thoughts back from Dreamland.

"You must be Ma—Mr. Dunbar?" she said sleepily.

"Yes," he said, smiling. "And you are Miss Armstrong, I think?"

"I am; better known as 'Kitty.' We did not expect you to-night. Kate will never forgive me for being the first to welcome you."

"From what I have heard her say, I thought she would be able to forgive you anything."

"Ah! don't be deceived. Kate is not so meek as you think. She can be a little spitfire when she likes. And a good thing, too. Women should not be too meek; they get down-trodden enough, as it is."

"You do not look as if you had had much experience of that unpleasant process. I expect it is the other way, and that you ride over us all rough-shod."

"I think we will have some tea. Will you ring the bell, please—it is too hot for personalities," said Kitty, laughing.

Mac coloured. Kate would not have made a remark that sounded so like a snub.

"Are you staying here?" he asked, to change the subject, and thinking that she seemed very much at home.

"Oh, no, not more than usual," she said gaily. "I suppose I am here about as much as at Broomhill. Now that you have come, Kate will not want me any longer, for she will, I suppose, never have a moment to call her own."

"I do not think I am so exacting as all that," protested Mac.

"Aren't you?" said Kitty, looking at him curiously. "Oh!"

Again Mac felt uncomfortable. "Oh!" sounded distinctly disapproving.

"Where are they all?" he asked.

"Mrs. Thompson is not very well—she has been ailing some days; Nelly is away on a visit; and Bob is probably haymaking at Broomhill, unless he is talking to Kate."

"Haymaking! I am glad I am here," said Mac, fanning himself.

"You ought not to be. You ought to be 'penetrated' with distress that you are not just pounding along the dusty high road to Broomhill and to Kate!"

"I know I ought to be tearing my hair at the untoward delay which keeps me from her yet another hour (I think that is how the novels put it). But as I am lucky enough to be able to spend three weeks with her, and as they have only begun to-day, I can manage to wait another hour before seeing Kate."

Almost before he had finished she came in. The door stood open; and although she had not seen the happy smile with which he spoke of spending three weeks with her, she had heard the last few words about waiting with equanimity for her return.

She coloured with surprise to see Mac already there, gaily chatting with Kitty, who looked as fresh as a flower in her cool white dress. The sun shone on her golden hair, the blue eyes looked bluer than ever, the fair skin was flushed to a becoming pink, and altogether she made a distracting picture.

Kate was tired, dusty, and crimson, with the heat of the long walk from Broomhill. She had hurried home, thinking it might be just possible Mac would get away to-night; there was yet a stitch to be put in the particular gown that was to be worn in his honour, and she wanted to rest and remove all traces of her hurried walk.

He should not find her anything but charming when he did come. And now she had done her part, and Kitty had reaped the reward.

Kate came forward soberly and decorously, as if Mac were an ordinary guest, and shyly gave him her hand, saying, with much composure—

"Why, Mac, are you really here at last? I thought you were never coming!"

And Mac stood up, taking her hand, with all his soul in his eyes. But she—foolish child!—would not look at him. He bent over her, feeling that he did not care a rap for Kitty or anyone else if she did not; and he would have kissed her there and then but that she held back shyly, and glanced over her shoulder to see if Kitty were looking. And then—why, then—Kitty had vanished.

They were alone, and they might as well have said all that was in their hearts from the very first moment.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

MISTAKES.

"Doubting things go ill often hurts more
Than to be sure they do."

For a week all went well. Then Mrs. Thompson grew worse, and Kate had to nurse her in Nelly's absence.

Mac was asked to Broomhill until she should be more at liberty.

"Yes, go," said Kate; "it is better so, and Kitty can amuse you. In the evenings, when father is with mother, you can come for me, and we can sit in the garden. Nelly is coming home next week, and I don't want to cut her holiday short: she so seldom has one."

"Well," said Mac tenderly, "we will make up for this next week, Kate."

Next week! Who knows what may happen in that unknown week which is "next" to us, and which looks so like all the other weeks of our uneventful existence.

And so Mac went to Broomhill.

The hot days came and went, and Kate sighed for the cool of the evening, when she would walk with her lover in the garden as did Eve of old.

One evening Mac did not come till after supper, and he looked uneasy until they left the others and strolled out into the quiet night.

"I am so sorry, Kate," he said, "to be late. I cannot forgive myself. Mr. Gray asked me to take the girls to a flower-show at Lingford. It was so hot and stuffy that we left the rank and fashion to amuse themselves, and made our way to the woods. Dorcas turned in to see her cousins at the farm, but Ki—Miss Armstrong would not go. We forgot the time, and sat in the cool talking until Mr. Gray declared it was too late to come here till after dinner. I don't know what you will think of me."

"Mac, don't!" cried Kate, standing still and putting her hands on his shoulders. "*You* apologising to me, dear! I am glad you have Kitty to amuse you. I am so much occupied, and am but dull company in these days, I fear."

Mac put his arm round her and drew her closer as they strolled up and down, but he did not kiss her till they said "Good-bye."

Perhaps he imposed this penance on himself for his neglect.

"Mac, dear," said Kate, with some hesitation, as they parted, "you will not think badly of me if I say it would be better not to amuse Kitty *too* well. She is a good deal alone, and she cannot bear Simon; and—I—don't see how anyone can *help* falling in love with you, Mac!"

* * * *

Simon was not at home when Mr. Dunbar went to Broomhill, or, as Bob shrewdly suspected, he would have refused to accept Mr. Gray's invitation. When Mac had first come to Colesford to make the acquaintance of Kate's family, he had also been to Broomhill at Dorcas's request.

Both the sons were at home, and Kate found her new position rather trying. Nat took little notice of Mr. Dunbar, though he congratulated Kate with some show of cordiality, in spite of the gruffness of his voice and the reproach in his eyes.

As for Simon, he overdid his part. His air of patronising condescension towards Mac enraged Kate; while to her his tone was so tinged with the recollection and insinuation of past favours, and wonder at her present incomprehensible choice, that Mac's eyes fairly blazed.

Even Dorcas thought that Simon behaved with inexcusable bad taste.

But now both Nat and Simon were away from home. Nat had taken a part of the substance that belonged to him and had gone into a "far country," for he was very miserable.

He could not spend the summer in Colesford, and perhaps meet Kate and her lover every day.

But he did not leave till he had seen the man who had won Kate away from him, and on the June Sunday when the lovers came to Broomhill together, he was at home. After he had congratulated Kate, he left them all sitting together in the cool drawing-room, and strolled away out of sight of the windows into the meadow.

He forgot the usual Sunday lump of sugar for his horse, and he left poor Spot chained in the yard.

He crossed the bridge over the brook and the stile over which he had lifted Kate many a time when she was a child, and he a sturdy schoolboy, and he threw himself down on the bank where they always looked for the first primroses.

He tried to reason with himself about his disappointment, but it was not much use. It did not seem fair that another man should have won her so easily. It was only a few months since he had gone to see her in her gloomy lodgings, and had pitied her loneliness. He remembered how she had brightened up as he talked to her, and how she had put his flowers in her dress. If he had feared anyone at all then, it had been Simon.

What could she see in this tall pale Scotchman?

"I'm hanged if I know!" said Nat to himself ruefully. "It can't be his looks, for you can't compare him with Simon; and he has no figure at all," glancing at his own long limbs, with the certainty that he was the better man of the two in this respect, at least. "If she wanted brains, I don't understand why Simon did not suit; he has the brains and the looks too."

But he knew well enough why Simon pleased neither Kate nor Kitty, though he did not care to own it even to himself.

So Nat went away from Broomhill. He joined a friend who was a naturalist, and was going to do some work in the Southern States of America. And Nat, who was ambitious—little as Kate would have thought it—worked with him, hoping some day to be able to show her that he was something better than a mere business man or an idle sportsman.

He made many friends in his wanderings, and some of them among the favoured ones of this life, though he took little heed to their worldly position in choosing them. But when he returned to England, there were houses open to him which would have been closed to Simon, save as *his* brother; and there were fairer and more attractive women than Kate, or even Kitty, ready to show him favour.

But in these hot August days, when Mrs. Thompson lay ill and Macdonald Dunbar was at Broomhill, Nat was far away in Florida, and Kate was murmuring at the perverse fate which was constantly separating her from her lover.

Since her engagement she had hardly seen Mac until now, and the summer holidays were to have brought her three weeks of unalloyed bliss in his society.

And now it had fallen to Kitty's lot to entertain him, even as she had been the first to welcome him on his arrival.

Poor Mac! It was disappointing for him, too. But in a few days Nelly would be home again, and then she would be more at liberty, even though they could not ask him to stay at the bank.

It was a pity, though, that Simon had returned just two days after Mac had gone to Broomhill.

Simon had never lost sight of his grudge against his cousin and Mr. Dunbar, which had arisen out of Kitty's provoking behaviour at Mrs. Wesley's party.

Now he had a good opportunity to pay it off.

Dorcas was much occupied with household affairs, and Kitty was entertainer-in-general. But Simon, instead of monopolising her, as he had tried to do at Easter, threw her and Mr. Dunbar together as much as possible, and even contrived that their names should be coupled together before visitors.

Kitty, it is true, saw through his tactics easily enough. But, secure herself, she never thought of any possible danger to Mac in her constant company and friendly manner—a manner intended to show Simon that even she, the charming Miss Armstrong, found Mr. Dunbar very good company. There was not a hint of patronising or protecting kindliness towards a shy Scotchman in it: and Mac found her altogether charming.

"But," said Kitty to herself one day, as she watched the two men playing tennis, "I would rather have Bob than either of them; he is a fine fellow. As for Simon——" she shrugged her shoulders expressively—"if he doesn't take heed to his ways he'll come to grief. I saw him yesterday down at the Home Farm with the dairymaid. She was crying, and I dare swear it is not the first time he has kissed her. And as for Mac, I should like to see father's face if I wanted to marry a bank clerk—as Kate is going to do; and yet I dare say he is as much a real gentleman as any of the fine soldiers with daddy in India."

> "Love can transpose to form and dignity;
> Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
> And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind."

But Kitty's meditations were interrupted by Bob, who came to ask her if she would drive into Colesford with him and Mac.

It was a lovely afternoon, and they decided to call at the bank, and bring Kate back with them. But at the last moment Bob was detained by Simon, and Mac drove Kitty into the town alone.

About five o'clock, Simon, whose business with Bob (though so pressing) did not seem to have taken long, strolled across the fields in the direction of Colesford.

Presently he saw Kate hurrying towards him, evidently on her way to Broomhill. He smiled, and waited by the stile that separated the field path from the high road till she came up.

Kate did not like Simon, and she did not want to stop and talk to him.

"Were you going to Broomhill?" he inquired, smiling, and holding out his hand.

"Yes," answered Kate shortly.

"Oh! I am not sure if Mr. Dunbar is in; but I will walk back with you and see."

"Don't trouble. I can wait and talk to Kitty."

"I am afraid Kitty is not in, either—though of course they *may* be back by now," he added slowly. "Indeed, they are almost sure to be, considering how early they started."

"Dorcas always has such a lot of shopping to do," said Kate, smiling.

"Dorcas is at home. I believe it was Kitty who wanted to shop, and so Mr. Dunbar offered to drive her in to Colesford," said Simon, with great apparent unwillingness.

"Oh!" said Kate blankly, "if they went to Colesford I shall be sure to miss them, because they will go to the bank for me."

Simon did not answer. He was listening, and as Kate looked towards the road a dog-cart turned the corner of the lane and flashed by them.

Mac was on the side nearer Kate, but he was bending over Kitty, who was smiling at him, and he did not see her.

So they had gone into Colesford quite early, and now they were returning without ever having been to the bank. They had spent all the afternoon in the town, and never once thought of her.

She gazed after them as long as they were in sight, unheeding the mocking eyes fixed upon her. She was recalled to herself by Simon, who, in a voice of mingled commiseration and sympathy, was taking leave of her, insinuating that she would rather be by herself.

Kate's eyes flashed. With a great effort she collected her forces, and smilingly asserted that she should be glad to have his company, as she was going to Broomhill too.

Simon raised his eyebrows, but said nothing. Kate laughed and talked, but about a quarter of a mile from the house she turned back. She sent excuses, and said that she must return home to write a letter to the principal that she had forgotten. No, she could not write it at Broomhill; she must enclose some papers that were at home.

So Simon went home alone.

"I don't think she saw you," he said to Mac as he gave Kate's message. "You see, she was—er—talking to me."

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

FRET AND JAR.

"Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after-hours give leisure to repent."

No one at the bank knew anything about Kate's hasty return from Broomhill. The manager had far too many anxieties himself to have leisure to notice his daughter's affairs.

The evening after Kate's fruitless walk, a bland, clean-shaven man was standing in Mr. Thompson's study, and the manager rose as if to dismiss him.

"Of course, settling-day can always be postponed," said the stockbroker slowly: "that is, if you choose to continue operations."

He waited a moment, but the manager stared out of the window, and said nothing.

"Surely you might make some temporary arrangement—a gentleman *in your position!*"

"A DOG-CART TURNED THE CORNER OF THE LANE AND FLASHED BY THEM."

"A note for you, sir," said the servant, entering.

Mr. Thompson's face changed slightly as he read it.

"Say I will attend to it. Stay—who brought it?"

"A little boy, sir."

Towards nine o'clock the same evening the manager entered the sitting-room over the confectioner's shop. Mrs. Gatti rose to meet him. He advanced irresolutely, and put out his hand.

"There is no need for that, James. I bear no malice; I dare say I have been as happy as you have, and" (with a little bitterness) "as much respected."

"What do you want with me, Sarah? I have risked everything by coming here. I hope you have some good reason for sending for me."

"You used not to think my reasons very good ones, but as this one concerns yourself, perhaps you will think better of it. I wish to warn you that there are some ugly rumours about."

"As to what?" said the manager, changing colour.

"About you. You are said to be short of money, and you are said to be speculating, and—you are a manager."

Mr. Thompson rose indignantly, but he was obliged to stay and listen. He had so complicated matters that he was not a free agent, and the truths that he heard that night were more plain than pleasant.

The shop was deserted as he passed through it on his way out, save for one customer, Simon Gray—the man of all others whom he least wished to see at that time and place.

Mr. Thompson could not repress a start as he rose and joined him. He would have been much more disturbed had he known that Simon had seen him enter the shop an hour before, and had determined to wait for him.

"The less you see of Simon Gray, the better: he has some scheme in his head for making mischief between your daughter and Mr. Dunbar," Mrs. Gatti had said to him.

And Simon gave point to the warning by his mock-respectful inquiries about Kate after her long and disappointing walk to Broomhill yesterday.

Simon did trouble to be specially diplomatic. He had no fear that he would be indignantly silenced and sent about his business. He was perfectly certain that the manager had some secret he wished to hide, and that it was connected with the Gattis. He had even gone the length of "sounding" Mrs. Gatti, after noticing Mr. Thompson's agitation on the occasion of their visit to the shop at Easter. But the stolid-looking woman seemed to know more about his family than the manager's when he catechised her.

He did not in the least disdain to play the part of amateur detective. He did not feel "sure" about Mr. Thompson, and being so spotlessly virtuous himself, he had, since his suspicions were first aroused, withdrawn the light of his countenance from Kate, and had ceased to pay her those attentions which he had formerly offered

He congratulated himself that he had begun the "letting down" process *before* her engagement was announced.

The manager, uncertain how much Simon knew or how much he merely suspected, was very uneasy, and could not dismiss, as unfounded, the idea that perhaps Mac might have been at least temporarily attracted by the fascinating and wealthy Miss Armstrong. Money was, no doubt, of consequence to him; it would be the truest kindness to Kate to see her safely married as soon as possible.

To add to his troubles, Bob appeared the next morning, and began to consult his father as to his plans, mentioning the capital which would be necessary to develop them.

The manager rose, and walked up and down the room in much agitation. Of all those on whom his scanty store of affection was bestowed, Bob had by far the largest and purest share.

Bob was a good lad; he had walked in the path marked out for him, and he had walked straight. He was but asking for what, a year previously, his father would have willingly given him.

Now he must tell him it was impossible—and the boy deserved it all, and more.

"I can't do it, Bob, not now. If you wait awhile, and things improve, we may manage it later," he said huskily, with a grey shadow coming over his face, as he recollected what might happen if things did not improve.

"How can things improve, father? Our income is fixed."

"You must know there are investments, Bob, which bring in something."

"*I wish there were no investments, father*," said Bob slowly.

But his father did not meet his eyes, and Bob returned to Broomhill sorely troubled.

Mr. Thompson made an excuse to see Mac the next day and sound him on his prospects, which had slightly improved since Easter.

It was probable, Mac told him, that on his return he would be appointed temporary manager of a branch in Scotland, and at Christmas he might be in a position to marry, or perhaps before.

Mr. Thompson looked keenly at him; he fancied he did not speak with the eagerness that had characterised him some months earlier.

"There are difficulties in the way of my daughter returning to finish her college course," said the manager stiffly; "and—er—as your prospects seem to be improving, I see no real reason why she should go on with it. I would rather see her happily married to a good man," he added, with the first touch of real feeling Mac had seen in him.

"It was her own wish to continue her work," said Mac, feeling annoyed.

"I know—I know," said the manager hastily. "I do not blame you in the least."

Mac flushed like a girl. Blame him? What an extraordinary way to speak! Had he shown any hesitation about marrying Kate? His pride was

roused. He played straight into the manager's hand.

"I am willing to marry your daughter as soon as she herself will allow, Mr. Thompson," he said haughtily.

The manager felt a movement of shame as he furtively met the young man's eyes. But he had set himself this task, and he meant to see it through.

"You were quite right to be prudent," he said; "but Kate is an eccentric girl, and there is no knowing where this educational fad may lead her. I should recommend you to—er—not to wait——"

"Am I to understand that we have your full permission to get married *at once?*" asked Mac, rising.

"Yes," answered the manager, after a moment's pause.

Mac bowed without a word, and went to find Kate.

"Poor Kate!—poor child!" he murmured. "This is her home—this man is her father!"

If he had met Kate then it might have been different for both of them.

> "For 'tis a question left us yet to prove
> Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love."

Kate was not at home, and Mac slowly wended his way back to Broomhill.

He would go to Kitty and tell her all his perplexities. He would ask her to join all her persuasions to his, and induce Kate to marry him at once. His pride was on fire at the thought that it could be said that he had held back.

Yet marriage seemed strangely different to him now that it was so near. What had become of all the romance that had surrounded it that day on Hampstead Heath, and during his first visit to Colesford?

Kitty was in the garden, beneath the old apple-tree. She looked away when she saw him coming, and put a letter in her pocket.

It was in a man's handwriting, and she had been crying.

Mac felt a sudden dislike for the writer of that letter. Why should Kitty cry about any man? and who was he?

"Miss Armstrong, you are in trouble—can I not help you? What is it?"

"No one can help me—not even you," said Kitty. "I have heard from India; he is no better. I am afraid of every mail that comes."

Mac did not answer, and she saw his puzzled look.

"It is father. He has been ill, and he gets better so slowly that I am afraid he will never get well at all," she said, the tears falling slowly as she spoke.

"Don't cry," said Mac hoarsely, looking at the tear-wet lashes and the sad mouth. "Kitty, don't cry. I can't bear to see you, my——"

He stopped suddenly.

What had he been going to say? Why was it so dreadful to see Kitty in tears?—Kitty, who seemed the incarnation of laughter—Kitty, who could not be thought of at the same time with melancholy?

He sprang up and walked away.

He could not ask about Kate—not now. He could think about nothing but Kitty's tears. Some other time, when she was not in trouble, he would ask her to help him. Was everyone to suffer? he wondered. These holidays, that were to have been so happy, seemed full of fret and jar.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

"SHALL WE GET MARRIED?"

> "Amen, if you love her,
> For the lady is very well worthy."

MR. THOMPSON'S labours for the day were not yet over, and Kate was sent for into the study that same afternoon.

He knew she had not seen Mac, and thought it would be better to prepare the way for him. As he said, there was no knowing to what lengths her educational fads might lead her.

"Well, Kate," he said, trying to appear quite at ease, "I have been talking to this gay lover of yours, and what do you think he proposes all at once? He wants to marry you out of hand! No more college, and hard books, and tiresome children—but trousseaux and fandangles."

Kate looked at her father in astonishment. His gay mood struck her as even more disagreeable than his usual peevishness.

Poor girl! she had never learnt to love him, and now she began to distrust him. There was more behind this than appeared. What if it were something which would injure Mac through her? She resolved to get to the bottom of it before she pledged herself.

"But, father, I must go back to college: that was settled long ago. I shall be glad of my certificate some day, perhaps; for we shall not be rich, and who can tell what may happen?"

Her father turned away his head. Who could tell what might happen? *Therefore* must he see her married, if possible.

"I cannot afford to send you back to college for another year, Kate. There is no reason why I should, as you will never need to teach now."

"Father," said Kate, trembling at his tone, "you don't mean it!"

"Don't be tragic, Kate," he answered irritably. "Surely it is no great hardship to get married a few months earlier than you expected."

He thought of Simon; suppose his insinuations should be true?

"You had better marry Mr. Dunbar while he is willing," he said at last, roughly.

It was long before he forgot the look of indignation in his daughter's eyes as she left him.

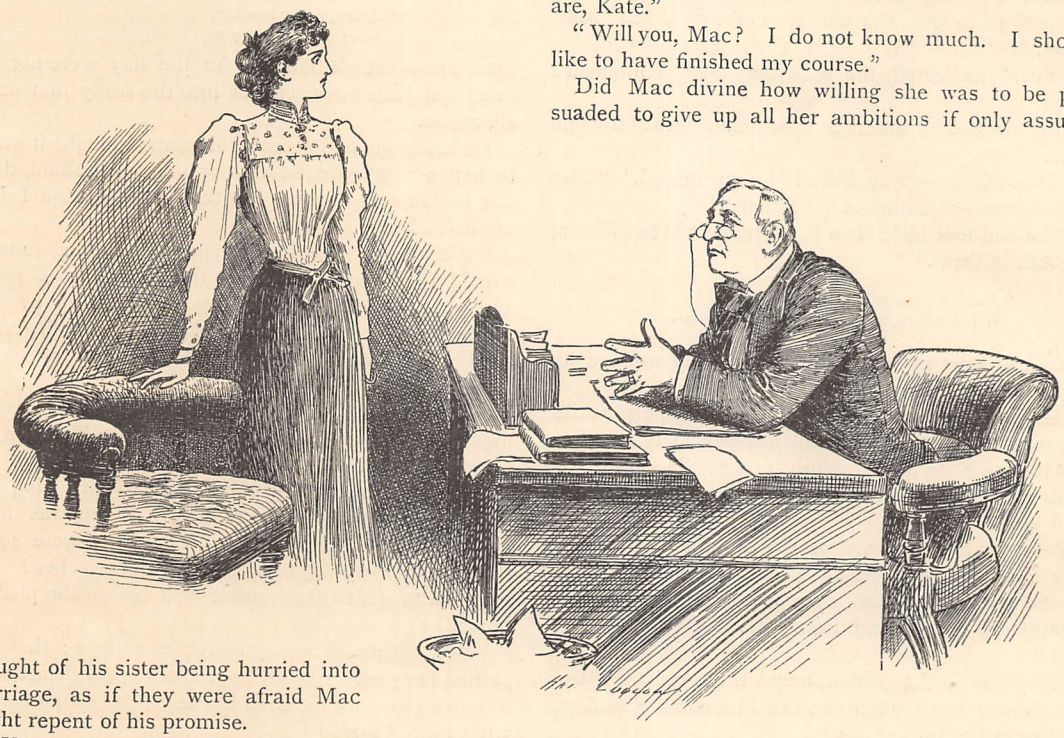
Kate went straight over to Broomhill to see Bob. She thought of Simon's meaning looks and tones only two days before, as she had walked across these same fields. Oh! how she repented that she had doubted

Mac for a moment, and that she had perhaps let Simon see it. Her father's cruel words had only kindled her indignation. She felt surer of Mac than before they were uttered.

"What am I to do, Bob?" she asked. "I must go back to college; and besides," she said, colouring, "how can *I* speak to Mac? He has never told me he does not want me to go on with my work."

Bob thought a moment. Personally, he would much rather see Kate married than working in London, and if his father would not send her back to college, what was there to wait for? And yet he did not like the thought of his sister being hurried into marriage, as if they were afraid Mac might repent of his promise.

"You must see Mac, Kate; he was asking for you this morning. He will be sure to speak to you about it if —if he *did* say that to father."



"'DON'T BE TRAGIC, KATE,' HE ANSWERED IRRITABLY" (*p.* 855).

The brother and sister looked at each other; they had begun to doubt everything now.

And Mac found Kate under the old apple-tree where Kitty had cried the day before, and he had tried to comfort her. He wished Kate had chosen any other seat.

"Come into the field," he said; and they went down to the primrose bank where Nat had lain thinking of their happiness.

They were a long time silent—Kate, wondering if Mac would say anything, after all; he, wondering how he should begin.

"Kate," he said suddenly, at last, "shall we get married?"

He did not smile—he did not look at her; he was staring straight before him.

Kate coloured.

"Mac," she said, with gentle dignity, "don't joke about—that; it isn't like you."

"Kate, dear heart," he said, moved to greater earnestness by the love in her reproachful eyes, "I am not joking. I have been speaking to your father, and we agreed that the best thing would be for you to stay at home now and get your things, and be ready for me when I come back from Scotland in a couple of months."

"But, Mac, think: my certificate! I must go back to college."

"Why, child, why? I don't want a little professor for my wife. I shall be very content with you as you are, Kate."

"Will you, Mac? I do not know much. I should like to have finished my course."

Did Mac divine how willing she was to be persuaded to give up all her ambitions if only assured that *he* wanted her, and could not wait any longer. Had he taken her in his arms and kissed away all her objections, she would have consented proudly to all he asked. An argument is a very poor instrument with which to touch a woman's heart.

"But, dear," returned Mac patiently—too patiently, "there is really no need for you to return to college. We talked it over this morning, and your father waived his objections to our marriage."

The mention of her father revived all Kate's uneasiness. What Mac wished was one thing, but it was quite another to be guided by her father in this.

"Is that anything to look sad about, Kate?" he said, smiling.

Kate looked at him anxiously.

"Mac," she said, "when did you speak to father?

Why did you not come to me first, and tell me you did not want me to go back to college?"

"I did not know till this morning, dear, that he did not wish you to return, so how could I?"

"It was *you* did not wish me to return?"

"I agreed with him, of course," said Mac clumsily, not understanding what she meant. "If we can be married sooner than I——"

Kate sprang up, and looked at him with a face full of pain and shame.

"Father!" she cried despairingly. "Oh, Mac! Mac! what shall I do? I see it all now. He has *offered* me to you—before you asked him—*before you were ready!*"

She threw herself down on the grass and burst into a wild fit of weeping, as if she would wash away the shame which had been put upon her.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

GOOD-BYE! GOOD-BYE!

"They say best men are moulded out of faults."

It was the beginning of November. A drizzling mist filled the air with chilling moisture. The streets were liquid with mud, the paths slippery with slime, which stuck like paste to one's boots, and hardened into a cold crust about one's feet.

Kate was wet, dirty, tired: three conditions which can comprise a good deal of misery even to those blessed with normally good spirits.

But Kate was not in good spirits. Letters from home spoke of a shadow that seemed to hang over the house. Money was scarcer than ever, her father's temper more uncertain, her mother's health more feeble, Nelly's path more thorny than before.

And Mac was going away for three months at least, perhaps longer. It was her own fault that her marriage was postponed, against the advice of both Kitty and Bob. Kitty had used all her power of persuasion to make Kate consent to an early marriage, but she had obstinately refused to listen to her. Kate could not argue about it, but some instinct bade her wait.

"I wonder if I had married him then," she used to say to herself in after-years, "how it would all have turned out?"

Kate had returned to college in October. The money had been found—she did not ask how. It was not always easy to believe that the necessary expenses could not be afforded when unnecessary ones were so often incurred.

Perhaps she would not have gone back so cheerfully had she known that her fees were paid by the stout common-looking woman in the confectioner's shop.

Mac was disappointed at the delay in his marriage, even while he felt relieved. The appointment he expected had at length been bestowed, and to-morrow he was to start for Scotland, so unless Kate was able to visit his family at Christmas, as he hoped, he would not see her again till the following spring.

Their marriage was to take place in August, a few weeks after Kate had finished the course upon which her heart was set.

And on this cold and miserable November day Kate trudged across Regent's Park, in search of the Zoological Gardens. Of course she entered at the wrong gate, and for all puzzling places, and those calculated to make one lose one's temper, commend me to Regent's Park. At last she met a good Samaritan in the shape of an errand-boy, who volunteered to show her the way.

To-morrow it was her turn to give a criticism lesson, so she stood wearily in the mud and wet, trying to study the habits of the camel, or rather his appearance, which was miserable in the extreme as he stood half in, half out, of his house, a disgusted and contemptuous expression on his face, with which Kate could fully sympathise. The Desert of Sahara must surely be preferable to this cold drizzle.

Feeling that such devotion to the cause of education in such a climate was nothing short of heroic, Kate slowly made her way back to Oxford Circus. As she crossed over to take a Bayswater omnibus, she saw two people in front of her.

They were Mac and Kitty.

Kitty was laughing and looking up at Mac; he was laden with her drawing paraphernalia, and was holding an umbrella over her.

Kate felt colder and more tired than before.

They did not see her, and she slowly followed them along Oxford Street all the way to the Marble Arch, where she had to turn off to Harleigh Gardens.

It was not likely they would see her; Kate knew that perfectly well. Yet she felt not less annoyed than if their neglect had been intentional.

"Why, here is Kate, after all," said Kitty, as Kate came up with them. "I thought you safe, and warm, and dry in the dining-room, eating my share of the tea-cake."

"I thought you were going away to-night, Mac?" said Kate, as she gave him her hand.

"So I am, by the midnight train," he answered.

Then what was he doing with Kitty in Oxford Street at the hour when he was usually at the bank? thought Kate.

They stopped at the door of the boarding-house, and Kitty pulled out her key, looking at Kate significantly as she did so.

Kate could not speak. She felt too miserable to invite him in, and to join in the fuss and laughter with which Mrs. Wesley would welcome them both.

Mac stood expectant.

"Good-bye," said Kate. "You must send me the new address."

"Good-bye," said Mac, turning from her, and offering his hand to Kitty with eyes so full of pain that she felt indignant with Kate for her coldness.

Kate watched him as he walked slowly away, then she thought of the months that must pass before she would see him again, and she felt that she could not let him go in the cold and rain like that.

She ran after him to the corner of the Gardens.

"Mac, Mac!" she cried, "come back, do! Don't go like that. I was horrid to you, Mac; do come in and have some tea."

Mac took both her hands, and looked at her pale face and sorrowful eyes. He would not see her again till the time was drawing near for their marriage; he could not leave her like this.

"I will come, dear," he said gently, trying to ignore what had passed. "I am sure there will be tea enough for me."

And Kate would fain have besought him to tell her what it was that had come between them; but they were in the street, and she must command her face and hold up her head, and go in and face the roomful of girls and Mrs. Wesley's painful jokes.

As they entered Kitty blushed, wondering if she had unwittingly caused trouble between them. Kate saw the blush and misconstrued it—as was, perhaps, only natural. But, alas! Mac was no wiser, and the shadow between him and Kate deepened and darkened.

So much harm may an innocent blush work.

With much tact Kitty began giving a humorous account of Mac's appearance at the National Gallery, and of how she had pressed him into her service to carry her painting things and umbrella, so that she could look after her dress: for if there was one thing more than another which made her feel in an unchristian frame of mind, it was getting her dress bedraggled.

Then she took him to task for his extravagance in going on students' day, and paying sixpence.

Mac protested that this was his last day, and he wanted to pass away a few hours till "someone else" was free.

"Were you coming to see me, Mac?" asked Kate, thinking she had built up a tragedy out of very scanty materials.

"Yes," answered Mac, "but I did not think I should find you till after five o'clock. I wish I had known you were free earlier."

"I wish you had," she said, smiling at him for the first time.

Mrs. Wesley hospitably pressed him to stay to dinner, but Kate was not eager for him to accept the invitation. She would be obliged to work all the evening; had she not a criticism lesson to give to-morrow?

What is a lover compared with a criticism lesson?

And what excuse for neglected work is it to the principal of a training college to say you are tired and sick at heart, and that your lover has gone away?

They had a moment in private before the dressing-bell rang, and Mac kissed her remorsefully.

"Good-bye," he said unsteadily. "Good-bye, Kate!"

It was the last time he ever kissed her.

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

MISSING.

"The world is full of rubs."

CHRISTMAS came and went, but Kate did not go to Scotland. Mrs. Thompson was ill again, and Kate had to help Nelly with the nursing. True, Mac would only have had a few days with her, but she would have seen Maggie and his home. The Thompsons had all been charmed with Maggie during the time she spent at Colesford in the previous summer, and even Simon had not disdained to pay her some of the attentions that were despised by Kitty and wasted on Kate.

Maggie had left college in the summer, and Kate missed her sorely, though her bright letters, detailing her experiences as a teacher, were some consolation for her absence.

"Mac came here on Monday for a few days," she wrote during the spring term, "and his first remark was, 'Hello! you do look seedy!' and I cannot but admit I do. A smile requires a distinct muscular effort, and when I grin ferociously at my children I can positively feel the skin going into crinkles. I expect you will laugh at this point, but remember that I require sympathy. Take care of yourself, Kate; remember you are too precious to be wasted. Easter will soon be here, and you will have to submit to a rigid inspection as to your looks, and if they are not blooming I think they may well form 'a just cause and impediment' for the postponing of that important day in August."

Kate smiled and blushed as she read this letter one brilliant April day. It was the Saturday before Easter. She had been out with some friends, and had donned her new spring dress and pinned a bunch of primroses into it. The sun shone into the pleasant study as she sat by the open window reading Maggie's letter, and her thoughts flew to Mac and the cold November day on which she had last seen him.

"What a goose I was!" she said, smiling. "How could I be so silly? Mac, *my* Mac, to think of anyone but me!"

"He is simply the rarest man i' the world!" she repeated to herself, thinking of the words she had kissed in her birthday book the day they were engaged. "It was a kiss stolen from him," she murmured, blushing.

Six o'clock; the dressing-bell rang. She sprang up, and tried to bring her thoughts back to the usual Saturday evening routine.

"Ah! you've had a Scotch letter, I can see," said Mrs. Wesley, smiling at her as she came in to dinner.

At eight o'clock Kate sat down to write to Mac. How she pitied the other girls who had no lover to whom to write.

"My own dear Mac——" she began.

Then the servant came in with a telegram.

"*Come home by the next train. Mother is ill!*"

Poor mother! Poor, pretty mother, whose careless ways had so often fretted her daughters! What had not her life been with an irritable, captious man like father? Well for her that she was slow of feeling and not too sensitive. Yet he, too, perhaps had loved as other men—once. Was it possible that Mac could change like that? There was but one answer—

"Impossible!"

At half-past ten Kate reached Colesford. There was

no one from home to meet her. She felt sure her mother must be worse.

"Miss Thompson, I think?" said a pleasant voice behind her, and Kate, turning, saw a young fellow of unmistakably foreign appearance.

"What a handsome boy!" she thought, as she glanced at him.

"Can I be of any use to you? Your brother Bob could not come; he asked me to look after you, as I had to come down to the station."

"Do you know Bob?" asked Kate, wondering who he was, but not liking to ask point-blank.

"Yes," he said, hesitatingly, "I know him, a little."

To her surprise, he followed her into the cab, and on their arrival hurried her up the steps without a moment's delay.

The door was opened before she had time to ring, and Bob drew her in without speaking.

"Where is Adrian?" he asked, peering out into the darkness.

"Adrian?" repeated Kate. "Someone met me; is he 'Adrian'? He is outside, paying the man."

Bob left her standing there, and ran down the steps.

Kate watched him exchange a few words with her escort and shake his hand warmly. The young man raised his hat and walked away.

A dim light burnt in the hall, and after the roar of the train the silence seemed ghostly.

Bob looked white and worried, and Kate was afraid to ask him any questions. She waited till he had warmed her cocoa at the fire, and she had begun her supper.

"How is mother?" she asked in a low voice.

"Mother?" said Bob, with a note of surprise in his voice. "Oh, as well as could be expected. Better than this morning."

"But, Bob, you telegraphed me to come because mother was ill."

"Did I?" said Bob. "I forgot what I wrote," he answered wearily.

"But, Bob," repeated Kate, in dismay, "what is the matter? Where are Nelly and father?"

"I'll tell Nelly you've come," said Bob, glancing at her unfinished supper. "She may as well eat it first; she won't eat much afterwards," he said to himself as he went to Nelly's room.

"Kate has come, Nelly, but you are not to come down. You are tired out—and you can do no good talking it over."

"You look far worse, Bob," said Nelly, with the tears standing in her eyes. "It is hard that you should have to tell everyone."

"Did you see father to-day, Kate?" asked Bob, coming softly back into the dining-room and shutting the door.

"Father?" exclaimed Kate. "Of course not! How should I? Was he up in town to-day?"

"He said he was coming to see you, very likely," answered Bob, without looking at her.

"Did he? Don't you expect him home to-night?"

"I never expect him home again!" said Bob slowly.

"Bob," cried Kate, "what is it? Where is he?"

"I wish I knew, Kate," he said, looking straight at her with miserable eyes.

"Has there been an accident—is that what you meant about mother? Has anything *happened* to him?"

"I wish it had—that kind of something!" said Bob despairingly. "He will never come back any more, Kate—*unless he is brought!*"

The brother and sister sat looking at each other, Kate with unwilling comprehension in her eyes.

"It is not—*that*—Bob," she said, shivering; "he has not—run away? *Why*, Bob, why?" she said, reading confirmation in his face. "It is not something bad—disgraceful?"

"There are seven thousand pounds of the bank money missing," said Bob, turning away his head.

"Hush!" cried Kate, with a terrified face, holding up her hand. "Oh, what *are* you saying? You may be mistaken. How do *you* know?"

"Mr. Gray called me into his study this morning, and told me the house was being watched, as they 'had reason to believe something was wrong.' He warned me that if father went he would be followed and brought back. When I got home *he was gone*. They must have followed him. I can't think how they missed him."

"*Mr. Gray* told you? Oh, Bob! will they all know—Kitty, and Nat, and—and—that Simon?"

"Why not? There is a man watching the house: that is why I did not come to meet you; they would have followed me, and I could not bear any more to-day. By Monday," he said, with a bitter laugh, "we shall have got used to it."

"Will everyone know?" asked Kate, growing paler as the thought of what it all really meant came home to her.

"On Monday they will get out a Special Edition of the 'News,' with a full, true, and particular account of it. They will cry it in the streets, and you will see the people look up at the house as they pass. Then they will call 'to inquire' for Mrs. Thompson, and the servants will give warning. Next, they will put a bailiff in. There may also be a run on the bank: Mr. Gray thought so; and we shall hear the people shouting and cursing *him* outside because they cannot get their money."

Bob went through this as if he knew it by heart. As hour after hour went by, and his father did not return, he had tried to realise the worst.

"Oh!" cried Kate, misery striving with impatience in her voice, "tell it me all, can't you? I can't bear it in bits like this! Where is it all to end—if he is caught, or not caught? Do they take all this?" she said, looking round the room: "all our money? What is to become of us?"

She paused a moment as if to take it all in, then she went on—

"There are four of us, with mother, *and we none of*

"MAC KISSED HER REMORSEFULLY" (*p.* 858).

us earn a penny! What happens to people then, Bob? Do they go to the workhouse?"

She laughed.

"Fancy Nelly and me in uniform!"

"Shut up, Kate!" said Bob gruffly, his voice breaking. "I've had about enough for one day. Go to bed. We can do *nothing* till we know what the directors will do."

"*Is* mother ill?" asked Kate, her thoughts turning another way.

"Enough to put on the telegram," said Bob ruefully.

Kate rose slowly, and Bob began to lock up. He spoke once more when the light was out, referring to her words about no one earning anything. They had hurt him.

"I know I don't earn anything yet, Kate; but Mr. Gray will give me a character, I dare say," he said bitterly. "You will have to work now, too."

"Oh, Bob, I will! I will do all I can; but now I shall lose my certificate, and after two years' work——"

"You must finish somehow, Kate; it is only a few weeks, and—you will earn more," he said, beginning to realise that the grinding considerations of pounds, shillings, and pence leave little room for those of sentiment.

Kate did not answer.

"You had better marry Mr. Dunbar while he is willing," her father had said.

Had he planned this, even *then?* If, thought Kate, with indignation, he could endure the thought of such a crime during all these months, he would not suffer much when condemned. No; it was they who would suffer for his sin.

The moon stole out from under a cloud, and peered down over the top of the closed shutters at Kate's white face and indignant eyes.

"Bob," she said in a low voice, "did you ever *love* him?"

"You don't ask that about a dead man, Kate," he said, turning away.

"Dead?" echoed Kate.

"You will never see him again—of his own free will. If he is brought back—he is an old man, Kate: fifty-five. Do you suppose he will live *fifteen years*, living *that* life?"

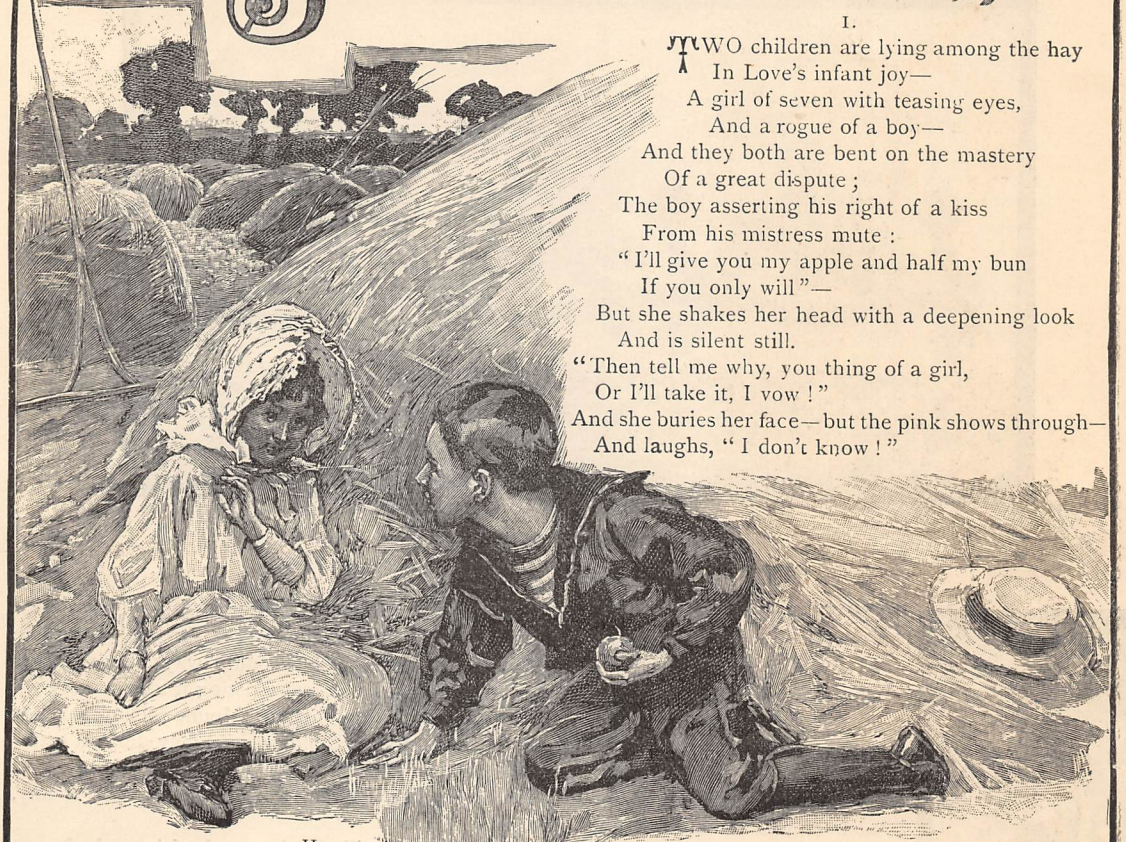
Kate turned away. The indignation had not died out of her eyes.

"How could he, oh! how could he?" she said to herself, as she paced up and down her room. He had not only been wicked, he had been a fool. What good could he have hoped from it? It was so unnecessary. What was poverty compared with this? And poverty had never stood face to face with them till now.

Kate went to the window and looked out. The moon was slowly rising behind the old church tower. The great clock chimed the hour as she stood watching, and as the last stroke of twelve struck she turned away, conscious only of one thing: that the world was divided into two great classes—those who suffer and those who do not. She had not known that she belonged to the latter class until she had found herself among the former.

END OF CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

The Soul's Vowed Kiss.



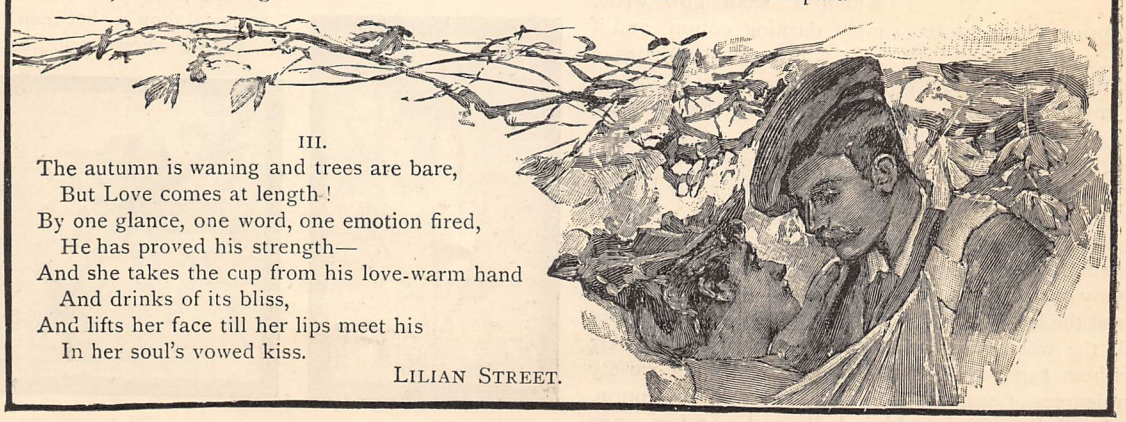
I.

TWO children are lying among the hay
In Love's infant joy—
A girl of seven with teasing eyes,
And a rogue of a boy—
And they both are bent on the mastery
Of a great dispute;
The boy asserting his right of a kiss
From his mistress mute:
"I'll give you my apple and half my bun
If you only will"—
But she shakes her head with a deepening look
And is silent still.
"Then tell me why, you thing of a girl,
Or I'll take it, I vow!"
And she buries her face—but the pink shows through—
And laughs, "I don't know!"

II.

The maiden has grown a woman wise,
And she speaks at last:
"The kiss I bestow shall arrest my soul,
And enslave it fast
In a love that shall lift me above myself
To its own large height;
And the love shall be gentle, though fierce in its strength
And sweet in its might."

The years pass by, and the kiss is still hid
In the woman's soul—
A part was once given when Love half-stooped,
But never the whole—
And she moves along in her shadow'd way
With her hungry heart;
And nobody thinks when they hear her mirth
How she lives apart.



III.

The autumn is waning and trees are bare,
But Love comes at length!
By one glance, one word, one emotion fired,
He has proved his strength—
And she takes the cup from his love-warm hand
And drinks of its bliss,
And lifts her face till her lips meet his
In her soul's vowed kiss.

LILIAN STREET.

REPRISÉ EMBROIDERY.

A BORDER FOR A TEA-CLOTH.

FIG. 1.

REPRISÉ EMBROIDERY is not as much known as it deserves to be, for it is extremely simple to execute, inexpensive as to materials, and effective when completed.

It is eminently suited for such things as do not get much friction, for the stitches being in the larger patterns very long, the work would not bear very much wear and tear.

There is the fine reprisé work and there is the coarse, the latter being the one of which I shall now write. Reprisé cotton means simply darning cotton, and if you get the good D.M.C., in which many varieties of colours can be had, it will wash very well; at least, very many colours do, some much better than others. If you wish to test the dye, you can do so before beginning the work. This can be done by loosening the ball or skein, and after you have poured boiling water upon it, leaving it to soak for about a quarter of an hour, and then soaping and rubbing the cotton lightly, and rinsing it out thoroughly in as many changes of cold water as you see is necessary until the latter is quite colourless. Then squeeze out all the water you can, and let the cotton dry quickly without exposing it to the sun. You can get variety in degrees of coarseness, in white and coloured cotton.

Reprisé cotton is sold in balls, costing a few pence each, and as you take it up in your fingers you notice that the strand is made up of four threads woven like filoselle. In working, you should always cut and never break the cotton, and avoid twisting it as you work.

As for stitches, though some Mount Mellick stitches may be used, the embroidery is chiefly done in satin-stitch, oblique and straight, some long stitches just taken like spikes, French knots, and but few, if any, others.

In Fig. 1 you will see how a leaf is worked, care being taken to make all your stitches in an oblique direction. There is no law to prevent your doing them straight across, only the result is not so pretty. Take care to have the edges of the leaf quite clear, and with no careless stitches making uneven dog-toothing, as they say in architecture. Begin from the point and work up, taking care to let the stitches lie closely side by side, no part of the material showing between.

Fig. 2 shows another

FIG. 2.

FIG. 3.

FIG. 4.

kind of leaf, which you work best if you begin from the point, and work also obliquely towards the stem. When finished, run a line of stem-stitch up it to form a vein.

Fig. 3 is a small flower worked in yellow and black. The outline is in stem-stitch, and the small leaf at the stalk is in satin-stitch, which done straight forms the centre of the flower, some long stitches projecting from it.

Fig. 4 is also done in yellow and black, the oval being in satin-stitch and the first long stitches of the

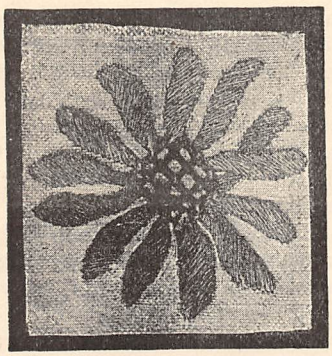


FIG. 5.

outer border done V fashion, the corners being either doubled or the stitches taken twice over.

Fig. 5 is a handsome round, the lattice-like centre being black, and where the long threads cross having a small yellow stitch to fasten them down. The leaves from the middle are done in yellow satin-stitch. This design, which, like all these, can be had in transfer patterns, would do very well for the section of a bed-spread, and the other sprays would also serve the same purpose well. Many people shirk the thought of a bed-spread, or *couvre pied*, because a very large piece of work is unwieldy to hold, and is not so convenient for taking up in the odd moments, when so much can be accomplished if the opportunity is seized. Now, if you were to cut out some squares and stamp them in varied designs you could have a few of them by you and embroider them very easily. Then when completed you should sew them firmly together and work a thick rope-stitch or herring-bone or coral-stitch in some colour that goes well with the work, over the joins.

FIG. 6.

Before proceeding further, I must remind the worker that this embroidery is best done upon some thick material, as it is somewhat heavy in itself. And if you use bright colours, always select a cream or greyish stuff, never a dead white. Dead white does very well for shades of light blue or light pink, but not for yellow or any hard colours. Thick brown holland is a very good foundation for the work, and what is called *toile grosse* is also excellent.

Fig. 6 is a little flower, the petals of which are worked in straight satin-stitch, the leaves in oblique

SPRAY IN THREE SHADES OF BLUE.

SPECIMEN OF FINER WORK.

satin-stitch, and the French knots are done in black to contrast well with the yellow. Of course you can choose any colours you like; this sharp contrast is merely done here for greater clearness in reproduction by way of illustration.

Our first large illustration is an extremely effective border which would do well for a tea-cloth, and which is worked in three shades of red. The darkest shade is used for the stem, the next lighter for the balls, and the lightest for the five-sectioned leaf.

The skein is worked in satin-stitch, and here, as in all reprisé work, you never pad. In spite of this fact, the cotton is so handsome in itself that when neatly worked the embroidery has always an appearance of being in relief. The leaves are worked in oblique satin-stitch, all the stitches, of course, going in the same direction, sloping from left to right. Do not do one part of the leaf from left to right and another the reverse. In the centre piece of work the stitches must slope the same way. A small torchon lace finishes off this border which, besides being useful for a tea-cloth, would serve equally well for a sideboard cloth, etc.

On page 863 is shown a big spray worked in three shades of blue; some of the leaves being worked only at the edge, and the petals of the flower in the same way. Please note that it is not what is called in crewel-work "long and short" stitches, as that does not answer at all well in reprisé cotton. There is some stem-stitch used, and the bars across some parts of bud and flower are but one single stitch.

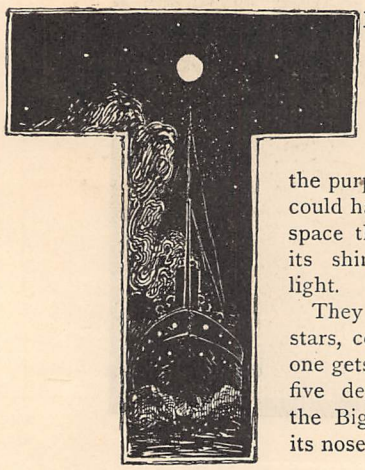
Much finer work can be done with reprisé cotton by splitting it and using two threads only, as shown on this page. There is feather-stitching down the dark leaves, and the light one is done simply by letting some loop-stitches radiate from it. Loop-stitch is formed by making a stitch as if for a chain, and then fastening it down at the end, the stitch itself being often the eighth of an inch in size.

This work has the advantage of being executed with great rapidity, and in these days of high-pressure that is an advantage. If you have taste, you can get any amount of variety in it. Butcher's blue linen embroidered in white would look very well; turkey or cardinal red with no shading on *toile grosse;* delicate hues of pink on cream or white. Remember that if you have half-a-dozen shades of colour you never shade a leaf or flower. Work different parts in different shades of the colour, but, for example, in a leaf never use more shades than one, save for the vein.

Crewel needles are the best to work with.

IN THE BAY.

BY C. J. CUTCLIFFE HYNE, AUTHOR OF "THE NEW EDEN," ETC.



THE night overhead was brilliant. The moon was a day off her full, and the stars clouded the purple above till one could hardly pick a hand-space that did not carry its shimmering dot of light.

They were not British stars, certainly; for when one gets down into forty-five degrees of latitude the Big Bear has either its nose or its tail in the water, and a whole host of alien stars have climbed up from the southward. But they are bright stars for all that, and if the moon is turned on at her ordinary power the general effect is much the same as we get in our sulky, foggy, incomparable Islands further north—only different.

The sea around was not like a sheet of glass. I don't think the Bay ever aspires to that acmé of flatness. But the long, low, oily swell was so slight that the big P. and O. steamer scarcely deigned to notice it, and ran on through the smooth water, hissing as though her stem were made of red-hot iron, and raising on either bow exactly equal slices of emerald and diamond, that never changed position and never altered their shapes.

Close at hand were the bright, white mast-head light, the cold, green starboard lamp, and the scores

of yellow portholes of another passenger boat going north ; and further out was the dim hot glow of a sailing vessel's port lamp, heading, like ourselves, towards the south.

"And this," said Clavell, with some contempt, "this is the Bay of Biscay?"

"I believe so," said the doctor. "One doesn't like to appear on too intimate terms with bad characters, or I'd claim the acquaintanceship more definitely. Truth to tell, though, the Bay's treated me personally very well. This is my fourth time across, and I haven't seen any really dirty weather here yet ; though, on the other hand, I must own I've never seen such a flat calm as we've got to-night. Of course, we aren't out of the wood yet. We're somewhere abreast of Bordeaux, and it's quite on the cards that we smell a blow before we make Finisterre. When the man who supplies the winds gets an order to turn on his bellows in this direction, he's usually pretty prompt to obey the order."

"Look at that sky, and those stars, and that sea," said Clavell (who was taking his first foreign trip, and so naturally spoke without hesitation). "D'ye mean to tell me they promise wind? Not much. This Bay's a lot over-rated. It might have been a tough bit in the old days of sails and lubberly wooden ships, but then we've done with all that now, and I say it's rot to keep up the tradition. There's no place a steamer can't go now."

Another voice chimed in—

"No, not if she's properly manned and loaded, and engined and found generally, and if she's a sound ship, and if she manages to keep the sea and not lose her reckoning and get piled up ; and then if she isn't pulled by any other handicap, there are very few bits of dirty weather she can't live through. But you see, Mr. Authority, all vessels don't come up to that standard."

Clavell turned and saw the second officer—an older man than P. and O. second officers are usually wont to be. He reddened a trifle, and said, rather stiffly—

"I was referring to steamers, and not sailing ships."

"Bless your life!" was the ready answer, "so was I. A broken-down steamer's ten score times worse than the most broken-down sailing tramp that ever carried away all she's got. Why, with one of these big iron coal-scuttles, what can you do if her engines go smash? Trust to luck in getting picked up for a tow, or else start open-boat cruising. She carries no canvas, and you can't exactly rig sweeps and row her into port."

Clavell turned on his heel angrily and went away.

"That," continued the second officer, looking after his retreating figure, "is just the brand of cocksure young ass that riles me. He thinks because this"—he gave the deck-planks a thump with his foot—"is as fine a vessel as can be built, and that"—he nodded contemptuously towards the calm waters of the Bay—"is like oil, that all steamers are first-class and all seas never have more than a popple of waves on 'em. I'm not in the habit of wishing men ill, but I should just like him to have a sufficient towelling on this piece of water to knock the nonsense out of him. He'd sing another tune if it came on dusty here, and go home and tell his folks that he'd been out in the biggest gale the captain ever knew in fifty years' experience, and it was quite an outside chance that they ever had the felicity of seeing him again. I honestly believe that, bar China seas in a big typhoon, and a bad blow off S.W. Australia, the Bay can be the ugliest bit of water in all the wide world ; and I ought to know. I've been out here in the hardest blow I ever knew, on a tramp steamer, timber-laden, with cargo shifted and everything gone that could go."

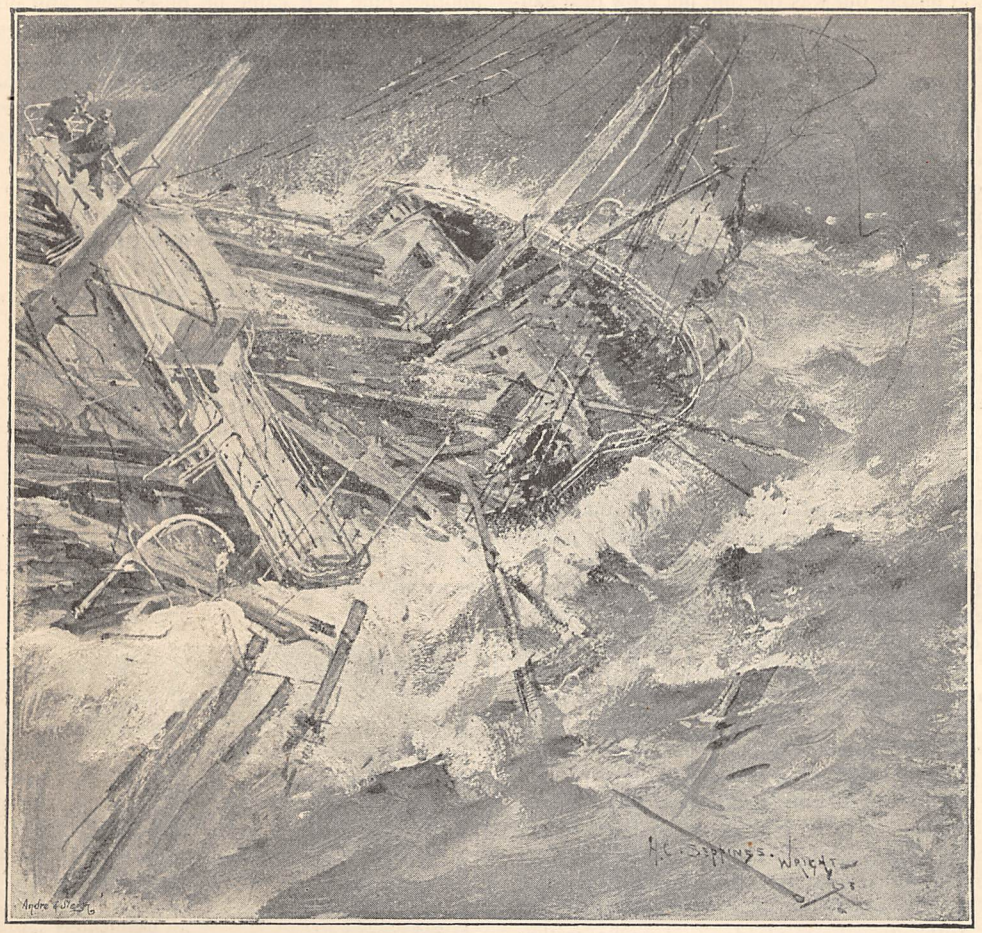
"In your younger days?" inquired the doctor.

"No, not six years ago. I was skipper of her, too."

"Let's hear," suggested the doctor.

"It was out of the Tyne, and curiously enough the girl that's now my wife got me the berth. Ye see, I'd just got my master's certificate, and was very keen on getting a command. I could have had a lot of mates' billets, on good lines too, but I stuck out for shipping as captain, and stuck out till I was through my cash and pretty near on my beam-ends. Ye see I was engaged and wanted to get married, but my girl's father wouldn't hear of our being spliced till I'd got

"'ALL VESSELS DON'T COME UP TO THAT STANDARD.'"



"IT WAS WORSE WHILST IT LASTED."

my own ship. And the long and the short of it was, Janet worked the oracle amongst some of her father's friends, and I got the offer of the *Caradoc*. Well, I was a bit startled at first, for I knew her by reputation, or rather the want of it; but when I heard how the offer had been come at, I just swallowed my qualms and signed on. Besides, as I say, I was about on my beam-ends in the money line, and wasn't inclined to stick at trifles.

"She had her cargo aboard—coals—and everything was ready to start. All I'd got to do was to kiss my girl good-bye, put my duds below, and get my clearance. And that I did, dropping my pilot outside the pier-head at Tynemouth, and started off on my tramping cruise.

"'You've got a year before you, captain,' said the managing owner, 'and we give you a free hand. Just tramp round anywhere you can pick up cargo at decent freight price. You do well by us this trip, and we'll do well by you. You shall have a better ship next time.'

"'That'll be needed,' thought I; 'for this old rattle-trap won't last any longer. The Lord grant she only holds out as long!' But I didn't say that. I just mumbled out the ordinary civilities, and went off to my duty.

"The North Sea let us down pretty easy, and I got her up the Christiania fjord, and struck the coals out of her in the harbour without much trouble. But freights were going a-begging there, and I couldn't get a cargo at any price worth looking at; so I chucked that notion, and ran down through the Cattegut and the Sound and up into the Gulf of Bothnia, and loaded down with timber.

"My aunt Jemima! and I did load, too—decks piled ten feet high, bang up to the level of the bridge! But freights ran high, and as I'd got a charter round to Palma in Majorca, I couldn't afford to do less. Naturally the men grumbled, all hands of 'em, fore and aft, stokers and stewards and mates included; but I told 'em I was risking my skin just as much as they were risking theirs, and they'd just have to lump it. They couldn't expect to draw big pay for nothing.

"Of course, it would have been dangersome to have

toted the old tramp with a cargo like that into an English port. We should have had the Plimsoll gang photographing us in dock, Board of Trade inquiries, and all sort of ructions of that kind ; but out of Norwegian ports and into Mediterranean ones—especially Spanish—you don't run much risk of being interfered with that way.

"And so down the Gulf we wallowed, and across the North Sea, and through the Channel, and thought the money was as good as in pocket till we opened out the Bay here ; but in the Bay we did get it !

"It began with a sort of gentle hint in the way of a black rain-squall which soused down on us from the N.W. half a day after we'd dropped Ushant light ; and the cargo, especially the deck load, began to grumble and squeak. I passed new seizings over it, and told the hands that was all in the ordinary way of business. 'You can't expect anything better here,' said I.

"However, that bit of a black squall was only the overture, and in three hours more I saw that it had hardened down to blow in real square earnest. A big sea got up to match, and she raced at every heave.

"As everything was as rotten as cheese, bolts drew and bollards tore up, and the deck-load had just its own way ; and then the stuff began to shift below, and she listed deeper and deeper to starboard every time she rolled. And both the starboard quarter-boats got carried away, and the bridge-stanchions and the engine-room telegraphs got smashed, and a lump of green washed two men off the fo'c'sle head, and a raffle of loose timber-baulks settled another poor fellow in the waist, ten feet in front of my very eyes.

"Things were sorting themselves grandly, and the engineer seized upon the opportunity about then to send up and ask if I wouldn't heave-to for a bit. He said the racing of the screw had played old boots with his engines, and if he carried on much longer he'd have them adrift from their bed-plates altogether. Also he mentioned that the ramming of the cargo had started the forrard bulkhead of the engine-room, and he didn't like the look of things at all. He didn't say it like that, you understand. He put matters strongly—very strongly."

The man broke off from his tale, staring at the placid waters before him, and whistled drearily.

After a little he went on again—

"I wish that young man Clavell could have been in the shoes I was wearing then for just three short minutes. He'd understand then what we sailor-men get in the Bay sometimes.

"I was just at my wits' end. I didn't know which way to turn. Of course, it would have suited the owner's book to have lost the *Caradoc* out of hand. Tramps like her are always insured up to the trucks. And after we'd had three days like what I've been telling you, lying hove-to under a tarpaulin stuck in the mizzen-rigging, if I'd only had myself to think of I believe I should have thrown up my hand ; but I knew that if the *Caradoc* was lost at sea, whether we got out of it or not, the tale would leak out and come to Janet's ears, and she was the sort of girl who'd live all through her life without ever forgiving herself. And I couldn't bear to think of that happening, so I just hung on somehow, and made my Johnnies hang on too.

"It was a time, though. I shall never forget it. I tell you when a man's on one of those dinted dented coal-scuttles, and sees her listing over ten feet on one side, and watches her kicked and soused by every sea she meets, and knows that the engines are always within an ace of going to pieces, and any stick and rivet she's got may part any minute, why then his nerve goes, and he feels his hair getting older. Heigh-ho !"

There was another pause.

"Then you didn't lose her ?" queried the doctor.

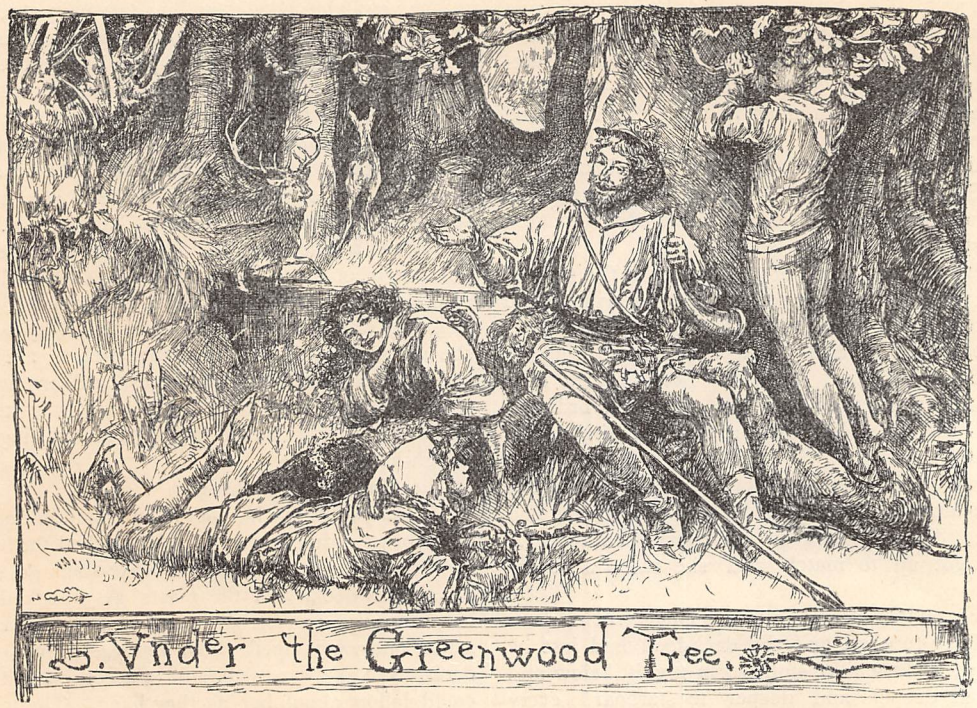
"No, we didn't lose her. We watched the boats go, and the bulwarks go, and the smoke-stack get sheared off at the deck, and the masts get knocked out of her, and the timber dribbled overboard in yellow rafts ; and we jumped about amongst things till her decks were as clear as the side of a bottle and the seas could lollop about her as they liked. The men said they wanted to die, because they were bruised, and hungry, and bone-weary ; and I felt with 'em every bit, but because of Janet I used the heft of a marline-spike, and my sea-boots, and made 'em work, and work, and work. It's bad even to look back on. It was worse whilst it lasted.

"But we hung on somehow till the gale broke, and then worried down-coast and through the Straits, and got things put to rights a bit in Gibraltar Bay and then steamed up to Palma. We'd a passenger with us the last trip—a young Juggins of a soldier who wanted to go to Majorca and begged a passage. He gassed all the way about the romantic life we sailor-men lead, and the beauty of roaming about on a wandering commission, and the wonderful amount of roughing it he personally could endure. He lived on champagne and *pâte de foie gras* which he'd brought along, and it was just delightful to hear him. The two mates and I had rare sport out of that chap. He was as good as a volume of *Punch* to us.

"Eh ? Oh ! not me. I cabled home to the firm, and sold that blessed old *Caradoc* in Barcelona.

"What ! set her tramping again ? Bless your heart, no ! How green you are, doctor ! Why, the dons gave her a coat of paint, and started her off as a brand-new passenger boat.

"And, yes—bother your questions !—Janet is Mrs. Me now. Didn't I tell you so before ? But she doesn't know, and shan't if I can fix it."



DUET OR SOLO, *ad lib.*

Woras from SHAKESPEARE. *Music by* J. M. BENTLEY, Mus. Doc.

1st VOICE.

2nd VOICE.

PIANO. *Gaily.* *p* *rall.*

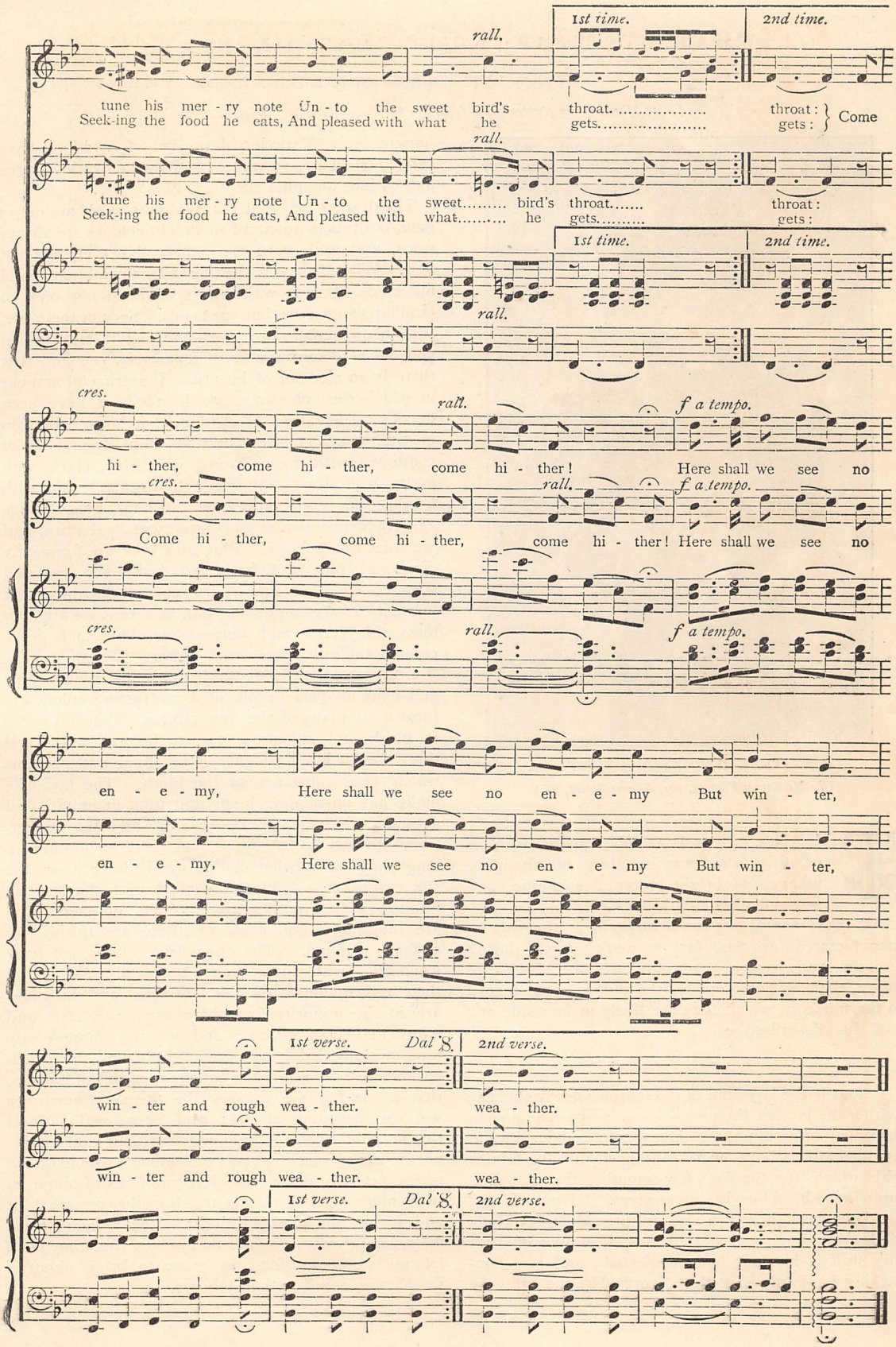
Ped. * Ped. *

a tempo.

1. Un - der the green - wood tree,..... Who loves to lie with me,..... And
2. Who doth am - bi - tion shun,..... And loves to live in the sun,.....

1. the green - wood tree, to lie..... with me, And
2. am - bi - tion shun, to live in the sun,

a tempo.


1st time.
2nd time.
rall.
tune his mer - ry note Un - to the sweet bird's throat. throat: Come
Seek-ing the food he eats, And pleased with what he gets. gets:
tune his mer - ry note Un - to the sweet bird's throat. throat:
Seek-ing the food he eats, And pleased with what he gets. gets:
cres.
f a tempo.
hi - ther, come hi - ther, come hi - ther! Here shall we see no
Come hi - ther, come hi - ther, come hi - ther! Here shall we see no
en - e - my, Here shall we see no en - e - my But win - ter,
en - e - my, Here shall we see no en - e - my But win - ter,
1st verse.
Dal 𝄋.
2nd verse.
win - ter and rough wea - ther. wea - ther.
win - ter and rough wea - ther. wea - ther.

WHAT TO WEAR: CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.

BY OUR LADY CORRESPONDENT.

(With Illustrations photographed from life by Walery, Regent Street, W.)

THE SEPTIMUS CAPE IN MINK.
(By Mesdames Victory, 162, Regent Street, W.)

TIME flies. Here is October again, with its exquisite shadows, its glory of changing foliage, its bright autumn sunshine, and occasionally its dark days.

All the preparations, or nearly all, in the way of manufactured articles for women's dress during autumn and winter are complete, but there are many changes looming in the future, with regard to the mode in which they are likely to be made up; so I shall describe the

New Woollens.

Colour is the key-note of the season's new woollens; neither the jay nor the peacock can surpass us now in the gaiety of its plumage. Every colour under the sun would seem to have been introduced into the fabrics with which, for the last few months, the manufacturers have been busying themselves. "Hopsacking" has been brought out in two or three different kinds of weaving, but the generally conceived idea of what this stuff is has not been neglected; and real hopsacking is simply shot-cloth, woven like the ordinary hopsacking. Varieties, however, of weaving have been introduced, such as huge basket-work designs and curious diagonal effects.

The drapers tell you that plain materials are out of date, but this is not at all so; plain colours are always worn, and well worn too; these, however, are not new. What is new is the marvellous combinations of all kinds of tints with which we have not only to familiarise our eyes, but our tastes. Seen in the piece, they seem garish and overdone, but in truth, when you come to examine them separately, you find that there is an element of beauty in the graceful manner in which the colourings are blended. I have been devoting some time to examining a large collection of the newest fabrics, and in them I find violet combined with green, brown with blue, black with pretty well every tint under the sun, electric with brown, and brown with green. Plums, peach-pinks, and Eminence shades will be a great deal worn, and are mixed with black. Blue and pink are frequently combined, blue and fawn, red and green, red and slate colour. In some of the new cloths three and four colours are combined; but, as a rule, we are content with green and putty-colour, blue and pearl, petunia and grass-green with white.

Every material is shot; besides this, round spots and oblique spots in silk of a contrasting colour are thrown on many of the new fabrics. Woollen crêpe in black and colours is sure to be well worn, and there are all kinds of interplaited lines and patterns which give substance to the cloth. The favourite make has upstanding loops and tufts in imitation of astrakan. The diagonal weaving and the basket-work are two salient ideas, but there is another: a long range of crochet cloths, which have a crochet silk design of a light tint carried over the surface. Shaded stripes and sombre effects of every kind are the mode, and some of these are thrown on a fancy ground. The chameleon cloths are truly wonderful, with their many tones of colour and their zig-zag lines of silk. Checks and brocades are in the minority, but there are many reps and many matelassé effects; and all the more costly kind of cloths bring to mind chenille, and show such curious weaving and such curious mixtures of colours, that words fail me to describe them. Sometimes we see lightning effects; and occasionally tinsel threads add to the redundancy of colour and smartness. Fancy weaving gives substance to some of the newer cloths, and the jardinière mixtures of colour in these more expensive kinds are altogether remarkable; and so are the marbled cloths. The manufacturers may certainly congratulate themselves that they have left no stone unturned in order to bring about a satisfactory result to their labours.

Modes of Making.

Short useful skirts, not overfull, are to be the fashion for tailor-made gowns. Skirts and blouses are the dominant idea, and some of the skirts are sewn to a well-boned well-fitting corselet, that reaches to within two inches under the arm, then a softer material in silk or wool is gathered to it, and set in a neck band, which fastens at the back. Jackets for both in and outdoors are made to be worn with them, having wide pleated capes over the shoulders, and coming from under double revers, which taper off to the waist. Another charming style is a bodice ending at the waist, and opening in a V form to the band with velvet revers. A short Laureate jacket peeps beneath back and front, and the sleeves are a puff of velvet to the elbow, and tight to the wrist. These open fronts showing no fastening are stylish, and give the opportunity of wearing bright colours under the chin: peculiarly becoming with neutral-toned gowns, and well adapted to display and emphasise a colour in the weaving.

Fur.

Wise women turn their attention not later than the present month to fur; and to aid those that are hesitating, I have illustrated two capes designed by Victory and Co., 162, Regent Street, W. The "Septimus" is of the pelerine order, made entirely of mink, and admirable in shape, the fulness on the shoulders being the special novelty. The "Marie" is of satin, bordered with chinchilla, a fur which has come once more greatly to the fore. How soft and charming it is, and how well it accords with all the grey tones in the material! Another old friend is *à la mode* once more—viz., ermine, which will be extensively used as the months go on for trimming mantles, a rival to the several sables.

Sealskin capes and jackets insensibly win our hearts, they are always becoming and warm. Large sleeves are *de rigueur*, and the best length for the jackets is a yard to forty-five inches. Skunk, beaver, and otter will not be banished, and those who have these skins may be quite content to wear them.

Hats and Bonnets.

I am indebted to Madame Lili, 7, Grafton Street, Bond Street, for the pretty hat and bonnet illustrated on the next page. The hat is of black coarse straw as far as the brim is concerned, but the crown is velvet and the trimming a shaded wing, a rosette nestling beneath the brim.

The bonnet is a combination of coloured straw and felt, trimmed with striped velvet, satin, ribbon, and white wing.

In Paris, toques are finding a great deal of favour; such a convenient fashion they are, for they can be adapted to young and old, and, by the addition of strings, can take the place of bonnets—a great consideration in travelling, or, indeed, at any time when but few packages are wanted. The resemblance is rendered all the closer from the fact that the bonnets are decidedly very small.

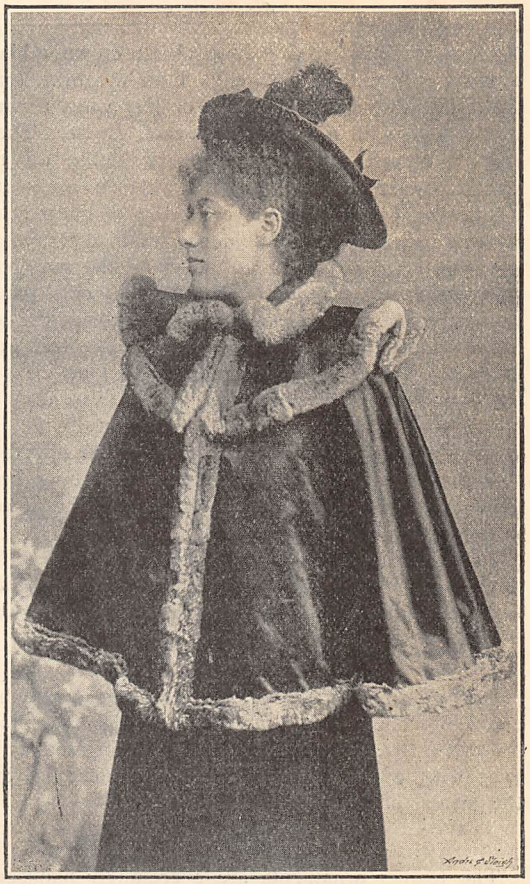
The gendarme head-dress continues to inspire the prettiest style of hats which turn upwards from the face and are often large, made of velvet. Indeed, velvet is used for everything, sometimes as a trimming, sometimes as a crown or a brim, or a lining to a brim; but it is always there. Satin antique is a favourite trimming also, especially for the plateaux, bent as they are into every conceivable form. Felt plateaux are selling by thousands, and many of the felt hats are of one colour outside and another inside. Black externally displays fawn beneath, matching the trimming, or perhaps pink, peacock, violet, or red. Rich royal blue and sapphirine are the two newest colours; they resemble each other, but are not quite alike.

Trim your hats, bonnets, and dresses with steel, and you cannot do wrong. In millinery, jet is often combined with it in most important-looking ornaments.

The magpie mixture, black and white, is in favour, so are green and white. Wired lace will be introduced even throughout the winter, and guipure worked in gold.

Large bows of velvet in bright colours laid flat on the crowns are a new and simple mode of trimming.

But you must be wishing to know what to order for the country. For daily hard wear, a soft felt is



THE MARIE CAPE, BORDERED WITH CHINCHILLA.
(*By Mesdames Victory, 162, Regent Street, W.*)

HAT WITH STRAW BRIM AND VELVET CROWN.
(*By Madame Lili, 7, Grafton Street, Bond Street, W.*)

the best, black or brown, with a cloven crown, a black watered ribbon bow, and edge bind, the brim turning up at the side, and more or less wide, according to taste, with a curled black cock plume. These are the newest modes, and commendable on the score of becomingness. Brown is the favourite colour, but beaver, biscuit, and the exact tint of burnt straw are also included in the millinery manufacturer's store.

If you are by the sea, or going on the sea, get a waterproof felt, trimmed and bound with patent leather, having a band of the leather round the low crown, formed at the side into a bow. The brims are wider than those of most sailor hats. One class of felt is stitched all over with black, and this shows up a great deal in the fashionable light colours.

The open curled brims which are worn are eminently becoming in the deerstalking and travelling hats. Quills are thrust through many bows, and the newest have jet paillettes all over them.

Hats, like caps, are novel; the crown is firm, but the brim is all wired lace, recalling the cap in which brave Charlotte Corday has been handed down to us.

Patent Dress Clasps.

Blouses and skirts are apt to become unattached couples. This is prevented by a new brass hook about a quarter of an inch across (having four holes for sewing on to the waistband) which catches into the gathers of the skirt.

Feathers.

The feather ornaments are exceedingly handsome this autumn. In ostrich and fancy mounts, sometimes fan-shaped, small black wings are universal. Colours are curiously amalgamated in these plumes, and I see a great many Paradise plumes, both alone and blended with others, in the newest millinery, yellow and white being one of the favourite mixtures. Peacocks' feathers are also worn—we are getting over the old prejudice as to their ill-luck.

Feather boas of the best kind are well worn, but they require from four to five thicknesses of feathers, and many mantle and dress edgings are composed of bunches of triple ostrich tips at intervals.

Children's Fashions.

Dress for children demands a certain element of the picturesque; and this is certainly to be found in the short-waisted frock, photographed at Messrs. Liberty's, 218, Regent Street, and composed of wool crêpe and velveteen; the colours may be greatly varied, and the materials also, if desired. But the two used for the model seem peculiarly suitable.

The accompanying cloak in pink wool is lined with silk, and has three frilled capes, being as dainty a reproduction of the delightfully quaint garbs of years ago as you would be likely to find. The Cecil hat would be a fit accompaniment; and surely never was any bonnet devised so well suited to children as the Dutch, which is one of the specialities of the firm.

Day and Evening Gowns.

Black satin, harsh and unbecoming as it is, is likely to be worn all the winter, and for evening dress is frequently trimmed with kilt-pleated silk crêpe as far as the knee, and headed by a band of ribbon. Bodices are frequently entirely covered the same way, not only black, but also coloured, the accordion-pleated crêpe or *mousseline de soie* being always black.

BONNET OF COLOURED STRAW AND FELT.
(*By Madame Lili, 7, Grafton Street, Bond Street, W.*)

Long ends of ribbon on the material of the dress are frequently introduced in front, and are allowed to fall to the feet.

I advise all the young girls to study this subject of

Accordion Pleatings,

for many thin materials in evening gowns are used for the entire skirt thus treated. White gauze, with black velvet sashes fringed at the ends, is a charming combination, and sleeves are often made in a succession of puffs, with bands of velvet between.

Tea-gowns, too, are made with Watteau backs and accordion-pleated fronts, kept in to the figure with bands of ribbon or galon.

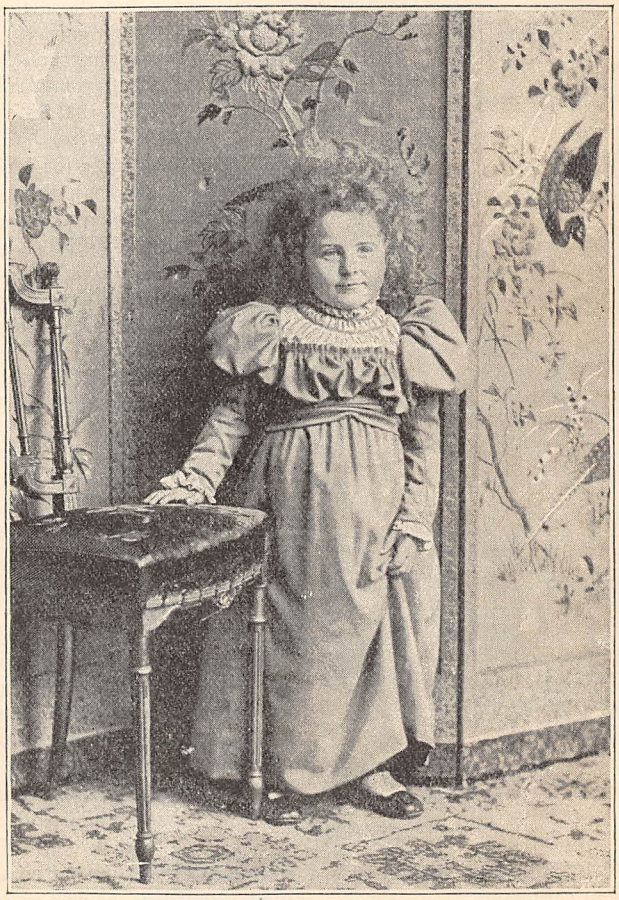
Flounces and Double Skirts.

Flounces with French hems or simply closely gathered are showing innumerable headings, and are not put on plainly, but waved round the skirt. Double skirts are a feature in autumn dresses. The upper one falls just below the knee. Bodices get shorter-waisted as the months go on, and belts are wider.

A Novelty in Wedding Gowns.

Hitherto we have been content to trim marriage gowns with virginal white or silver; now, however, gold is beginning to be used: on satin in fine lines of gold thread, and broad bands of Venetian white silk passementerie outlined with gold.

In the shires a beautiful girl, of noble lineage, elected to be married in the exact *facsimile* of her great-grandmother's wedding-dress. The chiné silk was woven for her in England from the dress displayed in the old family portrait. The ground was cream, but there was a faint floral pattern which meandered all over it in many colours. The fashion of the gown was a sacque, completely concealing the outlines of the figure. It fell in heavy pleats back and front, showing the throat; broad bands of the silk fell from the shoulders to the hem of the long skirt, the sleeves were of rare old lace to the elbow, and the rarest Mechlin trimmed the neck and front. The bobbin net veil, as thin as thin could be, was edged with the same. It was an ideal garment.



GIRL'S EMPIRE FROCK IN WOOL CRÊPE AND VELVETEEN.
(*By Messrs. Liberty, 218, Regent Street, W.*)

Shot Fabrics.

Shot silks, shot woollens, shot ribbon, shot gauzes, shot velvets, all these distinguish our current fashions; and very wonderful are the colourings. Plain materials are being trimmed with the *changeantes* fabrics, as the French call them. No one nowadays could say that it is easy to give a sure opinion or definition as to colours. Like the chameleon, they assume as many aspects as there are people to see them.

Directoire Coat.

Invest in one of these. It is smart for morning wear, and is well adapted to a tea gown. It makes up well in white poplin, black velvet, or any of the many brocades of the day; and the revers can be concocted of almost any class of embroidery, the productions of Eastern or Western art, in metal or in silks. Of course, the largest and handsomest buttons must be arranged on each side of the front. The coats are worn over black or white lace skirts, and the waistcoats are clouded with lace.

Serge.

At present no material is more worn than serge, and the public have much to learn about it—knowledge in this, as in other matters, being power. It is made in navy-blue of fine, medium, and stout textures in double and single widths, one specialité being the schoolgirl serge, which is to be strongly recommended for the rising generation, who, in these days of active exercise, need what is good-looking and durable. The

GIRL'S CLOAK IN PINK WOOL LINED WITH SILK.
(*By Messrs. Liberty, 218, Regent Street, W.*)

boys' wants are met, too, by the schoolboy serges, and extra strong government serges.

There is a long range of fine makes of serge in light weights suitable for ladies and children, such as the Bournemouth, Kensington, Carlton, and Princess, to be had in navy-blue and black, the Alexandra having navy and white stripes, or black with coloured lines. There are stouter kinds, such as the Wellesley, many broad-ribbed serges and many fancy kinds, which include hopsack patterns. Serges for riding-habits are sold waterproofed or not waterproofed, and there is a special kind in grey and drab, as well as navy, for ladies' wear on tricycles. Another special make is devoted to nurses' uniform, and these have established a most excellent reputation in many of the leading nursing institutions. Almost all the requirements of dressing in the daytime may be met by serge. For mourning there is an excellent range of black suited to men, women and children. Yachting people can find nothing so good. White serges have this great merit, that while they look well for evening wear, as also in the daytime, they can be made to renew their pristine freshness by washing. It is a stuff that cannot be too strongly recommended for girls.

Remnant Bundles.

Wise economy is a virtue which rapidly brings its own reward, and I would remind those to whom a penny saved is a penny earned that many large firms sell remnant bundles which are a great boon to large families. They are offered at a fixed rate in useful lengths, and at very low prices. They often contain pieces suitable for boys' suits, girls' dresses and cloaks, and leave a margin for seasonable charity. I know many families, whose time is less precious than their money, that send every year for one or two of these, and not only equip themselves, but many of their poorer neighbours. Many of these bundles contain twice as much stuff as you could buy for the same money per yard.

Sanitary Clothing.

No mind can exercise its full functions without health, therefore it behoves us all to see how we can best clothe ourselves consistently with health. Happily, both the public and the caterers of dress have taken the matter into their serious consideration, and the sanitary side of clothing the human form divine has been well provided for. The sanitary waterproof cloaks can be chosen by illustrations issued, with patterns, by many large houses to the dwellers in the country, and there is a numerous and valuable range of sanitary underclothing woven from pure cashmere wool. They combine the usual garments of all kinds for men and women, often at most moderate prices, as well as chemises and nightdresses not so often met with, and sanitary under-bodices. For men there are under-vests and pants and sleeping suits.

Placket-Hole Closer.

There are but few women who have not suffered at some time or other from the placket-hole of their dress opening on most undesirable occasions, thereby spoiling their appearance. A clever but simple invention has been brought out to obviate this. It consists of a couple of pieces of steel, covered so that they can be sewn on to the edge of the placket-hole invisibly. They are united by a screw, which permits them to move apart or together. The lengths are 9, 10, or 11 inches, according to the opening. The placket closer is sewn to the waistband, so that when that is fastened, the closer must perforce be drawn together also.

A GOSSIP FROM BOOKLAND.

THE EDITOR'S ROOM.

NEW editions rather than new books are still the order of the day in Bookland, though the air is thick with lists of new and forthcoming works. The advantages and disadvantages of the issue of stories in more than a single volume have been so long, frequently and warmly discussed from every point of view, that we should hesitate even to touch the subject generally. But for those whose shelf-space is limited there can be no question but that single-volume editions have great advantages. It is, of course, a testimony to the popularity of a story that a handy edition should be called for, and, as a general rule, it may safely be said that a story which, having been issued first in library form, is afterwards given to the world in the more compact and portable guise of a single volume, is worth shelf-room. Pre-eminently so is this the case in regard to two stories of which new single-volume editions have just been put before us. First is Mr. J. M. Barrie's "The Little Minister" (Cassell), which comes to us with nine illustrations by that characteristically Scottish artist, Mr. W. Hole, R.S.A. As this edition completes the thirty-fourth thousand of the story there can be no need to tell the tale again. Mr. Hole's illustrations materially help the reader, and make the volume a most suitable one for a present and also for keeping. The second story that we have before us in a new edition is Dr. Conan Doyle's "The Refugees" (Longman's), another tale which has rapidly made for itself a warm place in the affections of its readers, and has greatly enhanced the popularity of its author. It is full of incident and interest, and while not slavishly historical is yet sufficiently so to make a picture of very stirring times.

Ladies will thank us for drawing their attention to a useful little work which has just been published by Messrs. Ward, Lock, Bowden & Co. on "Tinned Foods and How to Use them." Of course it is particularly at holiday time and when we are away from regular supplies that the tinned foods are most in demand, but there are so many dishes which can with care be properly made at any season of the year by means of tinned and preserved provisions, that a reliable guide like this to the use of these reliefs to the housekeeper is never without value.

"My Musical Life and Recollections" is the title of an autobiographical work by M. Jules Rivière, just published by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston & Co. As M. Rivière's musical life extends over something like sixty years, and has brought him into connection with most of the great singers and performers of that time, it will readily be conceived that he has some good stories to tell. Though the work can hardly claim a front place as a literary effort, its frankly personal interest is so great that it is sure of a goodly circle of readers and a measure of popularity.

The two newest volumes of the Pseudonym Library (Mr. Fisher Unwin) are "The Sinner's Comedy," by the lady who writes under the name of John Oliver Hobbes, and a translation of tales of Sicilian peasant life, by Giovanni Verga, under the title of "Cavalleria Rusticana." The former has been published in another form, and met with a very flattering reception. Clever it undoubtedly is, cynical no one who has read it will deny, almost too cynical we are inclined to call it, but its style is so good, and its finish as a work of art is so high, that, unpleasant as the book is from many points of view, we should have been sorry to leave it unread. Of the latter we cannot speak so warmly. Possibly one ought to know more of the *locale* of the stories before one could really appreciate them. They seem pleasantly enough translated, but yet one somehow never seems to come in touch with the characters, and for that reason the tales are hardly satisfactory.

Three thousand prizes for amateurs, some for literary work and the rest for art work! The announcement is not ours, but comes to us from Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Sons with a parcel of their colour-printed books. Our own opinion of the value of open competitions is well known, and we have nothing but sympathetic good wishes for this extension of the work over a field which is, in some respects, beyond the scope of the MAGAZINE. We cannot enter here into the details of the competitions, which will be found in any one of the works connected with them. First of these is a splendidly arrayed volume on "Tennyson's Heroes and Heroines," illustrated by Mr. Marcus Stone, R.A., Mr. G. G. Kilburne, R.I., and other well-known artists. The volume is a marvel of colour printing, and would serve admirably as a handsome gift-book, though all the characters are not equally well portrayed. Much less ambitious is "Told by the Sunbeams and Me," a volume of varied stories for children by popular writers, whose work is accompanied by equally clever illustrations. "Pleasures and Treasures," again, is for readers even more tiny than the last work we named, and is a good specimen of the ever-popular toy-book. Like its predecessors it has a connection with the new series of competitions; but it is also like them in being of high value for its own sake.

Three of the stories which go to make up a pleasant little volume by Esther Carr (Mrs. Hartopp), published by Mr. Fisher Unwin under the title of "The Heart of Montrose, and other Stories," have been given to the public in another form previously, the story which plays the title *rôle* being the only one which is quite new. All the four tales are of days long gone by, but they have a quaint pleasantness that carries on the reader's interest and gives a distinct value to this unassuming volume.

FROM "THE LITTLE MINISTER."

(By permission of Messrs. Cassell & Company, Limited.)

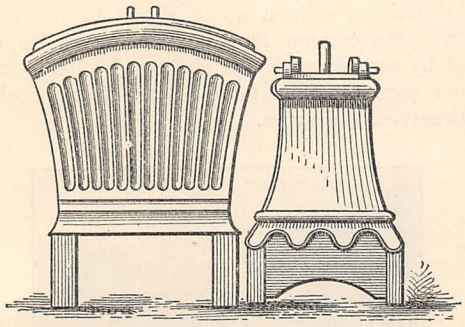
THE GATHERER:

AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF INVENTION, DISCOVERY, AND SCIENCE.

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.

An Open Anthracite Grate.

The device which we illustrate in front and side views is a chamber of fire-clay or cast metal, which is



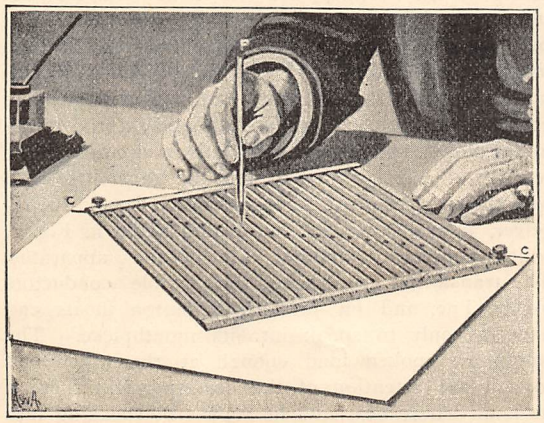
opened or closed by a semicircular valve. It is simply placed in the back of an ordinary grate, and the fire of anthracite is lighted in the usual way. When the chamber becomes hot, the valve opens and a draught is produced of sufficient strength to completely burn the anthracite.

Ammonia as a Germicide.

Herr Rigler, a German investigator, has recently found that ammonia gas is able to destroy the bacillus of typhoid, cholera, diphtheria, and anthrax in a few hours, and he strongly recommends it as a disinfectant. We may add that a French *savant* has succeeded in cultivating the cholera germ in a form which adapts it for vaccination.

A Rapid Line Divider.

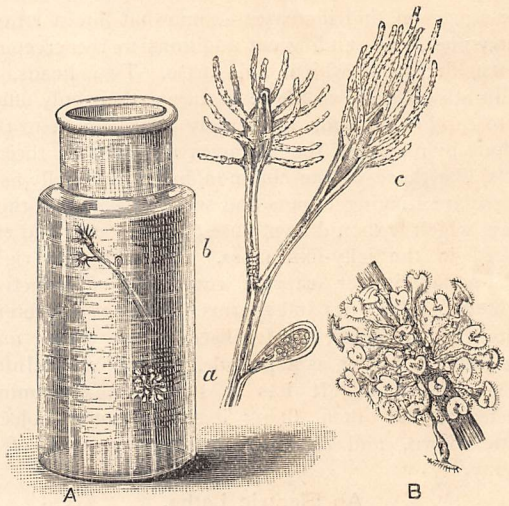
Our illustration shows a French device for subdividing lines. It consists of a jointed parallelogram,



in the interior of which and parallel to one side are a number of small rules, at equal distances apart and jointed at their ends. Each rule is perforated with a row of holes through which a pencil point, P, can pass and mark the paper underneath. In order to divide a line into a number of equal parts, the zero of the divider is placed at one end of the line, and the aperture marked is brought to the other end. The pencil then marks the division of the line.

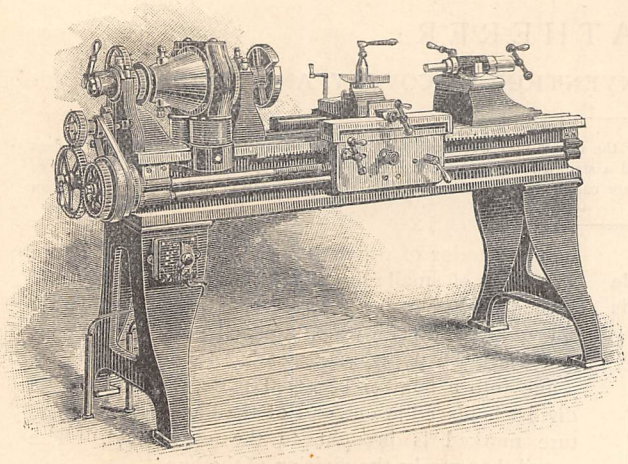
A Strange Breeding Place.

A correspondent, who kindly placed the material for our illustration at the disposal of the editor, sends us the following account of the creatures depicted : "On



A, Bottle in which these little creatures bred ; *a*, colony of Lacinularia ; *b*, colony of Cordylophora, both settled on the inside of the bottle ; C, Cordylophora ; and B, Lacinularia (both greatly enlarged).

June 28th, the bottle was received from a Fellow of the Royal Microscopical Society residing at Chester. It then contained a colony of *Cordylophora pacustris*, the only branched hydrozoan known from fresh water, and two colonies of the social Rotifer *Lacinularia socialis*, all taken from the Dee. As it was impossible from want of time to examine these creatures, one colony of the Rotifers was given to a friend, and the bottle with its contents was lowered into a bell-glass aquarium. Within a week the Rotifers had multiplied so that it was possible to give three colonies—on the leaves of the Canadian Pond Weed—to a student of the Biological Classes at Toynbee Hall. They are still multiplying, not only on the weed but on the inside



AN ELECTRIC LATHE.

of the aquarium. Two colonies started on the inside of the bottle itself (though only one is shown), and the Cordylophora bred in the same situation. The latter rarely breeds in confinement, though it lives well in the aquarium, and increases—somewhat like a strawberry plant—by sending out additions to the creeping rootstock; from which buds arise. Two heads, or hydranths, are shown in the picture; their only office is to capture food for and supply nourishment to the colony by means of the tentacles armed with thread cells, like those of the common hydra and jelly-fish. These are stinging organs and serve to paralyse their prey, which is then drawn close to the mouth, and engulfed in the jelly-like mass. Below, to the right is a gonophore or capsule containing reproductive elements. The eggs and sperms are borne on different colonies; the former are fertilised in the water, and the embryo, known as a planule, resembles an Infusorian in shape. It has a short, free-swimming existence, and then fixing itself to some object, settles down, and becomes the starting point of a colony."

An Electric Lathe.

In the power lathe which we illustrate herewith the electric motor is grafted into the machine itself instead of being geared to it. The revolving armature of a Crocker-Wheeler motor takes the place of the ordinary speed cone, and a controlling switch enables the speed to be regulated. Electric motors thus adapted to the lathe or other machine tool of the kind are promising to do good service, especially in driving milling and polishing machines.

A New Tree Snake.

In the last case on the left-hand side in the Reptile House in the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, the visitor may see a tree snake (*Dipsas cenchoa*), a species exhibited for the first time in England. It is a native of Trinidad, and nocturnal in habits, passing the day coiled up among the branches of a tree, and coming out of its resting-place at night to look for birds' eggs, insects, frogs, and mice. The body is compressed and very slender, the tail extremely thin, the head large and distinct from the neck, so as to give the animal the appearance of a venomous snake. And so, indeed, it is; though the grooved teeth are so small and the venom so weak that its bite is not harmful to the larger mammals, and in captivity the snakes may be freely handled. The general colouration is whitish, marked with brown, transverse, lozenge-shaped bands. When held to be photographed it made no attempt to bite, though it struggled so violently to regain its liberty as to make it rather difficult to keep it in position without doing injury to the slender body, the extreme tenuity of which may be judged of by comparing it with the fingers of the hand in our picture. The total length of the snake is twenty-seven inches.

A NEW TREE SNAKE.

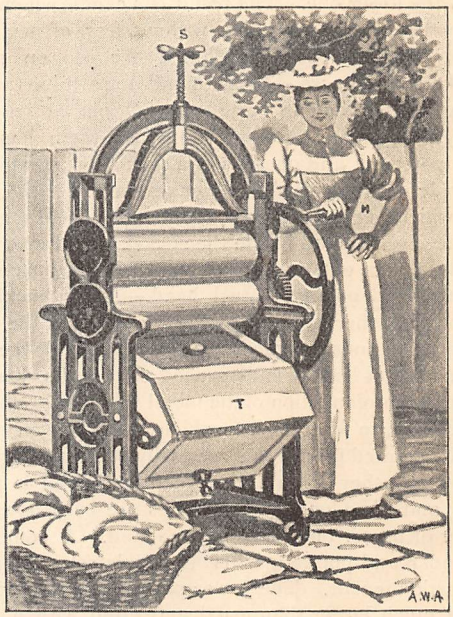
A Loud Home Telephone.

A telephone which really talks loud enough to be heard throughout a large room, has been invented by Mr. Graham. The apparatus is of the usual sort, but improved. There is a microphone transmitter and a bell magnetic receiver with a trumpet mouth. But the induction coil is dispensed with and two lines are employed, one for each correspondent, with a return wire common to both. By this arrangement the transmitter of correspondent A is directly in circuit with the receiver of correspondent B, and the transmitter of B with the receiver of A. The transmitter, T, and the receiver, R, are shown in Fig. 1, and again in Fig. 2, which represents another set of the apparatus. The transmitter is attached by flexible conductors to the line, and on pressing a button in its end one has only to speak into its mouthpiece. The words are spoken loud enough at the other end to call the attention of the correspondent there if he is anywhere near, and he replies by speaking into

his transmitter in the same way. There is no listening with a receiver, or perhaps two, held to one's head, and this allows of considerable freedom of action. Of course, the transmitter can be fixed in a particular place if desired, and a call-bell added. The new telephone is principally intended for what we may call "home" or private use. It will enable persons in different rooms of a house or departments of a manufactory to speak freely, as with speaking tubes, and it will be especially useful in country residences or farms, and on board ship. To this end Mr. Graham has devised a switchboard or small exchange, by which a person can converse with any room or department of an establishment. The switchboard is seen at S on the right of Fig. 1, and is easily manipulated. Mr. Graham further proposes to fit his telephone into the helmet of the diver. We may also mention here that a "telephone meter" has been introduced into the German telephone service. It consists essentially of a clock having a pendulum, which is caught by a lever connected to the hook lever of the telephone and thereby stopped as long as the telephone is in use. When the clock runs down it locks the telephone switch automatically and operates a small signal disc. The clock must be wound up again before the telephone can be switched on the line.

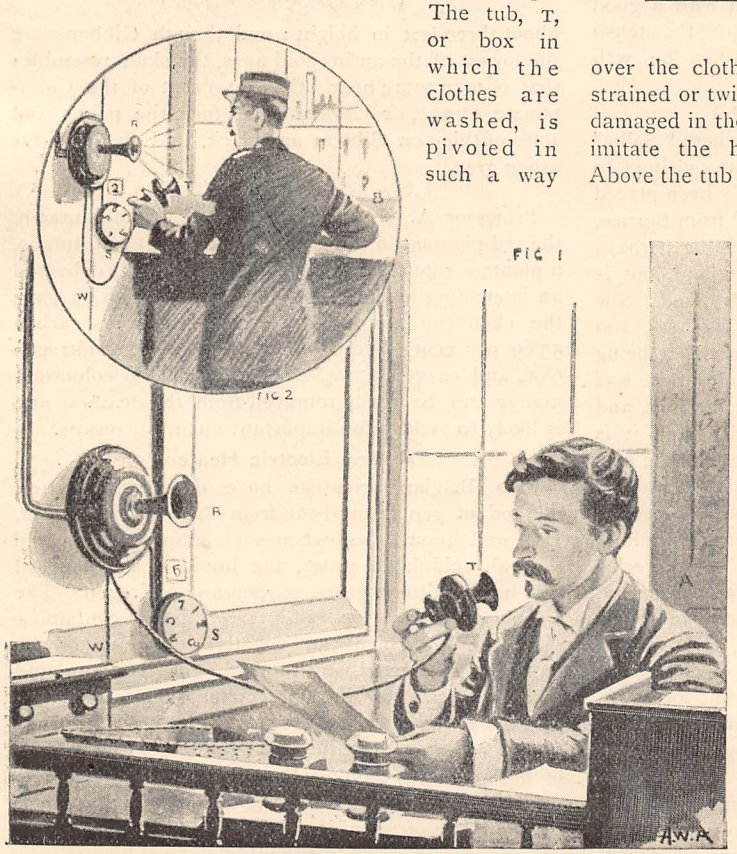
A Spray Washer.

This useful appliance is really a combined washer, wringer and mangle, in a highly convenient shape. The tub, T, or box in which the clothes are washed, is pivoted in such a way as to rock like a cradle when the handle, H, is continuously turned, and very little force is required to keep it going. There is a number of wooden teeth or pegs in the bottom of the tub, which permit of the water circulating, and the spray is dashed



A SPRAY WASHER.

over the clothes from above. The fabrics are not strained or twisted, and even delicate muslins are not damaged in the process. In fact, the washer seems to imitate the handwashing of clothes in a stream. Above the tub are two rollers, whose pressure can be adjusted by the screw, S, and the clothes wrung as they are taken from the wash. Two removable boards fit into the frame above the tub when the rollers are employed as a mangle. The machine, which is compact and easily repaired, is made in four sizes for domestic use, but the 24-in. size is recommended for average families, and the 27-in. size for large families or hotels.



A LOUD HOME TELEPHONE.

A Collection of Novelties.

It is a truism that those inventions which most conduce to the comfort of life—and especially is this true of home life—are not always those of which most is heard, or of which science takes the closest ken. We have before us this month a collection of household novelties, every one of which marks an advance in convenience, in economy, or in safety. First let us look at an improvement,

known as the "Perfect," in candles, candlesticks, and candleholders. The wick is carried out beyond the bottom of the candle, the loose end is threaded through a hole in an upper cup pivoted on the cup of the candlestick or holder, and securely gripped by the mere turning of this upper cup round upon the lower one. The result is a candle which may safely be carried anywhere without fear of accident, and which is specially adapted for use on piano brackets or sconces.—Brush handles are things which are given to become loose and fall out at very inconvenient times. A new fastener for them has just been patented, and consists of a metal socket which is either let into the brush head or screwed over the hole, and whichever form is used, the handle is held securely by the screw thread inside the socket. And when the brush is worn out the socket can easily be unscrewed and replaced on a new brush head.—A new buckle for straps and other small leather work is one of the most recent inventions patented. In this new buckle the customary tag of leather is dispensed with, and its place is taken by a prolongation of the metal which holds the pin in position, to form a plate which is flanked on either side by pointed prongs that are easily thrust through the leather or other material on which the buckle is to be fixed, and when once these prongs are bent down no firmer or neater buckle could be found.—A combined cullender and potato-masher is the latest novelty in domestic utensils. The lower part of the cullender is made much larger than usual and fitted with a good strainer grating. Through this, by inverting the utensil over a dish, potatoes can very readily be well mashed.

A Stranger from Borneo.

In the house near the kangaroo dens, where "Sally," the famous Chimpanzee, attracted so many visitors to the Zoological Gardens, there has recently been placed a new female Gibbon (*Hylobates mülleri*) from Borneo. She is not only the first of her species—or perhaps one should write variety—to visit England, but is probably the only Gibbon ever photographed. She could not be induced to "sit" for her likeness, and her extreme shyness and timidity precluded her being taken out of the cage; so that her attention was attracted for a moment by the offer of some fruit, and in that moment the camera did its work. And it is well done. Besides giving a good likeness of the new arrival, it shows distinctly one of the chief characteristics of the Gibbons, or Long-armed Apes—the extraordinary length of the arms, which, when the animal stands erect, reach to the ground; and some species are said to be able to place the palm flat on the ground without stooping. Gibbons have their home in South-East Asia and the Malay Archipelago, and are the only monkeys that habitually assume an erect position when walking. They live chiefly among the forests of that region, swinging themselves from branch to branch by their long arms, often taking a complete turn in their swing. They feed on fruit, insects, spiders, eggs, and young birds, and are gentle in disposition, soon becoming attached to those who have charge. Full-grown specimens of the largest kind are

THE MAN-LIKE APE.
(*From a photograph from life.*)

about three feet in height; and though Gibbons are the lowest of the anthropoid apes, the skull resembles that of man more nearly than does that of the Chimpanzee, Orang, or Gorilla. The face, the palms and soles of this new Gibbon are black, and the long fur ashen grey.

Turacin.

Professor A. H. Church, who discovered turacin, the red pigment in the wing feathers of the bird turaco, a plantain-eater allied to the cuckoo, recently delivered an interesting lecture on the subject, in which he gave the chemical compositions of the colour as carbon 53·69 per cent., hydrogen 4·6, copper 7·01, nitrogen 6·96, and oxygen 27·74. This remarkable colouring-matter can be easily removed from the feathers and is likely to yield some important chemical results.

A New Electric Heater.

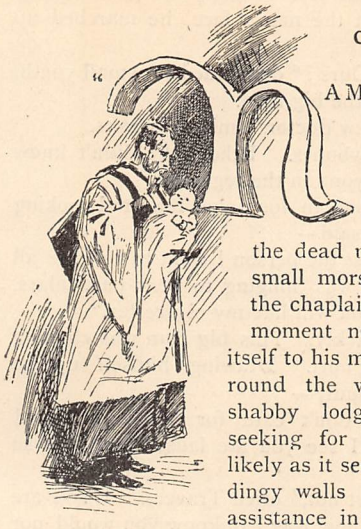
Two Belgian scientists have discovered a new method of generating heat from the electric current. It is well known that when such a current is passed through acidulated water, the liquid is decomposed into its constituent gases, oxygen and hydrogen. The oxygen collects on the lead lining of the vat containing the water to which the negative electrode of the current is connected, and the hydrogen collects round a bar of metal, say iron or copper, which is plunged into the water and connected to the positive electrode of the current. Now the hydrogen gas forms a layer of high resistance round the rod, and the current in overcoming it generates heat sufficient to melt the bar. Thus a piece of metal is quickly brought to incandescence and even fused in the middle of cold water.

(*From a drawing by* PERCY TARRANT.)

MY LOVE IS OVER THE SEA.

THE WOOING OF VICTORIA CROSS.

A COMPLETE STORY.



CHAPTER THE FIRST.

"NAME this child!" Captain Cross started as the words fell on his ear. He had been thinking more of the dead mother than of the small morsel of humanity in the chaplain's arms. For the moment no name suggested itself to his mind, and he gazed round the walls of the little shabby lodging-house room seeking for inspiration. Unlikely as it seemed that the four dingy walls could afford any assistance in the choice of a name, inspiration did come, for the captain's eyes fell on the gaily-coloured portrait of a lady, bearing the inscription: "Queen Victoria, Born May 24, 1819." Surely Victoria was a girl's name? And thankful to be helped out of the difficulty, he pronounced the name Victoria in such a decided manner that it seemed as if he had all along meant his little girl to have it. The baptismal water appeared to have a miraculous effect on the fragile babe, who from that moment began to show more signs of life than she had hitherto done. Indeed, so faint had been the pulsations of the little heart that all thought she would have shared her mother's grave; but hopes were now entertained that she might live to be her father's best comfort in his affliction.

The strange combination of name struck no one until after the funeral, when Mrs. Grey, the colonel's wife, came in to have a look at the unconscious cause of that day's sorrow. Taking the baby in her arms, the kind woman looked tenderly at the small placid face, pitying it for having lost such a sweet mother as poor little Eva Cross.

"What have you called the child?" she asked, turning to the father, who stood disconsolately by.

"Oh, Victoria," he answered.

"What made you choose that name? It is so uncommon."

"I could not remember any girl's name when Thompson asked me; and then I saw the name Victoria staring me full in the face. And,' pon my word, I was so thankful to find any name at all, that I just said it at once."

"I should have thought you would have called her Eva," said Mrs. Grey softly.

"No, no! any name but that," he answered, wincing as if from a blow. "No, that name is too sacred now."

"Well, Victoria Cross does not sound bad," admitted Mrs. Grey. Then, as the odd combination struck her, she laughed and said: "Quite a military name! You must think of that when Miss Victoria's love affairs come to the fore, and only bestow your treasure on a brave man, a reward for valour."

The first smile flickered over the captain's face at these words, and he asked anxiously—

"Then you think she will live, Mrs. Grey?"

"Not a doubt about it. Your little girl will grow up to be your comfort and pride." Then, as she resigned the baby to its nurse, she added: "What are you going to do with her?"

"I shall keep her with me. I could not let my Eva's baby go away amongst strangers."

"You are quite right; and you must be sure and make use of me whenever you are in any difficulty, for I dearly loved your sweet little wife, and would do anything for her child."

"You are very good; thank you for all your kindness to me to-day," said Captain Cross as he accompanied Mrs. Grey to the door, and then returned to his desolate home.

And so it was that Victoria Cross came by her curious name.

Years passed away, and the baby whose life had hung on a thread had grown into a beautiful girl of eighteen, the very light and joy of her father's home. No one had ever taken her mother's place. Captain Cross had been faithful to the memory of his young wife, and, in fact, his child's education and society had so filled his life that he had no need of any other companionship. Mrs. Grey had been the greatest help to him during Victoria's childhood, and it was by her advice that he sent his daughter to a school in Brussels to finish her education.

Those two years had been the longest Colonel Cross ever spent, for although he had been over to see his darling many times, it was not like having her in the house with him. At last the day came when Victoria was to come home for good, and her father anxiously paced the platform of the station, with many a look at his watch, and many fears that the train would be late. Nothing happened, however, and very soon he was looking lovingly into the bright beautiful face of his daughter, who with her slight graceful figure was a great contrast to the tall, overgrown, lank schoolgirl who had been the torment and delight of his life.

"Well, Vi my darling, it seems an eternity since I saw you last," he exclaimed, when at length they stood in the pretty study at the "Bungalow."

"You dearest old dad, you look just the same as ever, the best and handsomest old man in the army," she declared as she kissed him in her impetuous manner.

"You look very different though. My little grub has turned into quite a butterfly," laughed the colonel.

"Naughty daddy to call me a grub; and yet I must

forgive you because you think I am so fine now," she said, pouting.

"It seems difficult to realise you are the same as my little Vi. Child, how like you are to your mother, and yet you have not my Eva's sweet gentleness; I fancy you are made of stronger stuff."

Victoria softly kissed the top of his head, from her perch on the arm of his chair, and asked—

"Has the time seemed very long, dad, since I went away?"

"You have no idea how the time crept. I missed you every day and every hour."

"Well, I shall never leave you again," she declared, "never, never, dad."

"So all girls say till the best man in the world asks them, and then off they go; fathers and mothers are nowhere when Prince Charming comes," he answered.

"I shall only marry the bravest man I know, and he must be a very nice man who could persuade me to leave my dad," she returned fondly.

"Well, don't let us talk about it any more. When the right man comes, I suppose I shall have to give him my little V.C.; but I hope it will be a long time before I am called upon to do that."

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

THE grounds of the "Lodge" presented a pretty sight one May afternoon soon after Victoria's return from school. The tall trees cast a grateful shade over the lawn, where flowers bloomed like gems on the cool green of the turf. Tennis was in full swing, and in another part of the grounds croquet had its devotees, who tried to combine a game with flirtations which the more active movements of tennis sadly interfered with. Little groups were scattered about under the trees, enjoying the delightful hospitality which Mrs. Morris was so ready to bestow on her friends every Thursday during the summer months.

"Can you tell me who the young lady in white is, standing by the tennis net?" asked one man of another.

"Where do you mean? Ah! I see. That is Miss Cross, the colonel's daughter, just home from Belgium. Pretty girl, isn't she? Excuse me, I must be off, Mrs. Morris is beckoning to me to go to her;" and he was gone.

The first speaker had only lately joined the regiment as the doctor, and knew very little about his brother officers and their belongings. Not even his best friends could call George Travers good-looking, and yet there was something about his tall, fine figure and open straightforward look which attracted attention when handsome men were passed over. There was a quiet power about him which was always impressive, and his quiet gravity gave him an air of superiority and nameless charm. He could never pass unnoticed anywhere, and had the happy knack of making himself much liked by those who knew him well.

Mrs. Morris was a rich young widow with one little boy, who was not as much spoilt as only children generally are, but was a very dear little fellow, a favourite with everyone. On this day he was wandering about the grounds looking for someone to talk to, when he came across Dr. Travers, and attracted by something kindly in the man's face, he marched up to him.

"Are you one of Ours?" demanded the small youth, standing in front of the big man.

"Yes, I am the new doctor," smiled Travers.

"Ah, the new Sawbones. I thought I didn't know you, as I know everyone in the regiment."

Travers felt he was in for some fun, and looking gravely at the child said—

"Then you are just the person I want to tell me all about everyone; I was longing to hear particulars. Do you smoke? You will like my cigarettes."

Ted looked up quickly. This big man was chaffing him, and he felt hurt. Drawing himself up he answered rather proudly—

"Thank you, I don't care for chaff. I hoped you were nice, but I see you are laughing at me, so I'll go."

"No, no, you must not," cried Travers. "You are such a young man, how was I to know you would not smoke? Bother the cigarette, come and be friends, and let us have a jolly talk about all the people. Shake hands."

Teddie looked doubtfully at his new acquaintance; then, struck by something in the kind, ugly face, he laid his little hand in Travers' big one. And so began their friendship.

"See that big man there, playing tennis? That is Major Roberts; he is always here; I think he likes this house. He and mother are always talking together. I don't like him one bit; he said I was a precocious chick, and ought to be packed off to school. Do you think so?" anxiously.

"I think your mother knows best about it, dear lad. But even if you go I am sure you would be very happy there," said Travers, seeing that coming events cast their shadows before, and that very probably Ted would soon have to play second fiddle to the major's first, and feeling very sorry for the little fellow.

Teddie began again: "Oh, there is Captain Lawson. I hope my moustache will be just like his when I'm a man. He is very fond of my dear V.C., and so are several others," he added.

"And who is your V.C.?" inquired the doctor, immensely interested in this charmingly frank child.

"V.C.? Oh, that is Victoria Cross. She is a great friend of mine; I love her awfully."

"What a curious name. How did she come by it?" asked Travers, glad to hear more about the pretty girl he admired.

Teddie, nothing loth, proceeded to give his version of the christening, and made it most graphic. But just then a light footstep and a merry laugh made themselves heard.

"Teddie, you will kill me if you tell the story of my life to everyone;" and Victoria, laughing and blushing, stood beside them.

"Talk of an angel, V.C., and you hear its wings.

Come and sit here. This is the new Sawbones; I don't know his name, but he is awfully jolly."

"We must consider ourselves introduced," said the girl, holding out her hand. "I am Victoria Cross, as you know, and you are——?" She paused.

"Dr. Travers," he returned, with a bow and smile.

"I am going to find some strawberries for you, V.C.," said Ted, wriggling off the seat, while the two left behind laughed merrily at the queer little lad.

"He is such a darling, so good and clever," said Victoria apologetically.

"I am sure of it. He and I have had a most agreeable time discussing our neighbours."

"His remarks are so sharp and to the point, he is quite a little companion," said Victoria.

"You are a great favourite with him," remarked Travers.

"Yes, I know," she answered. "When you have been here longer you will see that his mother is too deeply engrossed in certain interesting affairs of her own to devote much time to the child, and he takes refuge with me."

"The little fellow has an inkling of the truth from what he told me just now," said Travers.

"You mean——?" she paused interrogatively, and he took up the parable.

"I mean that Major Roberts thinks the mother perfection, and Teddie's 'a precocious chick.' I quote, as you perceive."

Victoria laughed. "I see you know everything. I hope the poor little fellow does not feel aggrieved."

"Here, V.C., do look, I have brought the strawberries, and James is coming with cream and sugar," said the small boy, struggling up to them with a tempting dish of the lovely fruit. The trio were soon merrily engaged in doing full justice to the refreshments provided by Teddie's forethought.

"HE WAS LOOKING LOVINGLY INTO THE BRIGHT BEAUTIFUL FACE OF HIS DAUGHTER" (*p.* 883).

Dr. Travers soon took his place among his brother officers, who one and all voted him a good fellow with lots of fun in him. The grave, ugly man had a fund of quiet humour which often sent the mess into roars of laughter. He won golden opinions among the men of the regiment by his sympathetic ways, and by little acts of kindness which he seemed afraid of anyone finding out. Among the ladies Travers was not very popular. He had no patience with their fancied illnesses, and bluntly told them they suffered from not having enough to do. He was not disposed to while away his time by getting up little flirtations with them, and this annoyed them very much.

Victoria Cross, with all the eagerness of a young girl, took up the cudgels for her own sex, and there was a quiet warfare between the two whose acquaintance had begun so auspiciously under Teddie's guidance.

Dr. Travers thought the young beauty very much spoiled, and longed to see her awake to more serious views of life. He ventured once to tell her he thought she did not consider her father enough when she urged him to do things which were beyond his strength. Victoria was indignant at being supposed to be selfish, and retorted angrily that it was no business of his to interfere; but it set her thinking all the same. It was an entirely new idea to the girl to be thought in the wrong, and she did not like it at all. She showed her resentment by always making the worst of herself when Travers was present, and by trying to ruffle his serene temper by her petulant acts and words. Travers looked on with quiet amusement. He saw that his words had had the desired effect of breaking up Victoria's self-complacency, and he watched anxiously for the result which he felt sure would ensue.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

ABOUT six weeks after Mrs. Morris's garden party, Mrs. Grey and her youngest daughter, Alice, came to stay at the Bungalow. Since General Grey's death, his widow had gone to live near her own people in Devonshire. Her sons were all out in the world and her elder daughters were married, and she and Alice were only too glad to meet their friends again. Colonel Cross had a warm feeling of regard for Mrs. Grey, who had always been so good to him and his child in those sad early years after his wife's death; while the two girls were very great friends.

The evening of their arrival Victoria drew Alice out into the garden for one of their delightful girlish confidential talks.

"It is so lovely out of doors, isn't it?" said Victoria, passing her arm through Alice's.

"Yes, indeed, Vi. And now, you naughty child, you must give me all the news; your letters leave a great deal to be desired."

"What am I to tell you about?"

"First I want to hear about the regiment, and the new officers. What are their names? And what are they like?" asked Alice, who kept up her interest in her father's old regiment.

"There are two new fellows. Captain Lawson took Major Roberts's place when he was promoted. He is very nice, and so good-looking. You will see him at the picnic to-morrow."

"I remember you mentioned him. I know his sister Edith; she has told me so much about him that I feel as if I know him," returned Alice.

"Then there is Mr. Carr, the new sub. He is most amusing, and so spoony," laughed Victoria.

"Have you been at your old tricks, flirting with him, Vi? I hoped you had become quite a reformed character," said Alice.

"You must judge for yourself," returned Victoria. "Then last, but by no means least in his own estimation, is Dr. Travers."

"Why, Vi, what a scornful tone! What has the poor man done to offend you?"

"Offend me? Nothing, only I can't bear him, that's all. A nasty, conceited man, who thinks all women idiots and all men very great heroes," returned Victoria hotly.

Alice discreetly turned the conversation, but she owned to feeling interested in the man who raised such ire in the usually sweet-tempered Victoria. Such active hatred aroused her curiosity, and she fully expected something would come of it.

Just then Mrs. Grey called the girls in to see Captain Lawson and Mr. Carr, who had come over to ask them if they might have the pleasure of driving them to Waybourne Castle next day, when the great event of the summer, the Waterloo picnic, was to take place. Alice was very pleased to meet her friend Edith's brother; it would be nicer to feel more at home with him on the morrow.

The 50th Hussars was considered a very lucky regiment as regarded the weather. It was generally fine when they had anything on hand which required sunshine to make it go off well, and so it was on this 18th of June. Soon after 11 o'clock the barrack yard presented an animated appearance. The drag was drawn up under the gateway ready to lead the way, and following it were dog-carts, landaus, and carriages of every description, filled with merry pleasure-seekers. The signal for starting was given, and the gay cavalcade was soon *en route*. No adventures befel them on the way, except when Teddie Morris lost his hat and occasioned a halt while he scrambled to fetch it.

At length the grim old ruins came in sight. The keep and a huge tower, connected with a smaller one by a tumble-down wall covered with ivy, was all that now remained of the once grand fortress. On one side the North Sea dashed its waves against the weather-beaten cliff, and on the other the river Way wound with many a twist and turn amid deeply-wooded banks; while further away cornfields and pasture lands stretched towards the dim blue Scottish hills. No one could look unmoved on such a glorious scene. Even the small boys pronounced it "awfully jolly," while their elders gazed with mingled feelings on the beauties before them. But a picnic party is not the place for romantic musings, and our friends soon dispersed to choose a place for their luncheon to be spread.

Alice Grey was standing a little apart watching the groups before her, when her attention was drawn to a new comer, a tall grave man, who had come upon them unperceived. She saw him look round, then make his way to where Victoria sat on a ruined buttress holding a little court among her many admirers. Alice thought she had never seen her friend look so lovely before. She had tossed off her broad shady hat, and the sun glinting on her brown head touched it with golden gleams, her grey eyes sparkled with fun, and her face and figure seemed the embodiment of youth and beauty. Dr. Travers, for so Alice read him to be, greeted the young girl and made some remark which evidently she resented, for she shrugged her shoulders and turned to Mr. Carr, who presently came across to Alice saying—

"I am commanded to bring you over to Miss Cross. We none of us approve of your being left out in the cold."

Victoria looked up as they came near her.

"Alice, come and be sociable. Let me introduce Dr. Travers to you; he has been lecturing me on possible sunstroke, etc. I think he ought not to talk shop at a picnic."

Miss Grey felt as if Victoria were acting a part, for she became quite flippant in her remarks, and seemed more inclined to flirt since Dr. Travers had joined her circle. He said nothing, but looked disappointed—at least, so it appeared to Alice. It fell to her lot to sit next the doctor during lunch, and she felt strangely attracted by him. His quiet, attentive care of her made her regard him almost as an old friend.

"There is a charming Hermitage up the river," said Travers. "I should like you to see it, Miss Grey. We might row up there after lunch, if you like."

"I should be delighted," said Alice. "Is there any legend connected with it?"

"Oh, yes. Every ruin round here has some romantic story attached to it."

"I love legends; they seem to give light and colour to the poor old ruins," returned Alice.

"This particular Hermitage has a rather sensational story connected with it. A young Cavalier was betrothed to a beautiful girl, and he had every reason to believe she loved him, when his suspicions were aroused by whispers that his lady love was in the habit of meeting some man in secret, in the long avenue. Mad with rage and jealousy he watched and found the girl

"'TEDDIE, YOU WILL KILL ME IF YOU TELL THE STORY OF MY LIFE TO EVERYONE'" (*p.* 884).

"GAILY THE LITTLE BOAT SPED THROUGH THE WATERS."

clasped in a man's arms. Without a moment's hesitation he shot them both. The man died at once, but the girl lingered long enough to prove her innocence and forgive her lover. The stranger was her brother, who, for some reasons, durst not be seen in those parts. The wretched young man fled to this quiet spot, dug out a cell for himself, and passed the remainder of his days in prayer and remorse."

"How sad!" Alice cried when Dr. Travers came to the end of his story. "It seems dreadful to let one's angry, jealous feelings carry one away like that."

"I think it shows how mean the opinion is that men have of women," put in Victoria, who had been listening attentively.

"I fear in many cases such opinions have been only too well founded on fact," said Travers quietly.

"I could fancy some men—you, for instance—acting like that," said Victoria.

"Why so?" he queried.

"Because you have such a miserably bad opinion of women," she rejoined.

"Pardon me," he answered, "you are always unjust to me, Miss Cross. I have the very highest opinion of most women, when they let themselves be what they were meant to be."

"Would you never attribute wrong motives to a woman, then?"

"If I loved a woman, no," he answered, "for I should trust her utterly."

"Even if appearance went against her?" inquired Victoria.

He bowed.

"Then I hope you will find this paragon some day," Victoria said rather sharply.

"A paragon would not suit me at all," returned Travers, turning to ask Alice if she were ready to start. Captain Lawson begged that he and Victoria might join the expedition. Gaily the little boat sped through the waters, moved onwards by the vigorous strokes of the two men. They were strangely silent; Victoria angry with herself for her rudeness, not knowing what ailed her, and Alice thinking how beautiful was the romance unfolded before her. She saw that Dr. Travers was in love with Victoria, and dreaded lest the girl in her wilfulness would put from her the priceless treasure of a good man's love.

When they landed they all went together to the primitive cell where the poor man had spent his last few years of life in penitence. On a slab of sandstone was rudely carved a female head, which, in spite of time's ravages and want of artistic skill, was pathetic in its strange beauty. Dr. Travers told them it was the lost love of the hermit; the only recreation he had permitted himself was to trace her well-remembered features.

Victoria seemed glad to get out of the cell and strolled off with Captain Lawson, leaving Alice and Dr. Travers together. Miss Grey enjoyed her talk very much; it was such a change to meet a man who put forth the best powers of his mind for her benefit, even though she was of the inferior sex.

Meanwhile Victoria and Captain Lawson were walking carelessly along the bank of the river. Before they had gone very far he told her how much he had always admired and loved her, and that his greatest wish was to have her promise to marry him. Poor Victoria! Up to that moment she had always intended to accept him if he asked her, but now that it had

come to the point she knew she could not. With this knowledge had come the reason why she could not marry him. It was as if a veil had been torn from her eyes, and she knew that no man was to her what Travers was. She turned to Lawson with all her pretty coquettishness laid aside, and in genuine sorrow told him she could never marry him. She owned she had always liked him, but she found now that she had mistaken liking for love. Grievous as was his disappointment, there was something so sad in her voice which showed him that she felt rejecting him, and would gladly have accepted him if she could.

"Don't look so miserable, Victoria," he said, bravely putting aside his grief to console the remorseful girl. "I do not blame you, dear. We cannot force ourselves to love."

"I thought I loved you till you asked me to marry you, and now I am so angry with myself, and so ashamed," she said, with tears in her eyes.

"I cannot pretend I do not care," Lawson said, "and I shall always love you; but I dare say I shall get over it in time, so you must not fret about my feelings."

"You are so good, so generous," she cried. "Can I do nothing to show how sorry I am?"

"Yes, one thing, but I hardly like to ask you," he returned.

"Tell me what it is."

"Just kiss me once before we close this leaf of our life's story," he asked.

For all answer she lifted up her face, and he pressed a kiss there which had more of pain than pleasure, of renunciation than bliss, in it.

"Forgive me, I ought not to have asked you," he said. Then: "You will still be friends, Victoria?"

"I will indeed; and I hope you will find someone to be better to you than I have been," was her answer.

Dr. Travers had come to call the truants back to the boat, and had been a witness to the giving of the kiss, and naturally concluded they were engaged. Poor man; that which he greatly dreaded had fallen upon him, but he felt it with all the force of a sudden blow. He had loved Victoria from the day he first saw her, but her numerous flirtations and defiant ways had distressed him, and he had shown his disapprobation. Still he thought her a grand young creature; he could see her true noble character beneath the little superficial faults. "A little rosebud set with wilful thorns, and sweet as English air could make her."

It had always been a matter of sorrow to him that she was so antagonistic, for he felt sure he could have won her if he had had the chance of wooing her; but now he had awakened from his dream.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

SOME weeks passed away uneventfully after the picnic. The Greys had left the Bungalow, and Alice was now staying with the Lawsons. Major Roberts had proposed to Mrs. Morris at Waybourne, and as there was no reason for delay, their marriage had followed very soon. Teddie was left to the care of his nurse and governess and was quite happy, for his dear V.C. made it a point to see him nearly every day, and many were the romps they had in the Lodge gardens during the summer days.

"Victoria, have you heard that typhoid fever has broken out in the barracks?" said her father one hot August day.

"No, I have heard nothing about it. Who told you?" she asked.

"Travers sent round this morning, asking to be excused from dining with us to-night."

"Then it is very serious?" she questioned.

"I fear it is; the great heat is against us. Vi, my child, I almost think you had better go down to Mrs. Grey's till it is over."

"And leave you, dad? So very likely. Suppose you got ill when I was away?"

"Well, don't distress yourself about it just now; we shall see how things turn out," answered the colonel, gathering up his papers ready for his morning's work.

The colonel's dinner-party seemed a very dull affair without Dr. Travers. Victoria had barely seen him since the picnic; he always pleaded extreme business whenever he was asked to the Bungalow, and so he had no opportunity of finding out his mistake about Victoria's engagement.

Some days after the beginning of the typhoid epidemic, Dr. Travers walked in as Victoria was having her solitary breakfast; her father had gone out early that morning.

"No coffee, thank you—I have breakfasted. I only came to tell you that Teddie has the fever rather badly."

"I must go and nurse him," she cried.

"That is precisely what I have come to forbid your doing. I have sent for Mrs. Roberts, and meanwhile his old nurse will look after him. You must promise me not to go."

"It is so hard to have to stand aside doing nothing when one wants to do so much," Victoria said despondingly.

"I know it is, but you must think of your father, and what it would be to him to have you ill. If you look upon staying away as a greater piece of self-sacrifice than going you will feel comforted," answered Travers kindly.

Victoria turned to him.

"You look so tired and worn, do take care of yourself and get some help, or you will be ill yourself."

Travers smiled sadly.

"I stand alone, with no one belonging to me, so I can well afford the risk."

"Don't you care for life, then?" she asked.

"Only in so far as I can help other people. Personally, I have not much to look forward to."

"Oh, but that is dreadful!" she cried. "Believe me, everyone likes you so much, and so you must be careful for your friends' sakes, and not do too much."

"Of course I will. You must not think I do any more than my duty as a doctor," he returned, smiling at her earnestness.

"Some people mistake self-sacrifice for duty," she returned.

"I am not one of those. Well, I rely on you to keep away from the Lodge, and you shall have news daily of our little friend. Good-bye."

"Or rather *au revoir*," she rejoined, smiling brightly.

This work was beneficial to Travers in many ways, for it kept his thoughts from dwelling too much on Victoria. The dread battle with disease, with only the village doctor to help him, taxed all his powers, and he worked almost beyond his strength.

"That Travers is a grand fellow," said Colonel Cross, coming into the drawing-room where his daughter, sick at heart, was trying to while away the time.

"Why, what has he done?" she inquired. "You look quite excited, dad."

"I came in on purpose to tell you all about it. It appears that Lawson was driving that new horse of his down near the bridge over the railway, when it bolted, terrified by the train. Travers was in one of those cottages on the turnpike road when he heard the noise and came out. He rushed forward, caught the horse, and threw him back on his haunches; then Lawson managed to spring out to his help."

"Was he hurt?" Victoria asked breathlessly.

"Who—Lawson? Oh, no, only shaken and upset."

"I meant the doctor."

"Ah, poor fellow! he got an awful strain—dislocated his wrist; he fainted twice while they moved him. He looked like ashes when they brought him home, but ——. Hullo, Vi, what is the matter; are you faint?" as his daughter turned very white and gasped for breath.

"No, I am not going to faint," she answered, with a pitiful attempt at a smile. "Only you frightened me, daddy."

"Little goose. You should not be so nervous," was his fond reply.

The girl managed to creep away to her own room, where the quiet somewhat relieved her, and a few tears fell from her aching eyes. How proud she was of this; what a hero he was—the bravest man she knew! A hot blush came over her face as she remembered her foolish words about the bravest man, and for the moment she felt humbled at having given her love unsought. Then she raised her burning face rather proudly, and thought how true it is

> "We needs must love the highest when we see it,
> Not Lancelot nor another."

She had need of fortitude and patience during the next few weeks, for Dr. Travers was very ill. His strength, impaired by the hard work during the typhoid outbreak, could not stand the terrible strain and wrench when he stopped the runaway horse. For a long time his life was despaired of, but at last very slowly but surely he was brought back from the very gates of death.

Victoria was sitting with Teddie when Mrs. Roberts tripped in lightly to tell her the news that the crisis was past and that Travers would live.

"Why, V.C., darling, what is the matter?" cried Teddie when his mother had left the room. "You are crying; there is a big tear on my cheek."

"Yes, I am very silly, am I not?" she said.

"Are you naughty or unhappy?" he asked.

"I am neither, Teddie. I was crying because I was so happy," answered the girl.

"Is it because our dear doctor is going to get well?" inquired the young inquisitor.

"Yes, it is," she stammered.

Teddie looked at her for a moment, then said slowly—

"*I* laugh when I am happy, but I suppose girls are different—*they* cry and get very red. I love Dr. Travers, don't you, V.C.?"

"Yes—no. I mean I think he is very good and kind," the poor girl replied.

"You are very funny this afternoon," said Teddie severely, as Victoria covered his little face with kisses and asked him what he would like her to bring him back from town next day.

Teddie's eyes sparkled.

"Oh, V.C., can't you guess? I love soldiers better than anything."

Next day was a red letter day to the young convalescent; never had such soldiers been seen as those his dear V.C. gave him.

Dr. Travers sat in a big armchair in Mrs. Roberts's boudoir, while opposite to him sat a little figure in a sailor suit. The two invalids had met for the first time, and Teddie was charmed at having his chum to tea with him.

On a small table near them was spread out a whole regiment of soldiers, and Teddie was expatiating on their superiority over any others he had ever seen.

"V.C. gave them to me," he remarked casually; then, as if struck by a fresh train of thought, he went on, "she was so funny that day; not a bit like herself, doctor."

"Why, what did she do?" Travers asked, amused.

"It was the day we heard you were going to get better, and she cried ever so much, and said she was glad. Wasn't that funny?"

"Very funny," remarked Travers drily. "Go on—what else did she do?"

"Oh, I said I loved you, and she first said she did, and then she said she didn't; then she began hugging me, and asking me to choose a present. I do think girls are awful queer, don't you?" concluded Teddie with a sigh.

Travers laughed. He felt he could have done anything for that blessed child, who had thrown a somewhat different light on his affairs. As luck would have it, Victoria herself stepped in through the French window, looking sweeter and prettier than ever before, so Travers thought.

The colour flushed up into her face as she saw Teddie's visitor.

"I did not know you were here," she said in some confusion.

"Well, are you not going to say you are glad to see me?" Travers remarked.

"How stupid I am," she said nervously. "I am very glad to see you are able to get out again. You made us all very anxious about you at one time."

"V.C., you will stay and have tea with us," cried Teddie, "and I will ask cook to let us have some of that jam you always like."

"No, I must go home," she answered.

"I shan't let you," said Teddie; "you will spoil my party if you do go."

Travers drew the child to him and whispered something in his ear. Teddie laughed and ran off saying—

"V.C., the doctor says he will keep you here till I have been to cook, so you must stay."

Victoria felt very nervous and shy when Teddie had departed. She could not guess what revelations the awful child might have made before she came. She tried to look quite at her ease.

"Do you know, I have never congratulated you yet," began Travers.

"On what?" she asked in surprise.

"On your engagement to Lawson. He is a fine fellow, and a very fortunate one, too."

"I am not engaged to him. How did you ever get that idea into your head?" she asked, blushing vividly.

"I begin to have my doubts now," he said. "But, then I had cause to think I was right, for I saw you together in Way Woods, and drew my own conclusions."

"You saw me then?"

The poor girl felt as if she would like to sink into the earth, but she went on bravely, "He was so good, so generous, and I had been so unkind, and it was all I could do to try and console him."

"THE CHILD LOOKED FROM ONE TO THE OTHER OF HIS FRIENDS IN SURPRISE" (*p.* 892).

"I am so thankful," Travers began; then breaking off suddenly he said, "Victoria, Teddie has been telling me all about the unexpected gift of soldiers, and he set me thinking."

"I don't know what he told you," she faltered.

Travers moved across to where she sat and took her hands in his.

"Victoria, my darling, he made me think you cared for me just a little. Is that true?"

Her pretty head drooped. No one would have recognised the proud little beauty in the shy blushing girl whose "yes" was whispered so low that Travers had to bend his head to hear it.

Then he sat down beside her and drew her closer to him, pressing his first lover's kiss on her trembling lips.

"I always loved you," he said, after a delicious pause, "but I never had any hope till the day Teddie was ill; then I thought I might be mistaken about Lawson."

"Did you really care when I was always so horrid to you?" she asked; then she went on, "I think I loved you all the time. You always made me want to be better and yet I was too proud to let you think that you had any influence over me. Was I very dreadful?"

"Very," he said joyously; "only I knew you would be quite different when you loved anyone; but I was sure I should never be that one."

"But now you are quite sure that there is no one like you in all the world, to me at least," she said with a beautiful blush.

"My darling, I can never be thankful enough for this blessed gift of your love. My life will prove how deep mine is for you."

"You must teach me to be more worthy of your love," she said with sweet humility.

"Poor Lawson! How I pity him," was Travers' next remark.

"I don't think you need," she returned. "Of course it is early days yet, but I cannot help thinking Alice will console him. She is a great friend of his sister's and they see a good deal of each other."

"V.C., you have not gone yet. Why, the doctor seems to hold you pretty tight to prevent your rushing away home. It is all right; cook is going to make some cakes with our names on in currants, and we are to have the jam."

The child looked from one to the other of his friends in surprise. He could not quite make out what had happened.

"Teddie, old fellow," said Travers, drawing the boy close to him, "you made me awfully happy by telling me about those soldiers, for I have found out that your V.C. does love me more than even you do."

"Was that why you cried, V.C.?" asked Teddie, rather awestruck.

"Yes, Teddie, I think that was the reason."

"We must go to town soon when I am better, Teddie, and pay a long visit to the shop where these wonderful soldiers came from, and you must choose some other toys."

It was some time before Teddie could make out why the doctor and V.C. were so very generous to him, but in after-years he always took the credit of their coming together to himself.

In the early spring a grand wedding took place in the garrison chapel. Teddie, resplendent in a Fauntleroy suit, carried the bride's train, and was not sure whether he was groom, best man, or what. He only knew that he played an important part and felt himself of great consequence.

Colonel Cross returned to his solitary home, feeling quite happy about his darling's future. No warrior better deserved the bronze cross for valour than did the noble-hearted doctor who had wooed and won his own Victoria Cross.

MY AFTERNOON NAP.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

THE young and healthy are too often ready to denounce and to ridicule the indulgence by others in little luxuries which they themselves despise. They have no thought of the future, and they forget that whenever a custom is widespread there is generally some good reason for its prevalence. I am wishful to say a good word for the much-abused habit of an afternoon nap, and to show its importance in many cases from a hygienic point of view.

Of course, as in many other things relating to personal habits, so in this, every man must be a law unto himself. It does not suit everybody to doze for a short time in the afternoon. In many instances a feeling of heaviness and lassitude is produced; or headache may result; or it may prevent sound sleep at night. Nor can everybody find time and opportunity to snatch a short nap. Moreover, the young and vigorous do not require it. But others obtain very considerable benefit from the habit; and, as I shall point out later, most benefit is felt by those who are very young, or who are growing rapidly, or who are past middle life, or who are in delicate health.

If we consider for a moment the meaning of sleep, the explanation is obvious. In previous papers I have referred to the physiology of sleep, and have pointed out that it is believed to be associated with a diminished supply of blood to the brain. We can say with certainty that the converse is true—that when the brain is working actively and producing good work it

receives an increased supply of blood. This increase is necessarily at the expense of other organs. We may therefore fairly assume that during sleep there is less blood in the brain and more blood in the other organs, and that during our active waking hours there is more blood in the brain and less in other organs. After a meal the processes of digestion are in active operation, necessitating a greatly increased blood supply to the organs involved.

Consequently, there is a diminution of the blood supply to the brain ; we become drowsy, and many of us actually doze. If, on the other hand, the brain is kept hard at work by an effort of the will, the nutritive processes may be hindered, and an attack of indigestion may be induced.

A similar state of things is brought about by taking active exercise immediately after a meal. Here the vigour of digestion is interfered with by the determination of blood to the muscles. Drowsiness is therefore not unnatural after a meal—especially after dinner, the principal meal of the day ; and the quietude which it secures helps to more perfect digestion.

As I have already remarked, benefit chiefly accrues to the young and the old. Food is required by the young not only to carry on the ordinary functions of the body, but also to promote growth (which is very rapid at times, and may even outstrip the supply of material). It is obvious, therefore, that in these cases digestion should be as perfect and as rapid as possible if the body is to be maintained in good health and to grow normally.

As the period of most rapid growth is comprised within the first four years of life, it is of advantage to children, during this time at least, to sleep for a while after dinner. We must not forget another consideration. All the bodily functions are capable of having regularity impressed on them in a very marked degree, so that if the habit of regular and perfect digestion is formed in early life, it is likely to persist and add much to the happiness and success of after-life. Every influence which helps to form this habit ought, therefore, to be encouraged by those to whom the care of children is entrusted.

In old age we have quite a different set of conditions to consider. The vital processes have now become enfeebled and the organs of the body meet, only with difficulty, the demands made upon them. Every help should therefore be given, not only by providing suitable food, but also by assisting the processes of digestion. The afternoon nap is Nature's way of doing the second duty, and it is of great advantage in promoting a healthy old age. We must also remember that in old age sleep at night is not so sound and regular as it is in earlier life ; so, on the principle that every little helps, the afternoon nap adds to that period of daily rest which is demanded by the body.

It has been stated, with truth, that the habit may even tend to cause sounder sleep at night. Sleep begets sleep—especially in those who are sleepless from overwork.

When dinner is taken in the evening instead of the middle of the day, the necessity for a short rest after it is still more apparent. The work of the day has caused the whole body to be fatigued and less able to do work. The digestive organs share in this weariness, and therefore the short nap is additionally necessary to enable the processes of digestion to proceed. It is not out of place to remark that the custom of late dinner is not suitable for old people. They either become unduly fatigued by waiting so long for their principal meal, or else they take two dinners, and therefore eat more than is necessary: both events are equally injurious.

Some people will not take an afternoon nap because they have no time to spare. They are in a hurry. This phrase is used oftener than it would be if its full meaning were understood. The word hurry implies confusion and want of concerted action. When anything is done in a hurry, it is generally not done in the best possible way, nor is it always done most expeditiously.

It is a matter of frequent observation that the man in a hurry is not really a busy man. He appears to be busy, but he loses more time than he saves by his hurry. He has no time to eat his dinner leisurely, and frequently suffers from an attack of indigestion in consequence. Thereby his power of work is lessened for fully half a day. Nor does the mischief end there. To keep pace with the man, the heart must hurry too. It has no time to rest, and its action becomes disturbed.

The result is that some day it is unable to respond to the strain put upon it when the man hurries to catch a train, and it stops for ever. More than half the talk about the high pressure at which we live is uttered by people who never did a steady hard day's work in their life ; the best of the world's work is done by men who work not at high pressure, but by method.

I mentioned at the beginning of this paper that some people suffer from headache after an afternoon nap, though they would be benefited by it otherwise. A cup of tea, taken immediately on being aroused, very often removes any discomfort which may be experienced. If, however, any lassitude persists, it may be considered that the nap is harmful, and not beneficial. It will be seen, therefore, that the habit must be regulated by the dictates of common sense. Be it remembered that there is no need to be ashamed of the habit when it is necessary.

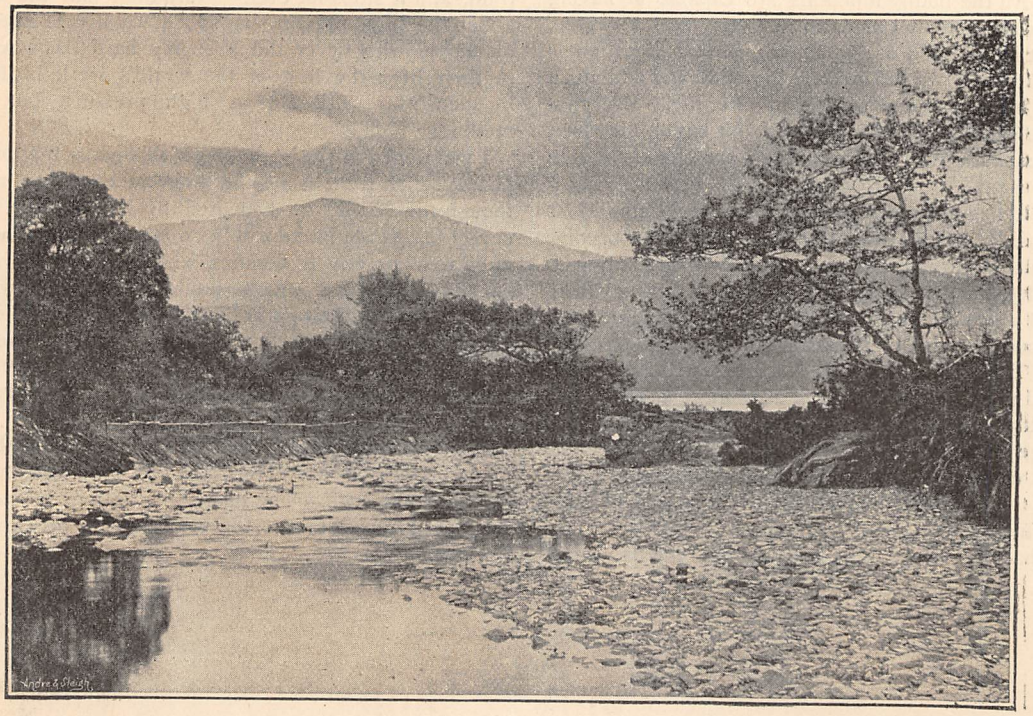
Many of those who indulge in it are thereby enabled to do better and abler work than is even attempted by those who scoff. The luxury of the nap is one of the small rewards deserved and enjoyed by earnest workers.

OUR AMATEUR LANDSCAPE PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION.

THE PRIZE PHOTOGRAPHS.

(*For List of Prize Winners see p.* 720.)

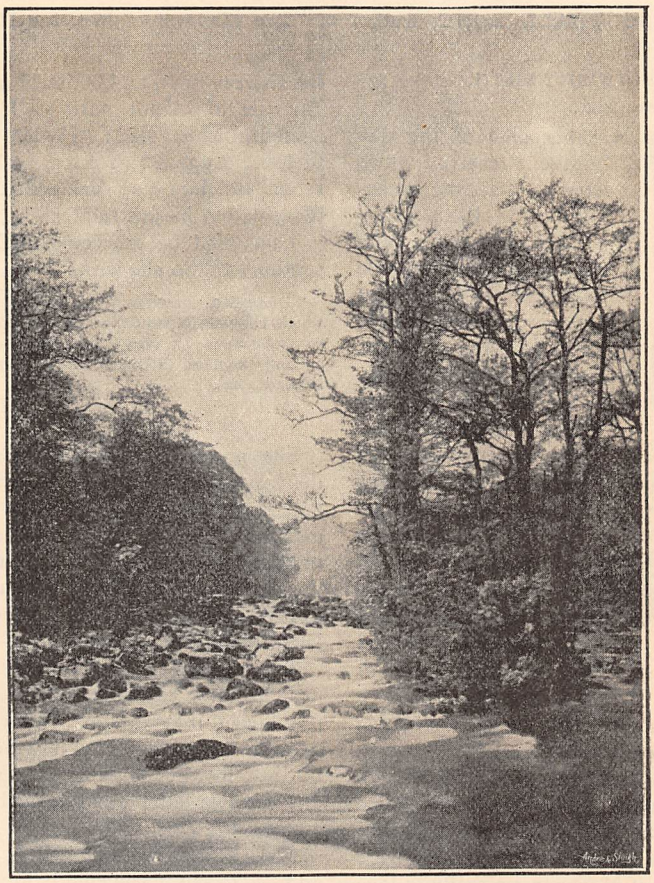
SUMMER TIME. (*First Prize.*)



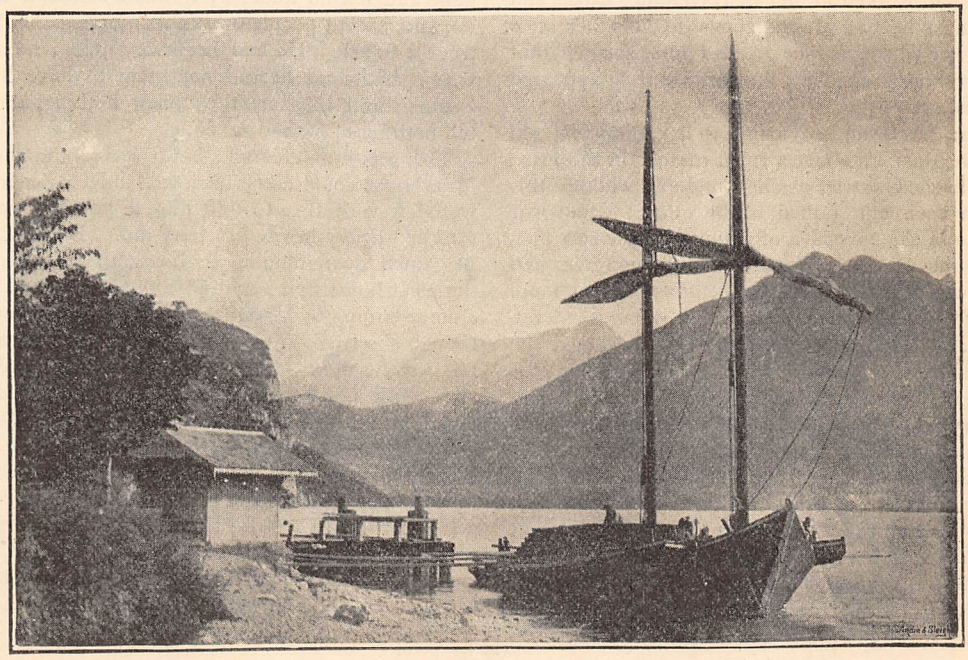
NEAR BARMOUTH (EVENING). (*Second Prize.*)

OUR AMATEUR LANDSCAPE PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION. (*Continued.*)

THE PRIZE PHOTOGRAPHS.



VIEW ON THE WHARFE (MEETING OF THE WATERS), BOLTON WOODS, YORKSHIRE. (*Third Prize.*)



PORT OF MENTHON, SAVOY. (*Fourth Prize.*)

DAVENANT.

By S. SOUTHALL BONE, Author of "The Manager of Manston Mills."

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIFTH.

SEPARATION.

IN the course of the day Madge received two letters. One she recognised as in Bax's handwriting; the other was strange to her, but she felt sure it was from Davenant, and therefore opened it first. As she read it, a flush of surprise and pleasure mounted to her eyes. No woman worthy of the name ever received an avowal of honest love, whether reciprocated or not, without in the one case an emotion of tender delight and womanly pride, or in the other a supreme pity and loyal compassion for the inevitable pang which must be inflicted in return.

But the light in which Davenant regarded Matson was a complete surprise to her, and caused some serious thought. What if Davenant should be right? What if his eyes and ears, sharpened by jealousy, were keener than hers? What if Matson were really in love with her? And as she recalled the devotion with which he had worked for her in Davenant's cause, and the readiness he had always shown to help her or to come to her whenever she needed him, she felt that there was more ground for the surmise than appeared on the surface.

And then, too, suddenly came to her mind that old joke of the doctor's about a third partner in the firm; and she flushed scarlet as she wondered whether this had been seen and talked of by others. She was no flirt; and the bare idea of playing off the two men against each other was repulsive in the extreme. Of this she was certain: that Matson must do no more work for her. If she had found out his secret, honour and loyalty demanded that it should be respected.

She read Davenant's letter again, and then its renunciatory tone struck her. He wrote as though he had no hope; and it was clear that but for this he would not have declared himself so fully. Was it maidenly to call him back? Yet it was a shameful return to Matson to let the false notion live a moment longer than was needful. But before answering, she would read Bax's letter. That amplified what Davenant had said as to the disposal of the money given him by the Government, and of itself needed a prompt reply. But the important part to Madge was the closing sentence, which said: "He has expressed an intention to leave England at once, and has instructed us to retain for him any balance that may remain after carrying out his instructions."

This must be answered, and at once, in spite of sentiment. So she wrote:—

"DEAR MR. DAVENANT,—I am deeply touched with your letter, which, however, is written under a mistake. But if you wish in any way to repay me for what I have done, you will not leave England until you have seen me. I cannot accept your repayment under any other circumstances.

"Yours very sincerely,

"MARGARET DRAYTON."

She posted this letter herself, to make sure of delivery as far as she could. In the evening Mr. Bax and Matson came in. But Davenant did not appear; and Bax's account rather disquieted her. He had been to their office, had signed the necessary authority for the repayment to Madge, and also some directions as to the balance; had then wished them good-bye, and left without any word or hint of return.

There would be scarcely time enough, she reckoned, for the letter to reach him in time to bring him to the house that evening, but by the next day he ought to be there. That day, however, passed by, and the evening, but with no news of him; and the next day her own letter was returned marked: "Gone—no address."

Mrs. Hurst, without telling Madge, went to his address to see if she could trace him; but the people at the house knew nothing. The gentleman had gone and left no address; it was a common thing to do, and, except people owed them money, they did not trouble to ask. He had been very quiet; no one had visited him, and he did not seem to have had any friends; and, in short, they knew nothing, and could tell nothing of his movements.

This was little enough; but it was all the news that Mrs. Hurst could carry back to Madge. Instructions were left with Bax to find him, if possible, and they returned heavy-hearted to Portland. Nothing was to be gained by remaining in London; and there were duties at home that required attention. It was, truly, a sorry ending to Madge's earnest, devoted work; and though she tried to persuade herself that it was, after all, best for both of them that it should so end, yet she could not help feeling—though she would not own it to others—resentment at the ingratitude which could leave her with such scant courtesy. It was some palliative to that resentment that she was sure he was keeping away out of a mistaken loyalty to herself; but even then he should not have hurried off with such unseemly haste.

She was wounded in the tenderest part. Her self-respect and womanly pride had been outraged by the

"'WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?' HE ASKED, WITH HIS HAND ON HER PULSE" (*p.* 898).

cruel comments made at the trial; and now Davenant, for whom she had borne this obloquy, had, as it were, endorsed all that had been said against her, and left her silently and contemptuously, to bear this burden alone. It was almost more than could be borne.

But, bad as the smart was, it was better than the depression which followed—all the harder to bear because the present inaction was so great a contrast to the activity of the past six months. But after a while she became used to the burden, and her cheerfulness returned, though she was no longer the Madge of old: full of life and spirits, and ready at all times to beat the doctor with his own weapons. Davenant's name was never mentioned by any of them, the doctor and Mrs. Hurst hoping that in time he would be forgotten; Madge not forgetting, but remembering him sometimes with tenderness, sometimes with anger, but always with a vague hope of reconciliation. In her quiet moments she used to wonder whether, if things had gone differently with him, she would ever have got to the bottom of that mystery of her early recollection of him. She had never been able to solve that question; and since his disappearance the memory of him seemed more than ever to be linked with that earlier memory which eluded all attempts to fix it. No taxing of her brain had ever recalled that missing link, and it would seem that it was one of those problems which can only be solved in a future existence, and with other senses than those we now possess.

Nothing was to be gained by vainly trying to solve a question which, if solved, could only aggravate her pain; so she gladly agreed to Mrs. Hurst's proposal to take up some sort of work, employed in which she might forget her trouble. There was enough at hand in the visitation of the poorer families of Castleton and Fortune's Well; and, once engaged in

it, she soon found full occupation for both body and mind, and an employment which, in causing her to take thought for the sorrows of others, led her insensibly out of her own.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SIXTH.

IN THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

LIFE in the doctor's household passed quietly, if not joyfully. The winter gave place to a late spring; and that, again, passed suddenly into a hot summer. The change brought with it a sudden access of disease. The houses of the humbler poor, uncleanly and insanitary as many of the older Portland dwellings are, with stuffy abominations that had lain harmless all through the winter, now festering in the heat, soon developed sickness; and it was not long before several cases with typhoid symptoms appeared in Madge's district.

Then the doctor began his old ways. "I will not have you go into those houses, Madge. Fever is going to be bad here, I foresee."

"My dear uncle," she answered, with something of her old spirit, yet with a quiet firmness that was not in the old days, "did you ever refuse to attend your men in action because of the danger?"

"My goodness! no, child. I should have been court-martialled if I had; and quite right, too. But your case is totally different. You are not bound to run into danger."

"What would my poor people think if they heard that Miss Drayton was afraid to see them because of the fever? Could I ever visit them again? No; if I am not a soldier, I am a soldier's daughter, and I should be ashamed of myself to show the white feather."

"A wilful woman must have her way, I suppose. But take care: we are going to have a bad time with it here."

"I will neglect no precaution, you may be sure," said Madge; and with that assurance the doctor had to be content. But, as a medical man, he was right. Not only he, but all who were qualified to judge were of the same opinion. Madge went on her way, and made her visits as usual. But she banished several younger ladies, who, encouraged by her example, were still going about. "You have young brothers and sisters at home," she said to one, "and the risk is too great. I have no ties of that kind."

So things went on for a month or six weeks, then matters began to mend. The doctors said the worst was over, and Madge herself began to feel the need of some relaxation. One sultry afternoon, toiling homewards up the hill, which reflected back the fierce heat of the sun, and feeling more than usually tired, the recollection of Davenant's weary face came very vividly to her mind. The sun seemed to strike with greater power, and her limbs ached with fatigue as she slowly walked up the long hill. When she reached home, she threw herself into a chair, too tired to take off hat or gloves, or do anything but rest.

"How cool the house is, after the heat," she said: "almost too cool;" and, as she spoke, a slight shiver passed over her.

"I hope you have not taken a chill, Madge?" said Mrs. Hurst.

"I hope not, aunt. I am only tired, that is all." Then the doctor came in, and repeated his wife's questions with more minuteness, and less inclined to accept Madge's explanation as to being "only tired."

"Where have you been this afternoon?" he asked, with his hand on her pulse.

"Only at Stephens' and Stone's," she answered.

"Only—and only—regular fever-dens, both of them. Well, you have caught cold, anyhow; and a summer cold is worse than a winter one. Now, I'll have no more visiting after this."

"They are the last on the list, uncle; and they are nearly well, too."

"Then you might have let them be for a while," said the doctor gruffly, "or wait till the heat of the sun had gone off, instead of knocking yourself up."

"I shall be better presently," she said. But she could eat no dinner, and had instead some tea. And after that, in spite of all she could do to control it, a fit of shivering came on, and Mrs. Hurst insisted on her going to bed.

"It seems so absurd," said Madge. "But I am very tired, and really not sorry to go."

"The girl is in for fever," said the doctor, when his wife rejoined him, after seeing Madge comfortably in bed. "I knew it would come to this. She has been about once too often."

"Oh! I hope not, Tom," replied Mrs. Hurst. "She will be better after a night's rest."

"I've seen too much of it not to know. And if she has not got it, I'll eat my hat!"

"Oh! Tom, how can you talk so?" said his wife; but, as she knew, it was the doctor's way of concealing his feelings. He gave Madge a cooling and sedative draught, and then went out to call on a brother doctor, and talk over the case with him.

The event proved the soundness of the doctor's judgment. The night brought little rest for Madge, who was feverish and restless, and when sleep did come, it was full of uneasy dreams. The next day's symptoms were decidedly of a typhoid character, and by the next there was no doubt—both doctors were agreed upon that. A trained nurse was engaged—not that Mrs. Hurst shrank from the task of nursing her niece, but the doctor knew well how, in these cases, half the battle lies in dogged, persistent nursing.

For the next three weeks there was a hard fight for life in that sick-room. The germs of the fever had taken strong hold of Madge's system, and it was painful indeed to note how each day seemed to end with a diminished store of strength. Mr. Hurst moved about, outwardly calm, but with an anguished heart, the doctor concealing his anxiety under an affectation of exceeding brusqueness; the nurse alone fully equal to the emergency, quiet and patient, cheerful but determined, and never relaxing her watchfulness for a single moment. Day after day passed by, the fight

lasting with unequal success: one day a little progress, the next a relapse. The days of the third week of the fever were running out, and the critical time was approaching. As it drew near the suspense intensified into agony. Mrs. Hurst could not bear to think of it; and the doctor tried to hide his fears under a brusqueness toward everyone but the nurse, who was the real master of the house.

Madge lay in the extreme of prostration, scarcely able to take any nourishment (but for the nurse, she would have taken none), and, even when not delirious, wandering in mind through sheer exhaustion. The two ladies watching by her side heard much that indicated that the bodily disease was complicated by mental trouble. Mrs. Hurst, knowing much of Madge's heart, was not surprised, but she was not prepared to find how deeply Davenant's disappearance had wounded her. And even about Davenant there was a great deal that was perplexing in what Madge said. Sometimes she spoke of him as a child, and as if they were playfellows together, with their little loves and quarrels. "Don't, Eddie," she would say; "you hurt me, and I won't kiss you." And then, almost in the same breath, "What have I done to be treated so cruelly, and why do you look at me so contemptuously? Why do you not come back and take me out of this prison? I helped to take you out of yours. Why will you not come, now that you are free and I am shut in here?"

The nurse looked at Mrs. Hurst. "She always talks more or less like that," she said. "Is there anything in it—any foundation?"

"Some of it I can understand, but not all. She appears to be confusing some childish memories with a later trouble. I never heard her speak of 'Eddie' before."

"No?" said the nurse, with an inquiring look.

"It is Mr. Davenant's name, though. I had forgotten that. But then, again, she would not have called him by his Christian name."

"Is the trouble connected with this Mr. Davenant?" asked the nurse.

"Yes," said Mrs. Hurst. "I was in hopes she had forgotten it."

"You will understand," said the nurse, "that I am not asking out of curiosity; but, if possible, I should like to have that gentleman at hand. Is there any reason why he should not come? Would it cause a greater sorrow?"

"Unfortunately, he cannot be found; and it is his absence that has caused the sorrow."

"Will you make another effort? I have known such a stimulus produce the best results."

"I will telegraph instantly," said Mrs. Hurst. She wired to Mr. Bax, begging that, if possible, Davenant might be found, and requested to come immediately to Portland.

Later on she came again to the bedside, and took charge for three or four hours, that the nurse might rest. Madge was still in the same state, dreadfully weak, and wandering in mind. Mrs. Hurst could not help thinking, as she sat listening to the unconscious girl, how the soul, the real Ego, spoke through those rambling, disconnected words. No conventionality, no feminine concealment of the love, but pure and unrestrained affection, as outspoken as that of a little child who looks boldly into one's face as it says, "I love you." Later in the day came the answer from Bax: "Most grieved at news. Have got clue. Matson already started in search."

This was put into Mrs. Hurst's hands as she sat by the bedside. It was good, so far, but it amounted to very little. The telegram spoke of a clue and a search: would the wasted, fevered form on the bed at her side live as many days, or even hours, as the search might take? Her heart sank as she thought of it. With all the speed, it might be too late. The doctor read the telegram in silence, and said nothing. He made no attempt now to hide his feelings under any assumed brusqueness, but wandered about the house, silent and sad, utterly unable to read or occupy himself in any way. He had ceased long ago to interest himself in Davenant, and nothing but the nurse's expressed wish had roused any desire to see him again. Like his wife, however, he was prepared to acquiesce in everything if only his darling were restored to him. Like her, too, he was almost hopeless that even if Davenant's return could, like Orpheus, win his love back from the gates of death, he could return in time to accomplish it.

The day ended at last, and the summer night drew on. The pale light lingered in the north all through the night, and helped to drive away the dreariness from the watchers. Patient watching and constant administration of nourishment had been kept up all the day, and was continued through the night. Like the English at Waterloo, the battle was fought by steady, dogged perseverance in face of the foe. That was the twentieth day of the fight: Life and Death were battling for the mastery—by to-morrow's dawn the victory would be decided. Cases were known in which the crisis was postponed till the twenty-eighth day, but neither the doctor nor the nurse, nor in fact anyone in the house, deluded themselves with the vain hope. Humanly speaking, only the nursing had kept her alive; and it was evident to all that the frail residue of strength could not last over another day.

Many had been the inquiries during the time, but this day a card was affixed to the door, begging visitors to abstain. Absolute quiet was maintained throughout the house; the straw laid thickly on the road outside deadened the noise of the traffic, which, at the greatest, was not much; and the universal sympathy felt by those in whose service Madge had imperilled her life led them of their own accord to keep the roadway as quiet as possible.

Not for one moment that day did the nurse leave her post. Mrs. Hurst was her deputy in giving necessary orders, and so forth, but not for an instant did she relax her watch. Nourishment of various kinds, given in small quantities every ten minutes or so, was kept up all the time. The supreme crisis was at hand, every hour bringing it nearer, and she was battling for her patient's life with all the energy of her mind and the courage of her nature.

Night came, but no tidings of Davenant or Matson. Indeed, in the intense excitement of the time they were all but forgotten. Mrs. Hurst had ceased to wish for his arrival; it seemed as though the time had passed when his presence could have been of any service to turn back the ebbing tide of life. No one but the servants went to bed that night, and then only by express order, and with the permission to rest in turns, so that one was always available, and both in case of need.

In the small hours of the morning the crisis came. The wearied brain ceased its rambling, the eyelids closed, the breath became soft and regular, the aching limbs sank naturally into the attitude of repose, and the deep sleep in which the victory is won fell upon poor Madge. The doctor took his station outside the house, walking like a sentry up and down, partly to calm his agitation, partly to warn all noisy passers-by. The thickly-strewn straw muffled all noise of vehicles, but he insisted on all conveyances being walked past.

As the sunlight began to shine down over the rocky hill behind the house, he saw a carriage drawn by two horses galloping along the lower road. Soon it turned the angle to ascend the hill, and again the horses broke into a gallop as they breasted the hill towards the house. The doctor rushed towards them to stop the driver, but on seeing the straw, the man pulled up without waiting to be told. The door opened, and Davenant and Matson sprang out. They held out their hands to the doctor, but neither ventured to ask the question which their eyes looked.

"Thank God!" said the doctor, reverently taking off his hat as he answered the question their lips refused to put. "She is alive, and has fallen into a quiet sleep. When she wakes—which I trust may not be for hours yet—God may give her back to us. If not, may we have strength to bear His will!"

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SEVENTH.

BACK FROM THE GATES OF DEATH.

MRS. HURST met Davenant and Matson in the hall with the doctor.

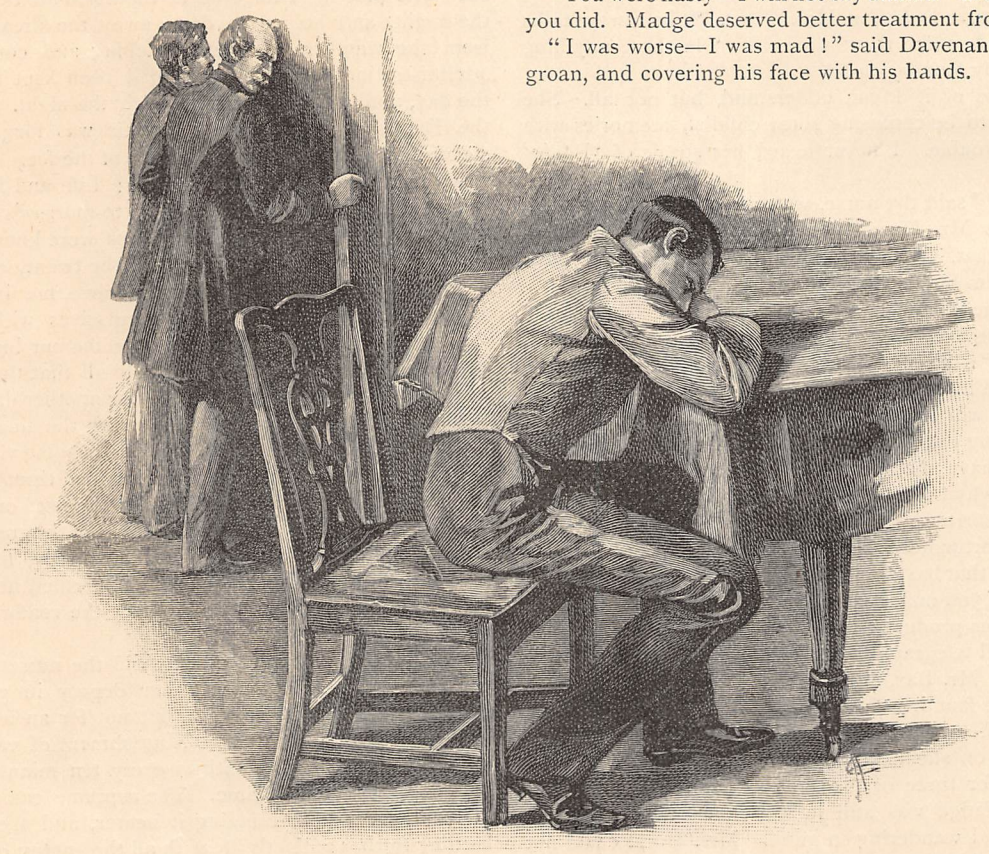
"I am very glad you are come," she said to Davenant; "and you too, Mr. Matson. What do we not owe to you? Madge is still sleeping, I am thankful to say, and I have come down just to welcome you, though I can only spare a few minutes, as I want nurse to rest while she can."

"Do not think me ungrateful, Mrs. Hurst," said Davenant. "I have no words to tell you what I feel. If I had only known before what I know now! But until yesterday I was in utter ignorance of her illness, much more of her danger—and all through my own folly!"

Mrs. Hurst took him into a little morning-room.

"You were hasty—I will not say unkind—in acting as you did. Madge deserved better treatment from you."

"I was worse—I was mad!" said Davenant, with a groan, and covering his face with his hands. "But if



"DAVENANT . . . BROKE INTO A FIT OF WEEPING" (*p.* 902).

you will believe me," he continued, "I did it for the best. I loved her dearly, and when I first met her I thought she cared for me. Then her manner changed, and I thought she meant it as a rebuke for my presumption. I saw Mr. Matson a great deal with her, and I concluded that they were engaged. I thought the only return I could make for all she had done was to be loyal to her, and bear my pain in silence ; but I found I could not do it, and the only honest course that was left was to take myself clear away."

"Madge wrote to call you back to her," said Mrs. Hurst.

"I never had the letter. I would have come directly if I had received it."

"It would have saved much misery if you had come to us before you went away. It is only in this illness, in her wandering talk, that we have found how deeply she felt your abrupt departure."

Davenant's only answer was a groan.

"The past cannot be recalled," said Mrs. Hurst. "I must honestly say that we should not at that time have encouraged your suit. But Madge's life and happiness are more precious to us than any plans we could have made for her, and when you had somewhat reinstated yourself we should not have withheld our consent."

"Is there really any hope for her?" he asked. "From what Matson told me yesterday, I thought there was none, and that if we did reach here in time it would only be to see her die."

"We had very little hope last night, her weakness was so great. But soon after midnight she fell into a sound sleep, and if it will but last, I do trust there is hope for her. Your seeing her, however, must be entirely governed by the doctor and the nurse, to whose care, humanly speaking, she will owe her life. It was at the nurse's suggestion we made a last effort to find you."

"At the nurse's suggestion? What should she know of me?"

"Madge has said many things in her delirium which in her senses would never have passed her lips. I should not mention them either, if it were not to show you that even if she recovers it will be in your power to make her life happy or miserable."

"Will you give me leave to try?" asked Davenant humbly. "I am a soldier, but I have enough left to buy my discharge. I am absolutely at your disposal, to do whatever you think best. I owe everything to Madge, and the least I can do is to serve her in the way she or you may think best."

"Why did you enlist?" asked Mrs. Hurst.

"It was the only thing that was open to me. I could not rest till I had refunded what your niece had paid and made herself liable for. There was not enough left to serve any useful purpose, and a soldier's life seemed to provide all I needed : food, clothing, a roof over my head, and occupation—in fact, all that a man in my circumstances ought to want."

"That means," said Mrs. Hurst, looking at him steadfastly, but not unkindly, "that you were too proud to owe it to a woman, does it not?"

"Forgive me," said Davenant. "I should not have done it if I had known what I know now. But I felt sure she loved Matson, and it seemed such an awfully mean thing not to repay the money when I had it by me."

"You acted for the best, according to your light, but you would have saved yourself and Madge much unhappiness if you had only consulted us first. However, I must leave you now, as I am keeping nurse from her rest."

Mrs. Hurst noiselessly left the room, and the quiet in which Davenant found himself seemed to pervade the whole house. The hot noonday sun beat fiercely on the houses clinging to the steep hillside. The traffic and the passers-by seemed with common consent to avoid the doctor's house. Only his colleague came during the day. He went upstairs with less care to move quietly, Davenant thought, than he might have shown. But Madge's sleep was more profound than his fears, and the doctor's heavy step never made her stir. He looked at her without a word, gave an emphatic nod, and retired, followed by the nurse, who held a whispered conversation with him in the next room.

"Sleeping splendidly—worth millions to her! On no account let her be disturbed, and let her have whatever she asks for when she wakes."

Then there was another whispered confabulation, during which the doctor shook his head, but at the close said—

"Well, if it is as you say it may be beneficial, but you must judge for yourself, and act with the greatest caution. I shall look in again in the afternoon."

Matson had devoted the morning to the doctor, to whom he gave an account of the search for Davenant. The clue was this :—Freeland, who was occasionally employed by the firm, was present when Mrs. Hurst's telegram arrived, and was at once asked if he knew anything of the missing man. He could tell nothing except that he had heard him express his intention to enlist. This was enough. Matson went instantly to Charles Street, and succeeded in tracing an Edward Eardley as having enlisted, just after the conclusion of the trial, in the —th Dragoons, then quartered at York. Returning to the office, he provided himself with money and credentials, and started by the night mail, arriving at York in the early morning. An interview with the commanding officer proved that he was on the right track, and, the story told, leave of absence for Davenant and every facility for his departure were at once and freely granted.

Armed with these, he sought out Davenant, whom he found in the guard-room, reading, and to whom his sudden appearance seemed to cause the greatest astonishment. Astonishment soon gave way to an agony of self-reproach and grief. Matson's explanations, and still more Mrs. Hurst's telegram, showed Davenant how grievously he had misunderstood Madge. Matson, however, could tell him nothing of the nature of Madge's illness. The telegram, however, was evidence in itself that the danger was imminent, and every moment till the hour of departure arrived was a torture.

By mid-day they were on their way southwards. Fast as the "Flying Scotchman" travels, it was too slow for both of them, whose thoughts, restless and unsatisfied, were hovering round the sick room at Portland. But in the cool of the summer evening they reached King's Cross, and drove across London to Waterloo, with time to spare for a meal—of which Matson, at least, was much in need, for he had had but one in the last twenty-four hours.

At Waterloo they found, to their disappointment and vexation, that the mail did not travel beyond Dorchester, and there was nothing in the shape of a train to Weymouth for some three hours after. There was only one alternative—to post—and Matson telegraphed to the station-master at Dorchester for a carriage and pair to meet the train, so that long before the mail-cart which brings the Weymouth mails had left the Dorchester office, they were tearing along the old Roman road, up the ascent to Ridgway Hill, with the mysterious old British camp of Maiden Castle behind them on the right. As the carriage reached the summit and gained the southern slope, the lovely panorama of land and sea beneath and sunrise sky above came into view. Portland, some eight miles distant, was clearly visible, shining distinctly in the morning sunlight; and even the houses on the green hillside could be easily recognised. The sense of nearness was almost painful—to think that on that spot, so clearly visible, yet distant still more than an hour's hard driving, a girl so dear to both of them was battling for life: that possibly before that distance could be covered the battle might be decided. But as the horses galloped down the hill, and the distant view subsided behind lower elevations, the pain was merged in the excitement of finding themselves at every stride nearer their goal. The road for the greater part is down-hill, and in twenty minutes from the foot of Ridgway Hill they were passing through Weymouth. The fresh morning breeze from the sea was sending a little surf upon the shingle, but there was no one about to enjoy it. Even for the early bathers the day was yet too young, and save for a weary policeman, not a soul met them as they drove through the silent town.

Neither spoke much during this last stage of the journey. The same fear was present to each—that the end would have come before they could reach the house; and it was but an aggravation of the suspense to surmise what would now, in a very few minutes, be known to them. Matson could tell Davenant nothing as to the nature of the illness, his only knowledge being derived from Mrs. Hurst's telegram. This alone had sufficed to show Davenant how greatly he had mistaken all that passed at the trial, and how that for his one motive for his unhappy withdrawal there was absolutely no foundation. If he had only been patient he might have been spared this misery. But beyond this, Matson had told him that there had been no engagement, or question of engagement, between himself and Miss Drayton. What his personal feelings on the matter were he kept to himself.

So much of this journey as did not relate to the above subject was detailed to the doctor, and at any other time would have caused him a good deal of anxiety as to the outcome of the renewed acquaintance with Davenant. But, apart from the fact that in any case the decision of this matter would hardly have rested with the doctor, all worry of this kind was lost in the heavy sorrow that overshadowed the house. The day wore on, and the declining sun was burnishing the West Bay into a blinding blaze of golden light. The three gentlemen were now sitting silently in the dining-room, darkened to shut out the glare of light. In the quiet, and the gloom, and the rest from the weariness of travelling, more time had passed than they were aware of. Suddenly they were roused by the presence of the nurse standing in the room.

"What is it, nurse?" asked the doctor, rising hastily. "Do you want me?"

"No," said the nurse, with the light of victory in her eyes. "I would not disturb you before, but now I have good news for you. The poor girl woke three-quarters of an hour ago and asked for food, which she has eaten and enjoyed. The fever is gone, and now she has fallen off to sleep again. I think the danger is past now."

"God be praised!" said the doctor reverently.

"Amen!" responded Matson.

Davenant said nothing, but, covering his face with his hands, bowed his head upon the table and broke into a fit of weeping. The doctor took Matson's arm, and, leading him out of the room, left Davenant alone.

An hour later the nurse entered the room again.

"I want you," she said simply.

Davenant looked up in alarm.

"Is there any danger—any relapse?"

"No, and I hope there will be none; but I want you to take a turn at watching. Will you sit by her side, and give her some food when she wakes?"

"Will I? You need scarcely ask that."

"No, I suppose there need not be much doubt of that," said the nurse, a faint smile flickering over her quiet face. "But," she continued, "I must lay an injunction upon you, which you must promise to obey. You must not speak, nor do anything to agitate her."

"But will she recognise me, do you think?"

"I think she will; but you must not do anything to force it. If she recognises you, you may just speak a few words, but not otherwise. If she does not, you must be silent."

"I will do all you say. I am thankful to be allowed to do it."

"Follow me, then, as quietly as you can. You must come away, too, when I call you."

Silently he followed her up the stairs. There was not a sound in the house. The door of the darkened room was half open to admit the air, and upon Davenant there came that peculiar impression which most of us have felt upon coming for the first time into a house or a room in which that terrible battle between life and death is, or has been, proceeding. As they stepped upon the landing Mrs. Hurst appeared at the door of the room, beckoning him. She led him into

the room, and there, in the dim half light, he saw before him his poor Madge, wasted and sore-stricken with the fever. She lay quietly sleeping, her attitude so suggestive of resting after the fierce strife that Davenant was glad of the dim light to hide the blinding tears that rushed into his eyes. A soft touch on his arm recalled his self-possession as the nurse pointed to the chair at the bedside. In it he quietly seated himself to begin his watch.

As his eyes became accustomed to the gloom, and one sense they had exchanged positions: he was free, but she was only just out of the grasp of a dangerous illness—in fact, as he looked at the frail form before him, he was consumed by doubt and anxiety lest the recovery should prove to be delusive, and only the expiring flicker of the flame of life. He reproached himself bitterly for the foolish haste with which he had left the noble girl, feeling that if she had died in this illness, carrying that sorrow to her grave, he could never have forgiven himself. As to his own personal

"'MADGE,' SAID DAVENANT . . . 'I NEVER DESERVED SUCH GOODNESS'" (*p.* 905)

he could see with comparative clearness, he began to realise the danger through which she had passed. The features were Madge's, but so thin and worn were they that he would scarcely have known her elsewhere. The white hand and fingers, wasted and almost transparent, with that peculiar scarlet tint on the edge of the palm which denotes the presence of fever: the blue-veined shrunken temple, over which her hair, damp with the balmy moisture in which the fever had passed away, was lying—all indicated how near she had been to the borders of the unknown land.

As he sat in the quiet, darkened room, his eyes fixed watchfully on her, every line of her tired limbs showing how welcome was the repose to the poor shattered frame, his thoughts went back to the time, just a year ago, when she had first seen him in his bondage. How much had happened since then! In share in the sorrow, he knew now that Madge had not caused it: that he alone was to blame.

It was, perhaps, because his self-reproach was so keen that the hope of recovery expressed by the nurse failed to cheer him. But if his fear was greater than his hope, it made him vigilant in his watch. Though Madge's hand, thin and white, lay within a few inches of his own, and the desire to touch it would have been at another time irresistible, nothing would have tempted him to do so now. The nurse herself, who, unknown to him, had noted the abstinence, was satisfied with him as a temporary substitute.

At last, in the cool of the evening, she awoke and asked for food. Davenant gave her some beef-tea without speaking a word. But the invalid's quick sense detected in a moment that a strange hand was feeding her, and that, too, not belonging to one of her own sex.

"Who is it?" she asked, with a faint cry of surprise.

Someone at that instant—Davenant never knew who—slightly turned the blind, and as the light revealed his features a look of wonder and joy flushed her pale face.

"Am I ill again, or is it really you, Mr. Davenant?" she asked.

"I have come back to you. Can you indeed forgive me?" he replied.

"I have seen you so many times since I have been ill that I can hardly be sure; and there has always been trouble between us. But it seems different now. Surely you are real, and I am not dreaming those horrible dreams again?"

The voice was Madge's, yet it was so faint and weak that Davenant could scarcely restrain himself, but, remembering the peril, he did so.

"You are really here?" she asked, in the same faint voice, putting her hand outside the coverlet towards him.

"I am indeed," he said vehemently, pressing her hand between his own, and eagerly kissing it. "Forgive me, dearest," he said.

There was a faint pressure in return, and the old look that he knew so well came into her eyes.

"You have found out now?" she said.

"I was an utter fool ever to doubt you, Madge. But I have had my punishment," he replied, kissing the poor thin hand that lay unresisting in his own. "You will forgive me, will you not?" he continued.

"I forgave you long ago," she answered, in a low voice.

He bent over her and kissed her lips, parched and cracked with the fever; and, not if she had been in the most radiant and buoyant health could her kiss have given him greater joy than that which those parched and fevered lips gave him in return.

"Come, you have been here long enough, Mr. Davenant," said the nurse, as she came into the room.

"I have promised to obey orders. It was the condition of my seeing you, Madge. But I shall be close at hand, and I shall see you again soon." Then turning to the nurse, he said, "May I come in again the last thing to-night?"

"Not till to-morrow. She has had as much excitement as she can bear to-night."

"Very well, nurse; I will obey;" and bending down once more for a parting kiss, given and received, he left the room.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-EIGHTH.

FINIS CORONAT OPUS.

THE nurse was right. Even the doctors were surprised when they saw Madge the next day. That wondrous tonic, Hope, had already worked marvels. Madge was soon able to sit up, and long before Davenant's leave had expired, to be moved to another room. Matson—faithful, indefatigable Matson—had already left for London, carrying his secret with him. Whatever it was, it did not prevent him from loyally serving Davenant's interests.

He had taken back with him instructions to purchase Davenant's discharge from the army. It is just possible that but for his blind haste in leaving after the trial, he might have entered and continued in the army as a profession; for Madge was the last woman in the world to despise a soldier, and it would have been no disparagement to him in her eyes that he had risen from the ranks.

But her illness had altered all that. For a long time to come she would be more or less of an invalid, needing constant care and freedom from anxiety; and it was seen that if the engagement was to be carried out, some other occupation must be found for Davenant—one which would entail less separation and worry. Whatever objections the doctor and Mrs. Hurst might have had had all disappeared during the stress of Madge's illness, and the insight which that had given them into her secret mind. While that, therefore, was looked upon as a settled thing, the occupation which Davenant should follow was still to be discussed and decided upon.

During one of these discussions, Mrs. Hurst suddenly changed the conversation. "By the way, Madge," she said, "you talked a great deal of rubbish in your illness. But one thing you said I could not understand. You used to talk of 'playing with Eddie,' and sometimes kissing and sometimes quarrelling with him. Who was Eddie?"

"Did I say that?" Madge answered, with a vivid blush. "How strange! I had forgotten that for years, of course. I used to play with Eddie Eardley. We were sweethearts until mamma thought we were getting too old for that sort of thing, and stopped us. I remember it now perfectly."

"Where was it?" said Mrs. Hurst.

"When we were living at Brighton. We used to play together in the square and on the beach."

"You did not know them when we were living near you?"

"Not then. We first met at the Richmonds', who lived near us."

Then Davenant, who had been very silent, broke in with: "But I am Edward Eardley——"

Before he could finish the sentence Madge cried out: "There! the mystery is solved at last. Now I know why I have always had a remembrance of your face."

"It has been mutual, then; though I had forgotten the circumstances."

"But the name is different," said Mrs. Hurst.

"That is easily explained," said Davenant. "My father's name was Eardley then. He assumed the name of Davenant when he succeeded to the business."

"Well, I am glad to think I have rescued my little playmate," said Madge.

"In spite of his cruel behaviour?"

Mrs. Hurst was discreetly absent; and Davenant's mouth was stopped in a very effectual manner by an argument which Madge had to use more than once to convince her lover.

They were sitting together one day in a little room which had always been Madge's, looking up the steep

hill at the back of the house, and commanding a partial view of the deep fosse in which Davenant had worked as a convict. A letter was brought in, which proved to be from Matson, stating that he had purchased Mr. Davenant's discharge, and that he was now free to choose his own occupation.

"This leaves no excuse for idleness," said Davenant.

"SHE WENT TO HIS SIDE . . . AND HELD THE PAPER BEFORE HIM" (*p.* 906).

"I must cut short my happy times here, and set to work at something. The only question is—What?"

"Let us decide, if we can, now. What do you think of the medical profession? Would it be too late for you to begin?"

"I think not. But it is too expensive; I do not see how it can be done."

Madge looked shyly, but lovingly, at him. "Would you be too proud to accept what I should have done for you without your knowledge if that abominable Scourbrass (she could use a little lady-like Saxon when so inclined) had not spoiled everything? I never intended you to know that I was liable for the law expenses; and I did intend that you should use the compensation to advance yourself."

"Madge," said Davenant, looking into her eyes, "you were in love with me then, I am sure. But I never deserved such goodness."

"You ought not to force me to such a confession, sir. It was just what that impudent man said of me."

"And he was right, after all, Madge."

"Hold your tongue, sir! But seriously, Eddie, you must take the money."

"My dearest Madge, how can I take it under these circumstances? What will be thought of me?"

"Never mind that. Circumstances are altered, or I should not let you sit so close nor hold my hand so tight. Will you accept it now?"

Davenant was silent. In spite of her banter, and

the fact that the little hand lying in his own was nervously moving till it had locked his fingers in a grasp hard to resist, he could not reconcile himself to the proposal. Madge continued—

"My dear boy, do let us be practical. Do you really want to marry a certain wilful young lady, who intends to have her own way?"

There is no need to record Davenant's answer. Readers may imagine it for themselves. If they are of a prosaic turn, they can think that he said: "Oh, of course I do!" What Madge said in return was this: "There, that is enough for the present, till we have decided this business. The practical question is—What else can you do? The bar is too slow."

"I am not fit for that now."

"I won't speak of the Church," said Madge. "That should never be entered for the motive of a livelihood. Then, business of any kind?"

Davenant shuddered. "I have not the least fitness for it, and my credit would be at the mercy of any scoundrel who chose to rake up my story. No: that is out of the question."

"Then there is only my proposal left. Now, dear boy," she continued, stealing her arm round his neck, "there is only one way out of this difficulty: and that is to accept my help. I must put your love to the test. Will you take it for my sake, and do your best with it?"

Davenant could resist no longer. As he drew her to his arms, he said: "My darling, I owe everything to you; and I will owe you this too, for your sake."

"That puts my mind at ease, then," she replied. And drawing down his face to hers, she gave him his reward in kisses from lips no longer parched and burning with fever, but fresh and soft, and warm with returning health.

* * * * *

The story is told. But, with a writer's privilege, we leap over an intervening space of time, and once more lift the curtain on our *dramatis personæ*.

Madge and Davenant are happily married. She is more matronly, but otherwise much the same as the Madge of old days. Two curly-headed little youngsters, a girl and boy, call her mother. The girl is named after her mother, but is called Maggie, to avoid the confusion of two Madges; and she rules Dr. Hurst even more strictly than did her mother in her girlish days.

The doctor retired from the army soon after Madge's marriage, and took a practice in a pleasant country village, where Dr. Davenant joined him, taking the harder part of the work, leaving to him the patients near at hand, and some who despised his own youth; and some also whose treatment consisted principally of a daily call and a comforting draught every other day. The houses of the two partners were centres of help and comfort for the poorer villagers, whose treatment is never confined to medicine alone; and Madge often chaffs her husband by telling him that she cures more with her soups and jellies than he kills with his medicine.

Davenant himself is now active and hearty, and enjoys life. But it was a long time before he could throw off the depression which those terrible three years had wrought, and which needed all the loving care that Madge lavished upon him to enable him to battle with it. But he succeeded at last; and Madge, knowing her husband, could understand how it was he had deserved more pity than blame at the time when he so rashly threw away the happiness that was within his reach.

Mrs. Hurst is still the loving gentle woman of her younger days. That gentle spirit causes age to sit lightly upon her, and surrounds her with an atmosphere of love and pleasantness.

Two graves in a distant London churchyard are not forgotten. There sleep the mother and sister who were killed by the cruel blow that fell upon the only son and brother. At one time Davenant thought of bringing their remains to rest in the village churchyard, but on second thoughts, he decided not to disturb them. They are at rest; and in the resurrection it will matter little where the precious dust is lying.

In due time Davies' words were literally fulfilled. Jonas Hawkey was marched into the prison at Portland, in charge of a couple of warders. He was too astute to give much trouble, and continued to keep out of the punishment records, notwithstanding his known desperate character. One foggy day, however, he was suddenly missed, and the closest search failed to reveal any trace of him. It was surmised that with help from his connections in London he had contrived to get clear off.

But some weeks afterwards the body of a convict was found at the foot of the cliffs on the western side of the island. The body was not to be recognised, but the number on the clothes proved it to be Hawkey's. It was a matter of wonder how he could have got to that side of the island without detection; but there were some who had a shrewd idea that he had been killed in attempting to reach a certain cave by descending the cliff—a feat only possible to experienced cragsmen, and only to them in the most favourable weather.

The news of his death reached the little country home one day in winter. Davenant was resting in an arm-chair, after a long and wearying round of visits; Madge was reading the county paper by the window. Suddenly she said to her husband, "Your enemy is gone at last, Edward."

"My enemy? Who, Madge?"

For answer, she went to his side, seated herself on the arm of the chair, and held the paper before him.

"Poor wretch!" said Davenant when he had read it. "So he is gone at last, is he? Well, I hated him once, but I have long ceased to do that. If it had not been for him I should never have had my wife." And he drew her face down to his and kissed her.

"Or I you, dear fellow," she answered, returning his caress.

THE END.

FRANT COURT.

"Not once or twice in our rough island-story
The path of duty was the way to glory."—TENNYSON.

THE VILLAGE OF FRANT (LOOKING TOWARDS THE CHURCH).

WHO in the English-speaking world of the present day has not heard of the great "Elchi?"—of that splendid Englishman who, as Sir Stratford Canning, not only *commanded* the respect and affection of the Commander of the Faithful himself, but by his unswerving high-mindedness and the "unparalleled influence he exercised for right and even-handed justice throughout the whole Turkish Empire," Asiatic and European, was called by the very Turks themselves, "The Padishah of the Padishah" (the Sultan of the Sultan).* None but those who travelled in the East, and that, too, years before the Crimean War when he became known to history as Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe, can have any idea of the talismanic effect of his name even in its remotest corners, recognised by the highest and the lowest as "a terror to evil-doers which none could confront with impunity, and a refuge for the desolate and oppressed which none could seek in vain."†

His statue stands in Westminster Abbey, one of the group of three who have immortalised their family. George Canning, the cousin whom he loved so tenderly and served under, Viscount Canning, Viceroy of India during the Mutiny, and this famous Ambassador, "the greatest of our time,"* and in whose honour Tennyson composed the inscription on the pedestal:

"Thou, third great Canning, stand among our best
And noblest, now thy long day's work has ceased,
Here, silent in our Minster of the West,
Who wert the voice of England in the East."

There are few, however, who know that he lies at rest elsewhere, in the country-side burial-ground of Frant, close to the beautiful residence wherein he passed his last most peaceful days, two miles and a half from Tunbridge Wells. If one were seeking a contrast to Groombridge Place hard by none more striking could be found than the bright position, the decorated architecture, and the associations of nineteenth century noble life presented to us in this most fascinating of English dwellings.

Frant, though a mere village, and so near the Wells, has, nevertheless, always boasted a distinction of its own, due in great measure to its more than usually bracing air, but especially to the extensive view which its situation on a high ridge affords it. The road thither—the carriage road to Hastings—is so pretty that it is one of the first shown to travellers, and, of late years, the long hill leading up from the Pantiles has been bordered by picturesque Queen-Anne villas, copies in many points of Frant Court, which introduced the style into these parts. Like so many others in the vicinity, it runs alongside Eridge Park, the Nevill

* "Life of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe," by Stanley Lane-Poole.
† Dean Stanley's Sermon on his death.
* *Idem.*

monogram displayed on sundry cottages, while blackbirds and thrushes warble in the copses near. Unexpectedly, at the top of a steep hill, one of the park gates is reached, the Bear all over it,* leading into an umbrageous avenue ; but, continuing along the road, in a moment the whole scene changes, for a most enchanting view suddenly opens to the right, over the deer park, its elms, its sweep of bracken, grassy drives, undulating ground and woodland, up to the Saxonbury Tower.

This view it was which sealed the connection between Frant and the great Ambassador. One day, years ago, Lady Stratford de Redcliffe—as model an ambassadress as he was an ambassador—driving about in search of a summer residence, and passing by this spot, was riveted to it with delight. A villa was to let close by, commanding the delicious prospect, and unhesitatingly it was taken. They both, moreover, always had an affection for Tunbridge Wells, for her father, Mr. Alexander, at one time owned Somer Hill, close by—noted property in Stuart days ; and it was there, and often upon the Pantiles, that she and Lord Stratford had met before their marriage ; nay, more : the villa was for sale, and so satisfactory did it prove that it speedily became their property.

At this period the veteran diplomatist was eighty-six years of age, sixty of which had been spent in the active service of his country ; but nothing daunted, he had the villa well-nigh rebuilt, to suit all survivors—the fortunate cause of its present beauty—and, living to enjoy it several years himself, aptly christened it Frant Court.

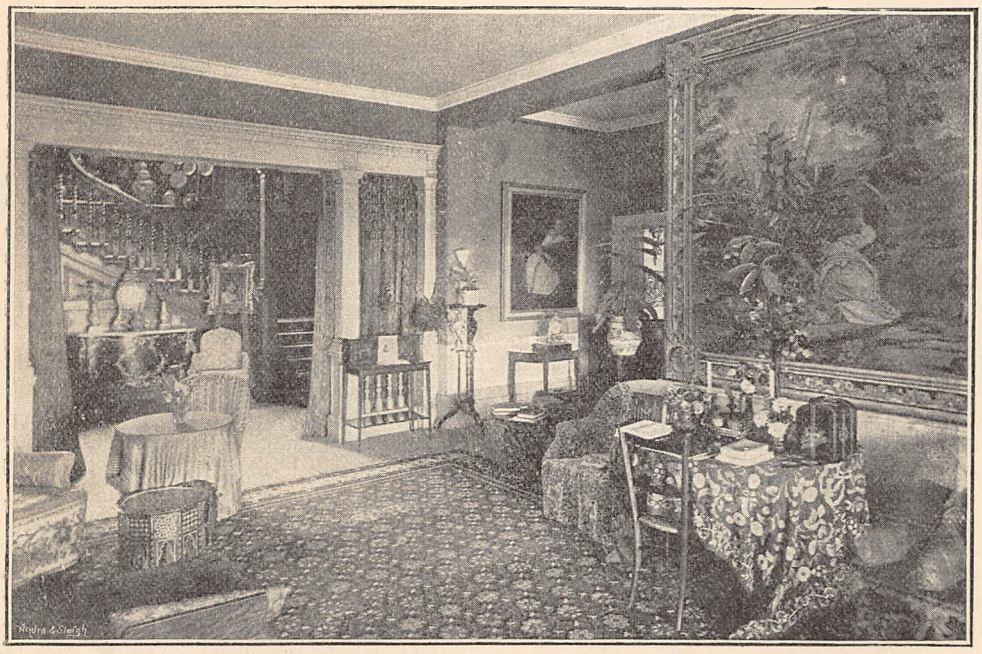
No house probably is less pretentious, yet none more satisfying to mind and eye, for everything bears the imprint of the most cultured taste, at the same time possessing that individuality which should be the characteristic of every *home*. In this Lady Stratford, as a matter of course, reigned supreme. Married at nineteen, and transferred at once to Constantinople, then in its true Oriental days—in 1826—her inborn eye for beauty was educated by the colouring and harmonies of the East ; thus, throughout their diplomatic life every house she inhabited instantly obtained a "distinctive tone," an "æsthetic air," long before such words were domiciled in the English language.

Here, it must be acknowledged, the position gave them an immense advantage.

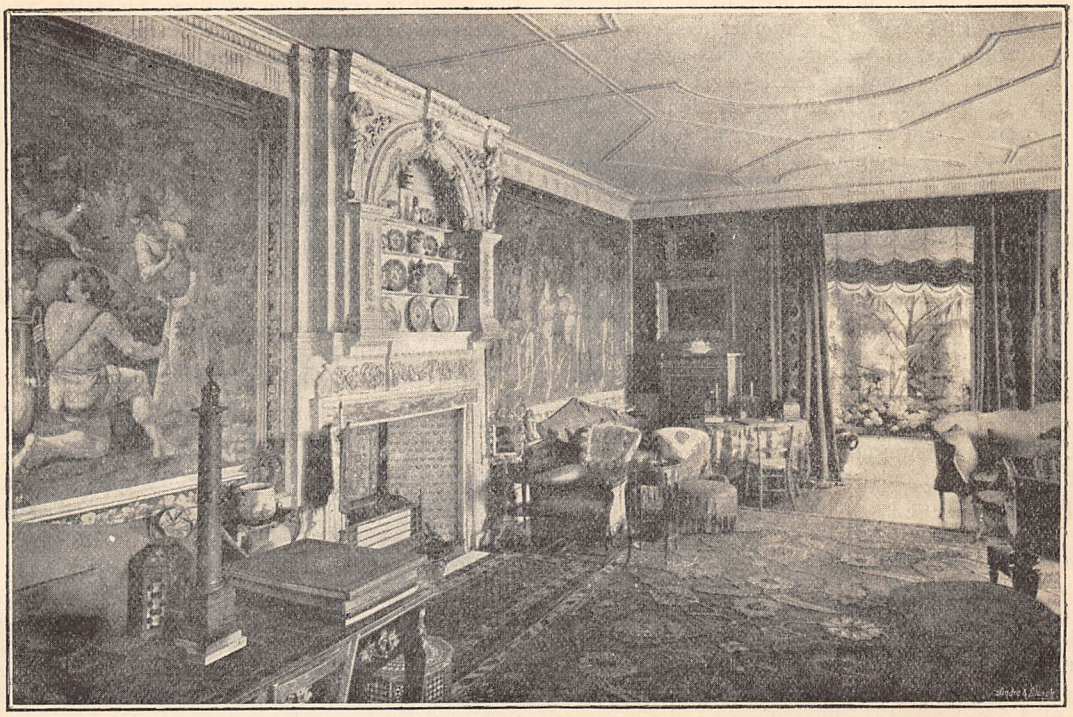
To the left lies Frant itself : a pretty, neat, quiet village, but separated from the Court by a well-cared-for "green," along one whole side of which runs the red brick semi-Tudor, Queen-Anne house, with its decorated chimney-stacks, its picturesque gables, and its mullioned bedroom windows overlooking the rural life always in action here ; but its sitting-rooms are not to be discerned, for these have been made purposely to face the other way.

Nor when we turn in through the arched gateway is anything special visible, a thick mass of trees and shrubs shutting out all beyond. Great, therefore, is the start of admiration when, emerging from the entrance beneath a Turkish curtain to a glazed passage, full of palms and Eastern souvenirs, the glorious landscape bursts upon one ; nay, its beauty is enhanced by a broad terrace in the immediate foreground, one perfect blaze of brilliant flowers. Beneath this is another of close-shaven turf, a third lower down again, and then the ground drops so suddenly that the very tops of the

* The Bear's head has been the Nevill badge for centuries.



THE SALOON.



THE DRAWING-ROOM.

large trees below are only on a level with the coped wall of the lower walk.

It is impossible to look inside the house until one's eye is sated with the lovely combination ; even the kitchen garden, hidden in a nook at the bottom, must first be visited, for a low hedge alone divides it from the hawthorn dell of Eridge Park, and the historic deer* are browsing tamely under the lofty elms at its other side.

Returning to the house, one as quickly forgets the view, so full is every corner of interest and beauty. And yet the rooms are not large or expensively furnished, only pre-eminently "liveable." No upholsterer has been here—nothing but the pervading eye and hand of cultured minds, and the principle carried out successfully which Frenchwomen assert is their guide in dress—namely, to make it so harmonious and well-fitting that details should be at first imperceptible. Or one may liken it to an exquisite peacock, whose plumage shows new and unexpected tints at every turn.

The first striking object on entering the saloon, at the far end of which rises a dark oak staircase filled with blue china and brass embossed dishes, is the portrait in crayon of the Ambassador by Richmond, taken in 1853 during the Crimean War, when he was sixty-seven years of age, and placed here upon an easel since his death.

* Eridge Park having been a Royal Chase, is held on the condition that twenty head of deer, at the least, be always maintained on the ground.

This is backed by a remarkable Romney of his handsome Irish mother, to whom he used to write such loving letters—notably from Washington—clasping her only daughter in her arms.

Then you become aware that the walls are covered with painted tapestry, the subjects Scriptural, quaintly treated, but full of life : "The Finding of Moses," in which all concerned are in Renaissance costume ; "Moses Striking the Rock" ; and David returning to Jerusalem after defeating Hadadezer with "the arms of gold which the servants of Hadadezer wore." *

This is in the farthest drawing-room, close to a conservatory glowing, according to the season, with camellias, azaleas, roses, and the like, and the horses look so brimful of intelligence that they seem to be discussing the advisability of stepping down to the brightness beneath.

Around is china of a rare kind, picked up long, long ago in the Constantinople bazaars ; a Dresden that was *then* specially manufactured for the highest Turks, and of which this house is full, mingled with water-colours in Eastern mother-of-pearl frames ; of Turkish harems in Arabas at the old Sweet Waters ; a sketch of the Bosphorus by Preziosa, a Maltese artist of great talent ; while curtains—sunflower-bordered, cushions, and semi-painted, semi-embroidered bouquets of roses, abound on every side. Chairs, tables, cabinets, etc., are Chippendales or Louis XV., collected by Lady Stratford in her constant foreign travels ; but in

* 2 Samuel viii. 7.

one corner stands a trophy from Kertsch—a proclamation found in that market-place by its conquerors during the Crimean War; in another a silver-decked eikon or a Preziosa of some monastery at Mount Athos, where Lord Stratford's ladies were once allowed to land: the greatest mark of consideration the monks could bestow, no woman having been permitted, according to the tradition, to set foot on the Holy Mountain since the Empress Helen. But the most interesting of all are, no doubt, views by the same artist of the English army encamped at Scutari and the English Fleet anchored in the Bosphorus; a national historical event, that stirred all hearts at the time.

Perhaps the dining-room is the most original of all, the pale green walls are covered with brackets holding blue plates and various-sized dishes, as though ready—and *de raison* in a dining-room—to be handed down for immediate use.

This ground-floor suite of rooms looks forth under a shady verandah on the exquisite ever-shifting landscape, but it was on the upper floor that the Elchi had his own special apartments, a large plate glass window allowing him to enjoy to the full the setting sun and the Eridge Woods steeped in its gorgeous hues.

Here he spent nearly ten years of that "old age which was a shining example of what faith and hope in the best things, and a bright, intellectual activity may do to preserve the fire and energy of youth to a period long beyond the lives of most of the strongest men."*

As his favourite sitting-room is approached, a large panorama of the Bosphorus is seen which lines the wall. Even now his presence seems to fill the room where he lived, and thought, and wrote. Poetry was the favourite occupation of these his latter years; "gathered round him were the treasured relics of the past, each with its own story; the books he was so fond of, the prints of men he most admired, silent companions of his exile for so many years; the little picture of Nelson, which had not left him since his earliest days; George Canning his cousin and honoured master in public life; Pitt, Wellington, his country's heroes, cared for to the very last."

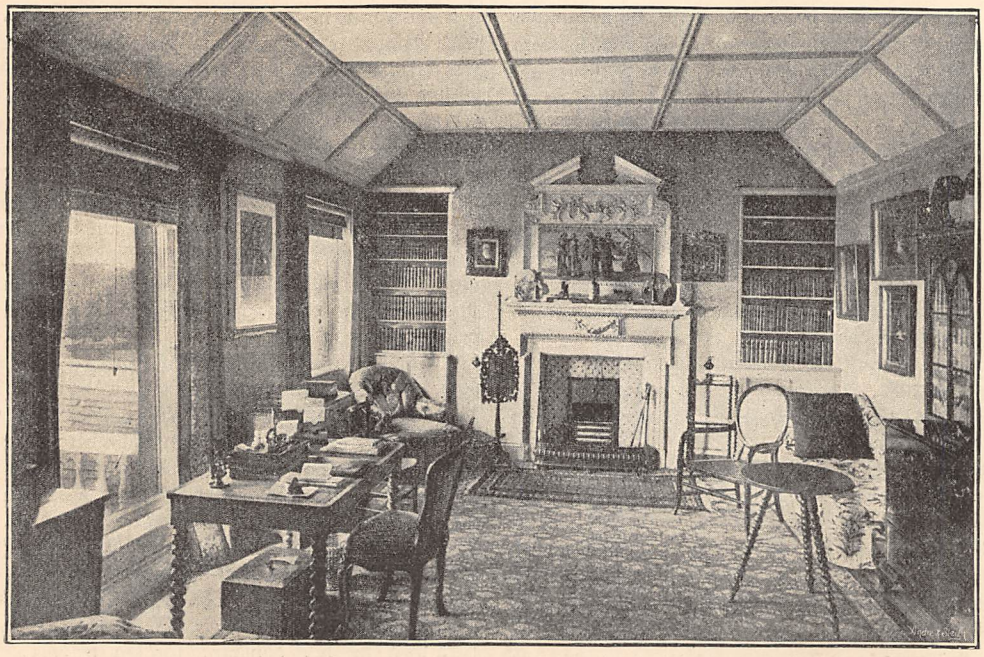
And in conversation no one was more fascinating, so simple and unostentatiously communicative. A question was enough to draw forth a whole history, that made him seem like a ladder by which one climbed into the last century.

I well remember his describing to me his having been taken as a boy into the House of Commons to hear Pitt; how he watched Metternich, next whom he sat at the Congress of Vienna—where he, Lord Stratford, went as English Plenipotentiary in Switzerland—so pre-occupied, that he twisted and re-twisted a waxen taper in his fingers without seemingly being aware he had anything whatsoever in them.

Another day, when Lanfrey's "History of Napoleon" was spoken of, he told me that, meeting George Canning in Curzon Street when returning from church one Sunday in 1807, they turned into his house, and, pacing up and down the room, Canning dictated to him the famous dispatch upon which depended questions of peace and war; Lord Stratford quoted it word for word, and, looking at the original, we found he had not missed an expression.

Very fond was he also of describing old Mr. Carroll, of famous memory, and who, as his biographers

* "Life."



LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE'S STUDY.

relate, outlived his rebeldom for fully fifty years. Lord Stratford had passed three days on a visit at his house in Maryland while in the States in 1822, playing lively games of whist with the splendid old gentleman in the evenings, to which he often alluded when at his own nightly rubber: a pastime he, Lord Stratford, continued till within two months of his death.

It was my good fortune to have been his partner on almost the last occasion. Next morning I had to cut short my visit, and went to take leave of him. Alas! it proved to be my last sight.

Some American question was on the *tapis;* and wishing to refresh his memory about the Monro doctrine, first heard of in 1822, when he was English Envoy at Washington under the Monro Presidency, he had called for his dispatches, all neatly bound in volumes.

Never can I forget the picture—the books outspread before him, and the eagle eye that met mine with: "I am all amazement! I had altogether forgotten until I opened these books that I settled no less than sixteen disputed questions then pending between the two countries."

The old lion clearly doubted his own identity.

FRANT COURT FROM THE GREEN.

Later, only ten days before his end, Sir R. Morier, the present Ambassador at St. Petersburg, thus records a visit—

"His intellect was as clear, his speech as incisive, his interest in poetry and politics as keen as when last I saw him, three years ago. It was a beautiful English summer afternoon; a warm sun lit up his pale features, which fully retained their splendid outlines, and were entirely wanting in the wrinkles or withered look of extreme old age. I could not help thinking of the lines:—

"'How sinks more lovely ere his race be run.'

"He seemed some grand old Titan majestically sinking to his rest in all his glory, as if he knew the Infinite was waiting to receive him with all due honour."

W. M. W.

AN IMPERFECT SUBSTITUTE.

BY W. P. M. BLACK.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

THE dinner-bell had ceased to resound through the spacious corridors of a certain Scotch Hydropathic Establishment. The guests were gathered together round the table, and the meal was about to begin. Every seat was occupied, except one which came between a young lady of about twenty and a stout red-haired Scotchman, who was just making some remark about the late occupant of the intervening chair to the young lady, when a tall, dark, thin-faced young man entered the room, and was directed by a waiter to the vacant chair. He sat down and took a quiet look at the people round the table; then turning to the young lady beside him, he made some commonplace remark about the weather—that convenient subject for opening a conversation—

upon which, of course, ensued a quiet talk upon that universally interesting topic.

"I believe this place is very beautiful," said the young man, after a brief pause in the conversation. "It was too dark to see much of it as I came along from the station."

"It is indeed," the young lady replied. "It reminds me a good deal of the North Riding of Yorkshire."

"Do you know the North Riding?" inquired the young man, looking interested.

"Very well," she replied. "I was born and spent my girlhood there."

"I should hardly have thought your girlhood was over yet," he thought, with a but half-concealed admiring glance at the pretty face before him. "That was my birthplace, too," he remarked. "Do you know Merton Abbot?"

"Merton Abbot? Yes, very well. It was at Merton Abbot I lived with my aunt, Miss Staines—you may have heard of her. I am one of her nieces, the Temples."

"Dear me! I ought to know you if you're Miss Staines's niece. You must have been a little girl when I left Yorkshire. I was only sixteen when I left. Is Miss Staines here?"

"Aunt," Miss Temple called, addressing herself to a thin, wrinkled, and grey-haired, but withal pleasant-looking spinster, who was sitting a little further down the table.

"What is it, dear?" asked the aunt, stopping in the midst of an animated discussion with a red-faced sea captain.

"Allow me to introduce myself, Miss Staines," said the young man, rising, and going down to the place where Miss Staines sat. "I'm Jack Blythe, the son of your old neighbour, Doctor Blythe."

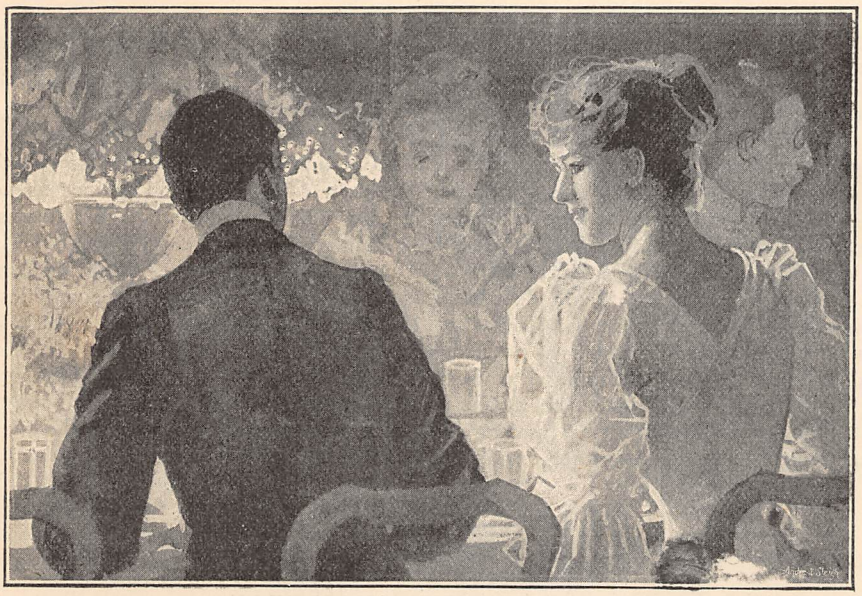
"Oh! how do you do?" exclaimed Miss Staines, shaking hands heartily with the young man. "I remember you perfectly. Are your people still living at Merton Abbot?"

"They are: that's to say, my father, and mother, and some of the girls are. But I mustn't interrupt your dinner. I shall see you later on;" saying which, he returned to his place beside, and resumed his conversation with, Miss Temple.

When dinner was over, and all the guests had adjourned to the drawing-room, Jack joined Miss Temple and her aunt. The latter was very much pleased at meeting an old Yorkshire friend. She was very desirous to know all that had happened to Jack since she had seen him last; and bit by bit during the evening he gave her and her niece an account of his history, and that of his family, from the point up to which Miss Staines was acquainted with it to date.

Uninteresting enough all he narrated would be to an outsider; but to Miss Staines and her niece, though for different reasons, it was interesting to a considerable degree.

His life had not, however, been so uneventful as according to his story, it seemed to be. He had omitted a very material fact in his narrative—a fact of which he was always disinclined to speak, but by the concealment of which from Miss Temple and her aunt he unwittingly brought upon himself much misery he might easily have avoided. Shortly after his departure from home, he had been in a railway accident, and had met with injuries which had resulted in the total loss of his hearing. His physician, a man who took a wide interest in everything that was going on around him, had heard of the oral, or German, system of teaching the deaf to understand spoken language, and



"'I BELIEVE THIS PLACE IS VERY BEAUTIFUL,' SAID THE YOUNG MAN."

on his recommendation his patient took lessons, with the most gratifying results. For as, unlike most of his fellow pupils, he had not to learn articulation at all, but only lip-reading, or the interpretation of lip movements—in other words, had not to learn to speak, but only to understand what was spoken by other people—he made very rapid progress, and at the time at which he is introduced to the reader it was impossible for anyone to detect his deafness.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

DURING his stay at the Hydropathic, Jack was naturally, from his previous acquaintance with them, very much in the company of Miss Temple and her aunt; and as the younger lady was possessed of a by no means unprepossessing face and manner, it is not to be wondered at that the admiration with which at first he had beheld her grew in time to love. The young lady, on her part, seemed to have conceived a great liking for him. Everything, indeed, seemed to promise that this affair would end, as such things in similar cases do, by a proposal, an acceptance, and a marriage, unhindered by any preliminary difficulties.

But Jack, afraid that, if the young lady knew of his deafness, the love, which not without cause he believed her to feel towards him, would be changed into loathing, determined to say nothing to her of marriage until he had first told her in an apparently casual way of this defect, and had seen how she regarded him afterwards. It was not an easy matter for him to do this. Day after day he put it off, always resolving that on the morrow he would put an end to his doubts, but always, when a suitable opportunity presented itself, shrinking from the task.

And so the days passed on.

If Jack had been backward about mentioning his deafness to Miss Temple at first, an incident that happened one evening in the drawing-room after he had been a few days in residence at the Hydropathic made his task doubly difficult. One of the people staying at the Hydropathic was a man of about sixty, who was extremely deaf; and as people did not like to be continually bawling into his ear, his desire to take part in the conversation was very often thwarted.

One evening Miss Temple, who was one of Mr. Scott's favourites, had been sitting alongside him, and had succeeded in talking him into a perfectly good humour, when she was insidiously enticed away by Jack Blythe. They had just got comfortably settled down opposite Mr. Scott to a pleasant *tête-à-tête*, when Miss Temple, accidentally glancing across, noticed poor Mr. Scott, after placing his hand behind his ear for a little, in a vain attempt to catch what was going on, at length desist with a gesture of despair, and settle back into his corner with an agonising look on his face.

"Look at poor Mr. Scott," she said, smiling, yet speaking in a sympathetic tone. "I must go back and cheer him up again. Isn't it such a sad thing to be deaf? And what a pity, too, that it makes people so irritable and suspicious. If Mr. Scott hears anyone laughing and doesn't know the cause of it, he at once concludes that they are laughing at him, and gets unhappy about it. It's strange that deafness should have that effect, when blindness makes people's characters always so beautiful. There's nothing I dislike more than deafness."

It may be well imagined that Jack felt these remarks very keenly, and all his hopes of winning Miss Temple's love were temporarily paralysed. She did not notice the pained look on his face as she concluded, for she had been watching Mr. Scott all the time she was speaking; and by the time she had turned her face towards Jack to repeat that she must return to Mr. Scott, he had twisted his face into a smile again.

At last an event occurred which caused Jack to make up his mind to speak to Miss Temple at once. One morning he received a telegram announcing the sudden death of his mother—a terrible blow to one who was her only son, and who had made her his friend and confidant for so many long years. As soon as he had read it, he made inquiries as to when he could get a train, and found he would have to wait several hours. He accordingly determined before he went to make his confession; and if Miss Temple did not shrink from him on hearing it, he would obtain from her at least an acknowledgment of her love for him.

Miss Staines had gone for a drive with some of the other guests, leaving Miss Temple at home, as she had felt somewhat tired with the exertions of the previous evening. Jack thought that in these circumstances he had a fair chance of seeing Miss Temple alone.

On going out of doors, however, in search of her, he found her in the company of another young lady. He felt that after the sorrowful tidings he had received he could not join the two laughing girls, so he retired indoors again, to await a more suitable opportunity.

Some time afterwards, on going out to smoke in the shrubbery, he saw Miss Temple alone in the distance, and was approaching to speak to her, when, pretending not to see him, though it was evident she *had* seen him, she hurried indoors.

Later on in the day, when the light had died into twilight, he descended the stair to make another attempt to see her, and began to pace up and down the corridor, when he happened to stride into the conservatory, where, screened by the luxuriant foliage, Miss Temple and her friend were sitting. Jack, of course, could not hear them, and as they were completely hidden from view, he was entirely unaware of their presence; besides, his great grief made him less observant than usual. It was not, therefore, astonishing that after walking almost to the place where they sat, he turned on his heel, and walked away without noticing them.

Now, Miss Temple had, as he entered, been telling her companion, between whom and herself a deep attachment had sprung up, of her admiration for Jack; and waxing warm with her subject, she had rather overstepped what at that point were the bounds of discretion. She had not noticed Jack approach until

he was just turning ; and then, feeling sure he had overheard her, she checked herself suddenly, overcome with shame. To try and hide her confusion, she called to him as he turned his back : "Are you not coming to join us, Mr. Blythe?" As he walked on without even looking back, was it strange she imagined he was angry at what he had overheard? With face burning with shame, she unceremoniously left her friend without any explanation—the position of matters was, however, quite evident to that young lady—and rushed off to her room.

She sat there a long time in tears, feeling the bitter pangs of remorse at the harm she had wrought herself by her too ready tongue. In her remorse, she even went the length of blaming the over-frankness of her friend which had led her into such disgrace.

After a long mental struggle, she resolved to go and seek Jack, and endeavour to gather whether she had not, after all, been too hasty in the conclusion she had reached. She found him in the smoking-room alone, sitting with his arms on the table and his face hidden in his hands. Surely, she thought as she entered, he must be very sensitive to be affected so much by such a little thing. Timidly approaching behind him, she uttered his name. He did not move. She addressed him again, but again in vain. Then her pride getting the better of her love—her suspicion, as she thought, being confirmed—she turned and left the room in anger at what she thought his pettiness in making so much ado about nothing.

After some time, Jack, who had been quite unaware of her presence, arose and went to get his things ready for departing. He felt he could not go without saying something to Miss Temple ; and learning she was in her room, he sent a message to her by one of the maids saying he was going, and was desirous of wishing her "Good-bye" before he went. The servant returned in a little while, saying Miss Temple could not see him. He asked the girl if Miss Temple were unwell ; and being informed that she did not seem too unwell to come down, he sent her a message, saying he was very desirous of speaking to her before he went. The girl came back looking rather flurried, and told Jack that Miss Temple had told her quite angrily that she had no desire to speak to him before he went. Having no further time to put off, he scribbled a hurried note to her, running thus—

"MY DEAR MISS TEMPLE,—I cannot understand your refusal to come down and speak to me. Do you know what I have to tell you that you do not wish to see me? Your refusal is quite inexplicable on any other assumption.

"Perhaps if you would write and explain, it might clear up matters. My address is——. If I do not hear from you, I will conclude that my worst suspicions are correct."

"I don't wonder at it," he said to himself, as he mounted the dog-cart which was to take him to the station. "That brute Elliot has told her, in spite of my beseeching him not to tell anyone ; and she, quite rightly, is determined not to marry a deaf man as long as there is any chance of her getting one who is in possession of all his senses."

Elliot, it may be explained, who was one of the guests at the Hydropathic, had accidentally, one night when they were alone in the smoking-room, discovered Jack's want of hearing ; but had promised, at Jack's earnest request, not to mention his discovery to anyone. The occasion was this :—Someone had struck up a tune on a bagpipe outside. Elliot had made some remark about it, which Jack, not hearing the music, did not understand. In order to explain the strangeness of his reply, he had, when he discovered the true state of affairs, to confess his deafness.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

ANOTHER year rolled past. Jack had gone to Scarborough to spend a few days alone, and was wandering about in a listless way, doing nothing, when he was met by an old friend, Fred Pitman, who carried him off on a visit to Whitby.

Fred, who had not reached that age when it is considered bad form to display an interest in anything simple or innocent, was immensely pleased at Jack's power of reading the lips of speakers who were quite beyond ear-shot—a power which all who have been taught lip-reading possess ; and Jack was so glad to get something to divert his attention from his misfortunes, that he frequently obliged his friend by exercising this power.

One day they had gone into the West Cliff grounds, and were sitting enjoying at once the music—Fred was, at least, for Jack could not enjoy what he could not hear—the sea-breeze, and the animated scene on the sands below, when Fred proposed that Jack should take his field-glass, and see what he could make of what the people were saying on the sands.

"You can find out what the wild waves are saying too, if you like, old chappie," said Fred, weakly attempting to be witty ; "though I'm afraid that will rather beat you."

They were sitting in a retired spot, where their eavesdropping would not be noticed, so Jack consented.

"Look here, Jack," said Fred, giving his friend a violent dig in the ribs ; "see what those two pretty girls coming up the sands are saying."

Jack raised the glass to his eyes, but remained silent.

"Come now, old chappie," said Fred, after a few moments' impatient waiting, "don't be selfish. Let's have the benefit of the conversation."

Jack, of course, could not hear what his friend was saying ; but although he must have felt the slap with which the words were accompanied, he kept on looking, following the girls with the glass as they moved along the beach.

Fred looked at his friend's face, and saw two burning spots upon his cadaverous cheeks. He saw that there was something wrong, so he kept silent.

Presently Jack laid down the glass—for the girls were coming up through the grounds—and turning to his friend, said—

"I will tell you about it by-and-by, Fred. Come away in this direction. I don't want to meet them."

On their way through the town Jack bought a local

"HE TURNED ON HIS HEEL, AND WALKED AWAY" (*p.* 913).

newspaper. On reaching the hotel, he hurriedly opened it, ran over the Visitors' List, found Miss Temple's name, and immediately wrote her a letter, which he posted at once. He told her of his deafness, and also of the strange power it gave him. He said that from what he had learned from her own lips that morning, their estrangement seemed to be due simply to some mutual misunderstanding, which he thought an interview would clear away. He ended by asking her to meet him somewhere in the evening, that they might talk the matter over.

He went about all the forenoon in a state of glad impatience. Unable to give his attention to anything, he sent Fred Pitman off on a solitary walk. He himself remained indoors, pacing up and down his room, and turning over and over again in his mind the partial revelation he had got that morning of the cause of his estrangement from Miss Temple. Getting tired at length of staying indoors, he wandered away across the Esk, up the stone steps leading to the old church on the East Cliff, and away on to the cliffs beyond St. Hilda's Abbey. Lying there on the grass, and looking away across the mouth of the Harbour, he let his eyes rest upon what was ever afterwards to him a hallowed spot—the place where he, peering from the West Cliff grounds through Fred Pitman's glass, had seen Miss Temple say those words that had bid him hope again.

Again the words recurred to him. He seemed to see the two girlish figures down on the sands where his eyes rested, the younger face eager and interested, the elder wearied and pained.

"And did you really care for him?" the younger girl asked.

"Yes, a little bit," Miss Temple answered, with a faint smile.

"And did he not care for you?"

"I think at first he did."

"But not afterwards?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Oh, I was very foolish, and offended him very much; and he went off in a rage that evening from the Hydropathic."

"How had you offended him?"

"Oh, it's too painful to repeat here. I'll tell you about it some other time."

"But, Ethel?" the younger girl had begun, when, seeing they were approaching him, Jack had lowered the glass and turned away.

He repeated the conversation over and over again to himself; and although it had suggested itself to his mind that perhaps it might be another person, after all, who was referred to, he resolutely refused to think of the possibility of that.

He had not long to wait in suspense after he had returned to the hotel for lunch. Early in the afternoon a short note came in reply to his letter, saying Miss Temple would try to meet him that evening at a certain spot on the sands, about seven o'clock.

With this note in his pocket, Jack wandered forth once more, and reaching a retired spot on the road through the fields to Ruswarp, took the note from his pocket, and read it over and over again, lingering lovingly on every phrase. He then placed it in his pocket, lit a cigarette, strolled on a few hundred yards, threw himself down upon the grass again, pitched away his half-smoked cigarette, and taking the note from his pocket again, perused and re-perused it.

At length, growing conscious of the absurdity of such behaviour, he jumped up, walked on to Ruswarp, hired a boat, and pulling some distance up the beautiful Esk, spent the afternoon in dreaming in the most deliciously appropriate environment for a love-sick swain.

Shortly before the hour fixed by Miss Temple for the meeting, Jack stood at the trysting-place, hope high in his breast. A young lady, well wrapped up, approached him; and turning, he clasped the hands of Ethel—as he now, for the first time, fondly called her—whom he had never expected to meet again. She told him she had stolen out of the house without her aunt's knowledge.

"QUITE UNAWARE OF HER PRESENCE" (*p.* 914).

"Tell me first," said Jack, after the first greetings were over, drawing her arm through his, and moving with her slowly along the margin of the water, "how it was that you imagined I was angry with you."

"Well," she replied, "I was sitting in the conservatory, and talking to that Miss Smith with whom I made friends at the Hydropathic. I happened to be talking about you—I was saying more than I ought to have said—when you entered the conservatory, and the moment I became aware of your presence I saw you turning away."

"Because I didn't see you, and, of course, couldn't hear you," interposed Jack.

"Yes; but as you turned away, I saw you biting your lips, and there was a look of unhappiness on your face."

"Caused principally, as you know, by the receipt of the bad news the telegram had brought me that morning, and partly by the difficulty I had in speaking to you about my deafness."

"Yes. Well, my guilty conscience at once suggested that you were angry with me—and no wonder if you had been, if you had overheard me. I rushed off to my room. Then, recovering a little, I came to see whether I hadn't been mistaken, and found you sitting in the smoking-room. I spoke to you twice—I know now why you didn't answer; but at that time I thought it was because of what I had been saying that you wouldn't reply. When you sent to ask me to come and speak to you, I was thoroughly indignant, and so I refused to go. Of course, I knew nothing of your mother's death, and attributed your sudden departure to your disgust with me. Then, when I got your note, all that I could make of it was that you had intended to find fault with me for my foolish revelations to Miss Smith; and perhaps, if you found me sufficiently repentant, to forgive me, and then agree to make me your wife, if I would promise to be less foolish in future. That made me all the more indignant, and so I didn't write. That's how the misunderstanding arose on my side."

"There's only one thing that puzzles me now. Why did you avoid me when I was coming to speak to you in the shrubbery?"

"I—I——" she began. Then, after a pause, she asked, blushing: "Can't you guess?"

"No," answered Jack.

"I saw you were going to speak to me," she blurted out, with cheeks painfully crimson, "and I felt a little nervous, as I had my suspicions as to what you were going to say."

Jack laughed heartily at this enforced confession.

"And now I see," she went on, "that all this misery you have suffered has been caused by me. But I have been sufficiently punished for it."

"No, no," he replied; "the misunderstanding arose altogether from my wretched sensitiveness about my deafness. Do you not feel you like me less when you hear of it? Can you love me quite as much as if I weren't deaf?"

"Why should I not?" she replied. "I might perhaps have hesitated if you could not carry on a conversation like other people. But why should I object when you can? But it must be a dreadful deprivation not to hear. It seems to me that if I could not hear its soft splash upon the sand, the flowing tide would lose half its beauty; and if I could not hear the rustling of the leaves and the babbling of water, the wood and the beck would not be so charming. And then, what a deprivation it must be to be incapable of listening to music."

"I'm not of such an intensely poetical temperament or so fond of music as to feel the want of those unbearably, though I must admit that I have felt the want of them at times," replied Jack. "But what would I not give to hear your voice now? I sometimes think that with this lip-reading I am like one who is acquainted with the telegraph, looking at the needle which his friend far away is putting in motion. It is pleasant to have his friend's words, but how much better to hear them uttered in the familiar voice. Like Crusoe, it is only now that I am deprived of it that I appreciate rightly the 'sweet music of speech.'"

They walked along some distance in silence, while a cloud crept over the surface of the moon, allowing it once or twice to peep through the rifts in its ragged edge, and at length completely obscuring it.

Ethel turned to say something to Jack; but it was rather dark for him to *see* what she was saying.

"I know you're speaking, dear," he said, bending down towards her face, "but I can't make out what it is. I wonder if lip-reading can be done by touch."

So saying, he bent his head still lower, and kissed her.

"Oh, Jack!" she exclaimed, looking up with a laughing, blushing face at the dark liquid eyes that looked down upon her with a merry sparkle in them.

The moon soon emerged from the cloud, looking so bright and knowing, that it seemed as if the whole thing had been preconcerted between Jack and it. By its light the two lovers were able to resume their conversation.

And after all had been settled, they got up to the cliff-tops, and walked along till they came to the house Miss Staines had taken on the West Cliff. Entering the drawing-room, they found the dear old lady asleep in an arm-chair, with the soft shaded lamp-light falling upon her faded features.

"Don't wake her, Ethel," said Jack. "We'll tell her when she wakes up. Let us sit down here and wait."

"Very well, Jack," said Ethel; and they sat down opposite Miss Staines, taking a very unfair advantage of her, and amusedly speculated as to how much longer she would sleep.

It was not long before their whispered conversation, interspersed with not infrequent bursts of subdued laughter, woke up the girl's aunt.

She sat up in her chair, and started at seeing a man not only sitting familiarly in her drawing-room, but obviously on very good terms with her niece.

"Ethel dear, what is it?" she asked in perplexity.

Ethel took Jack's hand, and leading him towards her aunt, asked—

"Did you ever see this young man before?"

Miss Staines rose, and holding Jack at arm's length, carefully scrutinised him for a few seconds. Then, the light of comprehension dawning in her face, she cried—

"Oh! of course, Jack Blythe. I know you now; but you're so changed I scarcely recognised you. You're ever so much thinner and whiter. Have you been ill?"

"Yes," replied Jack, perfectly truthfully.

"But you're convalescent now?" she asked, with some concern in her tone.

"Oh, perfectly well now," he answered, turning, and smiling significantly to Ethel.

"It's so delightful to meet an old friend like you again," said Miss Staines.

"Don't be too premature with your welcomes," interposed Jack laughingly. "Wait till you hear my confession. I have gone and proposed to your niece," he continued, turning and smiling on Ethel, who stood with downcast eyes, nervously poking the carpet with an umbrella which she still held in her hand. "And I understand she is willing to have me, if I can overcome the well-known antipathy of her aunt—no pun intended there, please—to part with her."

Miss Staines was a little taken by surprise, but she answered—

"Well, Jack, there's no one to whom I would give her up with more perfect readiness than to you. And as, of course, girls *will* marry, and refuse to follow my good example, I don't see that there's any use in me refusing to let her go. But tell me now: Ethel has been very ill since we were in Scotland last year; had you spoken to her then, and was it a lover's quarrel that was breaking her heart?"

"Scarcely, I think," Jack answered; and he proceeded to tell her the whole story.

When Miss Staines had learned the cause of her niece's inexplicable illness, and was assured that this reconciliation would cure it, her delight knew no bounds; and leaping from her chair, she, regardless of all conventionalities, kissed Jack as if he had been a long-lost son returned.

Just then Ethel's sister, the girl whom Jack and Fred had watched coming up from the sands with her, came in, and was introduced to Jack.

"I knew perfectly well," said that experienced young woman of sixteen, when the state of affairs had been explained to her, "the true reason of Ethel's illness, though it was only the other day that I got her to confess it. She's an awfully reticent girl."

Little did Milly think at the time that she extorted it that this confession would be the means of working such a wonderful cure.

The Sisters' Evening Hymn

Words by SARAH DOUDNEY. *Music by* F. PEEL, B.Mus., Oxon.

VOICE.

PIANO.

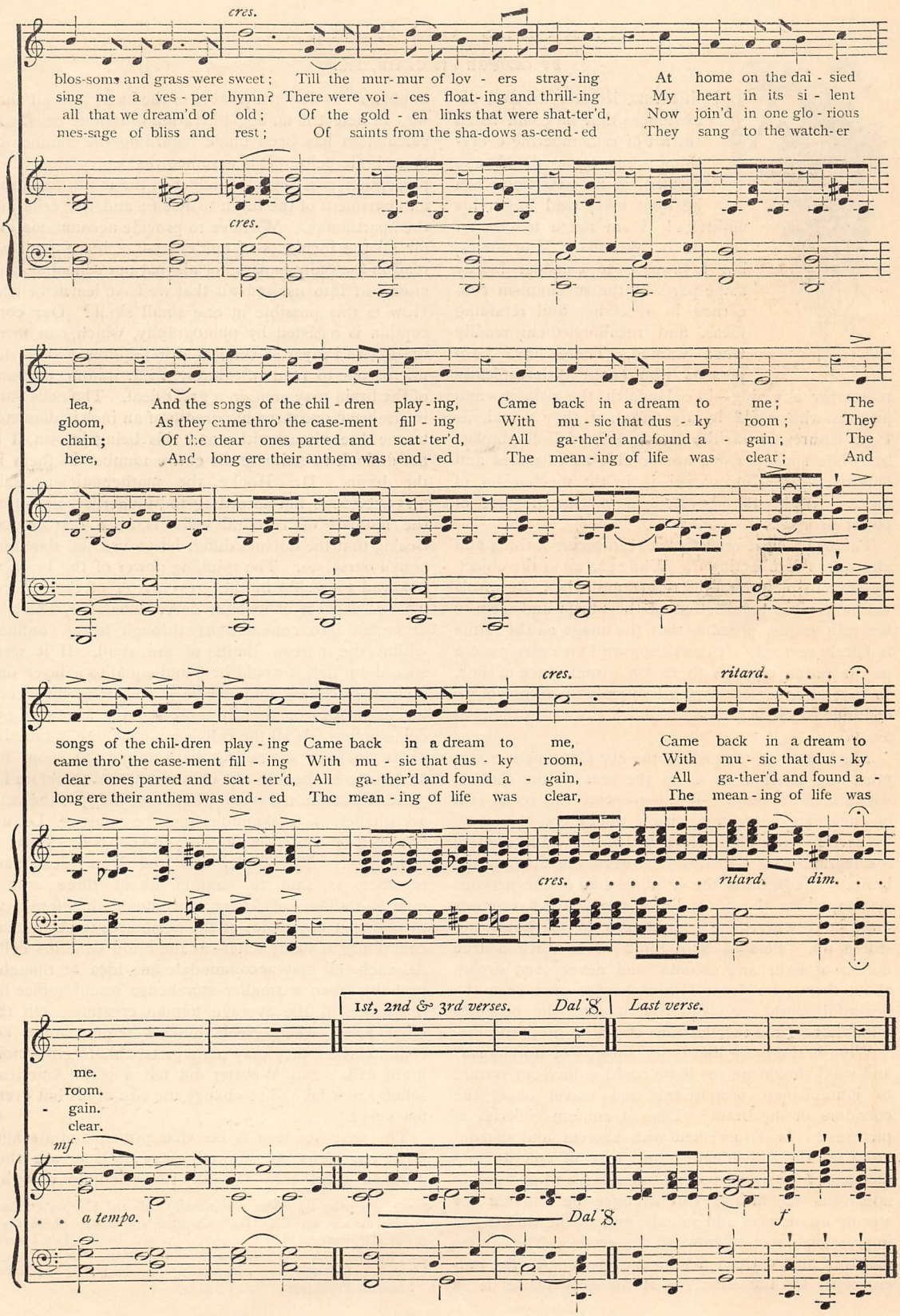
p Andante tranquillo.

1. I sat at an o - pen win - dow, A - lone in a ci - ty street,
2. My soul was wea - ry long - ing, The mean - ing of life was dim;
3. They sang of the sheep that wan - der'd, Now safe in the bless - ed fold;
4. Sweet sis - ters, sing at e - ven To glad - den a stran - ger's breast!

dim. *p*

And thought of the far off mea-dows Where
Did an - gels come in the twi - light To
Of new love sweet-er and pu - rer Than
Their song was a song of hea - ven, A

dim.


cres.
blos-soms and grass were sweet; Till the mur-mur of lov - ers stray-ing At home on the dai - sied
sing me a ves - per hymn? There were voi - ces float-ing and thrill-ing My heart in its si - lent
all that we dream'd of old; Of the gold - en links that were shat-ter'd, Now join'd in one glo - rious
mes-sage of bliss and rest; Of saints from the sha-dows as-cend-ed They sang to the watch-er
cres.
lea, And the songs of the chil - dren play-ing, Came back in a dream to me; The
gloom, As they came thro' the case-ment fill - ing With mu - sic that dus - ky room; They
chain; Of the dear ones parted and scat-ter'd, All ga-ther'd and found a - gain; The
here, And long ere their anthem was end - ed The mean-ing of life was clear; And
cres.
ritard.
songs of the chil-dren play - ing Came back in a dream to me, Came back in a dream to
came thro' the case-ment fill - ing With mu - sic that dus - ky room, With mu - sic that dus - ky
dear ones parted and scat - ter'd, All ga- ther'd and found a - gain, All ga-ther'd and found a -
long ere their anthem was end - ed The mean - ing of life was clear, The mean - ing of life was
cres.
ritard.
dim.
1st, 2nd & 3rd verses.
Dal 8.
Last verse.
me.
room.
- gain.
clear.
mf
a tempo.
Dal 8.
f

MARVELS OF MEMORY.

BY GEORGE ST. CLAIR, F.G.S.

AN itinerant lecturer assured his audiences that he could teach the art of remembering everything; but some doubt was thrown on his assertion when he went away and forgot his umbrella! I am not a teacher of any art or system of Mnemonics, but I propose to consider briefly some parts of the mechanism concerned in receiving and retaining ideas, and recalling them readily when wanted. There have been persons who could with difficulty remember anything—like Hogarth, the painter—and persons who could hardly forget, if they would, as Pope assures us was the case with Lord Bolingbroke; but while such persons are notable as extremes and opposites, the true marvel is in the mechanism of memory itself, as possessed in varying degrees of power by us all.

There is a close relation between seeing a thing and afterwards recollecting it. While gazing at the object, we have its picture on the retina, and when afterwards we have vivid recollection of the object and seem to see it, it is just possible that the image on the retina is faintly revived. It is well known that every picture on the retina remains there for a brief space of time, so that after we have gazed intently at an object we continue to see it for a moment when we turn the eyes away.

The important part which the eye plays in memory must not mislead us as to the seat of the faculty, which is in the brain. If the eye were the actual seat of conscious perception, vision would not be cut off by severing the optic nerve, which may be likened to a telegraph wire laid down between the eye and the brain. The brain is the headquarters of the nervous system, where the nerve lines from all the five senses meet, and where the impressions of all kinds are stored up. Persons born blind never have a true notion of light and colours, and never even dream about them; but John Milton, having once seen the beautiful world, can describe it after he becomes blind, having the recollections stored in his brain.

What is the brain like, in its capacity of storehouse? and what should we see if we could reduce our stature to infinitesimal proportions and travel along the corridors of the brain? Does it contain galleries of pictures? Is it furnished with shelves and pigeon-holes for the classification and care of records and messages? It is impossible to conceive what kind of apparatus or fittings can at once be suitable for storing up pictures and sounds, and all the varieties of impressions received from all the senses. Nor can we discover any curious machinery, even with the microscope, for the structure of the grey matter is so minute as to defy the powers of the lens; and all that we can detect is an agglomeration of minute cells. A calculation has been made regarding the number of these brain-cells. It is assumed that every thought or perception is a separate lodger in the mind, requiring an apartment of the brain to itself; and the cells are the apartments. We have to provide accommodation for all the incidents of our every-day life, for all we read in the daily papers, for all that our schoolmasters crammed into us, and all that we have learned since. How is this possible in one small skull? Our conception is assisted by photography, which can print the Lord's Prayer so small that it requires a powerful microscope to read it. Surely, then, minute portions of the brain may contain a great deal. The cells vary in size from one three-hundredth of an inch in diameter to one three-thousandth; and this being known, it is not difficult to estimate the entire number of them in the brain. Dr. Hooke, the mathematician, said 3,155,760,000; but according to Maynert's calculation the number of cerebral cells is only 600,000,000. Seeing that the doctors differ, let us use the slate and pencil ourselves. The thinking power of the brain is believed to reside in the grey matter of the surface. This is a sheet of cellular nerve substance, which is crumpled into convolutions through being confined within the narrow limits of the skull. If it were spread out flat, it would be found equal to a layer one inch in thickness, and twelve inches long by eleven inches broad—or slightly more—giving a total of 134 cubic inches. If all the cells were one three-hundredth of an inch in diameter, there would be room for 27,000,000 of them in one cubic inch, and therefore for 3,618,000,000 in the whole; but since many of the cells are smaller, the total number must be greater.* Let us, however, be content with the 3,618,000,000. What is a million? The Bible, Old and New Testament together, is said to contain about three and a quarter millions of *letters*; we should therefore have to pile up 1,113 copies of the Scriptures to get a heap containing as many letters as the brain contains cells. As each cell may accommodate one idea or thought, probably even a smaller storehouse would suffice for the wants of the average human creature. On the other hand, when great thinkers require more accommodation, they may perhaps be able to grow more brain cells; and Webster did tell a great American scholar that he had to change the size of his hat every few years.

The next question is, on what principle of arrangement our ideas are stowed away? How are they grouped together? Do all the scientific thoughts

* On this point the reader may consult Quain and Sharpey's "Introduction to Anatomy CXLIII.," Carpenter's "Human Physiology," p. 503; Dr. Beale, "Phil. Trans. 1863," p. 544; Beale, "Life Theories and Religious Thought" (plates); O. W. Holmes, "Mechanism in Thought and Morals," p. 33; Marshall's "Physiology," I., 77; Haller, "Elementa Physiologie," Vol. V., p. 547.

congregate in one region, all literary ideas in another, all notions of morals in a third? There is an admitted law of the association of ideas. It is common to say that in desultory conversation "one thing leads to another," and this is also true of our solitary musings: the thoughts ramble on, and we are very soon far away from our starting-point. If a man, on getting up in the morning, says to his wife, "My dear, I see the stable door is open.—What was it our minister said on Sunday about the Sadducees?" the wife may not see the connection of thought. Yet, probably, there was a chain of ideas, and the links may have been the following—"Stable open—horse stolen—I'll track the thief by the impressions of the horse's hoofs, printed on the soft soil—*printed*, a wonderful art: when Dr. Faust invented printing he was charged with having dealings with the devil—but the Sadducees can hardly have believed in a devil if they denied the existence of angels and spirits; and what was it our minister said on Sunday?" Ideas in the mind are not isolated and independent, but the present thought is either suggested by the last, or it is a new sensation coming in through one of the five gateways from outside. Recollected ideas come in a procession, hand in hand, each one introducing the next. Each idea, however, has many acquaintances, ready to introduce, and we have to choose which we will receive, how long we will entertain them, and whether we will allow any of them to divert us from our intended order. There is no end to the thoughts that may be started by a single name—the name of Isaac Newton, for instance: such as where he was born, what he did, the bearings of the law of gravitation which he discovered, the philosophers who claimed the credit of having anticipated him, etc.

One thing we notice is that those ideas keep up acquaintance which were associated together when they first entered the mind, or which are often linked together in our reading or our experience. The idea of a razor is associated with the thought of shaving. The name of Eve is linked with Adam, Eden, and forbidden fruit. Ideas are not very particular in forming their associations; but they like to keep the company they have once enjoyed. If it be the case that all our stored information on historical subjects is localised in one part of the brain, and all scientific ideas in another, it may be more owing to the fact that we associate the ideas together in our method of learning than to any special fitness of the group of cells the ideas find lodgment in. Yet again, we often thus associate ideas because we perceive a kinship between them. We may link language with historical events by associating the word Bucephalus with Alexander the Great and his horse, or by remembering Nelson's phrase, "England expects every man to do his duty." It would seem, too, that intimately connected ideas may perhaps lie far apart in the brain, so long as the channel of communication between them is kept open by frequent use. The ability to open the desired channels, whenever wanted, is a power which goes with a good memory. The liability to have the wrong channels open their own sluice-gates, and flood us with irrelevant ideas, is the misfortune of a weak mind. To fix a thing in the mind we must get it linked on to something we know already; hence, the more we know the easier it is to add to our knowledge; because so many old ideas stretch out their hands to take hold of the new ones and give them welcome.

Memories tend to fade. Montaigne's memory was so bad that he thought he ought to be celebrated for its imperfection. At the same time, he consoled himself with the reflection that, therefore, he never could venture to tell lies. Disease will play queer pranks with memory, locking up some apartments of the brain, while in others it turns out the old cupboards. Dr. C. B. Ratcliffe tells us of a French lady, who had lived in France until she reached her sixteenth year, and up to that time spoke only French. Then she came to England, and began to speak English. When about twenty years of age, she married an American gentleman, and from that time, for about twenty years, she lived sometimes in America, sometimes in England, speaking English habitually and French scarcely ever. When Dr. Ratcliffe saw her her mind was feeble, and that was all; but about two years afterwards he found she had forgotten everything connected with her married life, her English not excepted; and if asked who she was and where she was, she gave her maiden name, and mentioned the street where she had lived in Paris when a girl.

Among those who have performed great feats of memory may be mentioned Dr. Fuller, author of the "Worthies of England." He could repeat another man's sermon after hearing it once, and could repeat five hundred words in an unknown language after hearing them twice. He one day undertook to walk from Temple Bar to the farthest end of Cheapside, and to repeat on his return every sign on either side of the way, in the order of their occurrence—and he did it easily. In such feats as this the eye plays a chief part; yet blind people, also, have good memories. The Rev. B. J. Johns, Chaplain to the Blind Asylum, London, testifies that a large number of pupils learn the Psalter, and that one young man was there who could repeat not only the whole of the 150 Prayer-Book Psalms, and a large number of metrical psalms and hymns, as well as a considerable amount of modern poetry, including Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," but the whole of Milton's "Paradise Lost," with marginal notes and a biography. Lord Macaulay, on one occasion, repeated to himself the whole of "Paradise Lost" while crossing the Irish Channel. At another time, waiting in a Cambridge coffee house for a post-chaise, he picked up a country newspaper containing two poetical pieces—one the "Reflections of an Exile," and the other a "Parody on a Welsh Ballad"—looked them once through, never gave them a further thought for forty years, and then repeated them without the change of a single word. Macaulay's mind, someone has said, was like a dredging-net, which took up all that it encountered, both good and bad, nor ever seemed to feel the burden. Very much unlike a dredging-net,

and more like a strainer, are the minds of some other persons, who carefully select what they will retain or have a natural facility for remembering special classes of facts. George Bidder for figures, Sir W. Scott for verses, Mezzofanti for languages. Sir W. Scott, quoting the old Borderer, who had no command of his memory, and only retained what hit his fancy, says that his own memory was of precisely the same kind ; it seldom failed to preserve most tenaciously a favourite passage of poetry, a play-house ditty, or, above all, a Border-raid ballad, "but names, dates, and other technicalities of history escaped me (he says) in a most melancholy degree."

There are a hundred different varieties of memory ; and perhaps we cannot altogether choose which we will possess, though every sort, when we have the germs of it, may be cultivated. The most useful memory is one which makes a discriminating selection, winnowing out the chaff; which stores up principles, typical facts, and illustrative cases ; which arranges its stores in methodical order, and is able to fetch out the right thing without hesitation. As memory is the revival of ideas, and we can only revive what has been impressed, we must, in order to remember, first of all observe and attend, looking earnestly at the new thought or thing, and its connection with things that we know already. It will hook on or associate, according to its relations with previous acquirements, and appear in their company in future. To learn anything by heart, the best plan is to read a sentence, and repeat it without a book ; then read the next sentence and repeat the two, and so on. Repetition is of great importance, "line upon line." More is learned and remembered by reading through one book twice than by reading two books once. After a thing has been learned it must be recalled, and gone over at intervals, or the impression will fade away. Dr. M. Granville says we should take out our ideas and dust them sometimes. Using another figure, I may say it is necessary to telegraph occasionally to every region of the brain, to keep the residents awake and the highways of communication open. Lord Bacon alludes to receipts for the improvement of memory, and mentions what herbs, etc., were popularly supposed to be good for strengthening it, among the number being beans and onions. Beans and bacon we shall remember. But what could the eating of onions help us to keep in mind, except the fact that we had eaten them ? The best aid to remembering a series of thoughts or events—next to their geographical relation or their narrative connection, in which two cases they can be mentally pictured as though the eye saw them—must be, one would think, their logical connection. But when thoughts and phrases and facts have neither logical relation nor narrative connection, we may legitimately have resort to an artificial system. Hardly in any other way than by the jingle of the lines could we bear in mind that

> "Thirty days hath September,
> April, June, and November ;
> February twenty-eight alone,
> And all the rest have thirty one."

SO VERY COMMONPLACE:

A ROMANCE OF THIS WORKADAY WORLD.

By NORA M. MARRIS.

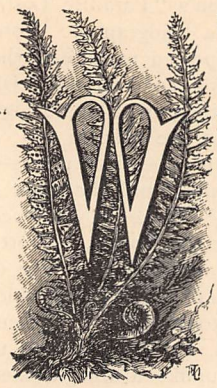
Part III.—REALITY.

> "Time is the king of men,
> He's both their parent, and he is their grave,
> And gives them what he will, not what they crave."

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

HUMILIATION.

> "But he that filches from me my good name
> Robs me of that which not enriches him,
> And makes me poor indeed."



"WEEPING may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

The morning dawned as bright and beautiful as any other spring Sunday in all their lives ; but with returning light came only returning sorrow.

No one spoke of church till, as they finished their silent breakfast, Bob said abruptly: "No one knows—yet."

"It is the last time we can go without being looked at," said Kate bitterly. "We had better make the most of it."

Nelly walked to the window, and looked out across the lawn, with tears in her eyes. A heart "at leisure from itself" has no time for bitterness. She was thinking of her father. The servant had laid his place at table, as usual, but no one had sat there. No one would ever sit there again.

Was he taken a prisoner ?

"Show Thy pity upon all prisoners and captives," she murmured to herself.

Coming out of church, they spoke to their friends as usual ; but Bob hurried them home as quickly as

possible, and shut the door behind him with indignant haste, as he recognised in an ill-dressed man sauntering past, the detective who had watched the house all yesterday.

As soon as dinner was over Bob went to Broomhill to see Mr. Gray, and prepare himself as well as might be for the new responsibilities that had devolved upon him, and the new humiliations that were in store, alas! not for him only, but for his mother and sisters.

"I don't think she comprehends it yet," he said, when Mr. Gray asked after Mrs. Thompson. "She says nothing; but she will not leave her room."

Kate sat alone that afternoon, thinking. She passed her hand over her eyes with a weary sigh, and leant back in her low chair. The window was open to the ground; she could smell the wallflowers in the bed outside, and a table near her was laden with a bowl of primroses, whose delicate scent mingled with the faint perfume of Russian leather from the writing-case that lay on her knee. Her head was supported on her hand, which was wonderfully dainty and white, and her engagement ring glittered in the sun. Dressed in the gown she had worn yesterday when she set out to "enjoy herself," she looked a picture of dainty refinement and girlish stateliness.

So at least she appeared to two people who were at that moment ushered into the room, much to her astonishment.

A stout, middle-aged "person," in a beaded mantle and pronounced bonnet-strings, was followed by the young man who had escorted Kate home from the station the night before.

She bowed courteously to him, but turned without any bow to the woman who accompanied him, saying gravely: "You wished to speak to me? Will you come this way? Excuse me a moment," she added, turning to Adrian.

He stepped forward, flushing deeply under his dark skin, but otherwise perfectly self-possessed, saying quietly: "This is my mother, Miss Thompson."

Kate was startled in spite of herself, but she soon recovered her composure. It was no affair of hers if one of Bob's acquaintances had such an oddly-dressed mother; but it was strange, to say the least of it, that she should call on her, unasked.

"Will you sit down?" she said, trying unsuccessfully to speak with her usual cordiality.

"How is your mother?" asked the stout lady.

Kate did not in the least recognise in her visitor the red-faced woman who had stared at her in the confectioner's shop, and she wondered who these people were. Trouble had made her suspicious of everything that was unexpected. It was very awkward answering questions in the dark; to what use might not her answers be put?

"My mother is pretty well," she answered stiffly.

Mrs. Gatti looked at Kate uneasily, as if she had come to an end of her conversational powers, and glanced round the room without further remark. Then she fell to smoothing her gloves, as if she would fain find encouragement in them.

"I am very sorry for this trouble about your father," she began suddenly. Kate stared at her; an angry red spot showed itself on each cheek; but she waited before speaking, "to see if she meant anything."

"I knew it must come some time, but I did not think it would be as bad as this. What shall you do, my dear?" said the elderly woman in a sorrowful voice, as she looked at the young proud girl before her.

Kate sprang to her feet; her eyes blazed, and she drew herself to her full height. She was enraged at their impertinence. How dare they come to her in her own home, these strangers, and speak of *this* thing, of all others?

"Be kind enough to tell me," she said, in her haughtiest manner, "what you have to do with my affairs or my father's? What possible business can it be of yours?"

Mrs. Gatti flushed at the tone, and her son rose angrily; but she moved nearer to Kate, and turned her back on him.

"My dear," she said firmly, "*I am your father's sister.*"

"I don't understand you," said Kate quietly; "there is some strange mistake. I don't even know your name. Will you tell me who you are? What is *your* name?" she cried, suddenly turning on Adrian. "Were you telling me the truth last night when you said Bob sent you?"

"I am Adrian Gatti," he said proudly, holding himself erect.

"Gatti," said Kate, bewildered. "*Gatti;* why, that is the name of the confectioner in the High Street. What have you come here for? What can you want with *me?*" she asked scornfully.

"I have come here to help you, if you will listen to me, for I fear you will sorely need it," said Mrs. Gatti gently. "I am your aunt, my dear, your father's own sister. Sarah Thompson I was before I was married; and the same portrait of our old home hangs in my sitting-room as your father has in his study."

Kate drew back as if she would draw away from her visitor's voice and her eyes. "I think there is some mistake," she said, trembling, but outwardly composed. "My father never spoke of you to us, as he must have done if you were here all the while, in the town. I—I will call my sister; perhaps she will understand."

"Yes, call her, call her," said Mrs. Gatti pitifully. "You've no need to look so taken aback, my dear. We mean kindly by you, I'm sure; and I doubt you'll find so many friends now!"

"Nelly," said Kate, "come here; I want you." Her sister came slowly across the grass; all the spring was gone from her walk in these days. As she drew nearer, and her eyes fell on the visitors within the room, she flushed a deep red, and looked apprehensively at Kate, and at Mrs. Gatti's disturbed face.

"How do you do?" she said quietly, shaking hands with her aunt and cousin.

Kate watched her; and, watching, knew that this incredible thing *was* true.

"Nelly," said Kate, in a shaken voice, "this (she could not say 'this lady')—Mrs. Gatti says that—she

and father are sister and brother. Did you ever hear father say he had a married sister *here* in Colesford?"

It sounded so incredible as she said it, that she felt Nelly must contradict her.

"I knew it yesterday, Kate; we were told then. Father did not wish us to know before, for some reason," she said, taking refuge in vagueness to avoid an unpleasant explanation. "But," she added, turning to Mrs. Gatti with a sweet smile, "I think now he would be glad to know how kind you are, and that there is someone to help us."

Mrs. Gatti sat down again, and wiped her eyes.

"Listen, my dears," she said. "It's come on you sudden; and with your up-bringing I can think how you feel about it. But you will get used to us soon. I am afraid it will be harder for your poor mother; she always did think herself a bit above James. Ah, dear me! to think how it's all ended. But if you will trust me, my dears, I will do my best to help you."

"You are very kind," said Kate, pulling herself together, and feeling that Nelly had said too much; "but I don't think we can talk over father's affairs with anyone who is a stranger—not even with you. We have not had time to get to know you yet," she added, with a faint apology for her coldness.

Nelly looked at her sister reproachfully; Mrs. Gatti hesitated.

"She may as well know first as last," she said to herself. "Maybe the shock will do her good, after all."

"I know a good deal more of your father's concerns than you do, my dear," she answered. "I knew he was in trouble, and I helped him. What I did *not* know, nor my husband either, was that it was a dishonest trouble."

Nelly turned away her face, and Kate threw back her head indignantly. But Mrs. Gatti continued firmly—

"Your very school-bills, my dear, weren't paid with his own money."

"Nelly," cried Kate pitifully, sinking back again into her seat by the window, "I can't bear any more, Nelly; send her away."

"Poor lamb!" said Mrs. Gatti compassionately.

"THEN HE WRUNG HER HAND AND LEFT HER" (*p.* 925).

Adrian walked away. What right had he to witness her humiliation?

"Let her cry," said Mrs. Gatti to Nelly; "'twill do her good. It is a sore lesson she has to learn all at once. I shall be here to-morrow to see what I can do, for you'll have trouble with those hussies of servants, unless I'm much mistaken. And, my dear," she said, sinking her voice to a whisper as she drew Nelly into the dining-room: "I am afraid they will put in a bailiff to-morrow."

She stayed some time longer giving Nelly directions; and last, though not least, she left her money for the servants' wages, so that they, at least, could not make things harder for their poor young mistress.

And Nelly, as a dutiful niece, kissed her as she thanked her for the gift.

But she could have wished that conventional affection did not exact so damp and fleshy an expression.

"Nelly," said Kate, as her sister came back into the drawing-room, "do you think there is anything *else* to tell me? I would rather get it all over at once."

Then Nelly told her about the bailiff, adding: "What is the use of fretting, Kate? We have *got* to bear it. It has hardly begun yet, and it will last all our lives. Oh!" she cried, with the first impatience she had shown, "*what* is the use of fretting? *Nothing* has happened yet, compared with what is to come."

Cheered by this philosophic consolation, both girls sat down and had a hearty cry, after which they felt better, and made up their minds to carry themselves with dignity before the prying world, at any rate.

Nat Gray had returned to England a month before Mr. Thompson's disgrace; but he had not seen Kate since the Sunday when she had proudly introduced her lover, and awaited his congratulations. Now she stood before him on the Monday after her father's flight pale, downcast, and ashamed. Yet he loved her better then.

She flushed crimson at the look with which he regarded her, and the tears sprang into her eyes, despite her pride.

"I am going to town," he began, without any preliminaries, his agitation making his speech curt and unsympathetic. "I thought perhaps you would like me to see Mrs. Wesley for you; you have too much to think about to write letters."

"Thank you," said Kate, in a low voice. "Will you get her to send me my things? Kitty will pack them for me." She hesitated a moment. "Tell her," she went on, "I—I am very sorry for the—disgrace."

"Hush!" said Nat authoritatively; "don't speak like that. You must not think of disgrace as connected with yourself. If you knew how sorry I am for your father! One hasty moment, perhaps, and then a long unavailing struggle to set things right. Listen," he said, turning red under his brown skin, "I have something to tell you. I should never have spoken if—if you were not in trouble. I love you. If you were not engaged to another man, I would ask you to marry me to-morrow. So don't talk to *me* of disgrace."

Then he wrung her hand and left her.

The dreadful week dragged by, and the daily and hourly humiliation grew deeper. The servants were all dismissed, save Eliza, who refused to leave them. "You never threw it up to me, Miss Nelly, that my father 'ad 'is three months for knocking mother about; and if the master isn't coming back just yet, you'll want me just the same."

And poor Nelly felt that there was no difference in the eye of the law between the rough who beat his wife and her father: at least, no difference that was to his credit.

When Nat Gray related his errand to Mrs. Wesley, she cried with sympathy, much to his discomfiture.

"Dear me! dear me! Who would have thought it? What shocking creatures men are, to be sure—not meaning you, of course, Mr. Gray. But there, I feel quite upset. Tell me, Mr. Gray, are they very short of money? There are a few pounds of mine not doing anything just now; they'd be better used than lying by. Now you tell Miss Thompson what I say, Mr. Gray."

Two days after Kate had received this kindly message she was hurrying home through the back streets, to escape observation as much as possible, when she passed the police-station. She looked up with a shudder; then she stopped involuntarily.

"£100 Reward will be paid to any person furnishing such information as shall lead to the arrest of James Thompson, late manager of the Town and County Bank in this city, who absconded on the 15th inst., and is wanted on a warrant, charged with forgery. Age fifty-five, looks sixty. Height, five feet ten; well-built, stout; dress, respectable."

That night Kate wrote to Mac.

CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

TWO LETTERS.

"He has my heart yet, and shall have my prayers.

Kate drew out of her writing-case the sheet of paper on which she had begun her letter the Saturday before.

"My own dear Mac," she had written.

She put it away, and began again—

"Dear Mac,—I am writing to you for the last time. When you have read what is enclosed you will understand what I mean.

"I cannot write it all down with my own hand. Oh, Mac, we have suffered! And to-day there was a '*Reward*' offered. You cannot marry me, Mac. You are free. I have no right to bind you to me now. It is all done with; there is nothing to do but to say 'Good-bye.' But it's so hard—so very hard, Mac. I am glad I did not marry you in the summer. I understand now what he meant, and it adds to the shame. Good-bye! Good-bye! Don't forget that I loved you dearly.

"Kate."

She read it through. She was sobbing so that she could hardly see the words. "It is not very loving," she said; "but I will not write as if I were begging him to love me still. If he does, he will understand."

Now that the letter was really gone she felt much happier. She began to reckon how soon he would be able to come to her. If he could get leave, he would not write.

It was her duty to give him up; but it might not be his duty to accept her renunciation.

Easter Sunday came. There were white flowers in the churches, and, according to an old country custom, all who could wore some new thing—if possible, something white—to symbolise the New Life which the Resurrection heralded.

Kate stayed at home. Sin had come very near to them; its shadow lay black over the house.

The days passed, nay dragged, slowly away, and still there was no answer.

At last, on the first Sunday after Easter, it came.

Kate turned first red, then pale, and took her letter away upstairs.

Nelly looked anxious; both she and Bob had their doubts as to Mac's faithfulness.

"Dear Kate,—Your letter followed me here. I answer it at once. In spite of what you—of what all the world—will think of me, I must

accept your offer to break off our engagement; even though I do it at this cruel time of all others.

"I was writing to you to ask you to set me free when I got your letter. I ought to have written long ago, for I have broken my troth in spirit, if not in letter.

"I thought it was a mere passing infatuation, and that after my long absence all love and allegiance would be yours alone.

"But only last week—she was spending her Easter up here—we met, and I found that my feelings for her were as strong as ever.

"If I felt a coward before, you may perhaps guess what I have felt since your letter came.

"I can only bid you 'Good-bye' at a time when I ought to have been beside you to help and comfort you.

"There is only one thing more: *she* is in no way to blame. She will despise me even more than you will, for you are too good to think of me as I deserve.

"I can never hope for love again; I can only hope for forgiveness. Perhaps, in the years to come, you may be able to grant it me. If that time ever comes, write to me, Kate, I beseech you.

"MAC."

An hour later Nelly went softly to Kate's door. She was kneeling by the bed, crying bitterly. The letter was fast clasped in her hand. Nelly would have read it, but Kate said: "No; it is my last letter, let me keep it. Tell them it is all over. I cannot tell them myself."

"Kate, dear," said Nelly, trembling, "he has not given you up?"

"Yes, Nelly. It was not *that*. He is not so mean as that. But he found he had made a mistake—he loves someone else."

"Kate!" cried Nelly, with blazing eyes, in a horror of indignation, "he does *not*; I won't believe it! He could not be so mean—so wicked—as to tell you that—now!"

"Stop!" said Kate, standing up. "He is not wicked; I love him. But I was not clever enough and good enough for him. There is nothing very much to love in me," she said slowly, the tears running down her face. "He could not help it. There, read for yourself!"

In one short week she had lost everything: father, lover, home.

"I am glad I know the worst," she said. "I don't think anything more could hurt—now."

And Nelly, looking at the change wrought in her in this so short a time, turned away her head, afraid to speak.

And Mac? What of him?

Since that grey and gloomy November day, when he had kissed Kate "Good-bye," he had not seen her. These Easter holidays he was to have spent with her; in August they were to have been married.

And now her father was a fugitive, to be hunted and trapped; her home was broken up, her name stained; her appeal for help, comfort, and love—for that in reality her letter had been—was met by refusal which not only denied her all hope for the future, but blotted out all remembrance of joy or pride in the past.

He did not love her. Was that not enough?

He loved another—her friend, even her "own familiar friend."

On his way to Edinburgh to spend Easter with some friends, Mac had seen Kitty. All unknowing he had jumped into the same carriage with her. She had laughed and talked in her usual manner, and had not noticed his agitation.

He drew away to the end of the carriage; his heart beat loud and fast; he could hardly control himself. If only he dared speak, and confess everything!

He tried to avoid looking at her, but it was impossible. At last he summoned courage to seek another carriage.

In Edinburgh he found Kate's letter. And surely if he had sinned, he was punished now.

A great rush of tenderness filled his heart as he read it.

"My poor little woman!" he said. "She loves me as much as ever: she has not really given me up; she trusts me still. What ought I to do?"

Hour after hour he sat, filled with shame and trouble. But remorse for the pain he was bringing on her and sympathy for her sorrows was not love. She asked for love, and he could not give it.

What was his duty towards the woman to whom in all sincerity he had once plighted his troth?

Shorn of all accidental, though cruel, complications, the question was simple enough.

"Am I to marry a woman I do not love?"

He took up the marriage service: he read it through. He pictured wedded life; he saw Kate slowly realising that she had been cheated of love; he saw Kitty married to another man.

Then, bowed down by shame and remorse, he wrote to Kate. He knew there was no other upright course, let the world sneer as it liked. The matter lay in a nutshell: "A man may not marry a woman he does not love."

You might express it in a syllogism. But the world does not care for a syllogistic settlement of its difficulties unless the conclusion is to its liking.

He had sown—he must reap, and there was no other way of gathering the harvest but this.

What would Kitty say?

He thought he could see the scorn in the lovely laughing eyes that only a few days ago had looked so kindly into his. He could hear the friendly laugh change to cutting, haughty tones of contempt.

He did not deceive himself; she had no other feeling for him than that of friendship for Kate's betrothed husband.

Not one whit of all he had imagined was spared him.

Maggie's letter was but the foretaste of the condemnation passed on a man by his own people when he is coward enough to forsake a girl in her hour of need.

The next time Kitty met him she passed by on the other side.

But in a few days the worst blow of all fell, dealt by Kate's hand.

"Don't fret about me, Mac; it was not your fault—we were mistaken. You have suffered too, and I forgive you freely.

"KATE."

CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH.

LIFE IN EARNEST.

"I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me."

On Bob and Kate must now fall the burden of supporting the family, and a teacher's diploma was more than ever to be desired in order that Kate might obtain a good appointment. If she failed to return to college and take her final examination, the work of nearly two years would be thrown away.

Mrs. Gatti was quite shrewd enough to understand this, and, despite Kate's dislike to incurring a debt which she might find it difficult to pay, she was obliged to pocket her pride and accept her college fees from her aunt.

Mrs. Wesley, generous as ever, refused to accept more than a nominal sum for board and lodging, and Kate returned to Harleigh Gardens at the expiration of the Easter holidays.

Hard though it might be to return under such altered conditions, Kate infinitely preferred work to such "holidays" as these had been.

The first day at college was less terrible than she had pictured it. The students treated her just as usual—neither with pity nor with coldness; and, to her surprise, she discovered that even a principal has a heart for use on special occasions, though it is sometimes regarded as a superfluous article in a training college. And Kate wondered that she had ever thought Miss St. Johnstone cold and unsympathetic.

Lonely as it was without Maggie, it was a great relief not to see her and to hear the old loved Scotch intonation which Kate had delighted to ridicule.

There was, however, but little time to think of anything but the much-dreaded ordeal. Every moment that was not spent in feverish revision or reading for the written examination was devoted to the elaboration of the lesson to be delivered before the examiner.

The college was crowded with specimens, models, pictures, and every kind of teaching "property."

A bowl of gold-fish and a jar of earthworms were grouped before a background of a map of the British possessions, a large print of Grace Darling, and the model of a coal-mine.

The great day came at last, and the students sat down to their spell of six hours' work on two beautiful days at the end of June.

Years afterwards Kate looked with awe and wonder on the questions she then answered with a light heart, and a perfect conviction that "she knew all about it."

"The English schools are said to give a better preparation for the battle of life than the German.—What practical maxims and rules would you adopt for preparing your scholars for the battle of life?"

Kate was twenty-two. But her knowledge of "Life" being thus extensive, she felt quite able to answer the question.

She passed with unabated confidence to the "Theory of Education."

"By training the senses, we practise on easily apprehended material most of the operations which later on are practised on abstract and more difficult objects in connection with the cultivation of the intellect.—Explain this (!), and draw from it any conclusion as to the value of a thorough and systematic exercise of the senses?"

With a sigh of satisfaction Kate sat down on the second afternoon to the "Advanced Questions."

"What are the bearings of the doctrine of Evolution on the Theory of Education?"

This, too, was answered "to the satisfaction of the examiner."

But Kate's lesson given before the examiner was nearly a failure. That morning she had received a letter from home, saying that her father had been taken, and had been brought back to Colesford for trial at the summer assizes.

This fresh reminder of all that they had suffered completely unnerved her, and she could not give her attention to the lesson—a Euclid lesson; for even street Arabs learn Euclid now.

She could hear the cries of the newsboys in the streets, and see them standing under the very portico of the bank as she had seen them on the dreadful morning when the "Reward" was issued.

Eliza had gone out and made a fierce onslaught on them for their wickedness in crying their papers under her poor mistress's window, and they had only jeered at her as they went off.

Their cries rang in her ears as, with trembling fingers, she tried to draw her circles and diagrams.

When the examiner came forward, and in a low voice pointed out to her an error in her drawing, she was quite unable to rectify it. She put her hand to her head, look bewildered, and finally burst into tears.

The mistress present excused her, and poor Kate felt that through her own weakness she had lost the work of a year, nay—of two.

The students crowded round her with the deepest sympathy; some of them had seen the morning papers, and knew what was the cause of her failure.

"What a shame!" they indignantly exclaimed, "to put her on to-day. Anyone could see that she was not fit to teach. She could have taken her turn to-morrow."

The examiner proved very merciful.

"The young lady was clearly unfit to teach when she came into the room," he remarked quietly.

But when he heard the probable cause of the poor girl's break-down, he was not less anxious than she that her second lesson (given with a white set face, after a nearly sleepless night) should be successful. Never before had he experienced so much satisfaction in making out a candidate's certificate as he did in writing Miss Thompson's.

And now at last Kate's college days were over. It was not altogether easy to leave Mrs. Wesley and the queer old boarding-house. Kate had an affection even for the dilapidated arm-chair, with the stuffing half out, over which she and Kitty had so often squabbled. They never quarrelled after Kate's return to college for her last term; a shadow had fallen

between them, and they were not sufficiently intimate with each other to quarrel.

Mac's name had never been mentioned between them, and Kate did not feel sure whether Kitty knew the reason of her broken engagement.

But whether she knew it or not, it did not make it any easier to live with her and see her every day. Therefore Kate felt some relief when at last her college days were really over, and she went back to Colesford once more.

Chiefly through Mr. Gray's influence she had obtained a post in the Colesford Girls' High School, and though she was grateful to him, she could have wished her duties had been in any other town.

It was now the long vacation, and Kate was glad of the rest after the long strain of her college work, which, weakened as she was by the shock of her father's disappearance and her lover's unfaithfulness, had severely tried her.

She was glad they were not still living in Colesford. Mr. Gray had installed Bob at Gateswood as manager of one of his empty farms, and Mrs. Thompson and Nelly went there also. With the house rent free, the garden produce, and Bob's modest salary, they just contrived to live without pinching. But Kate's salary would make all the difference between financial ease and anxiety.

The manager was tried at the summer assizes, and the sentence was fifteen years' penal servitude. And so one lovely July day, when the birds were singing round the old farmhouse at Gateswood, the manager was descending the stairs beneath the dock, and the black prison van bore him away for ever from the sight of those for whom he had sinned.

Bob had been with him as often as the regulations would permit; but he would not allow his daughters to enter the prison walls. Not until the sentence was pronounced would he see his wife; and the gentle, pretty woman who "had always thought herself too good for James," said her long last farewell to her husband when he was dressed in the felon's garb.

They never saw him again. Before the primroses bloomed once more, as on the day of his disgrace, the manager had expiated his sin, and the debt was wiped out.

And Kate's only happy recollection, in thinking of that sad time, was of Nat's manly words—

"If you only knew how sorry I am for him, Kate!"

CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH.

RESTORED TO FAVOUR.

"There is no time so miserable but a man may be true."

BRILLIANT blazing August followed the breezy July days which for ever separated Kate from her father.

A year ago he had said to her, "You had better marry Mr. Dunbar while he is willing;" and now the month had arrived when she was to have been married. Yet she felt far less bitter towards her father now than she had done when she listened to his innuendoes against her lover.

Although she believed Kitty to be quite guiltless of enticing Mac away from her, still she could not help feeling it hard that, "to him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath;" and it was a relief to her to leave Kitty behind in London.

But in August, after visiting her relations, the Armstrongs, Kitty came home again to Broomhill, and Kate was naturally obliged to meet her very often.

Mrs. Thompson was very fond of her, and she did more to cheer her than anyone else.

High spirits are infectious; and many a Saturday afternoon was Bob beguiled from the serious frame of mind befitting a man with such heavy responsibilities and such mournful recollections, till he became almost as frivolous as Kitty herself.

Kate could not understand her, for she did not seem to comprehend that the cloud which had overshadowed Kate when her engagement with Mac was broken, rested also on herself.

The truth was, Kitty was living only in the present, while Kate at this time thought only with regret of the past, or with foreboding of the future.

Mr. Gray's dearest desire was to see Kitty married to Simon. He was still nervous about Kate's attractions now that her engagement was broken off; and though he spoke in terms of the strongest reprobation of the man who had thrown her over for her father's fault, he had no wish to see either of his sons take his place.

The weather was very hot, and Broomhill was delightfully cool. So Simon, true to his principle (the only one he had, so he was bound to make the most of it) of making himself as comfortable as possible under all circumstances, came down to Broomhill to while away the time by a flirtation with Kitty.

Once he had gone over to Gateswood; but to Bob's surprise, though unmistakable relief, Mrs. Thompson had made it sufficiently clear that she did not wish the visit repeated.

No one ever knew that her husband, on learning that his daughter's engagement was broken off, had solemnly warned his wife to have a care lest Simon should seek to entangle Kate in a love affair which could not fail to end disastrously.

He had seen enough to know that Simon was not, in the strict sense of the word, a free man. And now, with clearer, purer vision than in his days of prosperity, Mr. Thompson dreaded for his daughter that which he had once ardently desired.

It was obvious, therefore, that Simon could not accompany Kitty in her frequent visits to Gateswood—visits which she was always ostentatiously eager to pay just when he wanted her.

Bob, Kitty declared, had no thought for anything but his haymaking, and had no eyes for a poor little butterfly like herself. "And you know, Simon," she said, with a pout, "there must be butterflies as well as bees, and no one can deny that they are charming."

To all of which Simon eagerly assented, and proceeded to pay this dainty creature assiduous court. But she flitted away from him again and again with an enigmatical smile, and Simon was for once completely baffled.

He recalled to her mind the events of last summer, and asked her if she were not ashamed to have cut her friend out with Mr. Dunbar, adding that, apparently, he had speedily consoled himself as he (Simon) had seen him in London, in company with a very charming girl, more than once lately.

Kitty retorted that she had seen her cousin in London several times lately, also not alone; but she refused to say where or when. Simon was uneasy; for there were times when he much preferred to remain invisible to Colesford eyes.

But fascinated by Kitty's blue orbs, and not less by her reputed wealth, he at length forgot that he had ever cherished a grudge against his charming cousin.

So one evening, when he had eaten and drunken, and his soul within him was merry, Simon laid his hand and all that was left of his heart at Kitty's feet; but she refused to stoop and pick up these valuable gifts.

Her refusal was so scornful, and so irritating to his vanity, that he lost his temper, and demanded if she thought herself too good for him?

Kitty's reply was prompt, and to the point—"I do! Much too good!"

"Ah! then, whom would you recommend as a suitable bride?" he inquired, with an attempt at withering sarcasm.

"The dairy-maid at the Home Farm might suit," returned Kitty firmly.

Simon changed colour. "It is not usual for young ladies——" he began, in his slowest drawl.

"It is not. You may spare yourself an explanation," returned Kitty curtly. "These things are generally ignored. There would be fewer broken hearts if all women refused to regard conduct like yours as anything but cowardly. Oh, Simon!" she cried, the tears standing in her eyes, "although it was flirting to you, it meant a broken heart to her."

She looked so fair and pure, with her earnest eyes raised to his, that Simon's good angel nearly triumphed. But he whispered to himself that it was only another of her tricks, and he turned away with a harsh laugh.

One fine afternoon at the end of October, Kitty, who had returned to London, set out to pay a visit to some friends at Richmond. On her return to Waterloo in the evening, she found, to her dismay, that there was neither cab nor omnibus immediately available. Foolishly refusing to wait, she hurried on her way through the not very respectable district that lies between Waterloo and Oxford Street. Unused to being alone in the streets at that hour, she was needlessly alarmed at the rude staring which she very naturally encountered; and she attracted some unpleasant, if not dangerous, attention by the fear and perturbation of her manner.

Her resolution never to speak to Mr. Dunbar again so long as she lived was joyfully abandoned when she came face to face with him at this moment. As for Mac, he could not credit his good fortune; nor did it seem at first possible that the beautiful Miss Armstrong would be willing—nay, eager—to accept his company. Kitty explained the situation, submitting meekly to a decided lecture on her foolhardiness; and she actually gave a promise "never to do it again." Her adventures for the evening were, however, not yet over. As they crossed the top of New Bond Street, on their way to Bayswater, they almost ran into Simon Gray—the very last person either of them wished to see.

"HER LONG LAST FAREWELL TO HER HUSBAND" (*p.* 928).

His astonishment was only equalled by his indignation, and he spoke so insultingly to Mr. Dunbar, that Kitty haughtily bade him mind his own business.

Simon, however, lost his temper, and made what can only be described as a "scene." He seized his cousin's arm, and was about to carry her off; but Kitty snatched away her hand, and faced him, quivering with fury.

"Don't *dare* to touch me," she said. She could scarcely speak for anger, and Mac was afraid she was on the verge of tears.

Before Simon could recover himself Mac had put Kitty into a cab, and, regardless of Mrs. Grundy, accompanied her home.

They neither of them spoke, and gradually Kitty recovered her self-possession. She asked him in, and told Mrs. Wesley the whole story. The dear old lady, scenting a romance, made much of Mr. Dunbar, and

gave him a cordial invitation to call whenever he pleased. But Mac neither accepted nor declined until Kitty endorsed it with a grateful smile.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTEENTH.

A TRIUMPHANT LOVER.

In the autumn Kate's school duties began. To come and go daily from Gateswood, four miles at least from Colesford, was impossible, so she had to give up all thoughts of living at home.

There was no help for it; Kate—poor proud Kate—must live with the Gattis. She must pass in and out of the shop, and see her aunt serving the mothers and fathers of her pupils, in the orthodox white apron. Two of the little Gattis were among her pupils, and Kate often wished that some of the other children were as well-behaved as the confectioner's little daughters. Nevertheless, in spite of all the claims her aunt had on her gratitude, in spite of their wish to make everything easy for her, the thought of the fees Mrs. Gatti had provided, and which Kate could not yet repay, weighed heavily on her spirits. With shame and remorse she owned to herself that nothing—not even her father's disgrace, nor Mac's desertion, bad as they were—had caused her pain as constant and irritating as this residence with her own relations over a shop in her native town.

Her Sundays were spent at Gateswood. As early as possible on Saturday morning she would set out on her long walk into the country. Her week's toil was over before she started, for she would take no school-books with her.

No more work than was absolutely necessary was done after her arrival.

The mother and daughters sat together in the little parlour, and on those rare occasions when there was one of the sad letters from far-away Dartmoor they would speak of the old days without bitterness, but with deep regret that he could never share their peaceful life, which, with all its poverty, was far happier than before.

Sometimes on Sunday afternoons Nat and Dorcas would walk over from Broomhill, and Kate was always glad to see them, though nothing would induce her to visit Dorcas if either of her brothers were at home.

Nat had been away as usual in the summer, and returned for his winter's work tanned more deeply than ever. Kate hardly knew what to make of him at this time; he looked so unlike the clumsy shy youth who had called on her in the London lodgings.

His rustic bearing and brusque ways were quite obliterated in the self-possessed, courteous air with which he now habitually greeted her. She would have been glad to hear a little of the old hearty peremptoriness. All through that wet and windy autumn Nat Gray made opportunities to visit Kate at the Gattis'.

The first time she saw him in the sitting-room over the shop she felt overwhelmed with mortification. It seemed as if he had come to spy out the nakedness of the land—his politeness to her aunt she set down as superciliousness. Mrs. Gatti, of course, encouraged his visits, much to Kate's disgust and his amusement.

He was perfectly well able to conduct his affairs without Mrs. Gatti's help, but he was bent on showing Kate that her surroundings made not the slightest difference to him.

One cold winter's day he came down from London unexpectedly, and went straight round to the Gattis' with some flowers for Kate.

He nodded to Gatti in the shop, and passed upstairs unannounced. The sitting-room door was wide open, and Kate was helping the children to set the tea-things.

She cut a piece of bread, and as she knelt down to toast it, the children laughed and romped round her. Then they caught sight of Nat, and Kate started to her feet, all her smiles gone, and more colour in her face than even the fire would account for.

Nat announced that he wanted some tea, and proceeded to lay aside his heavy fur-lined coat. Kate left the children to entertain him, and said nothing, though attending diligently to her duties as tea-maker.

Nat, willing to amuse her, began an animated description of a grand dinner-party to which he had gone the previous night, and of the celebrities that had been there.

Kate became more and more depressed. If he could mix in circles such as these, how could he look with other than amused contempt at the interior of a shop-keeper's home?

Nat's tall well set-up figure, his correct dress and well-to-do air, together with his refined speech and courteous manners, had little in common with the cheap furniture and wax flowers in their glass shades of the confectioner's parlour.

Kate watched him handing the children's cups, cutting them bread and butter, and bringing her the kettle, with mingled feelings of admiration and anger.

The following Sunday he appeared at Gateswood, and took the opportunity to read Kate a lecture on her frame of mind towards her aunt and cousins. He begged her to look at the matter more rationally: she herself was just the same girl she had been a year ago, and her aunt, though she might have some eccentricities of manner, was one of the kindest women one could find.

Usually Nat never referred to the Gattis at Gateswood. He divined that Kate was glad to get away to a different atmosphere for one day in the week, at least. But now he thought she was fretting herself unnecessarily over her changed surroundings, and Kate was hurt and angry at his remarks.

"I suppose you think anything is good enough for me now?" she said ungenerously, feeling as she spoke that Mac would have understood her shrinking from the speech and manners she must now put up with.

Nat was not in the least daunted by her anger, and

"THEY ALMOST RAN INTO SIMON GRAY" (*p.* 929).

it was some comfort to Kate to think that he had so high an opinion of her objectionable relations.

Shortly after this conversation Simon turned up again at Broomhill, and, contriving to waylay Kate on her Saturday walk to Gateswood, revenged himself for his treatment at Kitty's hands by malicious stories about her and Mr. Dunbar. Interwoven with this agreeable conversation were many expressions of pity for Kate's loneliness and altered circumstances. Irritated beyond endurance, she at last told him she did not need his condolences, and that her aunt was kindness itself, quoting his brother's high opinion of Mrs. Gatti.

Simon, in deep disgust, tried to uproot her new-found faith in Nat, who, he politely intimated, was only amusing himself. He told her stories of his popularity and fine friends in London, intended to make her feel that there must ever be a great gulf fixed between her and the rising young naturalist (fast becoming a social lion), even though out of the abundance of his good nature he threw her every now and then some crumbs of attention which fell from the rich woman's table.

Nat himself made matters much worse by his blundering remarks one fine day in early spring. The primroses were just showing little bluish-green tufts above the mossy grass on the bank where Nat and Kate had so often gathered them when children.

Not knowing that he was at home, Kate had paid one of her rare visits to Broomhill, and he had spied her, and followed her across the meadow.

"I wish," he said slowly, after Kate had told him of Simon's visit, "that he were not my brother."

"Oh, N— Mr. Gray!" said Kate gravely.

"Well," he said smiling, "you may scold me, Kate; it will seem like old times. Why don't you call me Nat?"

Kate laughed, sat down on the old stile, and looked at him saucily.

"I am sure it is my turn to scold," she said. "*You* have had a double innings lately."

She made a little ball of the buds she had stripped from the hedge, and threw it mockingly at him.

As she poised herself on the stile before springing down to his side, he caught her in his arms and lifted her over.

Kate blushed scarlet, and for half a minute stood perfectly still; then she moved away from him, and said angrily—

"I am quite able to look after myself, Mr. Gray, thank you!"

To her surprise, Nat laughed aloud, and cared nothing at all for her anger. Too indignant to speak, she marched on with her head in the air, taking absolutely no notice of him.

Nat, however, in pursuance of a plan he seemed to have laid down for himself, asked if she had written to Maggie lately, and related how Mac and Kitty had met again. He told Kate she was very hard on Maggie in punishing her for her brother's sins, and blundered on about her and her bright ways till Kate became exasperated, and, losing all self-control, she told him to leave her if he had nothing better to say than to give her advice which she did not want, and should not take.

Nat was utterly unprepared for the angry tears which followed this outburst; he had never seen Kate cry before, and he felt both helpless and miserable. He walked away, in order to give her time to recover herself, but when, after what seemed to him only a few minutes, he turned to look for her, Kate was gone.

From this time she was haunted by the foolish notion that Nat admired Maggie, and Simon, finding out her delusion, did everything in his power to foster it.

Nat now thought it best to absent himself for a time. He felt sure Kate had ceased to regret her broken engagement, though possibly she might still fancy herself in love with Mr. Dunbar.

When he saw her blush the day he lifted her over the stile, he felt content to wait and see what time would do for him, and being a shrewd young man, he knew that we never fully value a thing till we have felt the want of it.

So he left Kate alone, and if he were at Colesford, he took good care not to meet her.

And he was right; Kate missed him sorely.

The long winter days came again, and she trudged backwards and forwards to Gateswood through four miles of slush or snow, or sat wearily and mournfully in her aunt's somewhat stuffy parlour, wondering how she would feel when Nat should announce his engagement to some beautiful and accomplished woman in London.

There was no one this autumn to overtake her on her long and lonely walk to Gateswood, and offer to drive her there "on his way" to Broomhill (which lay in a nearly opposite direction).

One particularly wet and dreary day she was plodding along about two miles from Gateswood, feeling thoroughly miserable.

The wind blew her dress round and round her, and the mud grew thicker and thicker. Her arms ached with holding her umbrella, bag, and heavy skirts. An unexpected gust of wind blew her hat right off, and it scudded maliciously along the lane in front of her.

"Well, it may go!" she said desperately. "I don't care for *anything!*"

As she spoke a dog-cart drove rapidly past, and a man sprang out and captured the runaway hat. He came towards her, and Kate saw that it was Nat. He laughed at her woe-begone plight, and she laughed too, for sheer nervousness.

Then he helped her up without a word, and they drove off in the deepening dusk.

Kate was dumb; she was both too happy and too miserable to speak. She had scarcely seen him since the spring; and what might he not have to tell her?

"What are you fretting about, Kate?—you look quite pale and thin," asked Nat tenderly.

Kate turned away her head. Once she had cried when he spoke to her, and he had walked away in disgust. She would not do it again. So she answered, with apparent earnestness, "that she had nothing to fret about."

He looked at her white face, and thought of all she had suffered.

"*Nothing to fret about!*"

His heart stirred within him. He touched the horse sharply, and it started off at a pace that alarmed Kate, whose nerves were not of the strongest to-day.

Hardly knowing what she did, she seized Nat's arm, and begged him to stop. He obeyed, and pulled the horse up to a walk.

"What are you thinking of, Kate, to do such a risky thing?" he asked sharply, himself much agitated by her touch.

Kate stared at him dumbly, comprehending only that he was angry with her.

Then suddenly he drew her close to him and kissed her passionately, till she shrank from him, saying: "Oh, Nat! let me go. You must not."

"Now, look here, Kate," he began in a masterful voice, while he still held her fast, "you have had your own way long enough: much longer than is good for you. To think I have waited all these years for you, while that——"

"Be quiet," said Kate, putting her hand over his mouth. "I should not think you would want to remember that I—that he——"

"I don't," returned he, emphatically. "It will take all your love to make me forget it. Still, you never cared for him as you do for me, did you, darling?"

"Well, what will you say next? As you seem so positive, I really don't see that there is any need for me to say anything."

"Isn't there?" said Nat promptly. "When will you marry me, Kate?"

"Marry you?" repeated Kate, as if she had never

dreamed of such a thing. "Why, certainly not till you have Mr. Gray's consent; and I am sure that won't be yet awhile."

"I got it this morning," said Nat quietly.

"Oh! you *were* in a hurry," said Kate reproachfully.

"I should think so. And I am in a greater hurry than ever now; the sooner we arrange matters, the sooner you will put Mr. Dunbar out of his misery. Miss Kitty is only waiting for you, the little minx! and pretending she knew nothing about it, too."

"Of course not; how should a girl know beforehand?" said Kate.

"Hm! I have my doubts if a girl is ever blind when a man is going silly for love of her."

"Oh!" said Kate, much interested; "did you do that for me?"

"What do you think?" said Nat, looking at her inquisitively.

"I thought—how could I think anything when only the last time I saw you, you laughed at me till you made me cry, and then you went away and left me?"

Nat gave a low whistle. "Is that how you tell the tale? Listen to me. Do you want to know why I laughed? Because I knew you *cared for me!* Oh, you need not protest. I lifted you down off that stile, and you blushed like a rose when I touched you. Ah! much that colour. Yes."

"I was angry."

"You were; no mistake about it. But you blushed first, before *you remembered to be angry*. And then I laughed. My time had come. You were angry with yourself because you blushed. Up till then I might have been a walking-stick, for all the notice you would have taken if I had touched you."

"Well," said Kate, "I never thought it of you, Nat. And if you thought that I—cared, why did you stay away such a long time? Oh, Nat, it was *such* a long time!"

"Dearest, we had to be *sure*. Are you sure this time, Kate?"

"Nat," said Kate, a little afraid of him in his new character, "you are so different. How did you learn to make love like this? You are—you are *much* nicer than I thought you could be, Nat."

"Am I 'nice' enough, darling?" he said, earnestly.

"Oh, Nat," she said, "I could not do without you now. 'Wipe not out the rest of thy services by leaving me now; the need I have of thee thine own goodness hath made; better not to have had thee than thus to want thee,'" she quoted softly, as he kissed her.

"'I do love nothing in all the world so well as you; is not that strange?'" answered her lover, as he took her in his arms.

CHAPTER THE NINETEENTH.

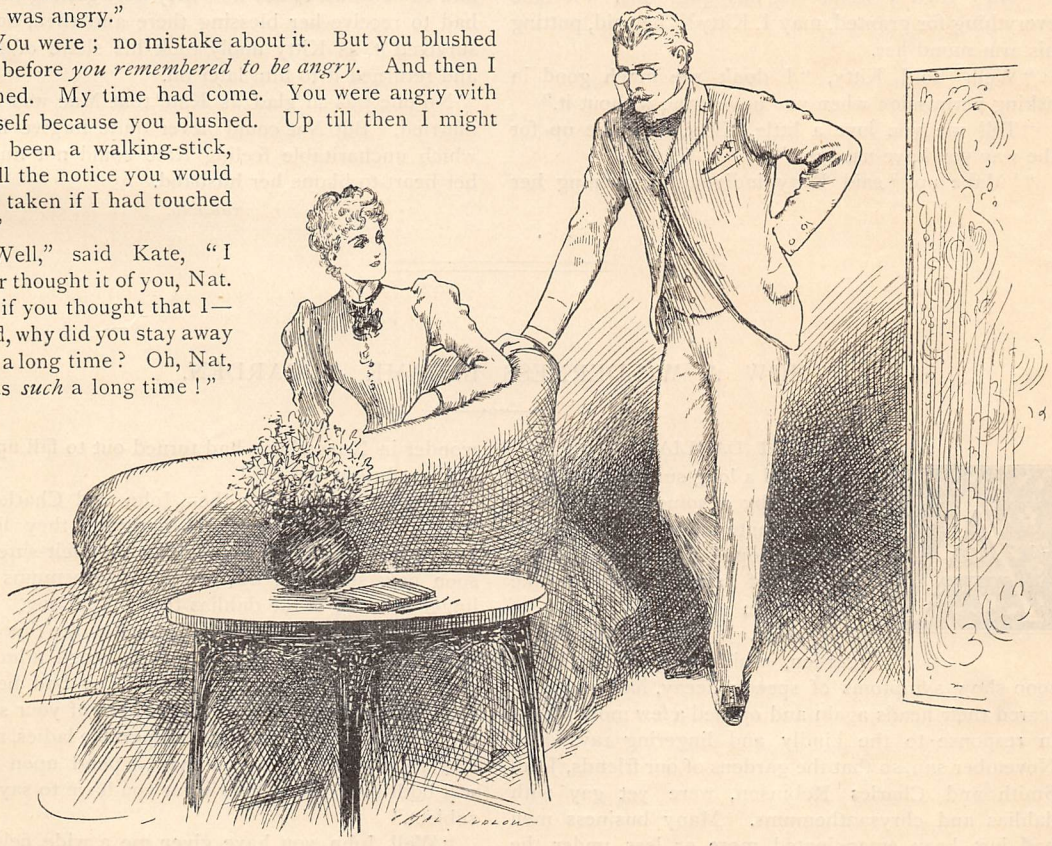
CONCLUSION.

"I forgive and quite forget old faults."

As soon as the news of Kate's engagement reached London, Kitty made up her mind to leave for Colesford.

"He won't venture to go there," she said to herself.

"He"—better known in common speech as Mr. Dunbar—had freely availed himself of Mrs. Wesley's invitation to visit at Harleigh Gardens, and Kitty, though as tantalising and incomprehensible at times as ever, had apparently restored him to favour.



"'KITTY—HOW COULD YOU RUN AWAY?'" (*p.* 934).

She was too late in her preparations for flight. About five o'clock on the day before she left London Mac called, and Mrs. Wesley promptly invited him to dinner.

But Miss Kitty was equal to the occasion. She incited the Browning student to read aloud in the drawing-room after dinner, and as soon as the interminable verses of "Pan, Pan, is dead!" were fairly begun, she slipped away.

Mr. Dunbar entered the dining-room softly, and found Kitty laughing to herself on the sofa.

"Kitty," he said, "how could you run away like that, after you had incited her to begin?" His magisterial tone was quite thrown away on the culprit.

"I incite her?" asked she innocently.

"Yes, you. Are you not ashamed to hurt her feelings?"

"I don't mind," gasped Kitty, still breathless.

"But my feelings were hurt too."

"Why should I mind that, either?"

"Well you don't: that is easy to see. But I know why you ran away; it is because Kate is engaged," he said meaningly.

"I don't see what that has to do with me," said Kitty, blushing rosy red, and rising to go.

"Don't you? Shall I explain?"

"If you ask me no questions, I'll tell you no stories," said Kitty, with a wicked smile.

"Ah! then I won't ask any questions. I'll take everything for granted, may I, Kitty?" he said, putting his arm round her.

"Well," said Kitty, "I don't see much good in asking permission when you have done without it."

"Tell me you love a little, Kitty, to make up for the way you have used me."

"'Make up,'" said Kitty indignantly, opening her blue eyes very wide. "Why, if it hadn't been for Simon and his rudeness to you, I should never have taken the *least notice* of you. I only wanted to spite Simon."

"It won't do, Kitty. You may have begun like that; but I vow you do care for me now, whatever you may say."

"Well, I always thought you were conceited, but I never thought you would dare to say I could not do without you. If you treated Kate——"

"Kate was much more amenable to reason than you," interrupted Mac, laughing.

"A woman who is 'amenable to reason' in the eyes of her *husband* is a very poor creature—in my opinion," said Kitty decidedly.

"We shall not care about reason, if we have love. You do love me, Kitty, don't you?" said Mac anxiously.

"I thought you were so sure a moment ago," said she teasingly.

Mac rose. "I am going upstairs to tell Mrs. Wesley we are engaged, Kitty, unless you will answer my question. And then she will——"

"You had better *not*," said Kitty; "for if you do, *she will kiss you and bless you.*"

Mac sat down, and Kitty proceeded to soothe his agitation.

But Mrs. Wesley could not restrain her curiosity, and came down to see how they were getting on. They had to receive her blessing there and then, but Mac survived it, as Kitty nobly took his share of kissing, and returned it to him later on.

No one was so glad as Kate that Mac was happily married. But Nat could never quite forgive him, for which uncharitable feeling Kate could not find it in her heart to blame her husband.

THE END.

HOW A WILDERNESS BECAME A GARDEN.

A TALK ABOUT DAHLIAS.

AN early and a long summer had been followed by a somewhat wet and variable autumn, which in its turn had developed a few—a very few—days of almost summer-like weather in the first week of November. Plants in the flower garden, which were expected to soon show symptoms of speedy decay, had suddenly reared their heads again and opened a few more petals, in response to the kindly and lingering rays of a November sun, so that the gardens of our friends, John Smith and Charles Robinson, were yet gay with dahlias and chrysanthemums. Many business men had just been emancipated, more or less under the excuse of a Stock Exchange holiday, which—a real wonder in November—had turned out to fall upon one of these bright days.

Soon after breakfast then, John and Charles were busy in their gardens, and naturally they lingered among the dahlias. The dahlias they felt sure would soon now succumb, but the chrysanthemums would linger on. So of the dahlias they fell talking.

"Charles, you have certainly beaten me this year in dahlias," said John, as they both stood admiring a cluster of gay bloom, "so I think you had better on the spot unbosom some of the secrets of your success, for here come, I see, the two inseparable ladies, my wife and your niece; and you may depend upon it they will both be eager to hear what you have to say on the subject."

"Well, John, you have given me a wide field for a talk, and my difficulty is to know where best to begin

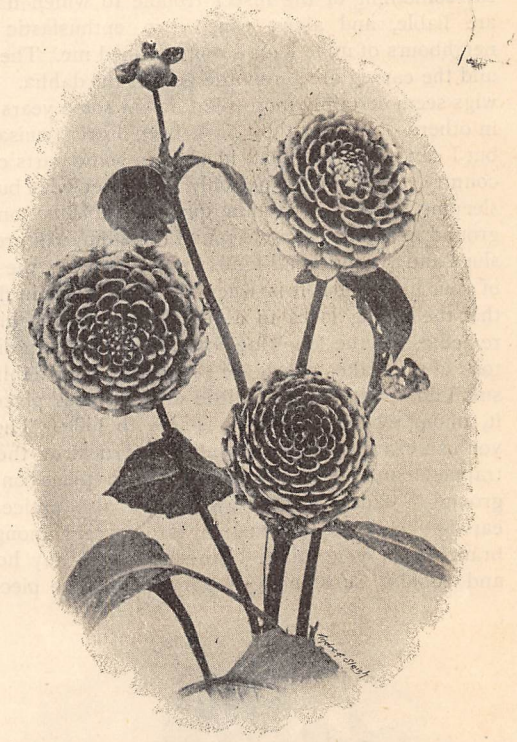
with advantage. The flower itself, I believe, is so called from a Swedish botanist named Dahl; but whether he was the painter, Michael Dahl, born as long ago as 1656, I do not exactly know. How shall I begin? Well, we know that dahlias belong to the natural order of the *Compositæ* or *Asteraceæ*, and that to the same tribe belong such flowers as our aster and even the common daisy."

"Good," said John; "but, Charles, excuse my abruptly breaking in with a hint that as the dahlias will drop with the first real frost, suppose you begin from that point, as this is what is bound to happen in a very short time."

"Very well, John. It may be that in a few mornings, as you say, the frost will have suddenly laid low one of our last autumn favourites, so that when the dahlia top has been shrivelled or half blackened by the frost, cut your plant down to within some four inches from the ground, then lift the tuberous roots gently from the ground and carry them off to some dry place where neither frost nor damp can get to them. A shed would certainly answer for a while, or still better, the greenhouse itself. Some persons, indeed, pack them away in sand and put them in a dry cellar. But should you decide to stow them away under the stand of your greenhouse, as is so often done, take care that when watering your flowers, the drip does not come upon

WHITE CACTUS DAHLIAS.

your dahlias. Another good precaution for the keeping out of damp is to *place the tubers stem downwards*, for if you allow the hollow stem to gather wet or even to retain some of its own juices, the result might be that the collar of the tuber would rot later on, and thus it would fail to break when replanted in the spring.



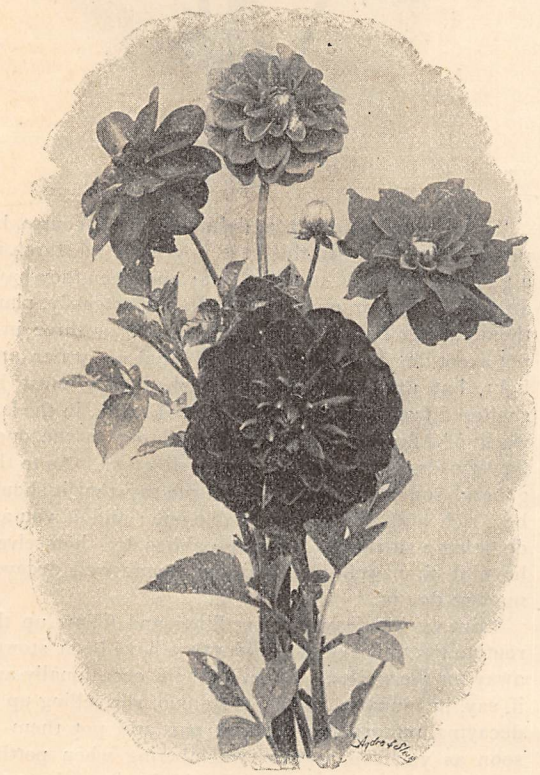
FANCY DOUBLE DAHLIAS.

"Like other things, too, dahlias can, of course, be raised from seed. In this case, sow early in March in a pan or box placed in a hot-bed; and when they have attained a size large enough for handling easily, plant them out again, still in slight heat, two or three in a pot according to size. They will want air, water, and light, but until properly established they must be sheltered from the heat of the sun. Finally, in the last week of May, they can be planted out in the open flower beds, a foot apart from each other. As to the general soil for the dahlias, let me say that it should be a rich and thoroughly friable one; and if you are devoting a small bed to your dahlias by themselves, have it first well trenched and some well decayed manure dug in.

"But we will leave our seedlings and follow up the routine treatment of our tubers that have been stowed away for the winter. Examine them occasionally and if, say, in January, any show signs of shrivelling up or decaying, remove the decayed part and pot them as soon as you can, always remembering when potting that the collar of the plant should be just above the surface. As February advances, the whole collection will require potting out, and as your plants go on flourishing—that is to say, in March, April, and May, cuttings may be taken off and struck in pots singly, if you have room, as a good deal of trouble is

necessarily saved if you are able to strike your plants in the pots in which they are to be till planting-out time comes in the last week of May.

"And now," continued Charles, "this brings me to say something of the insect trouble to which dahlias are liable, and about which two enthusiastic lady neighbours of mine have so often asked me. The slug and the earwig are surely the pest of the dahlia. Earwigs seem certainly more plentiful in some years than in others. In 1893 they have been a great nuisance; but I can remember that, in 1864, in some parts of the country, they invaded not only the flower beds but the sleeping beds. A certain quantity of lime on the ground, placed in a circle round the stem, will prevent slugs and vermin of all kinds from mounting the stem of your plant; but it is when the plants are in flower that the earwig loves to attack them. Old-fashioned remedies are the following: place upside down on the tops of the stakes which are supporting your dahlias, a small flower pot having a little wool or moss placed in it, among which the earwig is sure to hide. The pot you can examine every morning and destroy the entrapped contents; or again, you can place on the ground a faded bloom, which will also entice the earwig; while another method is to conceal among the branches of your plant bean-stalks and any hollow and tubular substance, as, for example, a piece of



CACTUS DAHLIAS.

bamboo cane, but *stopped up at one end*, and into this will the earwig surely climb to conceal himself, so that every morning you can make your own terms with him. Nor must we forget, while on the subject of the preservation of our dahlias, that they require plenty of water; this withheld they would soon fail.

POMPONE DAHLIAS.

"And it is a strange thing that our grandfathers so despised the *single* dahlia, for nothing is more charming for decoration. For example, a nice packet of seed giving some thirty specimens in a variety can be had, doubtless, for a shilling. This seed should be sown in heat in February, and it will flower freely in the later summer months. The single dahlia has a charming effect if planted in a back row on your bed. More expensive varieties of the single dahlia are the *Ivanhoe*, a fine rose-coloured flower, or a purple specimen known as the *Rob Roy*, while another, the *Lucy Ashton*, is a white flower; all growing to a height of some three feet or more.

"Old-fashioned specimens of the dahlia must not, however, be overlooked, and a few of them may be here named. The *Dahlia Barkeriæ*, a blush flower that blooms in August; the *Dahlia Superflua* is a purple one; the *D. Crocea* is of a saffron colour; and the *D. Frustranea* a scarlet specimen; all of which originally hail from Mexico. Still older specimens might be noticed, such as the *Antagonist*, a white flower, or the *Biondetta*, an orange buff. But to enumerate many specimens is almost impossible. Most of them are fairly inexpensive and open to all of us; while the very cottagers' gardens, which not infrequently put to shame the formality of our bedding-out system, are well and tastefully graced by this queen of autumnal flowers. Yet, while their beauty is great, their fragrance is not, certainly, their charm."

A CHAT ABOUT MACARONI.

"PLEASED to see you back? What a question! Of course I am; and you know that I am anxious to hear what novelties you have in store for me—culinary novelties I mean."

"I have gleaned less in the way of actual novelties than I have with regard to some of the dishes that we pride ourselves we can make in this country; in fact, my ignorance, and that of a good number of my countrywomen, has been brought home to me in a manner more practical than pleasant, I assure you."

"Why, I thought you were quite *au fait* in the concoction of macaroni and other dishes of the kind. All the Italian *plats* you have introduced to my notice have been first-rate."

"Fairly good, my dear Carrie, until more light was shed on the subject by my hostess. Should you be surprised to hear that we begin at the wrong end in buying our macaroni ready prepared? The boxed-up stuff with which we are all familiar is nothing like the real thing."

"What a surprise! but please explain a little. You know that all sorts of Italian pastes find favour in our family, so if you will confine your attention to that branch of cookery for the present, I will trouble you further by-and-by."

"No trouble, dear. Let me suggest a snack known as 'macaroni in the form of little caps,' to put the name in plain English. It is some little trouble, but quite worth it. It is not an every-day dish, but just suited to serve on those occasions when something tasty is wanted, and some sceptical guest may be convinced that the roast beef of Old England is not necessarily the main feature of a good meal. But I am digressing, as usual. You want good dry flour—Vienna, of course—and some eggs and water, and a mince. After my recent experience, pray don't ask me for a cut-and-dried method of making your mince. You know more about the resources of your own larder than I do, and I can only say experiment and cut your coat according to your cloth. It seemed to me that minces were always turning up, and every one seemed better than the last. But to return to the foundation of this dish. The flour is put through a sieve in a heap on your board, and a hollow made with your fist, then the yolks of eggs go in; two or three to the pound of flour does for economical folks, but those who can afford it use twice as many; salt is used in moderation, say a teaspoonful to the pound of flour; then you want water to make a paste—not a paste that sticks to your board, but one so stiff that it is downright hard work to roll it, and so thin that you ought to be able to see through it, very nearly. Simplicity itself, you will think; but there are few people in our country who would make a dish worth eating from the materials I have named, just because the manipulation is a little more trouble than they are accustomed to."

The listener smiled, and expressed willingness to put any amount of energy into the work. She was a girl who believed in exercise, and did not mind in what form she got it; and wisely decided that one of the most pleasant ways of attaining one's object was to kill two birds with one stone, by developing the muscles and turning out something good to eat at the same time. And she believed in novelty; and was full of delight at the prospect of sending to table any remnants in a new form—"A mince that is not a mince at all," as she expressed it.

"Perhaps I can best help you by telling you that the mass used for filling your 'caps' may be a mixture of meats, or one sort only, for the foundation; or you may use a scrap of bacon, or ham, or anything to make it tasty, such as a hint of liver or kidney, or onion or shalot, and need I say a spoonful of tomato sauce, or the pulp of a fresh one; while as to cheese, the veriest scrap of the real thing—viz., Parmesan—with any bits of English that are past putting on the table, will come as a boon and a blessing. Then think of the possibilities of the dish when you have a bit of calf's head on hand, or the brains to give moistness, well blended with herbs for the requisite savour; and dare I mention garlic?—your prejudice there is so deep-rooted!"

"Mention anything; for most likely I have yet to learn how to use the bulb."

"Just rub it across the board on which you chop your meat, or pass it across the bottom of your pan before frying the onion, should one be added. As to the consistence of the concoction, you won't go wrong if your spoon stands up in it, for it goes without saying that, while it must not be dry, there should be firmness enough for the little caps to keep their shape. As to their size, a trifle larger than a crown piece gives you a company dish. Put in a little of the mince, and brush the edge of the paste with beaten egg, then gather it up with your fingers, giving it a twist, and flatten the bottom. Let them rest on the board till all are ready, then cook them in boiling stock, or water if nothing better—but that will not be the case with you—and let them boil for, say, twenty minutes. They must not be allowed to become mixed up or cook too fast; but unless the liquid *does* boil the dish is a failure. I found I was right on that point, and that no sort of Italian paste should ever go into cold water or any other liquid, or it all sticks to the pan, and the resulting mess is enough to turn anyone from such dishes for ever."

"Of course, you keep the twisted parts at the top all the time?"

"Certainly; and then you may serve some of the stock as gravy by flavouring and colouring it, or a good tomato sauce is often made on purpose. The stock, of

course, comes in for soup after the cooking, because you have not impoverished it, on the contrary you have added to its goodness ; and, while I think of it, let me give you a very good sauce of the kind. Rub the saucepan with garlic, then melt in it an ounce of butter and blend a little flour with it (about an ounce), and stir for a minute, then put in the tomato pulp, made by pressing the ripe fruit through the sieve ; there should be half a pint of it. A bunch of herbs goes in, and a strip of ham, if you have it, and the whole simmers until smooth ; then you flavour with salt and pepper, or you may put in some peppercorns at first, and any other spice you may fancy. This is simply the base, and the possible variations are well nigh endless. One day it was diluted with a little stock, another day some cheese went in, while on a third occasion it was enriched with a spoonful of cream. The herbs are to be strained out, of course, and the tomato flavour must never be overpowered, only brought out ; and there is a difference in the two. For insipid dishes you will do well to make it rather piquant ; as I tried it, with the vinegar of the country, it was very good."

"Thank you ; and would the 'paste,' as you term it, be nice in other shapes ? I see no reason for confining one's self to caps."

"I was coming to that. Just imagine you are dealing with a sheet of the paste we use for tarts and patties, etc., and cut it any size and shape to your liking. The thing is to secure the ends and edges by egging ; then you may make rolls or half-circles, eggs or balls, in fact, there is no limit to the devices. Sausage rolls are famous made thus ; a little sausage meat goes a long way ; you may make a brave show for sixpence. One thing please remember : more seasoning must be added than usual, and you won't go wrong with herbs. The veriest suspicion of garlic vinegar, too, is worth trial."

"And are these little dishes always cooked in the same way ?"

"Oh, no ! A method which yields very good results is to cook the rolls or what-not in stock for a few minutes only, then take them out with a slice, and put them in a tin in the oven, with enough tomato or any other nice sauce to cover, and let them finish slowly. Again, you may simmer them in the stock until almost done, then bake them with a bit of butter and a coating of fried bread crumbs, and in that form they *are* good."

"And what other uses can you give me for the paste ?"

"There are any number, and it can be cut in all sorts of shapes. For this home-made macaroni any design is possible, except the tobacco-pipe as we generally buy it, and that adds to the cost and not the food value."

"I shall make some for our soup."

"Do ; cut it in stars or any shapes with vegetable cutters, or in strips to resemble tape. I forgot to say that in making it there is a difference of opinion as to the merits of cold or tepid water. Some say it must be icy cold, and others make it almost warm. My friend favours the cold. Then salt is a matter of taste. From a pinch only to a teaspoonful to the pound of flour may be used ; the nature of the 'filling,' as a Yankee would call it, must be a little guide here ; you will be able to adapt it to the nature of the dish, I am sure."

"I will try. Did you happen to come across that dish we were reading of as being so popular in some parts of Italy, a mixture of rice and cream cheese ? I forget the name."

"I did, and it is worth trying. The rice is boiled very nicely, and the cream cheese stirred into it. The result is a creamy savoury mass, and you want no seasoning but salt and pepper."

"I ask you, not that I care specially for rice, but it struck me that the macaroni might be worth trial in the same way. What do you think ?"

"I should say it would be a success. The cream cheese, you see, is nothing more than cream in a savoury form, a sort of go-between plain cream and cheese in the matured state ; and everybody knows that both these materials play a large part in the best of the macaroni dishes."

"And why should not some of the most delicate of our vegetarian mixtures serve for the filling of the little caps and things ? I think they would. Not the watery sorts, or the paste would be sad, but some of the vegetarian forcemeats, I mean."

"There would be no harm in trying them ; and now I must give you a recipe for a dish that I thought excellent, though I may repeat the warning given by my hostess that it is not one which everybody could digest or would like, as it has more body—shall I say more 'stay' ?—than most snacks of the kind ; in fact, it would be found a very good substitute for meat by the average meat-eater. Allow an egg for each person, and as much macaroni as you like ; the eggs you boil hard and slice, and the macaroni you boil for twenty minutes, then drop in cold water, which prevents it turning pasty. Then you drain it again. The fresh is best, but you can use the bought article ; then you must, of course, cook it until it is done, and that may be from twenty minutes to an hour or more. Next you butter a deep dish, and put in some of the macaroni and then eggs, seasoning the layers to taste, and distributing the eggs evenly. The top is of macaroni. Then the whole should be made moist, not wet, with some hot milk. Cover the surface with browned crumbs, and stick a morsel of butter here and there, and your dish only wants heating in the oven, and eating at table. The tomato is not always absent from this, and, as to mushrooms, they turn up everywhere. A little sauce or purée of either is spread over the various layers. What do you think of the dish ?"

"No doubt it is famous ; but I will put it to the test with poached eggs in place of the hard ones, and for a change I will serve a cheese sauce with it. What do you say to *that ?*"

"Nothing more than that I shall be happy to assist in the disposal of it."

"You shall ; and thanks for all you have told me, for I feel the richer by a score of dishes, though you have only detailed a few." DEBORAH PLATTER.

THE GHOST OF CRAWLEY'S GHYLL.

BY C. J. CUTCLIFFE HYNE, AUTHOR OF "IN THE BAY," ETC.

I.

EVERY other resort had failed.

Affairs were truly in evil case with us Crawleys—with Maria, that is, and the two children and myself. The great snowstorm which swept down the dale at lambing time had put the cap-stone on our ruin. Only twelve lambs out of all the lot did we manage to save, and of the ewes no less than half the flock were buried in the drift, and starved to death in that bitter cold.

Things had been bad enough before. The running of butter from Kiel and those places in foreign parts had brought down prices so low that it hardly paid us to churn; and the last season's harvest had been so bad that we had scarcely garnered enough oats and wheat to send to the mill for our own porridge and bread during the next year. And, besides all this, there was a mortgage on the stock, that my father had run up, and which I had never been able, even in good years, to clear off. And so it was now I lay three payments in arrear, and the lawyer from Skipton had written, threatening to foreclose unless I paid at once. To do that meant being sold up and quitting the farm without taking away a sixpence; for of late years I hadn't been able to afford any new implements or anything, and the stock was all very old-fashioned and worn out.

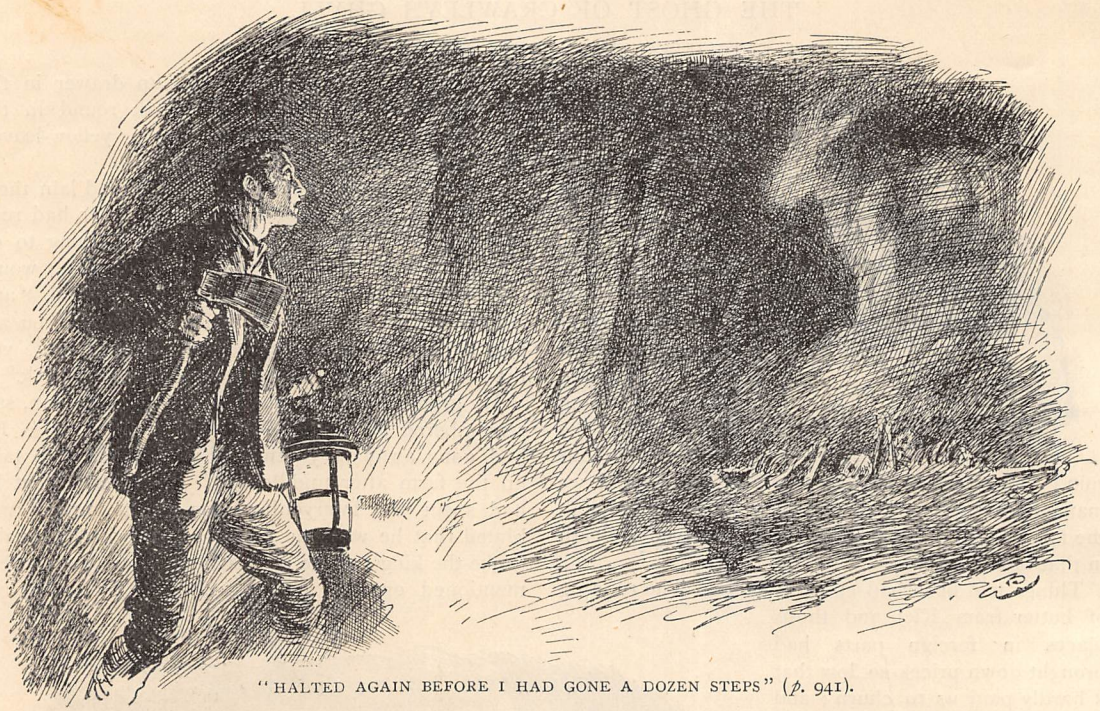
It's hard to think of leaving an old place that one's family has held for eight generations. And yet I saw little chance of staving it off.

There was only one vague hope left. Every other resort had failed, or I should not have attempted it; for we Dalesmen are not over fond of meddling with things that are notably uncanny. But I was feeling desperate, and I went to the lock-up drawer in the dresser, made the rusty key squeak round in the wards, and took out a dusty, musty, yellow-leaved document.

It was my grandfather's will, and it had lain there throughout all my recollection. My father had read it once, and he advised me to have nothing to do with it, except as a last resort. "The thing would only worrit you to read, lad," he had said, "and I wouldn't do it if I were you. But if ever you are real badly pinched, remember it. It may serve you then—or it mayn't. You'll have to face a big risk."

My grandfather had been an austere old man, still remembered about our Dale for his dour ways. He had gone away in youth, and had returned to take up the farm after middle age. It was said that he had spent the intervening time at sea, and it was hinted that he was one of those men who habitually broke the king's peace; but none of these things were mentioned openly. On returning to the farm, my

"ALMOST AT MY FEET THE ROCK FLOOR WAS CUT AWAY" (*p.* 941).



"HALTED AGAIN BEFORE I HAD GONE A DOZEN STEPS" (*p.* 941).

grandfather joined some religious sect (since extinct), which caused him to take a warped and gloomy view of life, and a violent dislike to his only son, who was of a jovial turn. Another thing too which set the old man against my father, was that the younger was brimful of the superstitions of the place—and indeed most of us Dalesmen are to this day—whilst he, the senior, accepted these as relics of heathendom, and, as one of the tenets of his peculiar creed, abhorred them accordingly.

Flattening out the will, I spelled laboriously through its pompous verbiage for well nigh an hour before I came to the spot I wanted; and when the thing was found and read, even then I did not understand it, though, for some inexplicable cause, it filled my big body full of creeps.

"To any eldest son of my house in want," it ran; "let him go to the great Pit Hole, where Crawley's Ghyll is swallowed up, and there, taking cord and lanthorn, climb down amongst the Ghosts which tenant it. And let him not think that those Ghosts are unreal, such as are the Ghosts commonly believed in by the Sinful of this Dale. He can hear them yelp in their torment from the top of the Pit, and when he descends into the Abyss he will feel the clutch of their icy fingers, as I, Solomon Crawley, also have done. Out of many that descend, the Ghosts keep most to add to their number, whereof many piles of men's bones may be seen as a witness; but if son of mine may withstand these, and can make way to the great milk-coloured Stone that stands solitary in the middle of the tree-cavern, and is fashioned in the form of a Heifer, and if he delve into the back of this, he shall find that which shall set up his house again on a sturdy foot. But again I say let him beware how he attempts these things, for, verily, the Strongest Arm and the Stoutest Heart well might fail."

Was ever a promise so hatefully penned? I knew the spot well. Crawley's Ghyll rose from springs in the moorland, and ran with brown and sullen stream through a bare rock channel till it fell in foam down into the black chasm of the Pot. Where it emerged no man had ever traced, and we of the country side believed that it never came out to light of day again.

The Ghyll and the Pot had an evil name. Sheep, cattle, horses, yes, even men, had vanished from its neighbourhood, and never been seen again; and at night belated shepherds heard shrieking and moaning voices ascend from it, which made them flee over the moors in wild, unreasoning terror.

I could well understand my father's injunctions to leave Crawley's Ghyll and its Pot hole alone except as a last resort; and under any other circumstances I should have shunned it with a true Dalesman's dread; but here I was at the last turn of the die, and, without waiting to think it over further, crammed on my hat, and slunk out of the house. I took a cart-rope, a lantern, and a crowbar, at the last moment adding an axe to my equipment; and set off for the moors above.

II.

A FORLORN hope was nothing to it. I felt like a man about to commit suicide. Crouched there on the top of the Pot I saw the Ghyll below me on the other side

shoot over the brink in a glassy brown stream, and then break into foam that brightened and became white before it was swallowed up in the black wet darkness. But that was as nothing. It was the noises that came up, the screams, and moans, and chuckling bubbling laughs—fiendish sounds that I could accept by no stretch of imagination as being made by the water—it was these that made me tremble and shake, and fairly sweat with fear.

But I was a desperate man that day, and by degrees I pulled myself together, drove the crowbar deeply into the soil; then made fast one end of the rope, and throwing the other into the wet mist of the Pot, set my teeth, and started to descend without ever once looking beneath me.

The rocks cut my knuckles; the spray wetted and chilled me to the bone, and the horror of the place bit deeper as I went down; but had I known that certain death lay beneath me I would not have turned back then. I let the rope slip through my hard fingers till I felt a solid platform beneath me, with water sluicing over it. On all sides was wet black darkness, for no ray of light from above stole down into the abyss of the Pot; and the whispering noises of the place came out of it.

With great trouble I lit my lantern, and saw that I was standing in the entrance way of a cave, eaten out of the lime-stone. The stream ran down this, trickling against jagged boulders; and, as there was no other means of progress, I followed its course.

Presently the water sank away through crannies in the ground, and I found myself walking down a smooth-planed gallery, whose floor was bone dry. Bats flew by me, but I took no notice of these, and was beginning to swing along with more confidence, when of a sudden I pulled back with a jerk, and started sweating afresh. Almost at my feet the rock floor was cut away, and some pebbles that I had kicked over the sheer descent rattled and rattled till they passed from hearing without ever seeming to fetch bottom.

And then, after a little pause, there again fell upon my ear the sound of mocking laughter, which broke off into a sort of mumbling and moaning complaint very horrid to listen to.

Trembling, I groped my way back, and, finding a place where the gallery forked, took my way down that with heavy care, again coming upon a sheer descent to some unseen river below, and again discovering another branch way; and so on through the labyrinth, till at last I came on water again. I waded through it breast-high. I might be going to some deeper pit from which I could not escape; the ghosts of the place might drag me down; there might be bad air which would suffocate me before I could struggle. But I did not care. The whirl in my brain maddened me, and I went doggedly on, my head often scraping against the slimy roof.

But at length the stone above rose, and the icy water grew shallower, and with blinking eyes I found myself in a roomy cave, walled round with great white pillars of stalactite that looked like the stems of pines. And—no, my grandfather had not lied—in the centre of the floor, standing alone by itself under a hanging canopy of fretted stone, was a great mass of milk-white lime, rudely built by the fingers of the water into the shape and form of a heifer.

I sprang towards it with a shout, but halted again before I had gone a dozen steps. The feeble rays of the lantern fell upon two white knotted, grisly forms, stretched motionless upon the floor. They were the skeletons of men who had died in the writhings and twistings of agony. Yes, others had been here before me, and (the reason of their undoing came upon me like a flash) they had been imprisoned by the sudden rise of spate-water coming down from the hills above, and pinned in this unknown dungeon till hunger or madness had given them rest. Madness! Yes, I felt that for myself it would not have taken much to send me mad even then. It was an awful shock to find the old will so fearfully true.

But I took my wits with a firm hand. I scolded myself for a hulking coward till the dome boomed again with my bawlings. And then I did not loiter further. I knew that the rains were uncertain; that Crawley's Ghyll was "down" ten minutes after a shower began, and might remain in spate for a fortnight. The fate that had overcome those two others might well be dealt to me at any moment.

I trampled through the clattering white bones, and rushing across the floor to the heifer, hewed frantically at its stony back with my axe. I am big and powerful, even for a Dalesman, and my strength then was ten-fold what it had ever been before. The axe bent like a switch with every blow.

The lime-stone was hard, but I had only the covering of a paltry hundred years to hack through, and the sharp-edged splinters were flying in a stony hailstorm. I dashed the lid of this most strange strong box aside in a matter of ninety seconds, and then what curious store did the yellow lantern rays fall upon! I was nearly stupefied with amazement; and as I dug each item out of its stony matrix the horror of the place seemed somehow to deepen and deepen. There were candlesticks and little boxes, all of gold; rings and golden coin; there was a small iron coffer, like a tea-caddy, full of gems. And as each piece was wrenched from its settings, fresh whisperings seemed to pour down on me from every corner and cranny of the cave.

I could remain no longer. My feet carried me towards the water entrance whether I would or not; and clutching what I had gathered, I fled with it in frenzied haste, and climbed once more to the blessed light of a Yorkshire autumn day.

* * * * *

The farm is ours still; but had I known at what price it was to have been redeemed I should have let it pass from me and burnt the will, so that no one might have known that malignant old pirate's secret.

WHAT TO WEAR: CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.

BY OUR LADY CORRESPONDENT.

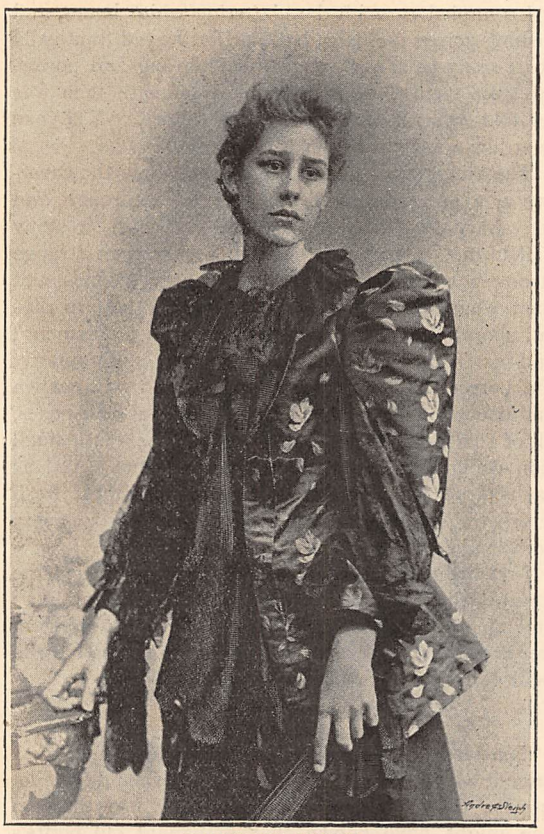
(With Illustrations photographed from life by Walery, Regent Street, W.)

THERE is an old saying, "Those who would be beautiful must take the pains thereof," and from a pretty long acquaintance with our sex, I find that few women refuse to make such sacrifices when they are required of them.

We have had such a glorious summer that a most severe winter is prophesied, and yet we are to wear silk more than we have done for some winters past, so it is to be hoped that coughs and colds will not be on the increase.

The Silks

of the season have, fortunately, much to recommend them, and much that is certainly new. There is a return to the small chiné patterns, and infinitesimal brocades that were in vogue when our mothers were young. But they have returned to us with a difference; some of these light-grounded chinés have narrow, close-set, black velvet Bayadere stripes carried across the material, giving it added richness. These chinés have shot grounds, for the shot or "changeant" effect, as the French call it, prevails in everything—woollen and silk alike. We cannot complain of the colours: they are beautiful in themselves and exquisitely blended, and their brightness is calculated to enliven the often dismal darkness of the winter.



BREAKFAST JACKET.

(Lady Brooke's Easton School of Embroidery, 58, New Bond Street, W.)

DRESSING JACKET.

(Lady Brooke's Easton School of Embroidery, 58, New Bond Street, W.)

Young girls wanting evening dresses have been catered for in the most charming way with a thin, soft, white silk covered all over with a brocade either of jessamine, or baskets of flowers with garlands of roses, caught together by flowing ribbons and other such devices which young people love, and which are well suited to them.

For though there are many costly silks, there are others that are not at all expensive, and among these I must mention the washing silks, most suitable for skirts and blouses, twilled and shot, with checks formed of lines in several shades, as, for example, a shot white and gold ground, with red, pink, brown, and violet lines.

Satins,

plain and fancy, are the mode for evening wear, and second to none in beauty are the plain colours with the "Self" brocades, a term which means that the whole fabric is of uniform colour in peach and in pink: these are irresistible. If a mixture of tones be desired,

these satins can be trimmed with a contrasting colour.

There is, of course, a large variety of brocaded satins. In many the grounds are shot with white, and stiff conventional floral stripes appear between perpendicular lines; then, again, detached bouquets are scattered sparsely over the foundation, sometimes only in white and the fundamental colour, while some of the newer and more remarkable patterns display natural tinted flowers: as, for example, peach primulas with green leaves on a grey satin. They have a great element of artistic beauty, and so have the bold feather patterns in marked contrast to the satin ground. But, as a broad rule, this winter the smaller the design the more fashionable.

Cream and light green are scattered over with full moons of many light colours, and crevette with yellow and grey close-set tear-drops. Still, the greatest novelty under the head of satin is the reversible; green one side, yellow on the other; tilleul outside, grass green inside, and so on.

Fashionable Colours.

Twill effects play their part in a long range of soft silks, which will be used for blouses, dresses, and linings, and their colours are so varied that if I detail them you will have an excellent notion of fashionable tones. The surahs are mostly shot: green with rose; pink with blue; grey with blue; pink with gold; and grey tones from the lightest pearl through a gamut of smoke and mouse-colour, slate and blue-grey, which is almost electric.

Have you ever sat by a river in the early autumn, and noted the various tints of green on its bank, in the meadows and the foliage that surround it? If you have, you can realise the variety of fashionable greens; the deep emerald, the light willow, the blue serpent tints, the grass shades from rush to lettuce, the almonds and the mosses. The old violets are resuscitated side by side with petunias, peach and heliotrope, gold and every shade of yellow, even to tawny red, orange, and old gold.

Fawns shade with browns from chestnut and dark seal to tobacco and almond brown. Navy blue leads to turquoise sky and royal purple; the pinks are roseate, and tread closely on the brightest of bright magenta and shade away into peach and are reconciled with scarlet, while pink blended with fawn has given us a new tinge.

Quite the newest of the new is the Malmsey shade, so called after that ill-fated wine. The old modes in

Glacé Silks

have been resuscitated. They are firm of substance, shot, and frequently striped horizontally, the stripes being spotted at intervals with a distinct colour. In others a matelassé stripe, with a tiny figure on the line, diversifies it, and distinctly novel are the combinations of green and gold and mauve and green.

All these, however, at some time or other we have seen before, but I have not—as yet—come across a corded, puckered, shot silk, which recalls the corded

CAPE OF BROWN CLOTH.

(By Messrs. Howell & James, Regent Street, W.)

sun-bonnets we used to wear as children, for the silk seems to be puckered on to narrow, close-set cords, blue and green combining in one pattern, and green and brown in another.

Quite new to me also is another range of silk, shot in such vivid contrasts as peach and green, woven with hair perpendicular, stripes on equally close horizontal cords; the grounds are chiné, so that in every light it presented a new aspect. Other short and horizontal stripes appear on a crêpe ground, and a black mesh-like bobbin net is thrown on.

Chiné Designs.

If variety be charming, the new silks have, indeed, an added charm this season. There is a delightful range of corded silks, shot surahs with a broché pattern, infinitesimal in size but decisive in colour, and cheap poplinettes with "Self" satin brocades, singularly inexpensive. In

Velvets

there are even more decided novelties. This material has been watered in bold Moiré patterns. Moreover, it has been studded with pea spots in satin, which, instead of being in relief, are sunk into the pile. The miroir velvets, which are shot in charming mixtures, are also spotted and brocaded.

These many delightful materials have been turned to the greatest advantage, and in the accompanying

picture, photographed at Lady Brooke's Easton School of Embroidery, 58, New Bond Street, is an example of a most elegant

Breakfast Jacket,

made in pink doublé, lined with pink silk and trimmed with écru lace. The sleeve is turned up at the wrist with a bow of pink silk ribbon.

Sleeves in tea and breakfast jackets, as well as in dresses, are increasing rather than diminishing in size, and one of the great novelties is a circular cuff falling over the hand, cut in the form of a soup plate, with the hand thrust through it.

Jackets and Mantles.

Jackets are more worn than mantles this winter, but they have lengthened considerably, and now reach almost to the hem of the skirt, and have a square fur collar, but most importance is given to the upper part of the figure, and many have a band round the waist, and a square collar.

Capes

are so generally useful that the public are not likely to abandon them. The picture shows one made of brown cloth with a roll collar and full shoulder cape, trimmed in vandykes, with narrow and wide shaded braid, and made by Messrs. Howell & James, of Regent Street. But

Fur

maintains its importance. It has been introduced on dresses and cloaks alike, especially ermine, the particular revival of the year, of which the "Duchess of Fife" boa, herewith shown, is an excellent example.

This fur is also being employed on light cloths for evening mantles, and in pèlerine fashion on dresses and cloaks, the collar being continued to the hem of the gown in front.

The second fur cape, which, like that which bears the name of England's popular young duchess, emanates from the Grafton Fur Co., 164, New Bond Street, is made of broad tailed Persian astrakan, having a double frill of green velvet, edged with jet; the stand-up collar trimmed also with jet, which in this instance is accompanied by ostrich tips. The lining is a rich black and gold satin.

THE "DUCHESS OF FIFE" BOA.
(*By the Grafton Fur Co., 164, New Bond Street.*)

The news from Paris with regard to

Millinery

is but scanty. The accompanying hat and bonnet from Madame Valerie, 17, New Burlington Street, will show the prevailing styles. The hat is in brown felt, the brim caught up on the left side with two feathers and a panache of ostrich plumes standing up on the crown, intermixed with osprey. These show up well against the velvet and lace guipure, of which the crown is composed.

The bonnet is a useful one, made of jet and black velvet trimmed with metallic Mercury wings and rosettes. It has ribbon velvet strings.

Fireside Shopping.

Many large firms whose trade is specially devoted to the making of woollen fabrics, now deal direct with the public, and by a system of patterns despatched by post, are able to supply customers without the intervention of the middleman, and at moderate prices. Among these are Lutas Leathley & Co., Armley, near Leeds, who have a capital selection of plaids, homespuns, etc., in all the new diagonal and check mixtures. The Wylwyrwell cloth and serges are to be had in every colour now worn, and are firmly woven; so is the Zuper cloth, which, with the smooth face of a lady's cloth, combines diagonal weaving, the ideal being coarser and more substantial.

There is a large diversity of well-known firms who deal with the public on these lines, and it is well occasionally to direct attention to them, for a choice of material can often be better made in the quiet of our home surroundings, with a liberal choice of patterns, than in the rush and bustle of a large shop.

BROWN FELT HAT.

(By Madame Valerie, 17, New Burlington Street, W.)

The Make of Gowns.

Short bodices have yielded to long basques and deep frills, and much fur will be employed in the way of trimming, as well as gimps, and whenever it is possible heavy makes of lace are used, such as antique point, and most excellent imitations; but the most curious current mode is that many gowns have bodices composed of a fur back, velvet or woollen sides, and silk full fronts. Deep fringes still fall from the bust. Skirts are to be made double, and coats open over a contrasting colour or material, that is, velvet and cloth will open over satin, often of vivid colours. The Brandenburg style of trimming is once more in vogue, which means that buttons, often barrel-shaped, are placed opposite each other and united by loops from each side, which cross as they fasten. Many of the new hopsack dresses are trimmed with chinchilla. Most of the new Parisian models show skirts more or less draped.

Mending.

The need of a stitch in time occurs in all well-regulated establishments, however perfect in their arrangements. And I am about to introduce to your notice a novelty which, while effecting the mending in the most satisfactory manner, yet necessitates no stitches whatever. It is an American invention, introduced into this country as the Universal Mending Tissue, and to all appearance is of the nature of gold-beater's skin, only it is soluble by heat. When there is a tear in either cotton, wool, or silk, in kid gloves, umbrellas, or even boots and shoes, the treatment is always the same.

Press the material to be mended together so that there are no frayed ends, etc.; lay a patch of the tissue at the back larger than the tear, and over that a piece of the stuff of the same size, press a hot iron on the spot with paper between. The junction will then be complete, and will stand washing and ironing, but not contact with very hot water. It is also capital for using for the hems of gowns. Simply turn down the fabric, put the tissue between, and iron.

New Trimmings.

Beading in every form, width, and pattern, is applied to winter dresses, straight and varied, sewn on to the dress or shaped into patterns. Graduated rows of braid are frequently applied to the skirts, and inch wide braid is sometimes carried perpendicularly down the seams. Black on colour is most fashionable; so are shaded braids and embroidered braids, the devices in silk.

Jet is not at all likely to be banished. It is every year more beautifully treated, and now is applied in the form and designs used in braiding, as well as in long and important fringes. Crochet has been utilised for tinsel thread trimmings and silk. Jet mingles with gold beads and gold threads.

Leather, white and écru, was liberally employed in Paris trimmings during the spring, and is again imported into England.

The cloisonné enamel has inspired some of the newest mediæval revivals, but they are too elaborate and costly for ordinary wear. The shot chiné and shaded effects have a great element of beauty; so have the jet fabrics set with brilliants, which on evening gowns flash in the artificial light.

All these, however, are combined, when desired, with fur for morning or evening; but fur would seem to be considered incongruous, and there is nothing so warm, and nothing that gives more graceful importance to a dress. It speaks of times of long ago, when men and women coupled it with rich damask silks, which, with all our machinery, we cannot surpass.

BONNET IN BLACK VELVET AND JET.

(By Madame Valerie, 17, New Burlington Street, W.)

SOME PRACTICAL HINTS FOR A HOME-MADE DRESS.

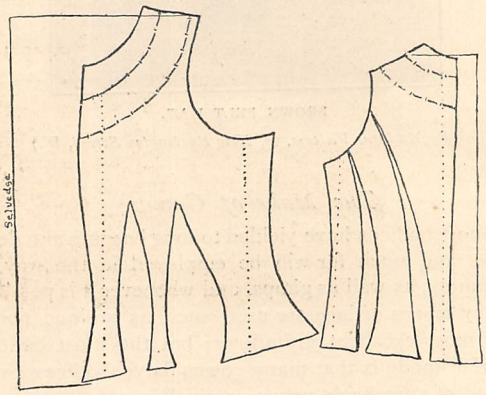
WE introduce the following chapter to our readers with the confident hope that it will prove helpful in its practical bearings on the pleasant task of home dress-making. The design under consideration is one which adapts itself to home everyday wear, or the more dressy occasions of a dinner party or musical evening. Our description is for a figure of 24 waist, 36 bust, and 42 inch skirt, but the design would be equally becoming to a slighter or shorter figure.

Materials.—Cashmere, 42 inches wide—6 yards. Surah, 2½ yards. Bodice lining, 2½ yards. Mull for skirt lining, 3½ yards.

We will now proceed to give some practical hints for cutting out—

Skirt.—Two widths and a half lined throughout with mull, or, if preferred, the inexpensive art muslin would look well when the cashmere is of a harmonising colour, for instance, grey, pink, or pale yellow. This would be particularly successful if the material chosen were nun's veiling instead of cashmere. The front width must be gored, and the half-width arranged next to the back, the side that opens to show silk. It will give a look of richness to the silk if a piece of thin domett is placed between the silk and the mull—termed interlining. The three little frills are two inches wide, and the top one put on with a tiny heading of a quarter of an inch. Cut on the bias.

Bodice.—Lining made tightfitting (*see diagram**). When cutting the material allow four inches extra width on each side of the front for fulness (if the figure is rather full three inches will be sufficient), and four inches in centre of back, which must be in one piece, and not showing a join as in lining. The fulness must be confined at the waist by four tiny flat pleats stitched down. Finish the basque just below waist line, and drape with folds of silk, not too full to appear bulky. Mark out the shape of the collar on the bodice pattern, allowing good turnings. The silk vest may be made detachable, the silk being very slightly gathered. A silk scarf should cross the front, from the left side seam to the right side, finished with a knot exactly where it meets the silk on the skirt. The bodice fastening down centre of front necessitates scarf and basque drapery being fastened over afterwards with hooks and eyes. The embroidered collar and bands on the



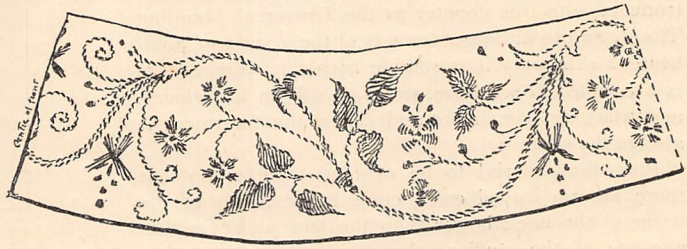
HOW TO CUT OUT THE BODICE.

sleeves are to be cut two inches wide, and slightly narrower on shoulders. Arrange the design to meet in centre of back and front, and reverse (*see diagram*).

Sleeves.—Tightfitting lining, cashmere puffs cut separately and neatened by the band of embroidery, the fulness is set into the armhole in a treble box pleat, which is *reversed* at the band; this is repeated in the smaller puff. No fulness underneath arm. The lower half of the sleeve can be made adjustable; be very careful that the silk is not too full. The little puffs are formed by six or seven runnings about an inch apart, and "mounted" on a tightfitting lining.

This design would prove useful in remodelling a velveteen gown. Thus, the sleeves and vest which should always have a look of freshness, could be made in silk or satin, the bands in velveteen, embroidered in keeping with that on bodice.

A. G.



DETAIL IN EMBROIDERY.

* The dotted perpendicular lines show the "grain" of the material.

A GOSSIP FROM BOOKLAND.

THE EDITOR'S ROOM.

LAST year, when he gave us the third of his "fairy books," Mr. Andrew Lang heralded a mysterious surprise which was in preparation for this present season, and the promise is already fulfilled in the issue of "The True Story Book," by Messrs. Longmans. Grace Darling and Cervantes, Prince Charlie's wanderings and the Tale of Isandhlwana, the Conquest of Montezuma's Empire, and the story of (perhaps) the two most famous of 'Varsity cricket matches, are only a few of the contrasting stories which are told under Mr. Lang's editorship in this pleasant volume.

There are almost as many classes of readers among children as among older folk, and the "growing" boys and girls who would be attracted and enchained by Mr. Lang's collection of stories would probably not appreciate "The Gentle Heritage," by Frances E. Crompton, which is just published by Messrs. A. D. Innes & Co. in their "Roseleaf Library." All the same, the story is one that cannot fail to please young children, as everyone who remembers the same author's "Master Bartlemy" will anticipate. The tale is quaintly told in a series of twelve chapters, each "about" some phase of the narrative, and all illustrated by T. Pym. "The Dainty Books," from the same publishers, will fail in nothing of their attractiveness by reason of three recent additions to their numbers. First of the three is "A Mannerless Monkey," by Mabel E. Wotton, whose name is, to many readers, a guarantee of a fresh and brightly written story. "A Hit and a Miss," by the Hon. Eva Knatchbull-Hugessen, claims attention next, and is made up of two attractive tales, the one being "A Hit," and the other "A Miss," both illustrated. Mrs. Comyns Carr's quaint "Lily and Water Lily" is the third of the trio of "Dainty Books." This, again, is made up of two stories, both with a strong "fairy" element and a certain admixture of allegory. The illustrations have a quaintly "old-world" effect that will captivate many readers.

It is not long since we noticed the appearance of Mr. Leopold Wagner's "Names and their Meaning," and already we have to acknowledge a sequel to it under the title of "More about Names" (T. Fisher Unwin). The work is, of course, not so fresh as its predecessor, but it is both interesting and useful, and when the time comes that the author can see his way to weld the two volumes into one, the result will be a comprehensive treatment of his subject.

The name of Dr. Alexander H. Japp is not unknown to the readers of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, and they will welcome his "Hours in My Garden" (John Hogg) as the work of a close and sympathetic observer of Nature and her phenomena. Birds in particular he knows and can write about as few other men in this

present day. He can describe their every haunt and picture their every action, as may be seen again and again in the pages of this pleasant and chatty work. The last three or four chapters have an interest which is more largely topographical than that of their predecessors ; but the same kindly, genial love of Nature runs through them all.—In this connection we may fittingly mention that Messrs. Longmans have just added a new edition, in one volume, of Richard Jefferies' "Wood Magic" to their "Silver Library."

"Cassell's Storehouse of General Information" marches apace, and the volume just issued carries on the work from "Friction" to "Indian Yellow" with the same thoroughness and handy conciseness that distinguished former volumes of this useful work. The maps and full-page plates are a noticeable feature of the book, and the illustrations are as useful as ever, and help to make this handy encyclopædia a complete "Storehouse" in moderate compass. — The same publishers issue a new edition of "The Etiquette of Good Society," edited and revised by Lady Colin Campbell, who has made the little work a reliable guide to present-day manners and observances.

Wordsworth, Tennyson, the two Brownings, and Matthew Arnold are the "five poets" of whom Mr. Arthur D. Innes has issued a study under the suggestive title "Seers and Singers" (A. D. Innes & Co.). Who would criticise a critic—above all, a critic so competent to guide and so thoroughly in sympathy with his subject as Mr. Innes? A book about books is always a most difficult piece of literary work if the result is to meet with acceptance. Mr. Innes certainly deserves success, and we heartily hope he will win it with this dainty volume, which is practically perfect as a specimen of the printer's art. In these days of reading unions and circles, so suggestive and helpful a critic as Mr. Innes should unquestionably have a reading.

The latest volume of "The Children's Library" (T. Fisher Unwin) is a translation of "The Pope's Mule, and other Stories," from the French of Alphonse Daudet. English readers ought to know these strong, bright tales better than they do, and as this translation is really well done, we hope many readers will take advantage of this opportunity. Another clever volume of translated stories, from the same publisher, is the latest number of the "Pseudonym Library," which is "God's Will, and other Stories," by Ilse Frapan, translated by Helen A. Macdonell.

"The History of London" (Longmans) is the title of a handy little volume, evidently addressed, in the first place, to young readers, by Mr. Walter Besant, whose larger work on the same subject is well known. This little book might with advantage be used as a reading book, in all London schools, though it is so pleasantly written that it would prove attractive in leisure hours.

Although this is nominally a gossip from *book*-land, we feel sure that our readers will not consider a few words on some new music out of place. Messrs. Paterson & Sons of Edinburgh have sent us a large selection, amongst which we must specially mention their "Pastoral Album," containing six fairly easy two-part songs, written by Edward Oxenford, and set to music by Alfred Moffat ; "Songs and Ballads of Scotland" (Part I.), consisting of twenty-five old Scottish songs with effective pianoforte accompaniments by Hamish MacCunn ; and the second book of "Favourite Scottish Songs," well arranged by McConnell Wood. The same publishers also send us a brilliant little mezzo song, entitled "An Andalusian Maid," and two very pretty songs by Edward Oxenford, entitled "On Rippling Waters" and "The Hour of Evening," to both of which the music is contributed by Sv. Sveinbjornsson. Other good songs from the same firm, which we cannot more than mention, are "Her Brow was like the Lily Flower," "The Earth and Man," "Fareweel to My Hame," and "Bonny Baby Alington." From Mr. B. Williams we have received a fine baritone song entitled "Toreador, Hola!" which is set by H. Trotère to words by Clifton Bingham, and a good contralto song, "Lotus Land," by the same author, with accompaniment by Guido Romani. "A Last Farewell" is a very pretty and graceful song, which the same publisher also sends us, together with a carefully-written "Andante" in A flat major, by Frederic Mullen.

We have received some well-selected pianoforte pieces from Messrs. Duff & Stewart, chief amongst them being "Giga in A," by Corelli ; "Siciliano," by Scarlatti ; "Capriccio in E minor," by J. P. Kirnberger ; "Gavotte in D major," by J. S. Bach ; and "Barcarolle in A," by Jules Schulhoff, all of which are edited and carefully fingered for young students, thus making them fairly easy. Another good series for young people, but consisting of "Vocal Duets" instead of pianoforte pieces, is issued by Messrs. Hutchings & Romer, who have also sent us amongst other good songs a cleverly-written one entitled "With the Light," the words of which are by Launce Lee and the music by Lilias Green. The same publishers have recently issued three useful student's pieces of moderate difficulty, entitled "Romanze" and "Idylle," by R. Thoma, and "Douceur," by A. Vianesi. Four characteristic pieces by Henry W. Weston ("Romance in G," "Minuetto," "Rigaudon in D," "Gavotte in G"), which are simple and unambitious, but well worked out, have reached us from Mr. Alphonse Cary, who also sends us an attractive little serio-comic song entitled "Sweet Girl Graduates," written by Mrs. A. Roberts, with an accompaniment by Henry Poutet. Messrs. J. & J. Hopkinson have recently published some very pretty songs, among which we must specially select "Jenny's Wooing," written by F. E. Weatherly and composed by Lovett King, and "Where's the Use of Sighing," which is a charming setting, by Mary Carmichael, of words by W. E. Henley.

THE GATHERER:

AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF INVENTION, DISCOVERY, AND SCIENCE.

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in the GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.

An Electric Coffee Heater.

The metal pot of which we give a general view and section in Figures 1 and 2 is intended to heat water or coffee by means of the electric current. For this purpose the bottom is made with a recess or hollow in it, and into this passes the electric heater, which is simply an ordinary incandescent lamp. The lamp, L, is mounted on a reflector, R, through which the wires, W, pass to the filament. A certain amount of light escapes below from the reflector, and is sufficient to enable the apparatus to be used at night time in a bedroom. Various lamps can be inserted in the bottom. Thus an 8-candle power or small size will keep the water hot, an ordinary 16-candle power one will boil it, and a 50-candle power one will rapidly boil it. The pot holds three-quarters of a pint, and the cost of boiling is given as only one-third of a penny.

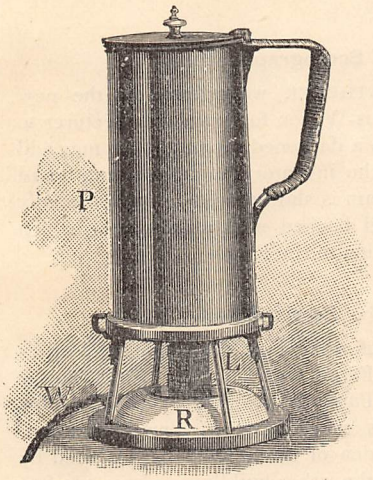
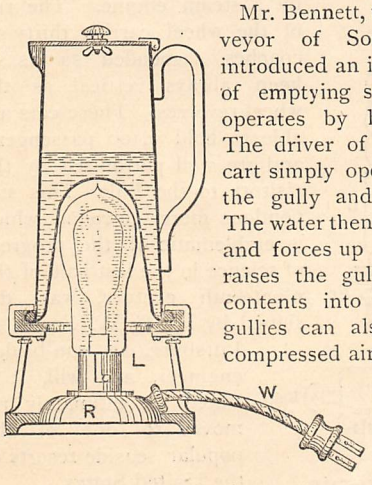


FIG. 1.

A Self-cleaning Street Gully.

Mr. Bennett, the Borough Surveyor of Southampton, has introduced an ingenious method of emptying street gullies. It operates by hydraulic power. The driver of the street mud-cart simply opens the grating of the gully and the water tap. The water then enters a cylinder and forces up a plunger, which raises the gully and tips the contents into the cart. The gullies can also be worked by compressed air



AN ELECTRIC COFFEE-HEATER.—FIG. 2.

A Candle Motor.

A French scientific journal draws attention to a simple but ingenious, and withal instructive little toy motor which any father can make for the amusement of his children. It is shown in the accompanying woodcut, and consists of a stearine candle, supported between two wineglasses, with both ends lighted. To make it, first heat the heads of two pins and insert them in opposite sides of the middle of the candle, at right angles to it. These pins form the axis of the motor, and the candle is to be supported by them on the edges of the wineglasses. The ends of the candle are to be lighted and plates put under them to catch the drippings. A drop of stearine will fall from one end first and upset the equilibrium of the candle, making it turn. Very soon an oscillatory motion will be set up, which will only cease when the candle is blown out. The motion can even be utilised by connecting jumping-jacks of cardboard to the candle by thin iron wire or small pistons, after the manner of Watt's beam engine. The woodcut illustrates two cardboard figures enjoying a see-saw.

A CANDLE MOTOR.

A Domestic Ozoniser.

Ozone, as is well known, can be readily made by electric discharges in the air, and the discharges from alternate currents are now employed for making it on a commercial scale. It is necessary to have sparking points a little apart from each other, and to connect these in circuit with the current. The sparks passing from one set of points to the other through the air-gap between them produce the ozone, which is a healthy disinfectant. The engraving shows an ozoniser or ozone maker for household use, which has been devised by M. Andreoli. It is shaped like a music stand, and

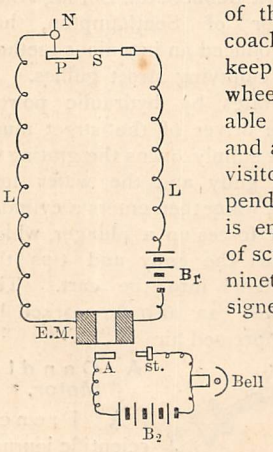
consists of a sheet of glass covered with tinfoil and having a series of toothed iron strips, S, above it. The

A DOMESTIC OZONISER.

strips and tinfoil are connected to the electric circuit by the wires W, W, and the discharge passes between them, thus producing the ozone.

A Torpedo Tell-Tale.

The torpedo boat, whether partially or totally submerged, is the insidious foe which our ports and fleets have most to dread, and it is satisfactory to know that Captain McEvoy has invented an automatic alarm for giving warning of their approach. This "watch dog of the sea," as it has been called, is named by its inventor, the "hydrophone," and consists of two parts, one submerged at the point of outlook, the other stationed on shore or on board ship. These two parts are connected by an electrical circuit, L L, after the manner shown in the diagram. The sensitive organ is actuated by the waves of disturbance or vibrations coming through the water from the screw of the torpedo boat, or it may be the torpedo itself. It consists of an iron case shaped like a bell, and plunged mouth downwards to a depth of 40 or 50 feet, where it is anchored. The upper part of the inverted bell is, of course, occupied by air, and in this air space is fixed a copper box holding a delicate electric contact-maker, consisting of a platinum needle, N, resting its lower end on a platinum stud attached to the upper surface of a brass piece, P, fixed to the end of a horizontal spring, S. The vibration of the water set up by the propeller of the approaching vessel, causes the needle to dance on the stud and rapidly interrupt the electric circuit. It follows that the current from the battery, B_1, flowing through the line, L L, and the shore indicator, becomes intermittent. This indicator, which is called the "kinesiscope," consists of an electro-magnet, E M, with an oscillating armature, A, and when the intermittent current passes through it, the armature swings to and fro until it comes into contact with a magnetised stop, St, which arrests and holds it. At the moment of contact the circuit of a local battery, B_2, is closed, and an electric bell is rung or an electric lamp is lighted to call the attention of the watch. Thus the propeller of the torpedo boat, or indeed any steamer, is made to announce the neighbourhood of the vessel, and it is obvious that messages could be exchanged between steamers at sea by the same contrivance, provided the propellers were stopped and started according to the Morse telegraphic code. The hydrophone is now being tried in the Solent by the Government authorities, and it is found capable of telling the passage of a vessel even a mile away.



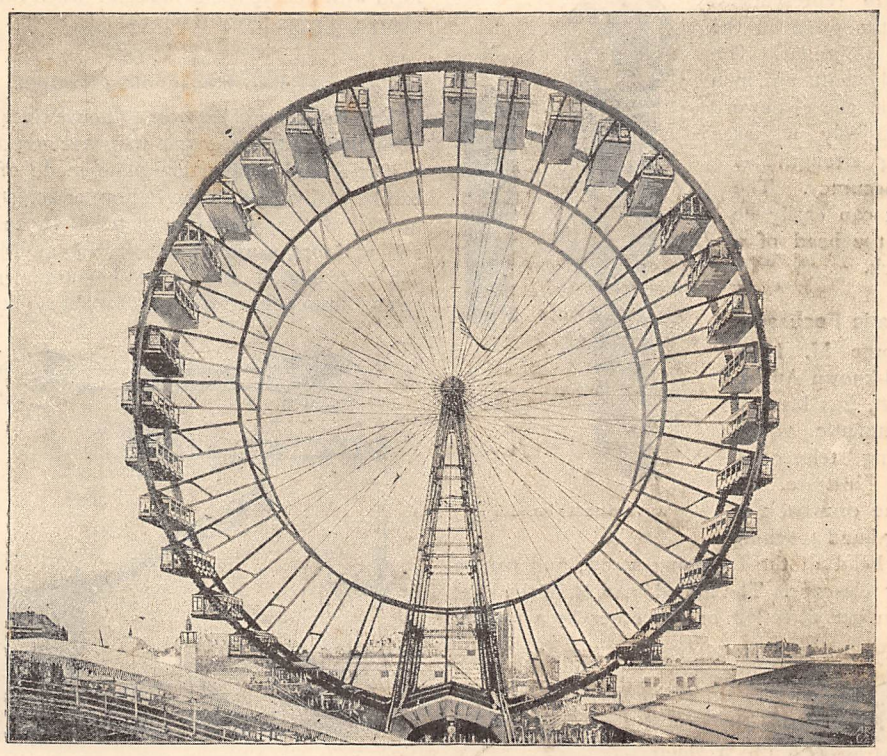
A TORPEDO TELL-TALE.

The Scotographoscope.

In a recent GATHERER we referred to the new device of Mr. Carus-Wilson for enabling a lecturer to exhibit drawings in a darkened room, and we may add that, according to the inventor, the translucent board on which the diagram is shown is made of a specially prepared glass, and backed with a substance which increases the diffusion of the light.

The Ferris Wheel.

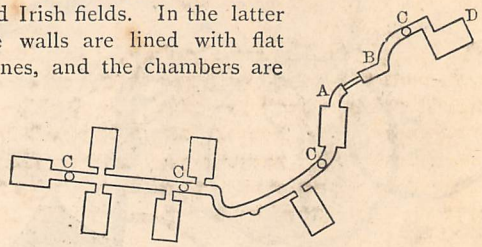
Perhaps the chief wonder of the Chicago World's Fair is the great Ferris wheel, as the Eiffel Tower was that of the Paris Exposition of 1889. This enormous wheel is represented in our illustration, from which some idea of its size will be gathered by comparing it with the other buildings. It is 250 feet in diameter by 30 feet wide, and revolves between two skeleton towers as shown. Its general design is that of two bicycle wheels side by side, and connected by cross stays. It is built of steel and iron, but the bearings are of aluminium bronze, and each carries a load of 600 tons. The axle is one of the largest steel forgings ever made. It is 32 inches in diameter, 45 feet long, and weighs 56 tons. The steel for it alone cost £7,000. The axle is driven by cog-wheels gearing into endless driving chains which are actuated by a steam engine. The rim of the wheel carries thirty-six coaches, suspended so as to keep always vertical as the wheel revolves. These cars are able to hold 2,100 passengers, and are well patronised by the visitors to the Fair. This stupendous merry-go-round, which is emblematic of the progress of science in the last half of the nineteenth century, was designed by Mr. G. W. Ferris, of Pittsburg, an iron-bridge engineer, and will, it is stated, be ultimately removed to one of the popular seaside resorts of the United States.



THE FERRIS WHEEL AT THE CHICAGO EXHIBITION.

A Gaulish Refuge.

Cæsar, Pliny, Tacitus, and other ancient authors, speak of underground residences in Gaul and parts of Germany which were used for storing grain or cattle, and as personal refuges in time of war. Several of these excavations have been discovered, and the figure is a plan of one found at Bretigny, near Chartres, France. The winding character of the gallery is part of the design, and the rectangular side chambers or cells were the store and living rooms. The gallery is on the average about 5 feet high and 3 feet wide. At A B there is a constriction in it for defensive purposes. A foeman entering the refuge at D is obliged to crawl like a snake through a narrow passage raised above the ground between A and B; so that a sentinel at A can cleave his head as soon as it appears. The air-vents, C, C, C, are round holes penetrating to the surface of the ground, and filled with loose stones. In general these refuges have underground wells or springs, and also fireplaces and benches cut in the soft rock or subsoil. Occasionally they are elaborate works built on a symmetrical plan, with main galleries branching from a common centre, and connecting galleries, so as to make a figure not unlike a gossamer web. Holes are also pierced through the walls at sharp angles, to enable the defenders to stab their enemies as they pass along. Such artificial caves—for the idea was probably taken from natural caves—would be very cool in summer and snug in winter. They are similar to the "Picts' Houses" sometimes found in the subsoil of Scotch and Irish fields. In the latter the walls are lined with flat stones, and the chambers are usually round, a form, however, which also occurs in the so-called "Gaulish Refuges."



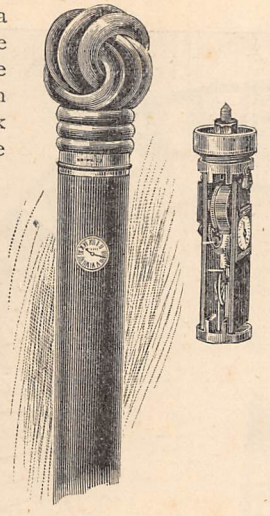
A GAULISH REFUGE.

A Clockwork Bell.

A handy bell for office doors, or those doors of private houses which are within easy reach of the occupants has recently been patented. The outside "push" is just like that of an electric bell, and the sound produced is very similar in both cases. The clockwork bell, however, requires no battery and will answer for some 150 calls before needing re-winding. As a "call" bell this clockwork device ought to be most successful.

An Umbrella Clock.

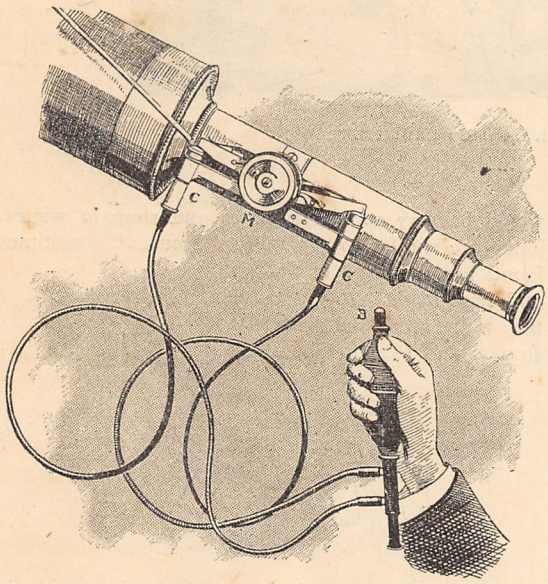
The figure represents a neat little timepiece for the handle of umbrellas. The dial is only half an inch across, while the clockwork is comparatively a large one, giving strength as well as accuracy. The same clock can easily be fitted into the head of a walking-stick.



AN UMBRELLA CLOCK.

A Pneumatic Focusser.

Mr. George M. Hopkins, a well-known American scientist, has brought out a pneumatic device for focussing telescopes, which we illustrate. It obviates the drawback of a trembling hand touching the milled head of the focussing screw, and can be fitted to any telescope. The milled head, M, in this case is turned in one direction or the other by a ratchet and pawls, actuated by two air cylinders, C, C, containing pistons, and the operator has simply to compress and expand an elastic bulb, B, in the manner shown.



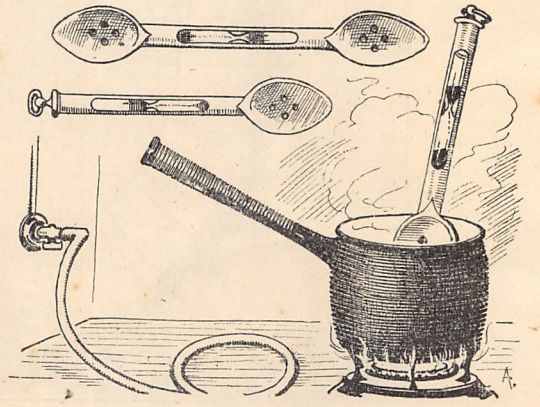
A PNEUMATIC FOCUSSER.

An Egg-boiling Spoon.

The spoon which we illustrate is designed for boiling eggs, and for this purpose has a sandglass in its stem, and holes in the bowl to allow the hot water to run out, and thus deposit the eggs in a dry state on the table. The spoon is allowed to stand in the saucepan, leaning on the edge as shown, while the eggs are boiling, in order to allow the sand to run down. The form with double bowls is useful when more than one charge of eggs have to be cooked.

Two Household Novelties.

Two novelties of interest to housewives have lately been patented, and ought to prove very useful. The first is a slow combustion plate made of iron, which can be easily fixed to the bottom of register stoves by means of the screws provided. In this plate are sliding doors, worked by means of small levers, which can be regulated at will. When they are opened a strong and concentrated up-draught is obtained, which will quickly produce a bright fire; but when closed no draught comes from beneath the stove, and the result is a steady and slow combustion. It is claimed that this slow combustion is not only most economical, but that a greater heat is obtained and diffused throughout the room. The second novelty is a "safe-boiling" stove mat, which is intended to be placed on the stove underneath the saucepan or kettle. When in use no food will burn on it, nor is any stirring required, and, what is an additional and valuable recommendation, coffee, milk, and other liquids will not boil over. It has been patented by a well-known firm, and is sold for a few pence.



AN EGG-BOILING SPOON.

Prize Competitions.

We hope to announce the result of three competitions which have recently been closed either next month or in our January number. These competitions are the Short Story Competition, the Cookery Recipe Competition, and the Holiday Competition, and in all cases the work of adjudication has already been begun.

Intending competitors are reminded that in the Three-Part Adventure Story Competition, November 1st is the latest date for receiving MSS.

A new series of Competitions will be announced immediately.